

MILLIONAIRES GO PACE THAT KILLS

The Country's Capital.

Pittsburg Men of Wealth Unequaled in Furnishing Sensations for the Lovers of Scandal—Allurements of Painted Stage Beauties Fatal to Domestic Peace and Harmony.

New York.—Now that the crime of murder has been added to the eccentric doings of the dozen or more Pittsburg millionaires, it is probable that the limit of their capacity for sensationalism has been reached.

Remarkable divorces, remarriages, breaches of promise, alimony and chorus girls have hitherto been ordinary features of their lives. They seem to have become rich so suddenly that they have lost their heads. Never before, however, has any one of them been accused of murder.

Years before Harry Thaw ever heard of Evelyn Nesbit or Stanford White he was eccentric to the verge of crazy

sprang up between Mr. Phipps and his wife. The breach gradually widened, and Mr. Phipps brought suit for divorce, naming Hart McKee as co-respondent. Pittsburg society was disrupted by the news, and the McKee and Phipps factions waxed bitter in their denunciations.

Kidnaped His Children.

Following the return of Mrs. Phipps to this country, her two little children were forcibly taken from the Waldorf-Astoria by Mr. Phipps and hurried away to Denver, where he had resided for some time. It was openly stated that when the divorce proceedings were over Mrs. Phipps would marry Hart McKee, but in the meantime that eccentric young man had become enthralled with Mrs. Hugh Tevis, who a few years previous had been wed and widowed within six weeks.

Mrs. Tevis and Mr. McKee sailed away to Europe on the same steamer, and shortly afterward were married. Things were rather dull in the Pittsburg colony for awhile until Mrs. Phipps went out to Denver, where the divorce case was brewing.

Mrs. Phipps began a contest for the possession of the children, but eventually terms were reached under which

folded a roll of bills as large as an elephant's trunk. The run broke all records. Fifteen engines were used. There were eight passengers, and to transport them in lower berths instead of upper cost \$1.13 a minute for 59 hours, or nearly two dollars a mile. But Mr. Peacock was from Pittsburg and did not care.

When some Englishmen sent over \$150,000 to back Shamrock II. Mr. Peacock headed a syndicate who covered it with \$250,000. He played in a poker game on the steamship Deutschland in which \$500,000 changed hands. Peacock won, although there were nine other Pittsburg millionaires at times in the game. There was a \$90,000 jackpot.

They tell how when Mrs. Carnegie was buying her wedding trousseau in this city years ago she was waited upon by a handsome young saleswoman to whom she told her secret.

"I'm to be married, too," confessed the young woman. "That is my intended over there—Mr. Peacock."

"That's a Scotch name," said the future Mrs. Carnegie. "Where does he come from?"

"From Dunfermline, ma'am," replied the salesgirl. Andrew Carnegie learned about the incident, and in due time the ironmaster brought Peacock to Pittsburg and made the floorwalker a millionaire.

At the Waldorf one morning Mr. Peacock was discovered scribbling on a sheet of paper in the writing-room. A friend asked him what he was doing.

"Oh, my wife at breakfast just now insisted that I was worth \$10,000,000. I think it is only \$7,000,000. She is usually right, but I can't find the other \$3,000,000 this morning."

Married Mother's Maid.

John Alston Moorhead is one of the latest. He was a heavy man on the Yale football team and also pulled in the crew. He never did anything else to deserve particular distinction. Only a few weeks ago he eloped with his mother's French maid. They have not been entirely forgiven yet, but it is understood that John Alston is being treated in a New York sanitarium, his father paying the bills, and it is said the little French maid is crying her way back to sunny France, well paid, if cash can make it good, but with her foolish little heart broken.

More recently the limelight of notoriety has been turned upon W. E. Corey, one of the best known of the Carnegie group of Pittsburg millionaires. He dined upon New York several years ago on a special train consisting of one dining car, four sleeping cars and two baggage cars, which carried the entire office forces of the National Steel company and the National Hoop company. In the baggage cars were 50 trunks filled with ledgers and account books and 12 typewriter girls who took down dictation as the train rolled along.

Corey's Lurid Exploits.

