



THOUSANDS of GIRLS who want to become Protégés of MILLIONAIRES

EVEN the breach of promise suit heroine fades into insignificance beside another and particular form of petticoats which pursues the millionaire.

A few years ago a romantic story appeared in the newspapers. It was of a great multi-millionaire who had befriended the family of a French Canadian who had been killed in a mine. How he took special interest in the bright little daughter of the family, and sent her beautiful things and attended to her education. It developed that the little girl had a special talent for music, and gave every promise of cultivation. The multi-millionaire adopted her as his ward and sent her to Paris for musical tuition, and finally one day, after her beauty as well as her voice had developed to a perfection which astonished her guardian, he put the little French girl into one of the most prominent and dazzling positions in the world by making her his wife.

the musical talent would become easily the fair devastator of his fortune.

The most interesting feature of the letter written by this class of applicant is her absolute trust that hers is the only letter of the kind which has ever been written, and that what she asks for will surely be forthcoming. She has faith, and in that quantity which, upon unimpeachable testimony, is great enough to move mountains, but about the application of which she is off upon a track of her own. She has the sweetest of voices. Her friends have told her that it only needs cultivation and she will become a diva. It is her one

Thousands Appeal to Millionaires.

After the story, which, of course, was that of Ada La Chapelle, who became Senator Clark's bride, was printed the United States mail increased to an appreciable extent. At the same time a half a hundred men obtained lucrative positions with the most prominent of the philanthropic millionaires as corresponding secretaries. The enormous quantity of mail already received by them every morning increased until it could only be estimated in terms of weight and measured by the ton. The advertising matter, already swept away by the basketful, although in every instance opened because of the chance of missing an important communication, was increased 100 per cent, and purely from the contributions of the proprietors of girls' schools, both musical and of other kinds, even to the musical colleges.

talent, which is given her to do much with, and which she cannot cultivate on account of the restrictions—worse always than the pangs—of poverty.

A personal letter of suggestion accompanied many of these advertisements. "If you have no children desiring musical education, have you not some ward in whom you are interested?" Other letters came from private individuals, offering themselves as musical instructors to some young acquaintance of the millionaire whose antecedents and prospects had been carefully looked up.

How Another Plea Is Born.

In addition to this there were endless theatrical aspirants, and young women already started in the profession, who desired the financial backing of a theatrical "angel."

Faith, Hope, and Self-Confidence.

Although epistles of this kind increased the bulk of the mail to the most appreciable extent, the most varied interest was found in the letters from young girls, which arrived from every obscure corner of the land. Three facts were established beyond doubt about an almost unlimited quantity of Uncle Sam's daughters. First, their guileless and trusting simplicity; second, their undoubted musical ability; and last, but not least, their overwhelming desire to be adopted. It became apparent that if but one-half of the appeals of this type were heeded by such millionaires, the young person with

"Why don't you write to Mr. Carnegie?" says one of her friends. "It is the very thing," is the enthusiastic advice of another. She begins to think of it as a happy inspiration. Why not? He is giving away endowments every day the cost of the smallest of which would send her to Europe, and open up a life for her which is beyond her wildest dreams. If he only knew of her he would be glad to help her. This is the point of view of the little girl—apparently. At any rate, she sends off a missive to the nearest newspaper office to ask for his address, and the five thousand and ninety-sixth letter goes to Skibo castle, Dumfriesshire, Scotland.

Nearly always the letters of this kind bear testimony to the fact that the conception is a tribute to the saying that two heads are better than one. Occasionally the letter, after setting forth all the writer's talents, will express a slight doubt of the propriety of the missive, as: "For a long time my friends have been advising me to write to one of the millionaires," was the way in which one began. "My friends" serves the purpose of the least embarrassing form of introduction.

Only Russell Sage Escapes.

The reason for choosing the particular millionaire is sometimes given, couched in terms of flattery, although in most cases the true reason seems to be entirely that of the greatest propinquity. Senator Clark has always been a target for letters which were more or less akin to this special subject from all the great west.

Mr. Hill's matchless generosity has made him the special interest of this class of young women in the northwest. Even Rockefeller's scanty sympathy with any of the gifts which tend toward lightness and frivolity have never protected him from the innocent appeals of this kind from the entire country, and particularly from the great central and eastern portion of it, which has seen the most of his career.

Education in any form is supposed to be sure of a favorable response from him, whether it has to do with missionary work, instrumental talent, or the voice that is to go toward earning a living by means of skirt dancing.

There are some cases in which these letters ask for a loan and not for gifts. In such cases times without number is the matter looked up, and in more cases than is even guessed at the amount is forthcoming. This, however, is when the writer shows such a definite plan for the use of the money, and such evidently well defined purpose toward paying it back, that sentiment is the least factor influencing the case. To the credit of the borrower and to the good judgment of the philanthropist is accredited the fact that many times these loans are religiously repaid.

