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MRS. MULTI-MILLIONAIRESS - WHAT DOES SHE DO?

The Uneventful Lives Led by Wives of Leading Rich Men

THE question is often asked, What becomes of the wife of Mr. Multi-Millionaire? Can you remember? The Messrs. Multi-Millionaire marry, undoubtedly. We know that not so much because they subsequently divorce—for, indeed, they don't as a rule—but because we hear constantly about Master Multi-Millionaire, Jr., and how he is donning overalls or studying lawn tennis, in order to qualify for the administration of papa's wealth. As for the divorce limelight, it appears to be peculiarly the property of the ordinary, or garden, variety of millionaire. The possession of many millions seems to have either a sanctifying effect or to superinduce a sense of responsibility that is not to be trifled with. Feeling assured that Mr. Multi-Millionaire marries, how is it that we hear so little of the helpmeet whose proud joy it should be to revel in the grandeur, in the semi-royalty that attends her liege's exalted state? Is it that she is not by education and experience fitted to assume her share of the social conspicuity that limns his personality in such bold relief? Is it that she prefers the cool, cloistral obscurity of her home to the feverish activities his wealth opens to her? Is it that she actually does remain utterly unknown, or that we merely find her activities obscured by the more picturesque performances of her husband?



Mrs. John D. Rockefeller



Mrs. J. Ouden Armour



Mrs. William A. Clark



Mrs. Charles M. Schrab



Mrs. George J. Gould



Mrs. Henry M. Flagler



Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan



Mrs. Andrew Carnegie

NATION lives by its ideals; and its leaders do more to make concrete and comprehensible those ideals than, perhaps, any other factors which enter into the national life. True or false, there is much, very much, in the indictment of America by foreign critics, that its ambitions, its aspirations, its be-all and end-all, are wholly materialistic. It is so very true that the average American is almost as sordid, almost as grasping, almost as materialistic as the average European. The main difference between the two is that the European clutches all his life and dies having gained nothing, while the American works hard half his life and then has something not far short of a competence. So the conditions faced by the two classes of humanity, here and abroad, are very similar, the one difference being that there they labor in the face of despair, here in the inspiring glow of hope. THE MOTHER'S GREAT POWER The great "families," long ago founded in Europe, are here in the stages of their inception, upon a scale equally broad, amid conflicts quite as desperate. As ever, the fighters are the males, because nature has so constituted the species. But every student of humanity, from so omniscient an observer as Balzac to so inspired a dreamer as Olive Schreiner, has noted that, however remarkable the feats of the father, the influence of the mother, both in the endowment conferred at birth and in the breeding up to maturity, plays a powerful part. Mr. Multi-Millionaire, never in all his life seen at close range by Jack Hometon, the street conductor, has his direct influence on the birth and the career of Master Multi-Millionaire; but he has, also, an indirect influence—frequently far more powerful than that of the parental Hometon—upon the ambitions and the ideals of Conductor Jack. Mrs. Multi-Millionaire, so enveloped in the clouds of her golden obscurity that few of us recall that she exists, may dream her life is consecrated exclusively to her children, her charities or her enjoyment of her wealth; but she is nevertheless the cherished ideal of many a Millie or Kate who has married Jack Hometon and kept herself awake for his return from his run by dreaming dreams of luxury, and ease, and a fine nursery for the baby, if only they were as rich as the Multi-Millionaires. A little plain truth, therefore, about Mrs.

Multi-Millionaire may be of more than curious, passing interest; and, because it is truth, it will be better than mere ignorance, even though the example offered by some of these extremely rich women be more picturesque than edifying. Close your eyes again, Mrs. Hometon, sitting in the comfortable rocker, and brush away that latest day dream of yourself in the envied role of the woman you have never really heard of. Dim the flashing, glittering splendor of the jewels you wore, while the baby, elegantly for-

gotten in your enjoyment of the great reception you were holding, was safe in the elegantly paneled nursery under the watchful eye of the trusted nurse. It is not always so with the

Their ideals, after the escape from the dark prison of poor circumstances has been effected—by some lucky turn of fortune or by some bold stroke of a husband's financial genius—remain the ideals of the plain mother, trusting to their husbands for the means, trusting to their own love and affection for the inspiration, that shall make their children first good and then happy. There is no essential difference between their measure of enjoyment and yours. Sometimes the balance is even in your favor. Do you remember little Lolita Armour, of Chicago? Ah, but the vast wealth of the Armours enabled them to send to Europe for the great Dr. Lorenz, of Vienna, who cured her of her disabling hip trouble. That was precisely where the wife of the multi-millionaire had an advantage over the poor mother, such as no trite philosophies and dull preachings of contentment could ever gain. Was it, though? When we recall, with such vividness, the ease with which that Mrs. Multi-Millionaire was able to summon to her afflicted daughter the skill of the world's most skilful surgeon, we recall, too, how he performed the same operation on many poor children without charge, and how those demonstrations of his method, made before crowded clinics in the important cities of the United States, put within reach of every other mother, including Mrs. Hometon, the cure that cost the Armours so high a price in money. We do not recall, though, the more comforting fact, that for one unfortunate like the Armours' Lolita, there are thousands of children who are perfectly healthy, with the health that no riches can buy.

A FREAK OF FATE When Armour the Great came to die, a few years ago, the heir-apparent, of whom such mighty deeds were hoped by the founder of the family, had already passed to the grave. Into the hands of the second son, J. Ouden Armour, the power of the Armour wealth was given; and it is he who holds it today. He is a man whose life is one of perfectly normal and balanced hygiene. Like his father, his interests are solely those of the active business man, and his days are plainly those of the manager of large affairs who, while living more splendidly than others, lives no less regularly, and so far as his personal pleasures go, far less lavishly than many. His wife was Lola Spencer, of New York, a girl as normal, as healthy as he. She loved walking, she drove well and often, and she played a game at tennis which was equal to any played by the young girls and matrons of Chicago, her new home city. Those two ought to have had a healthy child. Yet Lolita, now verging on her teens, was born so frail that, for months after she came into the world, she lived in a glass case; and, as she grew old enough and strong enough to breathe the air of the life about her, she was hopelessly lame with congenital dislocation of the hip. Hope first dawned when the Lorenz method became known. Ever since the operation (CONTINUED ON INSIDE PAGE.)