

THE SONG OF THE DAY.

"TA-RA-RA BOOM-DE-AY" AND ITS REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

The Origin of the Hailed New Extravaganza Occupying the Public Attention—Its Characteristics and Provenance—How it Was Sent to England.

The dear public is never quite so happy as when it goes dall over a song. At present it is deriving supreme satisfaction and entertainment from a ditty entitled "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay," which has made the regulation conquest of all stages, all orchestras and all classes of society. It echoes in the drawing-rooms of the rich and in the tenements of the poor; it is heard between the acts of the sublimest tragedies as well



MAUDIE GILROY.

as most modern comedies; it sells by thousands; no farce or vaudeville is complete without it, and it has supplied a new allusion to the daily press. And it is one of the silliest songs that have caught our frail human fancy since the day of that transcendent effort of mortal absurdity, "Shoo-Fly."

These are the words of the American version of the song—in which the refrain is spelled "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay," with an accent on the e. These are the verses originally sung, and still sung in a farce comedically called "Tuxedo."

A sweet Tuxedo girl you see, Queen of swell society, Fond of fun as fond can be, When it is on the strict of T, I'm not too young, I'm not too old, Not too timid, not too bold, Just the kind you'd like to hold, Just the kind for sport I'm told.

CHORUS—Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay. (Repeat 8 times.) I'm a blushing bud of innocence, Papa says at big expense, Old maids say I have no sense, Boys declare I'm just immense, Before my song I do conclude, I want it strictly understood, The' fond of fun I'm never rude, The' not too bad, I'm not too good.

CHORUS—Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay. Heaven forgive us, and heaven forgive Mr. Henry J. Sayers, the author of these lines, for comprehending so well the profundities of popular taste! This, then, was what was wanting to delight the English-speaking peoples, to occupy their intellects and to satisfy their craving for musical patulium!

To tell the truth, if this were all any doggerel might do. But doggerel, though it always has its following, is not sufficiently persuasive by itself to occupy all the vacant moments of the race. What is there necessary to a "catchy" tune? What are its elements? In some proportion and in some degree it must have three things—melody, rhythm and originality. Of these requirements, by the way, the first and the last would seem to be the requirements of civilization. Rhythm has been demanded by man in all ages and in all stages of evolution. Libraries might be written on the meaning of this fact. Why was the drum the earliest medium for the expression of human emotion and inspiration? There are 6,000 answers to this question, deducible from the works of various philologists, living and dead, one of the simplest of them being, because the soul is a form of motion. (This, however, does not prove that Galileo was primarily responsible for the forging-of-the sword motive in "Siegfried.") As to melody, there is a pretty German legend that all music was created by the Almighty at the beginning of the world, and that men are finding bits of it which they call tunes. When all the tunes are found, and when the majestic, sublime whole of harmony is known to us, then we shall have the millennium—because there will be nothing more for the Germans to do. Perhaps this legend may furnish an indication why some composers are so religiously exact in finding the same tune.

"Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay" is an old song. There are two kinds of old songs. There are the old songs which everybody knows and there are the old songs which only a few people know. In former days the second sort of songs was more widely known and sung than at present. Learned students, like Thomas D'Urfey, Esquire, even collected them into books, words and all, for the better distraction of melancholy, or plow-boy poets, like Burns, took their music bodily and set new and sentimental words to them. Something of the practice of Burns has been borrowed by Mr. Sayers—though Lord forbid that Mr. Sayers' verses should be compared to those of a sentimental Scotchman. Thus one reason

why "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" was such a success when Miss Gilroy sang it for the first time in its new dress in Chicago was that there were people in the audience who had heard it before and recognized it as an old favorite of some five or six years' standing. But, for all its success then and afterwards in London, its real author has never condescended to claim it. Perhaps he did

not care to. Perhaps since writing it he has settled down.

