The Wealth of Many Women Would Have Staggered the Famous King of Lydia

Princess Marie Bonaparte, Wealthiest Daughter of France.

Bertha von Bohlen, nee Krupp, Germany's Pride

Marchioness of Graham, England's Greatest Heiress

WHO is she?

Who is the feminine Croesus of this age of colossal fortunes, of magically acquired wealth?

Richest woman of the world—who can claim such distinction? Where does she live? What does she do? What are her hobbies? Is she generous to the poor? Is she married? Is she the mother of children? What are her characteristics—the peculiar traits that make every human being different from some one else?

Would it not be interesting to know?

Yet the Sphinx could not give answer. Undoubtedly there is one richest woman in the world, but who she is no one knows.

Old earth today has many rich women—women whose vast fortunes would have staggered the famous old king of Lydia. There are, for example, Mrs. Hetty Green, Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker, Madame Creel, wife of the Mexican ambassador to the United States; Bertha von Bohlen, formerly Bertha Krupp, head of the great Krupp gun works, of Germany; Princess Marie Bonaparte, of France; Mrs. Russell Sage, the Marchioness of Graham, England's richest heiress, and others. But who actually possesses the greatest amount of the world's goods is still a question for debate.

Mrs. Hetty Green, who Stands Near the Top

Madame Creel of Mexico, Richest Woman in Diplomatic Circles

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Mrs. Anne M. Weightman Walker

Isabel Lewis, America's Richest Negress

IT IS not that all rich women are peculiar that their doings are invested with more than ordinary interest. They are not more peculiar, perhaps, than their sisters of humbler financial station.

Naturally, they are forced into the limelight by their wealth; money elevates them to a position of prominence and each little foible or idiosyncrasy assumes exaggerated proportions and attracts attention.

Their methods of enjoying their fortunes differ as much as do those in the trim little cottages where the wife is also cook and housemaid.

Some like to give money to the poor and to build hospitals and churches; others dote on dimpled doggies and other pets. Some are generous and openhearted; they give freely, and their names are blessed. Others are as "close-fisted as a dry potato," possessing as little of the warmth of human kindness as a ladle of liquid air. Fact.

Among the world's richest women some are young, rosy and handsome, graceful and gracious. Others are aged and feeble. Some are married, others are single, still others are widows.

Now, what would you do if you should suddenly become rich? Gratify your whims, without doubt. That's what these women do—these modern Croesuses in petticoats.

There's La Senora de Creel, richest woman of the diplomatic corps at Washington and one of the wealthiest in all the world. Madame Creel wears $14 dresses.

Her income is $5,000,000 a year. Her fortune is incalculable. From mines which her husband gave her years ago already more than $200,000,000 worth of precious metal has been taken. Much of this great sum, of course, was expended in conducting the mining operations. Her father is also enormously rich, and she is his only heiress.

And she wears $14 gowns!

RICHES AND WARDROBES

"What do I think about American women and what they should spend on their dress, their entourage?" said Madame Creel recently in reply to a question. "Really, I do not know. I could not say.

"They say I am very rich," with a little deprecatory gesture of her hand. "I have cattle—600,000 very good ones. I have 230,000 acres of very good land. At my table every day sit 400 good friends—all welcome. My income exceeds $5,000,000 a year. As to what a woman should spend—well, this is my wardrobe."

And then Madame Creel gave this list of articles of her wardrobe, which she took with her on a recent trip to New York:

- Three dresses at $14 apiece.
- Two hats at $375 apiece.
- Fourteen shoes or boots at $18 apiece.
- Two embroidered bags for confectionery.
- Three hundred and fifty-six silk stockings at $5.
- Two handkerchiefs.
- Two alternate handkerchiefs.
- Four opera cloaks.
- Three purses, leather and silk.

Ah, mark the hats. There is the gentle madame's failing, perhaps, at $375 apiece! They are the despair of the ladies of the diplomatic corps. So artistic, so recherche, you know. Positively stunning. Simply indescribable. And they say madame chooses the designs and suggests the making herself.

Madame Creel was told that Miss Morosini, of New York, considered an expenditure for dress of $200,000 each year quite within reason. The Mexican matron held up her hands in dismay.