One of the latest cases in which Senator Clark has played the financial part in developing musical ability, to the still

further increase of the requests which are showered upon him, is that of Evelyn Charland. She had read in the papers that most of the senator's protégés were musical, and, as he was an old friend of the family, her mother encouraged her to work with the hope that one day he would befriend her, too. She lived in the pretty fiction enough so that she worked, and worked, and never neglected her practicing, while dreaming all the time of the great day which was in store for her.

When she grew up, however, and the millionaire failed to appear, there is no record of whether she sent a letter to tell him of what had been her hopes and anticipations. What she did do was to get a position in a church choir, working and saving to get money together to take her abroad. Just at this time the long waited prince appeared, and now the young student is in full possession of all the coveted opportunities which Paris can offer.

This is not the result of most of the musical letters, however. Most of them show such a disregard of the first idea of the law of helping themselves that they are passed up by the secretaries.

Many Plead for Others.

There is another class of letters which is not uncommon. That is the one which is written in behalf of somebody else. Requests for help in bringing out somebody's opera oratorio are sent, this apparently being the one paramount interest in the lives of thousands of women. Benign and busy, they write to the devoted millionaire upon a thousand matters other than love and which are not infrequently in the interest of some protégé of their own.

One of the commonest requests is to ask if he would not like to adopt some baby, of which they can give the complete family history. One and all of these missives are based upon some romantic notion of their own which they have woven from what they have read about the genealogies of the millionaire. One evidence of the ignorance of the world to which they are writing which these correspondents usually betray is in the fact that these epistles are almost invariably marked "Confidential." There is plainly the idea that an intercepting secretary will prevent the letter from going to its goal. The fact that these are the kind of all others that are left unresponded to by the secretary, because of the evident purpose of the confidential label, is entirely overlooked.

German Government Alarmed by Spread of American Duel

GERMAN authorities and the government at Berlin are startled over the fact that the dreaded "American duel" will take the place of the German duel. Startled by the development of this most deadly form of dueling, a form which means certain death to one of the combatants, the authorities are taking steps to prevent any more such contests.

The recent outbreak of German indignation against the "American duel" was caused when a young engineer, an American, with his wife and four children, died together as the result of one of these duels.

The story is one stranger than fiction. Alfred Fletcher, a young, handsome and talented engineer, had for twelve years engaged in engineering works for his company in Germany, especially on electrical development in the western provinces, with headquarters at Berlin, quarreled with Lieut. Fritz von Markheit of the German army.



to death, and that justice would decide in his favor and rid them of their enemy.

Rejected Suitor Threatens Girl.

The quarrel arose over the wife of the American engineer, who was, before she married the young engineer, Fraubon Emma Nisbaum of Magdeburg. Although her family was of the middle class, her beauty and her talents as a musician made her a belle of Magdeburg, and even young men of the nobility and students of the universities of wealthy families sought her hand in marriage. Von Markheit was one of these. He knew her as a child, but when he came to manhood and secured a commission in the army after a brilliant course in the military schools, he returned to Magdeburg to dazzle his old friends.

Instead he was dazzled. He gazed upon the beautiful girl, and, in his pride and arrogance, he claimed her for his own, even before he had met her. For a time, it seems, the girl was pleased at the attentions of the dashing, hard drinking, dare devil young lieutenant. Then his arrogance and his vanity chilled her and she turned from him, refusing his offer of marriage and telling him she would never wed until she found the man she loved.

The young man, his vanity piqued, his pride hurt, strode from her and then he declared that if she ever married another man that man should answer to him.

Only a short time after that he was sent to West Africa on duty. Then he was transferred to China, and served through the boxer troubles.

seen the world. He was a harder drinker, a faster liver, more arrogant than as a boy. Within a short time as he rode galloping down through the Hasen Holde toward the parade ground of the garrison at Berlin, a little boy ran from his mother, and, clapping his hands, cried:

"O, mother, see the handsome soldier."

Von Markheit, swinging in his saddle, smiled at the boy and then, glancing up, he saw the mother, and with a jerk he threw his horse on to his haunches, leaped to the park, and came toward the mother.

"So you are married?" he asked, pointing to the children.

"Yes."

"My congratulations to your husband, and tell him I will call on him," said the soldier, leaving her frightened and quivering with anger.

That evening, when Fletcher came in from his work on the new electric line, his wife told him the story. He frowned angrily at the presumption of the man, then, kissing his wife gayly, he told her: "Never mind, mother, he merely talks, but he would better keep out of my way or something will happen to him."

German Insults American's Wife.

The following Sunday afternoon the something happened. Mrs. Fletcher was walking with two of her children and the nurse was wheeling the baby in its little perambulator when Von Markheit stepped before her and insisted upon walking with her. She consented in order to avoid a scene, but treated him coldly.