London's immediate acquaintance in the associations of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" still remains remarkable enough—it is as great a hit as "The Beggar Man," which was immensely its superior—but the manner of its transmission to England was very simple. Miss Lottie Collins, who was seen and lived here a couple of seasons ago as a skit dancer and ballad singer, was sent the song by her husband. She made a few slight alterations in Mr. Sayers' words, changed the spelling of the refrain to that now generally accepted, and upon presenting it to the attention of the British public, became a music hall star at once. She is said to be now in receipt of emoluments amounting to the trifling sum of £150 weekly.

The success of the song in London increased its popularity here, but it did not diminish its object, cheerful, undignified inanity.

Commenting on the penetrative powers of the small arms lately introduced into the armies of all the great powers, Col. Lonsdale Hale states that the minimum thickness of ordinary soil affording protection is thirty inches, while single brick walls, after being struck a few times, no longer afford any cover. The new German rifle ranges up to 4,000 yards, and at 900 yards the bullet will penetrate ten inches of fir or pine and fourteen inches of sand. At 450 yards the bullet can pierce three or four ranks, and at 1,300 yards a man may no longer consider himself safe, even if the bullet has already penetrated two of his comrades.

With regard to "smokeless powder," the same authority observes that, though the report of the rifles when fired is heard, it is very difficult to see whence the rifles are fired. Under certain conditions no trace of smoke can be distinguished. Minor acts of surprise, he considers, will be more frequent in the future, and will often partake of the nature of ambushes. Very small bodies of cavalry, intimately connected with infantry, forming in action patrols of the latter will, therefore, be necessary, and it will no longer be possible to discover well posted batteries.

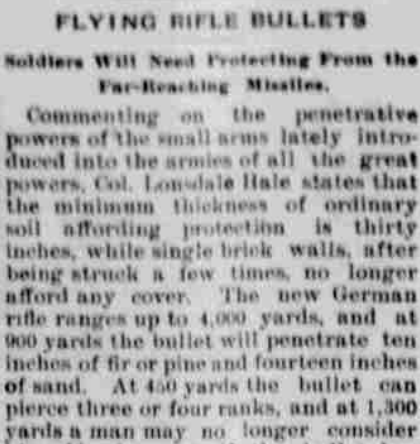
On the whole, Col. Hale considers that only a war can absolutely decide what the effects of the improvement in small arms will be. One thing, however, is certain—that is, that the difficulty of leading troops has considerably increased.

AT WHITMAN'S TOMB.

THE GOOD GRAY POET'S BODY PEACEFULLY SLEEPING.

While His Soul Wanders Through the East End of Space That Had a Place in all His Sweet Sentiments—An Humble Tribute.

"A great man—a great American—the most eminent citizen of this republic—is dead," declared Col. Ingersoll over the bier of Walt Whitman, at the funeral services in the Harleigh cemetery of Camden, on the occasion of the good gray poet's funeral. This exaggerated eulogy was characteristic of his object, concerning whom his contemporaries are divided between two esti-

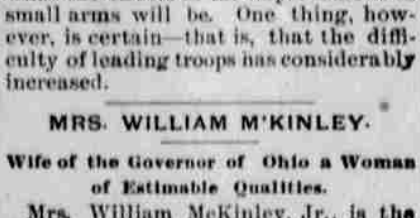


WALT WHITMAN.

mates—one rejecting him altogether, the other according most enthusiastic acceptance and exalted faith. But there can be no doubt whatever as to the place held by the "good gray poet" in the hearts of his friends, of his townpeople, of all with whom he came in personal contact during his full active life. He was the peer of the greatest, the friend of the most lowly, the sympathizer with the degraded and suffering and the champion of the oppressed. He loved, and was beloved by children. So it befell that, on the sunny March morning when his body lay in simple state in the little cottage of Mickle street, in the city of Camden, New Jersey, where the last heroic years of his life had ebbed away, a continuous stream of people during four hours passed in and out of the door, coming reverently to look their last on the face of the superb old man, whom they were accustomed to call, in preference to any other title, "Friend Walt."