"To say that a woman needs $200,000 a year for dress to move in society is sheer nonsense," she declared. "In Mexico a woman who spends $2 a week in entertaining her friends has done all that is expected of her. When my father had 400,000 cattle on the plains of Chihuahua I did not have a dollar a week spending money. I wore cotton gowns and danced in them, too."

Madame Creel is the mother of four sons and two daughters, and her grandchildren number four. She is handsome and affable, typical of the South, with soft skin, dark slumbrous eyes and a wealth of raven hair. She delights in gowns of black satin, trimmed with yellow lace. Her evening gowns, though modest, are elegant.

The daughter of General Louis Terazzas, who won honors in the Maximilian incident, and was rewarded with large tracts of land, Madame Creel, in addition to her own great wealth, is heiress to a fortune rating upward of $100,000,000. General Terrazas is governor of Chihuahua.

Ambassador Creel is president of the Banco Minero, the leading financial institution in the state of Chihuahua, and one of the dominant spirits of the Banco Central, of the City of Mexico.

He controls mines, railroads and factories in Chihuahua. Together the ambassador's parents and his father-in-law practically own the state. The ambassador's parents were Americans, hailing from Kentucky. His fortune is estimated in eight or nine figures. And the wife wears $14 dresses!

Perhaps Madame Creel's hobby—if it is such—is going among girls in her husband's mills and helping them. Her charity is enormous, but as she refuses to speak of it, it is little known. Recently she built an ideal hospital in her state. She is known as the "Lady Bountiful of Mexico."

England also claims a Lady Bountiful, the beautiful marchioness of Graham, formerly Lady Mary Hamilton. She is the richest native-born English woman.

Those who know her declare that she is a woman among women, noble in thought, generous to the extremes of generosity.

The marchioness is the only daughter of the late duke of Hamilton and Brandon. When he died she was left an estate which yields an annual income of $570,000. Lady Hamilton, upon her father's death, became mistress of Brodick Castle, Easton Park, Wickham Market and the Isle of Arran.

The Isle of Arran—there is where the heart of the lovely woman lies! There, during her girlhood, she was queen of 5000 people. She loved them, and they loved her. Even now, escaping whenever she can from fashionable London life, she flees to her Scottish island, where she is regarded as the Lady Bountiful, a very queen.

As a child, Lady Mary played with the children of her father's tenants. She swam with them in the cool pools on hot summer days. She romped with them in the woods and went fishing in the rivers.

Before she was married the sight of Lady Mary walking through the village, her arms laden with presents for her friends—and all of the 5000 were her friends—was a familiar one.

The Isle of Arran is one of the most beautiful of Scotland. There are forests where timid deer look from thick, hanging greens. There are moors where grouse abound. There are streams filled with salmon.

With her playmates, Lady Mary went gunning after the deer, and thus she grew into a strong, healthy, athletic woman. She went shooting grouse and became an expert rifle shot. She went fishing and was as "good a sport" as any of the men. She still goes hunting and fishing.

It was supposed that at the death of her father Lady Mary would inherit only his personal means. Then it was discovered that the old Scotch entail was invalid, and she would be entire mistress of his property and fortune.

But she did not cease to mingle with her people. Through the streets Lady Mary would tramp in a corduroy suit, top boots and Tyrolean hat, as picturesque a figure as you could imagine. Her arms filled with gifts, she visited the peasants every day.

Lady Mary was married in London in June, 1906. Her husband, the marquis of Graham, is also rich. He served as a lieutenant in the Fifth Volunteer Battalion of the Black Watch. Both the marchioness and her husband often go to Arran. Neither automobile nor dog is allowed on the island.

The richest woman in France is the Princess Marie Bonaparte, daughter of the late Prince Roland Bonaparte. Her fortune is enormous. Her mother was a granddaughter of M. Blanc, the founder and proprietor of Monte Carlo, and the fortune which has descended to Marie amounts to—ah! who could say? Parisians shake their heads and raise their hands when they speak of it.

Princess Marie is a remarkable young woman. She is a skilled amateur photographer and an ardent automobilist. She has taken up Orientalism and has become a popular exponent of esoteric doctrines.

