

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Highest Paid Woman Official in U. S.



WASHINGTON. — Some misguided men in the United States have the idea that their wives boss their incomes, salaries or wages—different words to use in proportion to the amount they receive. This money they receive in bills or coin. The person legally responsible for it is the secretary of the treasury of the United States, who is charged with making all of Uncle Sam's money. But, getting down to real facts, it is somebody else who bosses all the money—Miss Margaret V. Kelly, Uncle Sam's highest paid woman official.

She gets \$5,000 a year. She is assistant director of the mint. Actually the secretary of the treasury has little to do with our coin. Miss Kelly attends to that. There are but four persons between her and the secretary of the treasury, and in their absence she runs things.

Miss Kelly is a native of New Hampshire, a producer of Boston educational institutions.

As assistant director of the mint Miss Kelly holds such a high official position in the treasury department

that it can be truly said, that there has never been her equal in the service.

Fifteen years ago, fresh from the Boston schools, Miss Kelly tackled a civil service examination. She passed and fourteen years ago entered the service of the mint bureau as a stenographer. Since that time she has been successively private secretary to the director, adjuster of accounts, examiner, assistant director, and now, when the director is absent from Washington, she signs herself "acting director."

To see her some day acting secretary of the treasury of the United States is no stretch of the imagination, for, if the secretary and the two assistant secretaries, the comptroller of the currency and the treasurer of the United States were to be absent themselves at the same time, and Miss Kelly were then acting director of the mint, it would be "Margaret V. Kelly, Acting Secretary, Treasury Department."

While there are 1,400 employes in the mint service and the responsibilities of the management are great, Miss Kelly held her own as acting director the last few months.

The salary that Miss Kelly receives, \$5,000 a year, is large pay as government salaries go, for Uncle Sam does not believe in paying too well for any service rendered, no matter how valuable.

UNCONVENTIONALITIES

"I know well enough I'm not lending you this money, Dinguss; I'm giving it to you."

"If you could drop in some time when you hadn't so long to stay, Mr. Pnocdies, I should be glad to see you."

"My only reason for indorsing your note, old chap, is that I haven't anything the law can touch."

"Keep on talking, Uncle Cyrus; I like to see you make your teeth move up and down."

"I used to know your old grandfather, Hewligns, and he was always poking his nose into other people's business, same as you are."

"I asked mamma if she wouldn't like to have you come and see us today, Mrs. Lupsome, and she said no."

"I've come to you, Mr. Sharpe, because I can't afford to employ a first-class lawyer."

Sounded All Right.
Patience—Well, he told the truth, anyway.
Patrice—How so?
Patience—When he was buying the solitaire he told the jeweler it was for a sister.
Patrice—Well, I'm sure that wasn't true.
Patience—Why, yes; when he offered it to the girl she promised to be a sister to him.

TALLER ANYHOW.



Mr. Henpeck—All artists say that five feet five inches is the divine height for women.
Mrs. Henpeck—I am five feet eight inches.
Mr. Henpeck—You are more than divine.

Perhaps.
Her husband boldly aviates. She seems to that insured. Perhaps, as Madam Rumor states, He has his life insured.

Sure to Guess Wrong.
It was the busy hour in the quick lunch establishment. The overworked waitress hurried up to the waiting customer.
"Tea or coffee?" she demanded.
He smiled pleasantly upon her.
"Don't tell me," he whispered. "Let me guess."

No Pity Needed.
Pastor—I was sorry for your wife during the sermon this morning, doctor. She had such a dreadful fit of coughing that the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon her.
Doctor—Don't be unduly alarmed. She was wearing her new hat for the first time.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Maybe He Thinks So.
"Why are you trying so desperately to flirt with that man? Don't you know he is married?"
"He's a widower."
"He's nothing of the kind."
"Why, he told me his wife is an angel!"
"He lied. I know her intimately."

NEVER PAID 'EM.



The Heavy Man—Manager Connem a wonderful manager, and it has been his endeavor to uphold the actor's rights.
Comedian—And to "hold up" the actor.

Neutral.
controversy about the blonde passing the brunettes, that we aren't very fond of using, in, you bet!

Confidences.
—Why did you refuse him such a prudent man? He said he thought if he could save more money on Opinion.

Equipment.
of wheels are those on the bottom of screws.

A Critical Employer

Pretty, winsome Harriett Lennox had been clerking at Marston's department store for nearly two months. Already she had lost the pretty color from her cheeks and she found it much harder to sell a waist than she imagined it could be when formerly she had the money to purchase whatever she desired.

"Did that woman buy the waist she was looking at?" questioned Nora.
"No, after I had wasted a quarter of an hour showing her everything in stock she said: 'These waists are beautiful, but I haven't the money, my dear.'"

"That's the way it is with those 'old hens,'" commented Nora. "They seem to have nothing on earth to do but to pester salesladies, and some women think because they have plenty of money it's their privilege to leave their manners at home."
"The very words 'lingerie waists' gives me a pain," admitted Harriett. "I'm weary of trying to make a thirty-six waist fit a woman who takes size forty-four, when we happen to be out of her size."

