

PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 12, 1908

RICHEST PRIZE in the MARKET of MATRIMONY

Sylvia Green's Prospective Millions Form an Alluring Bait



Her Spartan Mother
Mrs. Hetty Green
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"A LADY past 30, dark and graceful, with features of the aquiline type, highly cultured and having entree to the best society, co-heir with her brother to \$60,000,000, would like to meet an eligible gentleman. She has been trained to frugality, thrift and plain home cooking by her New England mother. Object, matrimony. References: Chemical National Bank and Countess Anne Leary, Fifth avenue, New York. Address, Sylvia Green, Hoboken, N. J."

If only the Love Trust, one of whose female agents has just been convicted of false pretenses in Chicago, while its national ramifications are being unraveled by United States postal inspectors, could have inserted, in good faith, that advertisement during the heyday of its prosperity!

For, while foreign noblemen and others to whose minds fortunes enhance the charms of American girls, have been campaigning on these shores and capturing our young women of wealth, one of the greatest of living heiresses has been pursuing her quiet way, apparently unmindful of the existence of Cupid and indifferent to the alluring strains of the Wedding March.

One thing seems certain—Miss Green will never become the bride of a titled foreigner. If she bestows her hand in marriage, it will be upon some worthy, capable American. Who, then, will capture the richest prize now awaiting the coming of the knight?

HEIRESS to the richest woman in America, if not in the world, sensible and kindhearted, Miss Sylvia Green, by last accounts resident in Hoboken, N. J., one block from the ferry, in a fourth-floor flat, for which the rent of \$19 per month is punctiliously paid, remains unmarried.

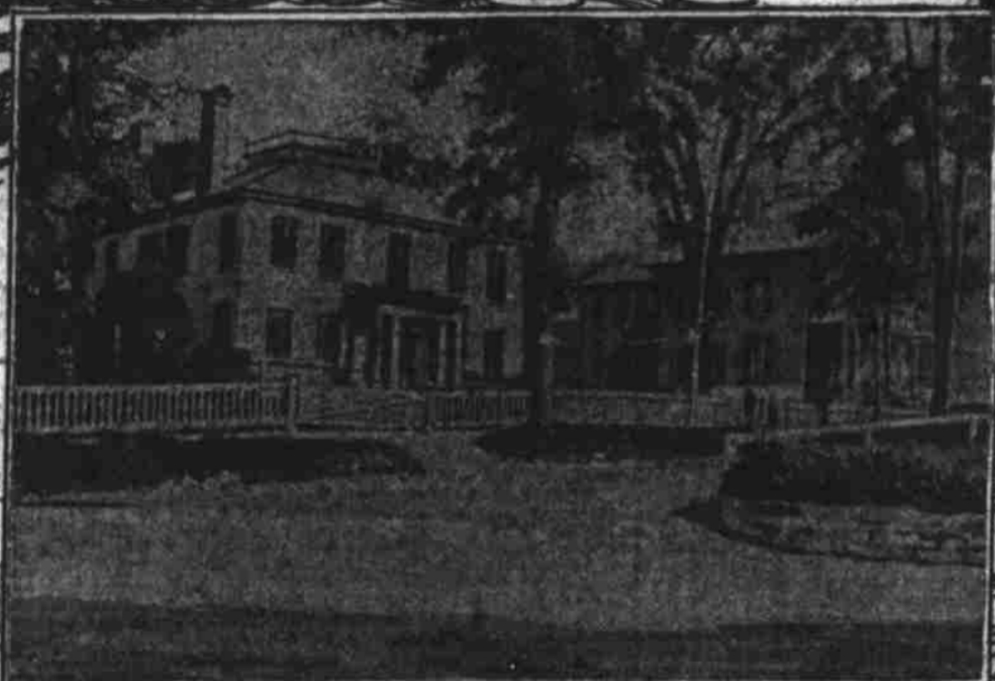
She is one of the few women of great wealth, present or prospective, awaiting the grand event of woman's career, now that Bertha Krupp, with her millions made out of cannon, has found her life partner; Gladys Vanderbilt, with the millions made out of railroads, has found hers, and Mrs. Anna M. Walker, with millions made out of quinine, has found hers.

In only two particulars—both of them daunting at first glimpse, neither of them so very disheartening upon reflection—would the Love Trust's advertisement have departed from the strict and narrow line of verity.