Some time afterward Mr. Corey gave Mr. Schwab a Lucullan feast. The costliest wines, the delectable hot-house fruits and the rarest flowers were lib-

Harry K. Thaw the Only One of Gay Crowd That Has Essayed the Novel Sensation of Murder, But All Have Sought in Startling Manner to Dissipate Their Easily Earned Millions.

of Miss Gilman, and at present Mrs. Corey is in the west, where she is residing with a view to securing a divorce.

During the course of business in Pittsburg Andrew Carnegie transformed Gibson D. Packer from a poor man into a millionaire. Mr. Packer did not miss his chance to get before the public. Mrs. Mary I. Vetter, armed, it is said, with 140 love letters, prepared to sue Mr. Packer for \$100,000 for breach of promise. There were many pledges of affection in the shape of jewelry.

Contemporaneously with the Thaw murder Mrs. Scott Hartje, the wife of Augustus Hartje, Pittsburg millionaire paper manufacturer, has begun suit against her husband for divorce. Mrs. Hartje says that her husband wore paper collars for years; that he would buy a \$1,500 horse over the telephone and the next minute refuse Mrs. Hartje's request for three dollars for a pair of shoes. Some of the charges of both Mr. and Mrs. Hartje cannot be printed here.

Cooked His Own Meals.

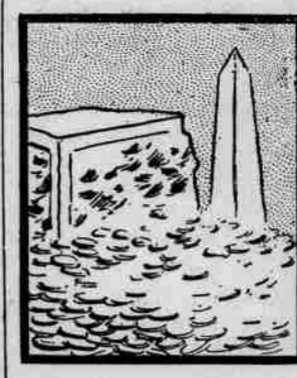
Charles Clarke, son of Mrs. Eliza Clarke, cousin of James King Clarke, married Miss Elizabeth Stocking, of Atlanta, Ga. "Chic," as he was known, was a jolly good fellow. Before his marriage he tried newspaper work in Pittsburg. He essayed a publication similar to Town Topics, but the United States could only stand one such at a time, and the Pittsburg production died and the owner was in debt. Times went hard with him about the time he married, and he apparently lost all his money, it being tied up in legal broils. Either he tired of his wife or she tired of him.

At any rate, he sued for divorce and told that he had endeavored to maintain the two by doing the family cooking in a chafing-dish in their little room over in Allegheny. He got his divorce, and the next day the wife became the wife of "Sport" Donnelly, son of a Pittsburg millionaire.

While George Lauder Carnegie has figured somewhat among the Pittsburg prodigals, his brother Coleman, or "Coley," also a high-roller, has decided to "straighten up." Hitherto he has been piking along on \$125,000 a year without saving much of it. It is said that if Coleman will continue to straighten up his uncle Andrew will take him to Scotland and make a real laird of him.

Frank Gale, nephew of John H. Gale, partner of Col. James McGuffey,

Men and Matters in Washington—Proctor of Vermont Largest Individual Owner and Dealer in Marble and Granite—Believes in Future of Washington—Senator from Iowa Held to a Policy of Pacification and Compromise—"Getting Even."



WASHINGTON.—One of the old men of the senate who does not rush off immediately upon the adjournment of congress is Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont. The reason he does not join the early exodus after congress adjourns is that he has some of his principal business interests in this city. No one knows how wealthy Mr. Proctor is, as he is as mum as a piece of his own granite or marble regarding his personal affairs, but by inheritance and by his own acquisition he is the largest individual owner and dealer in marble and granite in the world. He is very fond of these two stones, and he is gradually putting them into buildings of considerable consequence here in Washington. He owns many granite and marble front houses and has just completed a very large apartment house with glistening white marble front.

Like some of his wealthy colleagues and predecessors in the senate, Mr. Proctor has had a good deal of faith in the future of Washington and has made many investments which are turning out exceedingly profitable. As he grows older he seems to take a deeper interest in these real estate deals and much of his time, even in hot weather, is spent at the national capital ready to turn an honest penny, and a good many millions of them, in real estate transactions.

MEN OF EXPERIENCE IN ADMINISTRATIVE BRANCH.

It is regarded as something of an advantage for a man in the senate or house to have had experience in the administrative branch of the government. The senate is right well off in this regard, as there are at present five ex-cabinet officers in that body, men who have had to do with the administration of government and whose practical knowledge of executive affairs is of great benefit in the consideration of legislation. Probably the most effective of these ex-cabinet officers is Senator Knox, who was attorney general under the late President McKinley and under President Roosevelt. His experience in that office secured him an appointment to the judiciary committee and to the committee on inter-oceanic canals and privileges and elections, where legal knowledge is of particular advantage.