"No, madam," she said, turning around, "we haven't any blue chiffon waists with chenille trimming and gold braid. I'm sure she wouldn't buy one if we had it."

"What's the trouble with you? You seem so disheartened," asked Nora sympathetically.
"This is the first position I ever had, but I presume I can stand the customers. I try my best, but the way a girl is treated just because she has to earn her living is disgraceful."

"You're too laughty," advised Nora. "Be a little more agreeable. If the manager tells you to sell a waist for all silk, sell it for that, and don't explain to the would-be customer that it is only near-silk, sewed with near-silk thread, not made in a union shop, and that it is embroidered by machinery and not by hand."

"Possibly I'm wrong, but no difference what I do or say he, Mr. Marston, the proprietor, always finds fault when he goes by this department. Either the boxes aren't straight, or the waists are laid on the table crooked, or I should have made a sale; I went to lunch or came back too late. If my mother wasn't dependent upon me I'd leave this instant."

"Strange, Mr. Marston should be so critical. He is so full of business that he usually leaves the minor details to his managers. Cheer up, you'll get used to it in twenty years from now; you'll even wonder that you noticed such things as impertinent shoppers and critical employers."

"Twenty years from now, gracious! Don't mention waists in connection with the future to me. I'd like to waste my time that long selling waists marked down from \$2 to \$2.98, and others marked up from \$7.98 to \$8.98."

"If you continue to dress in that convent fashion," said the other girl, glancing admiringly at her own over-trimmed gown, "dress your hair in that absurd simple style, never put any color on your face when you look ghastly pale, and not make the least effort to please the men—"

"Thank you for your well-meant advice, but the men I'm likely to meet in this business are not the men I care to know socially," commenced Harriett, who was interrupted by a young boy who said: "Mr. Marston wishes to see you in his private office immediately."

"Poor thing," said Nora to one of the girls as Harriett, shaking like an aspen leaf, started for the third floor. "She is so refined. I wanted to help her, but I guess she is going to lose her position. Only recently they lost all their money. It breaks her mother's heart that she has to work."

As Harriett entered the spacious office, Mr. Marston arose saying kindly: "Why are you trembling?"
"I'm sorry I didn't suit you," began Harriett, gaining courage.
"But you did. I know all about you. I've watched you since the first day you came. Grasp every opportunity to talk with you without making it evident. Now I want to ask you how would you like to become the owner of this store?"

"Sir," said Harriett, "how dare you ask me to come to your office to consult me?"
"I'm not insulting you. I'm asking you to marry me. I'm a lonely man, and I want you for my wife. Don't answer me; go home, talk it over with your mother, and all I ask is for you to give me a chance for us to become acquainted."
When Harriett left the office she had promised to "think it over."
"Are you going to leave?" asked Nora, when she appeared with her hat and cloak on.
"Yes. Some day you'll know why. If I should tell you today you'd never believe it any way because I don't hardly believe it myself."

PROMINENT PEOPLE

STRONG MAN OF FRANCE



Raymond Poincaré, the new prime minister, is one of the most interesting figures in the French republic. In him are combined all that one understands by French culture, dignity and charm of manner, added to a reputation of stern integrity that is nationwide.

This is the third time that the French Academy has supplied the third republic with a prime minister. The first was the duke of Broglie in 1873, and the second was M. de Freycinet in 1890.

Poincaré comes to power with ripe ideas on the subject of government. He once expressed the triple wish, which may be taken as the key to his attitude, that deputies would legislate without attempting to govern, that ministers would govern on their own responsibility and that justice should know no politics.

The new premier's versatility is to a considerable degree a matter of family influence, for his father, uncle, elder brother and cousin have all been distinguished in science and literature, and, as was said by Lavisse when Poincaré was introduced into the academy, they might be said to constitute a little family university all by themselves.

In his private and domestic life, the new premier is anything but a recluse. He has a fine house near the famous Bois de Boulogne, where he entertains largely, but his family, his friends, his books and his works of art occupy the greatest place in his affection and his attention. He does not miss many first night performances at the theater. He is fond of racing.

BIG LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES

The largest amount of life insurance held by any woman in the world is now carried by Mrs. Charles Netcher, head of a Chicago department store.

Mrs. Netcher has just taken out a life insurance policy for \$200,000, which raises her total insurance to \$1,200,000, more than that of any other person in Chicago, it was announced.

Mrs. Netcher has followed a platform of her husband, who, when he died in 1904, was insured for \$500,000. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Netcher assumed control of the store and has conducted the business ever since, building it up and constantly increasing her holdings in real estate as the profits from her business increased.

She soon became what is known in insurance circles as "a good risk." When she decided to take out large policies on her life the various companies extended to her the usual rights allowed business men. And, according to the Chicago executive representative of a big eastern company, who has written her insurance, it is uncommon for a woman to be allowed the same rights as a man in the writing of large policies.