Before they had gone half through the park Fletcher appeared on the scene and looked curiously at his wife's companion.

"This is my husband, Lieut. von Markheit," she said.

"Alfred, Lieut. von Markheit was my friend as a boy."

The men bowed stiffly.

"Yes," said Von Markheit, twirling his mustache and sneering. "We were great friends years ago. She was my—"

Before the insulting word had been uttered Fletcher's fist descended upon the lieutenant's mouth, staggering him.

Four police men ran from all directions and dragged the infuriated men apart.

Fletcher, writhing under the gross insult to his wife, used his influence among American and German friends to secure an opportunity to further avenge himself. His friends called upon friends of the lieutenant, who explained that a German army officer could not fight a civilian, especially a foreigner.

American Wins German Beauty.

In 1895 Fletcher came to Magdeburg to plan the work on a new electric railway for his company. He saw Emma Nisbaum. The courtship was swift and passionate. They loved at first sight, and, when the fall came the young American engineer claimed his German bride and they were married and went to Berlin to live.

Their life was a happy one, despite the fact that the panic in electric stocks and the years of hard times that followed cut down their income and kept them from amassing their fortune. Besides, children came. The year after the marriage little Emma was born, and, two years later, came Fritz, then Caroline, and, in June of last year, Greta. So, year after year their cherished plan of a visit to the husband's home country—the wonderful America beyond the sea—was postponed and the company refused to call Fletcher home.

The beauty which the young woman of Magdeburg promised, ripened into a glorious womanhood, and although they lived in an unaffordable neighborhood and within their limited means, her beauty and the striking prettiness of her little brood of children attracted attention Unter den Linden and

in the parks. She was known to few people in society, but scores who passed her in their carriages sighed for some part of her wonderful complexion, her glorious jet black hair, and her eyes and her figure.

Veiled Threat Against Husband.

Three months ago Fritz von Markheit returned with his regiment to Berlin for home duty. He was a man. He had

The drawing was made in a room at the Stechen, one of the most famous beer halls of Berlin. There were three Americans, Fletcher and two friends, and with him also was a German army officer. With Von Markheit were three officers.

The six seconds adjourned for a moment, leaving the duellists sitting together at the table. They returned a moment later with a box in which were two balls of equal size—one black, the other white.

In the midst of the gay crowd the grimmest duel of the century was fought—and no one outside of the eight in the little booth at one side knew what was happening.

Fletcher was cool and gazed fearlessly at Von Markheit, who was pale and shaken by the ordeal, but under good control.

"Draw," said Capt. Ehrhsing, holding the box with the two balls in it above his head.

Von Markheit hesitated and trembled, half raised his hand to draw, and then dropped it to his side, shaking visibly.

Dramatic Scene at Drawing.

"Draw," said Capt. Ehrhsing, inclining his head toward Fletcher. The American reached his hand into the box, closed his fingers over a ball, drew it out, and, still concealing it, stood calmly watching Von Markheit, who still trembled.

"Is it the white or black?" he asked weakly.

"Draw, you cur, and find out," said Fletcher.

Stung by the contempt of his adversary, Von Markheit stepped forward, drew out his hand, and with a groan of joy and relief held up the white ball.

"I have lost," said Fletcher quietly.

Capt. Ehrhsing, his face working with emotion, stretched out his hand. "You are a brave man," he said. "Cannot we let this matter drop?"

"Impossible," said Fletcher quietly. "I will die."

The party broke up quickly. Fletcher walked with his friends towards the little home in Ritterstrasse, bidding them a quiet farewell as he started on his last tramp towards home. But his greatest trial was to come. He had still to tell his wife.

What happened in that little house can only be guessed. There were signs afterward that the wife had broken down utterly at first and sobbed wildly. Then she rallied, became calm, and she evidently led the planning of what happened.

Six Die as Result of "Duel."

The next day six bodies were found in the house. The children seemed as if sleeping peacefully. The father and mother, clasped in each other's arms, looked happy.

The little boy had taken poison. The little notes that they left explained it all. The wife had insisted that she and the children should die with the father rather than be left at the mercy of Lieut. von Markheit. They had wept over little Greta, but, without money, without a father, with a merciless man ready to persecute the mother, with fate seemingly against them, they thought the little ones would be better off.

Lieut. von Markheit resigned from the army two days after the affair. The wave of indignation that ran over Berlin was too much for him. His friends declare he did not mean it all and that he is half crazed with horror at the thought of the result of his actions.

Meanwhile the German police are striving in every possible manner to prevent "American duels." They are too deadly for the duellists of Germany.

Grimmest Duel of a Century.

So it was arranged. Strangely enough, when Fletcher's wife heard of it she told her husband that he was right, and she declared that fate could not be so cruel as to condemn him