One of them, at most, could have been construed as an over-statement—that she would like to meet an eligible gentleman. Even at that, the history of the courtships that have been tendered her offers no evidence which gainsays the observation.

On the face of the facts, it would seem more than probable that Miss Sylvia Green is a perfectly normal woman who, like all other normal, unmarried women, would like to meet an eligible gentleman. Her measure of eligibility, however, is probably exacting.

The other particular could scarcely be construed even as an under-statement—for when were incumbrances itemized in a matrimonial advertisement; and what right-minded man would consider the first name of his prospective mother-in-law any incumbrance at all!



Birthplace of the Green Children, Bellows Falls, Vermont

It happens that this mother-in-law's first name is Hetty. The universal rush for Hoboken, inspired by the vision of a tall, dark, graceful, cultured woman of 30, able to move in the best society, and bearing the romantic name, Sylvia—a rush but little hampered by the mother's possession of \$60,000,000—might, for some brief instant, be checked by the discovery that her mother is the famous Hetty Green, who, in the course of her adventures, has met and defeated more men, lightweights and heavyweights, in physique as well as intellect, than all the living pugilists, from Jeffries to Sullivan.

But many a mother-in-law has proved less brunette than she was painted; and Hetty Green, to those who really know her history and her character, is far from being the mother-in-law any genuine eligible should be hasty to reject. Miss Sylvia Green's surviving parent is the daughter, born in 1842, of Edward M. Robinson, of New Bedford, a very rich and enterprising master whaler in his day and generation, who married the daughter of Gideon Howland, in his day and generation likewise a rich and enterprising master whaler.

The rich whaler, his fortunes long before established and his social position equally secured, died in 1865. Hetty inherited \$1,000,000 of his money in her own right and \$9,000,000 in trust for her descendants.

She was one of the most sought after belles of her time—an American variant of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, to propose to whom every gentleman of Europe considered it a duty.

Unlike the famous English heiress, she could discern no reason why her fortune should debar her from matrimony, although she surmised every reason for keeping her wealth in her own capable hands—in those hands which, during the later years of her father's life, had so shrewdly assisted him.

She married Edward A. Green, a millionaire by virtue of his trading operations in the Philippines; and she carefully made an antenuptial agreement, under which her husband must support her and his children, and must not touch a dollar of her money.

She felt she could attend to all of that herself; and she did attend to it. The event showed that her judgment, caution, self-reliance—call it what we will—was wholly justifiable.

Her husband eventually lost practically all his fortune, the direct avenue of loss, it has been generally understood, being stock operations. His health failed him, so that for years he continued a chronic invalid in the Green homestead at Bellows Falls, Vt.

His wife, greatly occupied with the cares of her inheritance—that had been speedily augmented by \$4,000,000 left her by Sophie Ann Howland, her aunt—was constantly engaged in affairs in New York and elsewhere. Mr. Green, possessed of a modest income scraped up out of

the wreck of his fortune, was insistent upon the letter of the ante-nuptial compact.

Invalid as he was, he would not accept a cent out of the riches of his wife, which were multiplying on the same scale, and largely by the same methods, that characterized the enormous growth of the millions of Russell Sage. He died at last, on March 19, 1902, after having been the object of the most assiduous, affectionate care throughout the winter on the part of his wife and his daughter. It was a nursing such as only a tender woman and a devoted wife could give a helpless husband. The disease was inflammatory rheumatism, the patient 80 years old.

Mrs. Green, when the serious nature of his malady became apparent, gave to his sickbed every hour she could stint from her immense interests in New York. When it became grave she transferred all her business activities to Bellows Falls, where, with stenographers and a corps of clerks, she made her headquarters, while her daughter, under her direction, saw to the details of the sick man's care.

There is, in brief, the life and career of some eligible man's prospective mother-in-law. It is far from being an unpleasing picture, isn't it?

A social belle, in her youth, eagerly sought and generally admired, Hetty Green proved precisely that type of heiress whose disappearance the nation is universally lamenting—a woman given over to no futile frivolities, misled by no social gauds, her duty to the race performed years before modern critics suspected modern woman's recreancy, her devotion to an invalid husband as unflinching as that of some poor, shawled heroine of the melodrama, her care for her two children more scrupulous than her solicitude for her millions.

Two charges have been repeatedly launched against this one-time belle and present ruling

(CONTINUED ON INSIDE PAGE.)



Miss Sylvia Green
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