

MILLIONAIRES GO PACE THAT KILLS COUNT BONI IS CAST OUT.

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 craziness.

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

folding 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 daintiest 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 Galey, nephew of John H. Galey, partner of Col. James McGuffey,

French Chamber of Deputies Annals Election of Castellane on Bribery Charge.

Paris.—Despite a protest from the soubt the French chamber of deputies the other day by 253 votes against 221



COUNT BONI DE CASTELLANE. (Husband of Anna Gould, Ousted from French Chamber of Deputies.)

decided to invalidate the election of Count Boni de Castellane, husband of Anna Gould, as the deputy for the Basses Alpes.

Bereft first of his little American wife and no longer to scatter the millions she brought him from the coffers of Jay Gould, Count Boni found him-

self arrived at the limit of humiliation when the chamber of deputies ousted him from his seat and banished him with insinuations of political corruption and open charges of bribery in buying his election.

Truly the dapper little Frenchman finds that money makes the gentleman, the lack of it the fellow.

He now has few friends. Once the flattered little spendthrift of the boulevards, the pet of titled women, on whom he lavished diamonds and jewels until his wife shut off his supply of money, he has sunk into the position of a man ridiculed and laughed at. Former friends who fawned on him and reaped the fruits of his sensational methods of getting rid of his wife's money now look upon him as a fool who has permitted himself to be found out. Not until the present, however, was any thought ever taken that he might find enemies enough in the chamber to throw him out of his seat.

Now he is mournfully aware of how far fortune has turned against him and at one of the clubs from which he is not yet excluded he declared that the action of his fellow deputies was the result of his "painful family difficulties," made public through his wife's action for divorce.

How the French aristocracy regards Count Castellane in his actions is best shown by the fact that when he offered himself as a member of the Jockey club he was "pilled" by the largest number of black balls ever received by one man.

WHAT DEWEY IS DOING NOW.

THE ADMIRAL PREFERS HARD WORK TO LIFE OF EASE.

Rank Makes Him Independent of President or Secretary of Navy —Is Known as a Well-Groomed Man.

New York.—"What has become of Admiral George Dewey and what is he doing now?"

This inquiry, sent to a St. Louis newspaper, elicited the following information:

Taken all in all there is perhaps no man in the United States in the service of the government or out of it who is in a more enviable position than is Admiral Dewey. Congress has given him the rank, pay and allowances of an admiral of the navy, reviving the rank for his benefit. He is absolutely independent of the secretary of the navy and of the president of the United States.

He cannot be retired and he cannot be disciplined by reduction in rank or any of the other usual means employed. The place gives him an annual income of \$15,500.

If he chose to do so he could close down his desk, go home and never turn his hand over in the way of work, either for the navy or anyone else, and his pay and allowances would go on as long as he lives; but the admiral prefers to work and to work hard.

He is at the head of the navy general board, charged with the duty of devising general plans for improvement of the ships, the management of the ships, the handling of officers and men, and the control of the great government shipyards. Every day when he is not at sea for the maneuvers he is at his desk in his office or attending to the meetings of the board.

Admiral Dewey is much loved and much respected. He is a dapper little fellow, not much more than five feet in height. His clothes fit him like the naval uniform, without crease or bag anywhere.

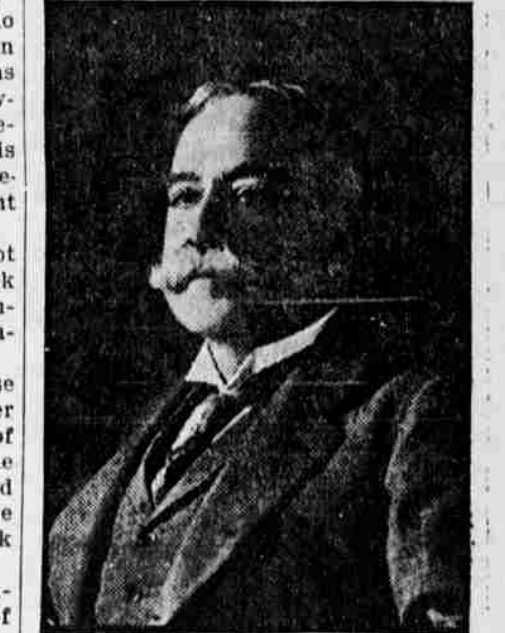
They do say that the admiral's Chinese valet has no less than 20 new suits of clothes and ten pairs of shoes to take care of at a time. The admiral is not a dude, merely a well-groomed man without seeming to have any thought of his personal appearance.

He has but one fad, if fad it may be called, and that is his love for animals. He has one of the finest

teams of driving horses in the city and also an ugly-looking English bulldog. The dog went through the battle of Manila Bay with Dewey, so they are real bunkies.

When the admiral was making a tour of inspection of the fleet the dog went along and was allowed the run of a vessel while his master was aboard. On one ship the admiral returned from the men's quarters just in time to encounter the dog sailing in most hurried fashion from the officers' quarters with the toe of an officer's boot in hot pursuit.

Admiral Dewey was white with anger and surprise. In a second, when



ADMIRAL DEWEY. (The Distinguished Naval Hero Is a Hard Worker Through Choice.)

the captain appeared, following the direction of the toe of his boot, the admiral, controlling himself as best he could, demanded:

"Sir, what do you mean by kicking my dog in that manner?"

The captain came to a swift salute and his face, it was noted, was as pale and drawn with suppressed anger as was that of the admiral.

"Sir," he said, "I would have kicked that dog if he had been the personal property of the Supreme Being; but, sir, I would not have kicked him, and did not kick him, until he had chewed the legs out of two \$15 pairs of uniform trousers and ruined a deluxe edition of the Naval Regulations, as well as killed the ship's feline mascot."