The venerable Senator Teller, of Colorado, served three years as secretary of the interior under President Arthur, and to this day the experience he then gained shows in his handling of bills that relate to matters in the interior department. Anything relating to Indians or public lands must be absolutely straight before it can pass the scrutiny of Mr. Teller, who knows all about those affairs and who does not hesitate to expose any suspicious dealings which his experience as secretary of the interior may enable him to unearth.

There are three ex-secretaries of war in the senate, all of them men of ability and who are especially qualified to discuss legislation relating to the army. There is Senator Proctor, who served as secretary of war under Harrison, and Senator Elkins, who succeeded him at the war department under the same administration. Then there is Senator Alger, of Michigan, who was President McKinley's secretary of war all during the trouble with Spain. When technical questions affecting the war department arise, these three gentlemen are called upon to explain them and they are usually found possessed of very illuminating information.



SENATOR ALLISON AND SOBRIQUET OF "FUSSY-FOOT."

A spirit of sadness spread over the senate in the closing hours of the last session, because of the absence of William Boyd Allison, the venerable senator from Iowa, and for 23 years a member of the senate. This veteran statesman has broken very much in the past year, and it was with the deepest sorrow that his colleagues saw him compelled to yield the leadership on appropriation bills to another. For many, many years Mr. Allison has been chairman of the senate committee on appropriations, and in that position he has directed the distribution of billions of dollars. No man in the senate understood the construction of appropriation bills and what were necessary expenditures so well as he.

It is feared that the final break has come and that Mr. Allison will never again be able to assume the leadership that he has held in the past. He was 77 years of age last March, and it is not reasonable to suppose that at that advanced age he can hope to recover sufficiently to undertake as heavy work as he has in the past. Mr. Allison was known as the great pacificator. His has always been a policy of compromise and peacemaking. He has gone about the advancement of this principle in the most suave and quiet manner, and it is said that no man in either branch of congress has ever been able to accomplish so much in such a quiet way. He years and years ago earned the sobriquet of "Fussy-foot."

THE PUBLIC PRINTER RECEIVES A BLACK EYE.

Subordinates in government offices in Washington have a way of getting even with superiors whom they do not like. With every appearance of faithful performance of their work, they can still so retard it and mix it up as to show a mighty poor record for their chief and at the same time make it very difficult for their own movements to be discovered. The latest exhibition of this method of "getting even" was in the case of Public Printer Stillings and occurred on the last day of congress. Since Stillings was brought to Washington and put at the head of the public printing office, there has been great friction between him and the subordinates in that establishment. He was given his position on the promise of inaugurating great reforms, and most of his time has been spent in reorganizing the force and in fighting with various cliques and organizations within the office.

In trying to put his reform into operation Mr. Stillings has made lots of enemies, so that on the last day and night of the session of congress the latter were able to give the public printer a black eye. The printing of appropriation bills and other measures during the last hours of congress had hitherto been kept right up to the hour. On this occasion, however, the printing office fell back and the most unaccountable errors were made and delays ensued that kept congress in session at least 12 hours longer than would have been necessary under the old regime. The president was also subject to annoyance by being kept at the capitol several hours beyond the time usually necessary to sign bills.

