

the principal. This is the way I have felt."

"Yes, Mrs. Green," said I. "But you have greatly increased the principal. You are said to be the richest woman in America. How did you make so much money? What are the secrets of your success?"

"I do not think I am the richest woman in America," replied Mrs. Green. "It is true I am rich. I have been blessed in my investments and that is all. I don't know that my fortune is due to any fixed principles. I only use common sense. I buy when things are low and nobody wants them. I keep them until they go up and people are crazy to get them. That is, I believe, the secret of all successful business."

"Yes, I suppose it is," said I. "But the thing of it is to know when things are cheap. Where would you advise a person to invest just now to get the most out of his investment?"

"I would advise him to invest in the other world," was the quick reply. "All the other things that are offered just now are mighty uncertain."

"But I don't mean heavenly investments," said I, "I mean earthly ones. You are said to speculate a great deal in Wall street and to make money there."

"That is a mistake," replied Mrs. Green. "I never speculate. I sometimes buy stocks, but I buy them as investments and not as speculations. I never buy on a margin."

"When you buy I suppose you use your own judgment, do you not?"

"Not altogether," was the reply. "I advise with my friends very often. If they are all against me I hesitate a good deal before I go in. I do the same as to my law suits. If my friends and lawyers tell me there is no chance for me I would rather compromise than take the chance of succeeding by fighting."

The conversation here turned to Mrs. Green's capacity for hard work, and I asked her something as to her habits. She replied:

"I don't believe there is any one works harder than I do. It takes all of my time to attend to my business. I get up at 8 o'clock in the morning and I am at work until late in the evening. I am very careful in my eating. I use the best of plain food, but avoid knick-knacks. I avoid sugar and butter, for I believe they do not agree with me. It is not on the grounds of economy, but of health. Why, I have just come from Chicago. While there I stopped at the best hotel in the city. I could have eaten a ton at each meal and it would not have cost me a cent more, but I confined myself to about three things. You see, my interests are such that I have to travel a great deal. I have my property to look after, and every now and then I have a law suit to attend to. I find that things always go better when I am on the ground."

"You keep very young through it all, Mrs. Green," said I, as I looked at her bright eyes and noted the energy and vivacity with which she talked."

"Yes, perhaps I do," was the reply. "You see, I never worry about things. I am always ready to fight for my rights, and I do the best I can every day as I go along. After I have done a thing I let the matter drop. My business seldom keeps me awake at night. I sleep well, and, as I have told you, I eat carefully. I attribute my freedom from worry largely to the fact that I am a Quaker, and

that my father brought me up teaching me to keep myself well in hand. He used to tell me that if I would learn how to manage my brain, I would know how to manage my fortune. I can remember when I was a very small child and father noticed that I was out of sorts about something he would say: 'Hetty, daughter, art thee angry?' If I replied yes, he would answer: 'Well, Hetty, thee must not speak for fifteen minutes.' At the end of that time he would ask if I was still angry, and if I replied yes, he would tell me not to speak for an hour. At the end of the hour I might be told to keep silent for three hours, and if I proved still contumacious, I was forbidden to speak until the next morning. This taught me self-discipline. I learned to hold myself in check, and the result is, that I can now use my brains to the best advantage. I have had much experience in courts and with lawyers. They can't make me lose my head, and their cross-questioning does not annoy me."

"I think the lawyers know that they can't worry me," Mrs. Green continued. "You remember how Choate catechised Russell Sage about the cost of his clothes in court not long ago. He tried to make Sage ridiculous. I would like to have seen him attempt that with me. If he had asked me about my clothes I should have said: 'Now, Mr. Choate, if there is anything I have on that Mrs. Choate wants or needs, I will go into one of the ante-rooms here and take it off and let you have it. All that I ask is that you leave me enough so that I can get back home without Anthony Comstock or the police getting after me.' I don't believe he would have asked the question twice. I can't see what business it is of Choate what I wear or what Mr. Sage wears; and it seems to me that such questions are rather impertinent, to say the least."

"Your fight with the lawyers has been a long one, Mrs. Green," said I.

"Yes, it has," was the reply. "I have had an awful time, and no one can realize how much I have been persecuted. Why, if I were asked whether I would prefer to have my daughter go through what I have gone through or be burned at the stake over there in front of the city hall, I would say: 'Let her be burned.' There is no place in the world where women can be persecuted as here. America's heiresses have a worse time than the Indian widows. The widows of India can burn themselves on the funeral pyres of their husbands. If they are rich they ought to be happy, for it saves them lots of trouble. As for me, I have been robbed all my life. I have had my daughter so injured by the brutality of a lawyer's assistant, who threw her against a safe door, that she can never recover. I have been misrepresented and abused in the newspapers in the attempt to make me out crazy; and, for thirty years, I have had to fight for every inch of my way. You have seen the stories which have been published about me. Many of them are disseminated by the lawyers. I verily believe they would kill me if they were not afraid of the law."

"Take that story of myself and my black bag," Mrs. Green went on. "I used to carry a bag with me, you know, when I came down here to the office. I brought my papers in it, for I do a great deal of work at my home. The lawyers circulated the report that I had a great

deal of money in that bag. I have no doubt but that they thought some one might assault me in order to get possession of it. At any rate a policeman called at the bank one day and told me that I had better give up carrying it, and I have done so."

"By the way," Mrs. Green continued, "I got a curious present the other day from San Francisco. It was just after my fight with C. P. Huntington down in Texas. I beat him in the courts there, and the people of San Francisco were delighted at my success. One of them sent me a 44-caliber revolver with a lot of ammunition and a belt, so that I could hang it at my waist. In the letter accompanying the box, the writer stated that this was a little buttonhole bouquet from the citizens of San Francisco, and that if I came out there they would meet me at the depot 10,000 strong and we would march on together to victory against Huntington, and punish him for his outrageous treatment of the people of the Pacific slope."

"What do you think about rich men, Mrs. Green? Don't you think they are, to a large extent, the cause of the hard times?"

"No, I do not," replied Mrs. Green. "I think the chief trouble comes from the men between the rich and the poor. It is the middle men who are causing the distress. They want to arouse a hatred of the poor against the rich, in order to make money out of it. It is the middle men who organize the big corporations and water the stock and get rich men to buy it. It is they also who stir up disaffection among the poor."

"How about the anarchists?"

"I have never found the anarchists very bad," said Mrs. Green. "I have just come from Chicago, the city of anarchists. The trouble with the anarchists is that they are misled. Most of them will do the right thing when they know what it is. You may remember that I had a fuss with some of the anarchists a few years ago. It was when my boy Ned was just graduating. I am trying to teach him business, you know, and I wanted him to learn what it cost to make a building and what went into it. In that case he would know something of what a mortgage on such a building was worth. I was putting up a block in Chicago, and I told Ned there was a chance to learn all about painting and other work. So I bought a pair of overalls for him, gave him a brush and a keg of white lead, and hired a man to teach him to paint. He was laying on the stuff, when one of the anarchists came to him and threatened to throw him into the lake for taking the bread out of the working man's mouth. I reasoned with the man and showed him that Ned was not getting any money for his work; that the job had already been let out by contract, and that the painters would get all that there was in it. The result was that he went away satisfied."

"What is your ambition for your son, Mrs. Green?" I asked.

"I have none," replied the woman of millions. "All that I can ask or hope is that he will make an honorable and upright man. I would like him to be able to manage his property and to make the most of himself and it."

Mrs. Green spoke of her daughter, who is an invalid, and whom she spends much time nursing. Mrs. Green is very