Her knowledge of astronomy has secured her admittance to half the scientific societies of Europe. She is the most noted linguist among Parisian women, speaking—ah! again the Frenchmen shake their heads—no one knows how many languages! She has studied under Boldelli, who says her voice surpasses any of the popular opera singers.

She is only 23 years of age, fresh and beautiful.

And Princess Marie's chief desire is what? Guess.

To become as free and easy-going as American girls.

Until the death of her grandmother, Princess Pierre, in December, 1905, the Princess Marie was kept secluded from the social life of Paris. Now she has thrown her doors open with a bang.

Among the persons admitted to the select coterie of the Princess Pierre was Countess Reventlow, wife of Denmark's minister to France. Before her marriage the countess was Miss Mary Dameron, a reigning belle of the society of St. Louis. She was a typical American girl, and became the bosom friend of the young princess.

From her Princess Marie learned of the freedom and independence of American girls, and now she has gone into Parisian society with American vim and vivacity!

What, think you, is the favorite pastime of the richest woman of Germany?

Frau von Bohlen, formerly Bertha Krupp, is said to possess property valued at $75,000,000 or more. Her income has amounted to more than $200,000 a month. Yet Frau von Bohlen, head of the great gun works, makes her own clothing. When she was married last October she wore a trousseau made by her own hands, at a cost of something like $250.

As a housewife Frau von Bohlen has proved a model. She takes particular pride in her home, like many rich German women, making her own clothing and often going into the kitchen and cooking.

She is exceedingly generous to her workmen. Of these there are more than 45,000. After her marriage an announcement of a gift of $250,000 to the Workmen's Invalid Fund was made.

With every mail come to her upward of 150 begging letters. These are all examined, and no worthy case is said to be overlooked. Thus Germany's richest woman devotes herself to housekeeping, to her business and to charity.

Perhaps the distinction of being the richest woman of America rests among Mrs. Green, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Sage. Mrs. Sage has announced that she intends to devote her entire fortune, exceeding $60,000,000, for the benefit of humanity. Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Green have given little, so far as known by the world.

Mrs. Sage, as every one knows, inherited her money from her husband, the celebrated financier, Russell Sage. Shortly after his death she announced that the entire fortune would be devoted to educational and humanitarian purposes. Mrs. Sage is greatly interested in religious work and the public schools. Among her recent gifts were $1,000,000 to the Emma Willard Seminary, of Troy, N. Y., and $225,000 to the national committee of the Young Men's Christian Association.

She has laid aside $10,000,000 as a Sage foundation for the promotion of living conditions in the country. In Mrs. Sage's words: "The means to that end will include research, publication, education, the establishment and maintenance of charitable and beneficial activities, agencies and institutions, and the aid of any such activities, agencies and institutions already established."

Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker, both before and after the death of her father, the rich Philadelphia manufacturing chemist, William Weightman, showed admirable qualities as a business woman. Every morning she was at her desk in the office of the big drug manufacturing plant; she attended strictly to business, and it is said that the merger with Rosengarten & Sons, the firm's chief competitors, was effected by her. After the merger Mrs. Walker retired from business, and since then has been leading a quiet life.

ORCHIDS ARE HER HOBBY

When William Weightman died it was learned that he had left his entire fortune, without reservation, to his daughter, Mrs. Walker. She had long been his principal business assistant, had led a quiet life, going out little, and was in constant attendance upon her father. She took up the reins of management when they fell from his dead hands and showed that she was a master.

After retiring from active management of the great concern she quietly disappeared from public view. She divides her time between New York and Philadelphia. Perhaps Mrs. Walker's hobby may be said to be the raising of orchids. Every year at the Horticultural Show in Philadelphia she carries off prizes with her orchids. She maintains a splendid conservatory.

Mrs. Hetty Green rides in an automobile which cost $12,000—her one extravagance. Yet, because the Board of Assessors attempted to raise the assessment on her property at Bellows Falls, Vt., from $10,000 to $12,000, she prepared to desert the home of her youth.

"They'll impoverish me," Mrs. Green is said to have remarked to a neighbor.