At Hartford the other night eight cows pranced down woodland street into the crowded Kingsley street, where they got mixed up with the city traffic. Police Officer Reed arrested and ran them into Lawyer Chaseland's yard on Signorway street. They stayed there until after midnight, and then several persons from the Deaf and Dumb asylum came, corralled the animals and drove them back to the asylum quarters, where the deaf and dumb men reported they belonged. They had been eating apples.

At Washington's Birthplace. The foregoing cut is from the current Century. It gives some idea of the proposed memorial to be erected by the United States government to mark Gen. Washington's birthplace. Gen.



AT WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

Washington was born at Pope's Creek, near Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland county, Va., Feb. 22, 1732. The house was burned long ago; a few bricks of the old kitchen chimney are still to be seen.

A DOCTORED ELEPHANT. Queen Jumbo has the "Thumps" and is Plastered Accordingly. Queen Jumbo and Baldy, the elephants, attracted several thousands of people, old and young, to the park in San Francisco the other day.

The day was cold and lowering overhead, while the earth was damp, but the children fondled their big friends as enthusiastically as ever, and expended all the small change to be had in corn and peanuts with as much abandon as though the sun had been shining.

Queen Jumbo had a bad time a little while ago with the "thumps." When a child suffers from chills and then becomes fevered and has lung trouble, it is pneumonia, but when an elephant suffers in the same way the trouble is "thumps."

Queen's huge bulk shivered and shook, and she whined complainingly until Keeper Pett began to give her medicine. The first dose was two gallons of whisky with five ounces of quinine, and he had much trouble in getting Queen to take it. The dose did little good, and Queen grew worse until "thumps" were plainly to be detected.

Then it was a case of life and death, and the keeper set to work in a hurry. He built a big fire in the elephant-house and hung blankets to it until they were red-hot and then wrapped them around Queen.

Another man put 100 pounds of strong English mustard into a barrel and mixed it with water, like any other mustard plaster is made. The mustard was then spread on cloth and the monstrous plasters applied to Queen's sides.

Soon her ladyship showed signs of uneasiness. She felt along her sides with her trunk, stepped about constantly, and seemed to wonder what was the matter. As the mustard took hold more severely Queen tried to tear away the bandages, and when jabbed by the keeper's hook she began screaming like a steam whistle.

The plasters were left in position for three hours and then removed, and Queen again wrapped in hot blankets and dosed with whisky and quinine. After awhile she began to perspire, as elephants always do, through the trunk and her keeper knew she was saved.

The Condors. Sometimes their expanse of wing is fourteen feet, though the average is about ten. They live on the summits of mountains in air so rare that men's vitality is reduced so that they cannot stand. The condor sits on its eggs seven weeks. It nourishes its young for a year before allowing them to leave the nest. It has a swift flight, a keen eye, and can adapt itself to the regions of perpetual snow or the tropical gardens at the base of mountains.

M. T. B. Arned, of Camden. Listening to the earnest words of these eminent friends of the dead poet, and watching the sympathetic faces of the hushed multitude around, while the blue-birds sang a joyous requiem in the beeches over his tomb, it was not difficult to share the conviction eloquently expressed by Dr. Brinton, that one day Camden's chief glory would be

the old plow handle with twin axles, and a \$50 wicker baby carriage would be covered with plush and blue silk.

OUR MILLIONAIRES.

AMERICA'S WEALTHY CITIZENS IN ONE GREAT ARRAY.

John D. Rockefeller Leads the Golden List—His Fortune Estimated at \$135,000,000—W. W. Astor Follows With Russell Sage a Good Third.

From one of the best posted men in the financial world it is learned that the increase in the commercial capital of the country during the past ten years is \$10,000,000,000. In 1870, it will be remembered, the census reports showed a total of something over \$40,000,000,000 as the amount of capital invested in business in the United States. It was



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

the president of one of the leading commercial agencies who said only a day or two ago that he believed that sum had been increased to \$50,000,000,000. It will be interesting, therefore, to ascertain just what proportion of this amount is in the possession of the millionaires of the country.