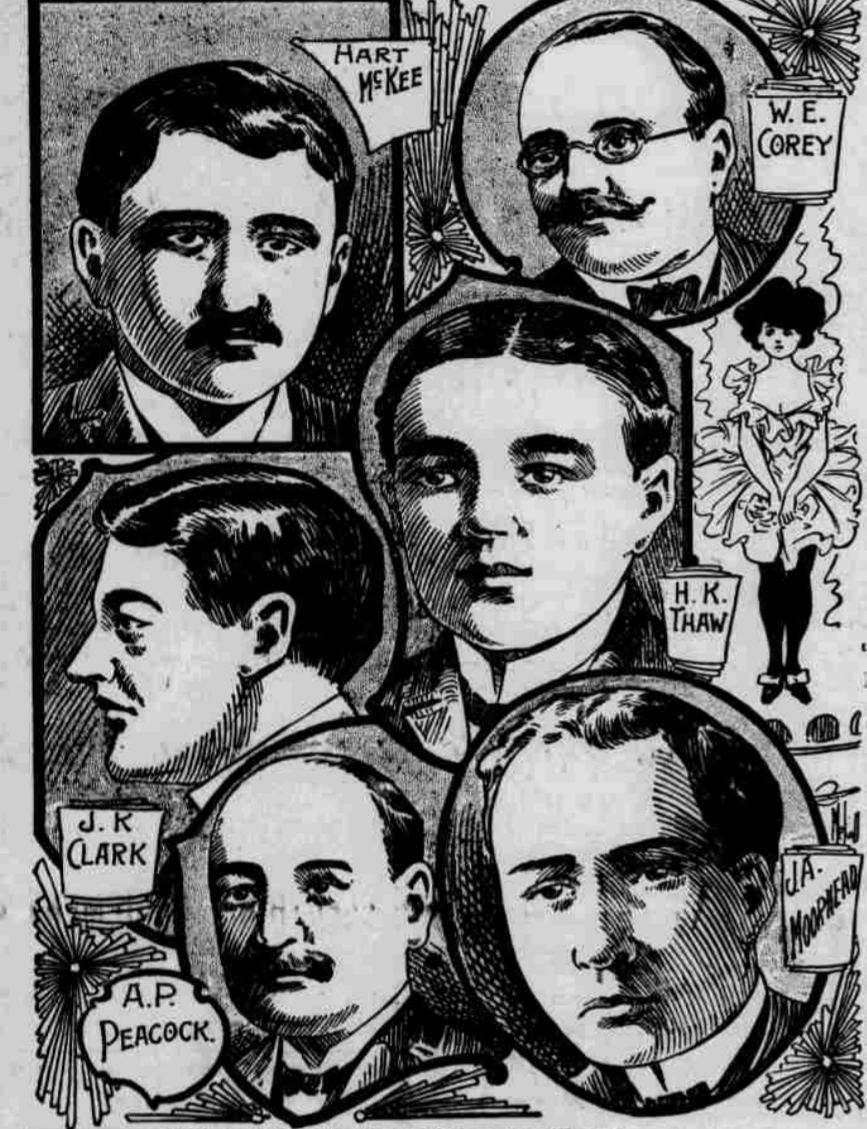
It is pretty well understood that all this confusion, errors and delay were worked for the purpose of reflecting upon Public Printer Stillings. An investigation has been ordered by the senate, but it is surmised that the investigators will have a hard time running down the offenders in this case. The printers who caused delay are blaming the latter on bad copy and mis-takes of enrolling clerks in the house and senate.



ATTRACTIONS OF THE "GREAT FALLS OF THE POTOMAC."

It is not generally known that the largest falls east of Niagara are located in the Potomac river, some 16 miles northwest of Washington. They are called the "Great Falls of the Potomac," but have achieved in all their history little more than local fame and a very small percentage even of the inhabitants of Washington have ever witnessed their beauty. The progressive trolley, however, is now to bring this natural wonder within the view of residents and visitors in Washington. A line has been constructed to the point where the noble Potomac in a succession of rapids and falls tumbles over a good sized hill and makes one of the most attractive natural bits of scenery in the east.

Hitherto the Great Falls has been known principally on account of the good fishing in their vicinity. The small mouthed Potomac black bass is found here in large quantities and neighboring pools were the favorite fishing grounds of some of the noted statesmen of the past. Ex-President Cleveland in his eight years' residence in Washington was a frequent visitor in this neighborhood, and with his old fishing crony, former Commissioner of Internal Revenue Miller, a gentleman of equal physical weight and breadth to Mr. Cleveland, took many a string of fine bass from these waters.



ness. He was known as a cigarette fiend, a heavy absinthe drinker, an admirer of chorus girls and a reckless spendthrift. He gave dinners costing tens of thousands of dollars, and like the general run of Pittsburg millionaires he always had one or more "affairs" on hand with women of the footlights.

It is a strange fact that chorus girls and actresses seem to appeal to the Pittsburg millionaire past all power of resistance. Four of them who have made New York their home during the past few years, and whose wealth amounts to \$50,000,000 in the aggregate, have become infatuated with stage beauties more or less widely known throughout the country, according to the World of that city.