"Why don't you give the house away to be used as a Carnegie Free Library?" was asked.

To this the aged millionairess replied vehemently that she had no use for Carnegie libraries, and did not propose to give libraries with strings attached.

Mrs. Green is said to possess a fortune exceeding $60,000,000. She devotes most of her time to accumulating money, bringing lawsuits against people who, she says, try "to do her," and practicing the gospel of thrift.

Recently she was sued for $10,000 by an attorney of Boston. He had conducted a lawsuit for Mrs. Green in which she brought action regarding the income of an estate involving $200,000. The lawyer claimed a $10,000 fee. Mrs. Green said she considered $5000 sufficient.

"Some people think that because I'm a woman I can be imposed upon," she declared; "but after I am through with them they generally find out differently."

Mrs. Green is said to have recovered $5 damages from a servant because she lost a canary bird. In Wall street her reputation for "closeness" is proverbial, and her fame as a business woman, a money-maker, extends from sea to sea. Among her maxims, one is: "Pay your debts and also see that people pay you."

One of the most remarkable of America's rich women is Mrs. Helen M. King, the "cattle queen" of Texas. She owns more than 1,000,000 acres of land, and her fortune is estimated at $50,000,000.

In her time Mrs. King, who is past 70, has battled with desperadoes, fought against Indians and has ridden the plains bareback, a typical woman of the West. It has been said that it is fifty miles from the doorway of Mrs. King's house to her front gate.

But the richest woman of Texas is never lonely. She possesses a magnificent library, and in the evening her chief pleasure is reading or playing the piano. In her employ Mrs. King has 1000 men. Within two years she has given away 100,000 acres of land.

Perhaps the unique personality among the wealthy women of the United States is Isabel Lewis, a 13-year-old negro girl. She is the richest girl in Oklahoma and lives in a little log cabin in an obscure part of the State.

Years ago 160 acres of land were allotted to the father of the girl, a former slave of the Creek Nation, a tribe of Indians. Then, some one discovered oil on the land, and the young negress, to whom the land was accredited, found herself the possessor of an income of from $200 to $650 a day, and owning land exceeding in value $5,000,000.

Were one asked to point to a picturesque personality, he would turn to India, where in the Laxmi-Vilas Palace, of Baroda, the maharanee, wife of Sayaji Roo, the gaikwar, lives in dazzling Oriental splendor.

Of course, all the land and jewels belong to the husband, but jewels, valued at more than $30,000,000, are at the command of the wife, and she is frequently seen wearing a king's ransom. In her possession is a tablecloth valued at $100,000. It is embroidered with gold and clusters of diamonds and rubies. She has a carpet made of diamonds. The income of the gaikwar amounts to about $13,000,000 a year. His wife is called "the flower of India."

Latter Day Arks that Cross the Seas

FROM a lower deck, as the great ship was plunging along her way from London to New York, there arose a bedlam such as probably enlivened that other exciting and much earlier voyage that ended on Mount Ararat.

There were shrieks of fear and trumpetings of rage, there were bellowings and roars, the shrill squeaking of birds, the cries of terrified monkeys.

"Great heavens, captain," said a nervous woman passenger, "is this an ark?"

"Yes, madam," responded that official, grimly; "and I'm Noah."

PEERING down the line of cages and heavily barred compartments on that noisy deck, one could readily imagine that old Noah, redivivus, had again set sail with a cargo of walking, creeping and crawling things upon the face of the waters.

Indeed, it seemed a twentieth century ark, this splendid modern steamship, to the astonished woman who learned that the varied freight list included:

- Twelve adult and two baby elephants.
- Eight tigers.
- Fourteen lions.
- Ten bears.
- Nine hyenas.
- Seven wolves.
- Fourteen leopards.
- Six dromedaries.
- Fourteen dogs.
- Nine monkeys.
- Twelve camels.
- Twenty-six pythons.

No, they had not been taken aboard in anticipation of the coming of another flood. They were simply part of a menagerie outfit on their way to be exhibited at the Jamestown Exposition.

There were also seven horses, four donkeys and twelve goats, but these were not destined to finish the voyage. They were marked as provisions, and long before the shores of the New World were sighted they had gone to tickle the palates of the blood-loving natives of the jungles.