To give a complete list of these would be impossible, but an approximate estimate shows that there are 150 men in this country who have on an average over \$20,000,000 each. One estimate made recently was that seventy men in this country owned on an average \$37,500,000 each. In this estimate, however, no attempt was made to get the great wealth of the varied industries of the country. No attempt was made to get at the vast wealth concentrated in the hands of the very few men who control the coal output of the great Pennsylvania mining regions. Yet it is a fact that the 194,062 acres of coal, iron and timber land owned by the Philadelphia and Reading Iron and Coal Company is really in the possession of three men, who may be said to control the real output of the country.

No attempt has ever been made to get into a list of this kind the vast wealth controlled by a few men in the whisky trust. The brewers of this country have always been omitted from these large lists, and yet such men as Adolphus Busch of St. Louis and Mr. Pabst of Milwaukee are by their own admission worth from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000 each.

When, furthermore, the vast fortune of the individuals in the mining regions of Michigan and Wisconsin, in the flour district of Minnesota, in the bullion region of the northwest, in the dry goods interests, in the iron interests, in the grain interests, in the packing interests, in the insurance interests and in the newspaper properties of the country are added to the inventory, it will be evident that 150 men of the country control \$20,000,000 each, or a total of \$3,000,000,000, and that there are 1,000 firms in the United States having an invested capital of from \$15,000,000,000 to \$20,000,000,000, or well over a quarter of the amount estimated as the capital of the business interests of the country.

A similar list could be made up for almost every large city in the country, with the possible exception of Brooklyn, which only has two millionaires.

The most interesting fact developed in the investigation of the millions controlled by individuals in New York is the revelation that Russell Sage is today a richer man than Jay Gould. Talking with a gentleman who has had occasion to consult both men on this matter the writer was given the information that within the past two years the wealth of Mr. Sage has increased enormously, and that it might be safe to say that many of his largest investments have netted him as high as 20 per cent. "I would say," said the gentleman, "that Russell Sage is worth \$60,000,000 and that Mr. Gould would have nothing left should he lose \$80,000,000."

In the list which is appended the name of Hetty Green appears with the usual \$40,000,000. While it is a fair estimate, it is learned from several reliable sources, that her fortune is now nearer \$50,000,000. It is not two months since Hetty astonished her banker by appearing in a new kind of cardigan. She had taken a butler's frock coat, cut off the tails, sewed buttons on the lapels, and she insisted that it was the cheapest and best cardigan she had ever had. This is men-

tioned to show that Hetty is still saving her pennies. Here is an interesting list of millionaires of the country, although necessarily incomplete, whose fortunes are \$20,000,000 or over:

John D. Rockefeller, New York, \$135,000,000; W. W. Astor, New York, \$120,000,000; Russell Sage, New York, \$80,000,000; Jay Gould, New York, \$60,000,000; Henry M. Flagler, New York, \$60,000,000; Charles Crocker estate, California, \$20,000,000; Charles Pratt estate, New York, \$25,000,000; William K. Vanderbilt, New York,