Three of them have married actresses, and the infatuation of the fourth for a beauty of the footlight is being used against him in divorce proceedings. Although Harry Thaw was probably the wildest among the Pittsburg high rollers who have sowed in the wild winds of the Tenderloin, young Hart McKee was almost as well known, but in a different way.

Forgot Marital Obligations.

His father, E. Sellers McKee, a multi-millionaire glass manufacturer of Pittsburg, supplied him with practically limitless funds, with which the young man proceeded to cut a wide swath. He was handsome, dapper and fastidious, with the red and white complexion of a healthy girl. Soon after leaving college he married a Miss Sutton, from whom he separated a year or two afterward, giving her \$300,000 outright in lieu of alimony.

In Mrs. McKee's allegations against her husband she testified that he was not with her much during the two years of their married life, and that he became more neglectful as time proceeded. Finally Mrs. McKee left him, "owing to his entire neglect." She made affidavit that he cut off her personal allowance and household allowance and put at the head of the household a butler, who was objectionable and very insolent, and over whom she had no control. He was given the money to buy the servants, and was empowered to hire and discharge them. Mrs. McKee protested, but was told that she had no power to discharge him.

McKee became acquainted with Mrs. Genevieve Phipps, the wife of Lawrence Phipps, another Pittsburg millionaire, then living in Denver. McKee and Mrs. Phipps were frequently seen together, and an estrangement

a divorce was granted on the ground of desertion. Then almost before their friends had ceased talking about their case Mr. and Mrs. Phipps made up, and it is said that they will be remarried. This seems to have finished the calendar of sensations as far as the Phipps and McKee millionaires are concerned.

Another Pittsburg millionaire who had a varied and noteworthy career was James King Clarke, known to his friends as "Jamie."

Young Clarke inherited a part of the millions of his father, Charles J. Clarke, of Pittsburg. He was in the habit of spending a part of his time in Washington, and it was there that he met Miss Esther Bartlett. They were married on April 26, 1899, in Washington, and with the best man, Mackintosh Kellogg, journeyed to New York, where they took rooms at one of the big hotels.

As related by Clarke in the suit for divorce, which began a month later, upon their arrival in this city he left his bride in his room with Mr. Kellogg while he went downstairs to look after some baggage. He was detained for some time. On his return he found the door locked, and when it was finally opened Mr. Kellogg's shirt front was stained with the violets which Mrs. Clarke wore as a corsage bouquet. That settled it. Mr. Clarke waxed wrath and left his bride.

Mrs. Clarke afterward sued for and obtained a divorce, after which she became the wife of L. T. Whitehead, of Erie, Pa. Mr. Clark then married a Miss Katherine Willoughby, of St. Augustine, Fla., thus closing another chapter of Pittsburg millionaire sensationalism.

Career of A. R. Peacock.

Mr. Alexander Rowland Peacock is another Smoky City candidate for fame. Mr. Peacock is worth many millions of dollars. When he came to New York he evidently made up his mind to live up to the traditions and habits of the lively Pittsburgers who had preceded him. To perpetuate his name he had a \$17,000 peacock made of genuine diamonds, sapphires and emeralds and gave it to his wife. He also had a peacock put on the liverly of his servants.

Once Mr. Peacock was in Los Angeles. There were only upper berths left in the train to Chicago. "Give me a special train, then," he ordered.

"It'll cost \$4,000," said the passenger agent.

"I'll take it," replied Peacock, un-



erally provided. The waiters wore colonial costumes with powdered wigs, and the souvenirs were silver card-cases. Previous to this, however, Mr. Corey had emulated other Pittsburg rich men by figuring in a swimming party of which Miss Maybelle Gilman, an actress, was a member. The party took place at the Pittsburg natatorium. There were hot birds and cold bottles and some very pretty exhibitions of plain and fancy swimming.

At this party an infatuation for Miss Gilman is said to have sprung up on the part of the millionaire. An estrangement took place between Mr. and Mrs. Corey supposedly on account

the millionaire oil producer, of Pittsburg, distinguished himself by committing a burglary.

The suicide of young T. O. C. Jones, the only son of the millionaire steel man of Pittsburg, a few weeks ago, fittingly rounds out the record of the young Smoky City high rollers. He had lost his mind because of his love for his first cousin, a charming Pittsburg girl. He killed himself when she married another.

This almost exhausts the crop of Pittsburg's glided youths, but there is a new crowd growing up. They are as yet in knickerbockers.