"Women are usually limited in the amount of insurance they are allowed to take out," he said. "However, we regard Mrs. Netcher as an extraordinary business woman and one who is important enough to carry the largest insurance in Chicago."

Mrs. Netcher's policies are with three companies. All the policies are of the straight life variety. As to the reasons for the insurance, Mrs. Netcher says they are simple. She is the head of a great business, she has many holdings, and besides she has four children whom she loves.



WIFE OF LEADING SOCIALIST



The Hon. Victor Berger of Milwaukee is the first Socialist in congress and his wife deserves attention as an educator and reformer. Since her arrival in Washington, when Mr. Berger took his seat in April, she has been busy studying social conditions at the capital as if she were a member of the house committee for the District. She visits the schools and learns their needs, and many a Washington pupil will have her to thank for some needed improvement. In appearance, Mrs. Berger is a typical German-American woman, of the type one imagines in a comfortable home, busy superintending the children and presiding over a breakfast table. Yet there is another side to her character. She is an earnest reformer, who has taken such an active part in political work in Milwaukee that she has been elected a member of the board of education, and has helped to put into execution such ideas as penny luncheons, sanitation in the schools, and giving girls lessons in dress-making and millinery. Most of the children of the public schools have to drop their studies at fourteen or sixteen, in order to learn a trade; and Mrs. Berger believes that it should be made possible for them to complete later in life the education which early work prevented. Before her marriage, she taught in the Milwaukee schools, and is, therefore, perfectly conversant with the matters in which improvement is needed.—Family Magazine.

ABDUL HAMID STILL ALIVE

Abdul Hamid is alive! The former sultan is in Salonica and has not been secretly conveyed to Constantinople.

Those are the replies to two recently circulated reports which have told of the former sultan's demise and of his having been spirited away during the night to the capital. The latter report was merely founded upon the passage of a train full of munitions, concerning which quite special precautions were taken.

If you want to set yourself a difficult task it is in going to Salonica and trying there to find out some details concerning the physical condition and mode of life of the deposed sultan, who for so many years was the political chess player who kept the diplomatists of Europe busy, and who was so skilled in the game that he usually saw 20 moves ahead, while the ambassadors at Constantinople saw but two or three.

Abdul Hamid in his confinement as the prisoner of his people is enveloped in such the same mystery as he was in Yildiz Kiosk at Constantinople, and rumors and reports unlimited circulate concerning him—most of them true.



No Hereditary Descent in Politics

THE passing of great baronial houses in politics is stimulated by the last elections. Another blow has been delivered to the practice in several instances of handing the senatorial toga from father to son. State Senator Arthur P. Gorman, Democrat, of Maryland, was only running for governor to be sure, but it was generally recognized that had he been elected he would soon have become a formidable candidate for the United States senate, where his father of the same name served for many years. The late Senator Gorman started his only son up a political career by reason of his influence with the state machine, and undoubtedly looked ahead to the day when the son would become a senator.

The Gormans are related to the Davises and Ekinsons, of West Virginia, a neighboring state. All three families made considerable money in the same trade, but not all their money for it. Late Senator Gorman died a millionaire, the late Senator S. B. Ekinson, Republican, died a multi-millionaire, and Senator Henry Gasaway Davis, Democrat, and father-in-law of Ekinson, is the richest of them all and close to 80 years old. Young Davis Ekinson got into the United States sen-



ate a few days last spring on a gubernatorial appointment, prior to the assembling of the legislature.

Last elections in Maine dashed high hopes for another family succession in the senate. The Maine voters understood pretty well that if Col. Fred Hale had not slipped up on his ambition to get into congress from the First district he would speedily have gone into training for the senate, and had Maine stayed Republican the organization, of which his father, now ex-Senator Hale, was head, would have had a toga waiting for him.

Similarly, over in Vermont, where for a season the late Senator Redfield Proctor held the state as in the hollow of his hand, all the plans had been laid for a senatorial succession from father to son. It proceeded as far as the election of the son to be governor of Vermont, but no farther.

Plan Celebration of Perry's Battle



the main will be erected as proposed by Mr. Friedlander. Premiums of \$1,250, \$1,000 and \$750 each were awarded to the second, third and fourth designs, according to their merit as seen by the board.

The memorial is to consist of a plain shaft 330 feet high, erected near the shore of Lake Erie, at a point off which the battle was fought. There is to be a terrace or plaza leading down to the water's edge and on one side will be erected the historical museum, while another is to a memorial building to commemorate the 100 years of peace. The estimated cost of the memorial is \$500,000.

As part of the celebration the Niagara, the old flagship of Commodore Perry, which is sunk in Erie harbor, will be raised and made ready for display. It is to be taken to each of the more than a dozen lakes during the summer months, and will be displayed for a few days at each. The naval motor boats will be transported from the lake to the water.

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