\$50,000,000; Cornelius Vanderbilt, New York, \$50,000,000; Fred W. Vanderbilt, New York, \$25,000,000; William Astor, New York, \$25,000,000; John Mont gomery Sears, Boston, \$40,000,000; Louis L. Tiffany, New York, \$25,000,000; C. P. Huntington, New York, \$20,000,000; John I. Blair, Haverstown, N. J., \$20,000,000; William Rockefeller, New York, \$20,000,000; Mrs. Edw. F. Shrigley, New York, \$20,000,000; Leland Stanford, California, \$20,000,000; Mrs. Hetty Green, \$40,000,000; A. Parker estate, \$70,000,000; Moses Taylor estate, \$20,000,000; E. A. Stevens, New York, \$50,000,000; Brown & Ives, Providence, R. I., \$10,000,000; P. D. Armour, Chicago, Ill., \$40,000,000; P. Goulet estate, New York, \$40,000,000; T. A. Scott estate, New York, \$35,000,000; J. W. Garrett estate, \$25,000,000; G. R. Roberts, Philadelphia, Pa., \$20,000,000; Ross Winans, \$20,000,000; F. R. Coke, \$20,000,000; Claus Spreckles, San Francisco, \$20,000,000; R. J. Livingston, New York, \$20,000,000; Mrs. Hopkins-Searles estate, \$20,000,000; S. V. Harkness estate, \$20,000,000; R. W. Coleman estate, \$20,000,000; I. M. Singer estate, \$20,000,000; Percy Pyne, New York, \$20,000,000; A. J. S. Drexel, New York, \$25,000,000; J. S. Morgan, New York, \$25,000,000; J. P. Morgan, New York, \$25,000,000; Marshall Field, Chicago, \$25,000,000; J. G. Fair estate, California, \$25,000,000; E. T. Gerry, New York, \$25,000,000; Gov. Fairbanks estate, New York, \$25,000,000; A. Schermerhorn estate, New York, \$25,000,000; O. H. Payne, New York, \$25,000,000; John T. Davis, St. Louis, \$25,000,000; F. A. Drexel estate, Philadelphia, \$22,000,000; I. V. Williamson estate, \$22,000,000; W. F. Weld estate, \$22,000,000; Jabez A. Bostwick, New York, \$20,000,000; Theodore Havemeyer, New York, \$20,000,000; H. G. Havemeyer, New York, \$20,000,000; W. G. Warden, New York, \$20,000,000; W. P. Thompson, \$20,000,000; Mrs. Schenley, \$20,000,000; J. B. Haggin, \$20,000,000; H. A. Hutchins, \$20,000,000; W. Sloan estate, New York, \$20,000,000; E. S. Higgins estate, \$20,000,000; C. Tower estate, \$20,000,000; William Thaw estate, \$20,000,000; Dr. Hostetter estate, \$20,000,000; William Sharon estate, California, \$20,000,000; Peter Donohue estate, \$20,000,000; Henry Hilton, New York, \$20,000,000; Andrew Carnegie, New York, \$20,000,000; H. Victor Newcomb, New York, \$20,000,000; John Jacob Astor, Jr., New York, \$20,000,000; Mrs. H. McK. Twombly, New York, \$20,000,000; William C. Whitney, New York, \$20,000,000; The Misses Furness, New York,

\$20,000,000; Darius O. Mills, New York, \$20,000,000; David Dows Stall, New York, \$20,000,000; Mrs. Bradley Martin, New York, \$10,000,000; Hiram Walker, Detroit, \$9,000,000.

To this list, of course, can be added an indefinite number of names, based largely on the great investments all over the country. Every city in the country has its list of millionaires, generally comprising those in the control of the street-car, gas and water companies of the respective localities.

STRANGE WEDDING RINGS. They Are Made of Brass and Weigh as Much as Thirty Pounds.

The Bayanzi, who live along the Upper Congo, have a strange custom which makes life a burden to the married women. Brass rods are welded into great rings around the necks of the wives. Many of these rings worn by the women, whose husbands are well to do, weigh as much as thirty pounds, and this burden must be carried by the poor creatures as long as they live. Frequently one sees a poor woman whose neck is galled by the heavy weight, and in places the skin is rubbed off by the ring. This is a sure sign that the ring has been recently welded around the neck. After a short time the skin becomes calloused, and then the strange ornament produces no abrasion. The weight is a perpetual tax upon the energies. In every crowd of women may be seen a number who are supporting the ring with their hands, and thus for a time are relieving their weary shoulders of the burden. A ring is never put around a woman's neck until she is believed to have attained her full physical development. Once on it is no easy matter to get it off. The natives have no files, and, although they can hammer a lot of brass rods into one, it is very difficult for them to cut the thick mass of metal. Women who increase largely in flesh after the rings have been placed on their necks are in danger of strangling to death, and instances of this sort have occurred. The women, however, regard the curious ornament with pride, imagine it enhances their importance and beauty, and wear their burdens with light hearts. Brass is the money of the country, and in putting it around their wives' necks the men are certain that it will not be stolen or foolishly expended.