Then they both laughed.

San Francisco Home for Felines

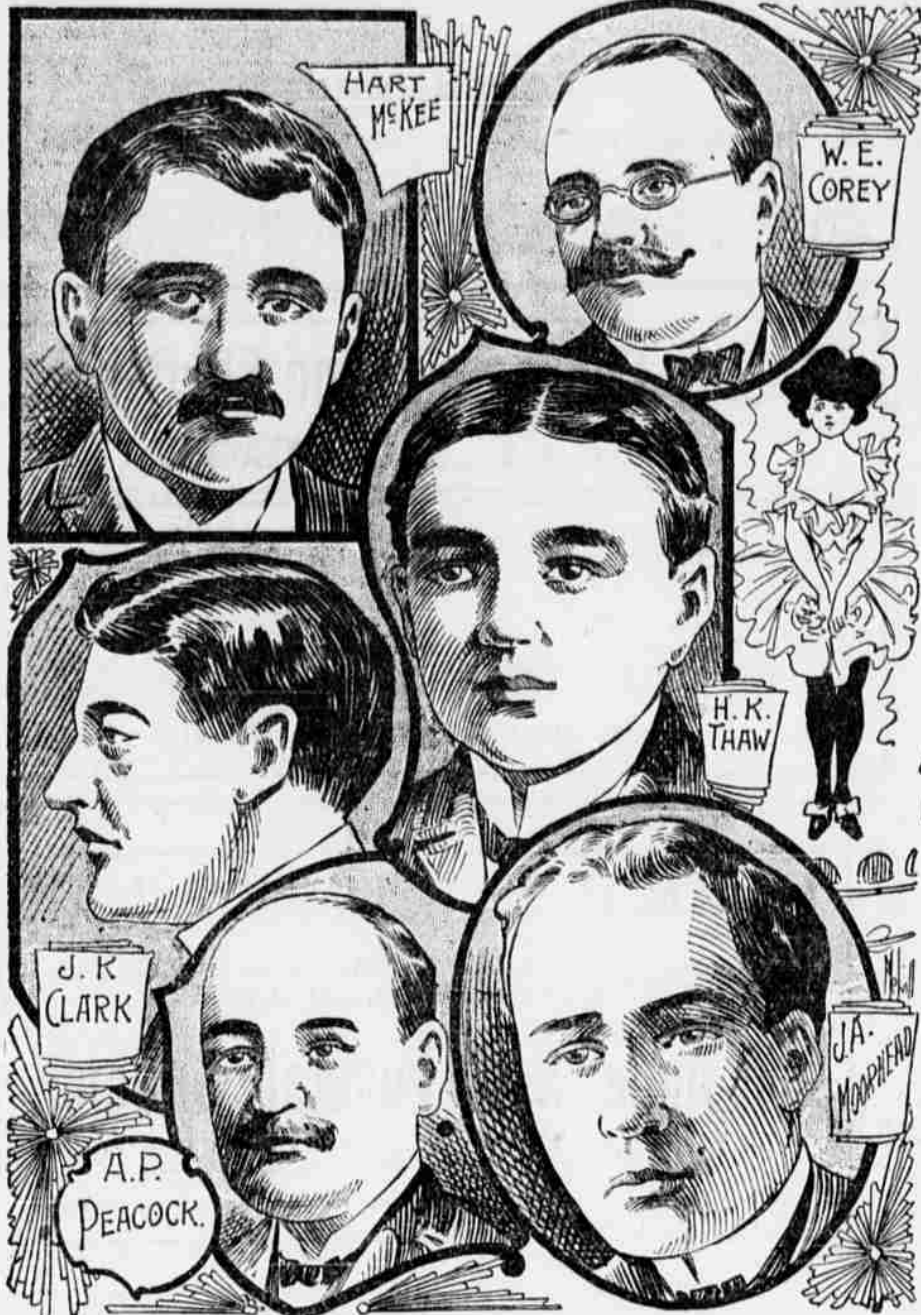


HOME FOR CATS AT SAN FRANCISCO DESTROYED BY FIRE.

San Francisco.—Among the interesting places that the earthquake destroyed in San Francisco is the \$30,000 home for cats perched high on the slope of Telegraph hill. The woman who used to own the house, a two-story structure with an attic and sun parlor, was a great friend of cats. Every beat of her heart was

for the enemy of rats and mice. When a big Maltese was not feeling well and had chills running down its back, with a quick pulse and high complexion, the mistress of the dwelling immediately opened her medicine chest and administered the proper remedies—everything from paregoric to squills. The time came, however, when the old lady, who could cure cats, even when they had fits, could not cure herself. Then she died, but the cats were not neglected.

She left \$30,000 in cash to be used in behalf of the animals, who were given the house for a place of residence. Her will was carefully drawn and stipulated just what should be done and how the cats should be cared for. Probably no pussy was ever more astonished than when the earthquake came. For two blocks around Telegraph hill cat language interspersed with fur was flying in all directions. Unfortunately, the house was destroyed and the cats not killed were dispersed over the city in search of food.



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 pay 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 wroth 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 livery 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-



W. E. COREY'S SWIMMING PARTY.

JONES KILLED HIMSELF FOR LOVE OF HIS FIRST COUSIN.

CLARK DISCOVERED KELLOGG HAVING LOVED TO MRS. CLARK.

McKEE HIRED A BUTLER WHO BUSSED HIS WIFE.

MOORHEAD WED AND MARRIED A FRENCH MAID.

generally 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

of 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 gilded youths, but there is a new crowd growing up. They are as yet in knickerbockers.