The baby elephants traveled in more state than did their ancestors, when they were looked after by Shem, Ham and Japhet, 'tween-decks on the first tramp freighter.

Six hundred gallons of milk had been stored aboard for their especial use, and they were also regaled upon twenty-five gallons of cod-liver oil.

"I certainly pity old Noah," remarked the man in charge of the floating menagerie, "for he must have had his work cut out for him. It is a tough job for experienced trainers to handle wild animals on a sea voyage, and Noah and his sons must have been kept on the keen jump.

"You see, the animals are scared by the strange, terrifying surroundings; they don't understand the rolling of the ship, and many become seasick. During a storm this deck is probably the noisiest and liveliest place in creation."

Usually such shipments are made in bulk. One consignment arriving at New York recently included eighty lions, forty-five bears, twelve hyenas, a dozen or so monkeys, a large drove of camels, twenty-five ponies, a big herd of elephants, a sacred white bull from India and members of the kangaroo, deer, dog, wolf, bird and snake tribes.

In fact, there were nearly 500 assorted serpents—more, probably, than the original ark carried.

There was no lack of excitement for the crew from beginning to end of the voyage. A big python escaped from its cage, climbed into the rigging and affectionately embraced a Lascar sailor. It had to be cut nearly to pieces before it would release its hold, when it was found that the sailor had most of his ribs crushed.

Upon another ship, on another occasion, a crowd of monkeys broke from their cages and organized a mutiny. For two days and two nights they fought for better quarters and better food, and in the end fourteen paid the penalty of such rashness with their lives.

One night in the spring found a modern ark rolling and tossing in a fitful sea. Even the [illegible] were in distress, yet, strange to say, most of the women on board were able to be afloat. They were interested spectators of what happened.

First, two Russian wolves became involved in an argument, and the scrap in which they engaged set the whole contingent between decks in an uproar.

The two wolves had broken from their cages and were mixing it up on deck. Finally the vanquished one fled, running here and there, dodging behind masts and smokestacks, but never able to shake off his victorious pursuer. Finally, with a loud cry, he leaped overboard into the sea. The ship was not stopped and no lifeboats were lowered.

In the meantime, stirred by the excitement, two lions had got into a fight. Cages were slipping back and forth with every roll of the vessel; all the animals were tremendously excited.

One of the lions got its head far enough out of its cage to bite about three inches out of a keeper's leg. Another keeper was grabbed by a lion, the cage of which was across the way—he lost his coat, most of his shirt, and had one hand badly lacerated.

In the confusion and uproar a puma got loose, and, wandering about the hold, thought he might as well tackle an elephant. He did so. It happened to be a little elephant, but one of the most intelligent of the herd.

The elephant looped its trunk about the puma, and, after almost strangling it, thumped it time and again against the deck and then trampled it to death.

A day or two later a Lascar member of the crew was standing beside the rail, engaged, perhaps, in his devotions. A husky Punjab goat that had been accorded the freedom of the deck didn't like the Lascar's appearance or his posture, and promptly butted him overboard. It was with difficulty that the man was rescued.

The sacred white tattooed bull suddenly made up its mind that this was a good time to tackle a horse in an opposite stall. The horse managed to get in a few swift kicks in the right place, and these checked the impetuosity of the sacred bull until keepers came to restore peace.

About the only placid animals aboard were some polar bears on the main deck. They were accustomed to the water and didn't mind when the crest of a sea broke over and drenched them. In fact, they were highly pleased, all during the voyage, to be thoroughly soused, morning and night, with the ship's hose.

One of the bears had as a cagemate a laughing hyena, and was probably annoyed by that animal's outbursts of mirth. At any rate, the bear rose in its might one day, after a particularly nerve-racking laughing spell on the part of the hyena, and smashed the merry one several hearty swats that made the fur fly.

The decks of the Comrie Castle, bound from Cape Town to England, were once the scene of a desperate battle with an infuriated baboon of gigantic size. The beast broke from its cage and attempted to escape from the forehold.

Several men were injured in the battle, and it was three days before the baboon was captured and returned to its cage.