How Do They Spank Him. Spanish Court etiquette is a fearful and wonderful thing. It allows certain of the grandees to put on their hats in the presence of their sovereign, while it forbids anyone to touch the person of the sovereign under all sorts of penalties, and, in consequence, there is a good deal of difficulty about chastising the present very juvenile monarch when he shall deserve it. The Queen of Spain, we know, "has no legs," and for practical purposes the King of Spain has no—birchable surface.

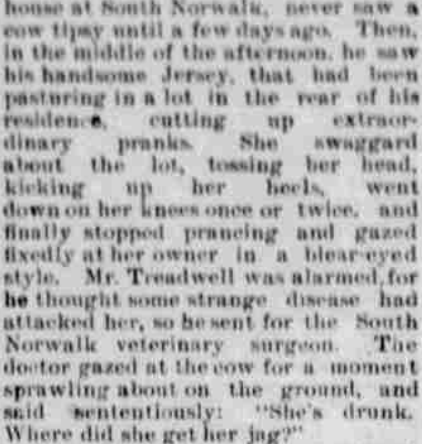
We are familiar with the rush of the express train as it flashes past us at the rate of sixty miles an hour, but light actually travels 11,170,560 times as fast.

AT WHITMAN'S TOMB.

THE GOOD GRAY POET'S BODY PEACEFULLY SLEEPING.

While His Soul Wanders Through the East End of Space That Had a Place in all His Sweet Sentiments—An Humble Tribute.

"A great man—a great American—the most eminent citizen of this republic—is dead," declared Col. Ingersoll over the bier of Walt Whitman, at the funeral services in the Harleigh cemetery of Camden, on the occasion of the good gray poet's funeral. This exaggerated eulogy was characteristic of his object, concerning whom his contemporaries are divided between two esti-

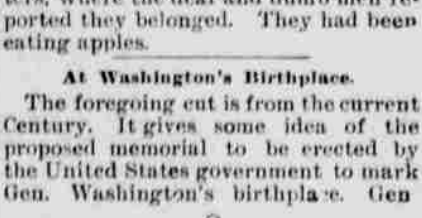


WALT WHITMAN.

mates—one rejecting him altogether, the other according most enthusiastic acceptance and exalted faith. But there can be no doubt whatever as to the place held by the "good gray poet" in the hearts of his friends, of his townpeople, of all with whom he came in personal contact during his full active life. He was the peer of the greatest, the friend of the most lowly, the sympathizer with the degraded and suffering and the champion of the oppressed. He loved, and was beloved by children. So it befell that, on the sunny March morning when his body lay in simple state in the little cottage of Mickle street, in the city of Camden, New Jersey, where the last heroic years of his life had ebbed away, a continuous stream of people during four hours passed in and out of the door, coming reverently to look their last on the face of the superb old man, whom they were accustomed to call, in preference to any other title, "Friend Walt."

At Hartford the other night eight cows pranced down woodland street into the crowded Kingsley street, where they got mixed up with the city traffic. Police Officer Reed arrested and ran them into Lawyer Chaseland's yard on Signorway street. They stayed there until after midnight, and then several persons from the Deaf and Dumb asylum came, corralled the animals and drove them back to the asylum quarters, where the deaf and dumb men reported they belonged. They had been eating apples.

At Washington's Birthplace. The foregoing cut is from the current Century. It gives some idea of the proposed memorial to be erected by the United States government to mark Gen. Washington's birthplace. Gen.



AT WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

Washington was born at Pope's Creek, near Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland county, Va., Feb. 22, 1732. The house was burned long ago; a few bricks of the old kitchen chimney are still to be seen.

A DOCTORED ELEPHANT. Queen Jumbo has the "Thumps" and is Plastered Accordingly. Queen Jumbo and Baldy, the elephants, attracted several thousands of people, old and young, to the park in San Francisco the other day.

The day was cold and lowering overhead, while the earth was damp, but the children fondled their big friends as enthusiastically as ever, and expended all the small change to be had in corn and peanuts with as much abandon as though the sun had been shining.

Queen Jumbo had a bad time a little while ago with the "thumps." When a child suffers from chills and then becomes fevered and has lung trouble, it is pneumonia, but when an elephant suffers in the same way the trouble is "thumps."

Queen's huge bulk shivered and shook, and she whined complainingly until Keeper Pett began to give her medicine. The first dose was two gallons of whisky with five ounces of quinine, and he had much trouble in getting Queen to take it. The dose did little good, and Queen grew worse until "thumps" were plainly to be detected.

Then it was a case of life and death, and the keeper set to work in a hurry. He built a big fire in the elephant-house and hung blankets to it until they were red-hot and then wrapped them around Queen.

Another man put 100 pounds of strong English mustard into a barrel and mixed it with water, like any other mustard plaster is made. The mustard was then spread on cloth and the monstrous plasters applied to Queen's sides.

Soon her ladyship showed signs of uneasiness. She felt along her sides with her trunk, stepped about constantly, and seemed to wonder what was the matter. As the mustard took hold more severely Queen tried to tear away the bandages, and when jabbed by the keeper's hook she began screaming like a steam whistle.

The plasters were left in position for three hours and then removed, and Queen again wrapped in hot blankets and dosed with whisky and quinine. After awhile she began to perspire, as elephants always do, through the trunk and her keeper knew she was saved.

The Condors. Sometimes their expanse of wing is fourteen feet, though the average is about ten. They live on the summits of mountains in air so rare that men's vitality is reduced so that they cannot stand. The condor sits on its eggs seven weeks. It nourishes its young for a year before allowing them to leave the nest. It has a swift flight, a keen eye, and can adapt itself to the regions of perpetual snow or the tropical gardens at the base of mountains.

M. T. B. Arned, of Camden. Listening to the earnest words of these eminent friends of the dead poet, and watching the sympathetic faces of the hushed multitude around, while the blue-birds sang a joyous requiem in the beeches over his tomb, it was not difficult to share the conviction eloquently expressed by Dr. Brinton, that one day Camden's chief glory would be

the old plow handle with twin axles, and a \$50 wicker baby carriage would be covered with plush and blue silk.

OUR MILLIONAIRES.

AMERICA'S WEALTHY CITIZENS IN ONE GREAT ARRAY.

John D. Rockefeller Leads the Golden List—His Fortune Estimated at \$135,000,000—W. W. Astor Follows With Russell Sage a Good Third.

From one of the best posted men in the financial world it is learned that the increase in the commercial capital of the country during the past ten years is \$10,000,000,000. In 1870, it will be remembered, the census reports showed a total of something over \$40,000,000,000 as the amount of capital invested in business in the United States. It was



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

the president of one of the leading commercial agencies who said only a day or two ago that he believed that sum had been increased to \$50,000,000,000. It will be interesting, therefore, to ascertain just what proportion of this amount is in the possession of the millionaires of the country.

To give a complete list of these would be impossible, but an approximate estimate shows that there are 150 men in this country who have on an average over \$20,000,000 each. One estimate made recently was that seventy men in this country owned on an average \$37,500,000 each. In this estimate, however, no attempt was made to get the great wealth of the varied industries of the country. No attempt was made to get at the vast wealth concentrated in the hands of the very few men who control the coal output of the great Pennsylvania mining regions. Yet it is a fact that the 194,062 acres of coal, iron and timber land owned by the Philadelphia and Reading Iron and Coal Company is really in the possession of three men, who may be said to control the real output of the country.

No attempt has ever been made to get into a list of this kind the vast wealth controlled by a few men in the whisky trust. The brewers of this country have always been omitted from these large lists, and yet such men as Adolphus Busch of St. Louis and Mr. Pabst of Milwaukee are by their own admission worth from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000 each.

When, furthermore, the vast fortune of the individuals in the mining regions of Michigan and Wisconsin, in the flour district of Minnesota, in the bullion region of the northwest, in the dry goods interests, in the iron interests, in the grain interests, in the packing interests, in the insurance interests and in the newspaper properties of the country are added to the inventory, it will be evident that 150 men of the country control \$20,000,000 each, or a total of \$3,000,000,000, and that there are 1,000 firms in the United States having an invested capital of from \$15,000,000,000 to \$20,000,000,000, or well over a quarter of the amount estimated as the capital of the business interests of the country.

A similar list could be made up for almost every large city in the country, with the possible exception of Brooklyn, which only has two millionaires.

The most interesting fact developed in the investigation of the millions controlled by individuals in New York is the revelation that Russell Sage is today a richer man than Jay Gould. Talking with a gentleman who has had occasion to consult both men on this matter the writer was given the information that within the past two years the wealth of Mr. Sage has increased enormously, and that it might be safe to say that many of his largest investments have netted him as high as 20 per cent. "I would say," said the gentleman, "that Russell Sage is worth \$60,000,000 and that Mr. Gould would have nothing left should he lose \$80,000,000."

In the list which is appended the name of Hetty Green appears with the usual \$40,000,000. While it is a fair estimate, it is learned from several reliable sources, that her fortune is now nearer \$50,000,000. It is not two months since Hetty astonished her banker by appearing in a new kind of cardigan. She had taken a butler's frock coat, cut off the tails, sewed buttons on the lapels, and she insisted that it was the cheapest and best cardigan she had ever had. This is men-

tioned to show that Hetty is still saving her pennies. Here is an interesting list of millionaires of the country, although necessarily incomplete, whose fortunes are \$20,000,000 or over:

John D. Rockefeller, New York, \$135,000,000; W. W. Astor, New York, \$120,000,000; Russell Sage, New York, \$80,000,000; Jay Gould, New York, \$60,000,000; Henry M. Flagler, New York, \$60,000,000; Charles Crocker estate, California, \$20,000,000; Charles Pratt estate, New York, \$25,000,000; William K. Vanderbilt, New York,

\$50,000,000; Cornelius Vanderbilt, New York, \$50,000,000; Fred W. Vanderbilt, New York, \$25,000,000; William Astor, New York, \$25,000,000; John Mont gomery Sears, Boston, \$40,000,000; Louis L. Tiffany, New York, \$25,000,000; C. P. Huntington, New York, \$20,000,000; John I. Blair, Haverstown, N. J., \$20,000,000; William Rockefeller, New York, \$20,000,000; Mrs. Edw. F. Shrigley, New York, \$20,000,000; Leland Stanford, California, \$20,000,000; Mrs. Hetty Green, \$40,000,000; A. Parker estate, \$70,000,000; Moses Taylor estate, \$20,000,000; E. A. Stevens, New York, \$50,000,000; Brown & Ives, Providence, R. I., \$10,000,000; P. D. Armour, Chicago, Ill., \$40,000,000; P. Goulet estate, New York, \$40,000,000; T. A. Scott estate, New York, \$35,000,000; J. W. Garrett estate, \$25,000,000; G. R. Roberts, Philadelphia, Pa., \$20,000,000; Ross Winans, \$20,000,000; F. R. Coke, \$20,000,000; Claus Spreckles, San Francisco, \$20,000,000; R. J. Livingston, New York, \$20,000,000; Mrs. Hopkins-Searles estate, \$20,000,0