# WEST VIRGINIA WEALTH.

## REMARKABLE ENTERPRISES FOSTERED BY EX-SENATOR DAVIS.

**His Son-in-Law, Steve Elkins, Will Succeed Him, and the Family Will Be the Richest in America—A Woman Now Controls the Garrett Interests.**

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—One day last week I was in the city of Wheeling, W Va. At the railway station was an acquaintance, Capt. W. W. O'Brien, one of the prominent bankers of the town and now a rich man. Said he: "On your way east over the mountains you will see some of the railroads ex-Senator Davis and his son-in-law, Mr. Elkins, are building. Perhaps you will be interested in knowing something of Mr. Davis and his enterprises. Thirty years ago I was a porter wheeling a truck along this platform here. My pay was $1.50 a day, and I thought I was getting rich, because before that I had been getting but ninety-five cents a day working in the nail mill over there. I remember very distinctly the day the first train on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad crossed Wheeling creek into this station.

"The conductor of the train was Davis, now the millionaire ex-senator. Before that he had been a freight brakeman. Davis always had a way of saving up money. Before he left the road as conductor he had saved up a snug little sum, and he didn't take it from the company either. At a little town up in the mountains he started a country store with his savings. It was not much bigger at first than a freight car, and, if I mistake not, his start was made by throwing a counter across one end of a wrecked and abandoned cattle car, which he boarded up and swung a door on for his uses. After a time he started a bank in one end of his store, invested in lands and mines, and began to grow rich.

"If ex-Senator Davis lives ten or fifteen years," continued Capt. O'Brien, "he will be one of the richest men in America. He and his son in-law are constantly buying timber and mineral lands in the interior of West Virginia at astonishingly low prices. They have bought thousands and tens of thousands of acres of beautiful timber lands at a dollar or two an acre—lands which will be worth twenty-five or fifty times as much as soon as a railroad reaches near enough to them to develop their resources. Davis and Elkins are building their own railways, thus bringing out the value of their immense landed possessions.

"The Davises are taking the place of the Garretts as the richest and most important family in this section of the country. While the Garretts have been having nothing but bad luck, the Davises have gone right along, adding millions to millions. The Baltimore and Ohio road has not paid a dividend for three years, but the Davis enterprises have all flourished. Actually, the Baltimore and Ohio is now being supplanted in sections of this state by the Davis roads on account of better management. Davis himself, who used to be a freight brakeman on the Baltimore and Ohio, is a richer man than Garrett ever was.

"People may think there is luck in this," added Capt. O'Brien, "but I can see something better than luck. I see a fundamental difference in the principles governing the two families. The Garretts were brought up as votaries of fashion and pleasure. They were not trained to business, to railroading, to the management of large enterprises. It is well known that Robert Garrett lost his reason through excesses in the pursuit of pleasure. Queer that this great family should finally have all its property come under the control of a woman. I was in this very station in which we are now talking, a few weeks ago, when a special car rolled in. From it stepped a beautiful young woman, a blonde, attired in a plain traveling costume. Her eye appeared quickly to take in everything—the station, the tracks, the condition of the railway property in general. She made inquiries of the men who accompanied her, and gave some directions. I asked who she was, and was told, 'Miss Mary Garrett, the boss of the B and O. railroad.' She was on a tour of inspection. It is said she has actual and active control of the vast interests of the Garrett family, and that under her management the property is now in better shape than it has been at any time during the last five years.

"Now, ex-Senator Davis has no sons, but he is determined that his race shall not run out, and that the great property he is building up shall not pass under the control of strangers after his death. Several years ago, he brought his son-in-law, Elkins, back from the west and interested him in the Davis enterprises. It is not necessary to say that Elkins has been a valuable lieutenant. He is one of the keenest business men in America, a marvel of energy and resources. A curious fact is that the ex-Senator and his son-in-law keep no books as between themselves, and the extent of individual ownership in their property is not known. Everything is in Davis' name, which means that it belongs to the family. Elkins is thoroughly familiar with every feature of the family's enterprises, and on the death of Mr. Davis will assume control thereof. As his own boys grow up, they will be trained in the management of railways and mines in time to take their father's place.

"Another son-in-law of Davis' is Lieut. Brown of the navy, the Lieut. Brown who was such a favorite with President Harrison and his family at Deer Park during the summer. All his leaves of absence Lieut. Brown spends in West Virginia, learning the details of his father-in-law's business. I am told he has made special study of railway management, going out on the trains, into the shops, with the construction and repair gangs, besides learning all about executive work in the general offices and at the headquarters of the division superintendents. In due time Lieut. Brown will probably retire from the navy and become general manager of the Davis system of railways. A third son-in-law is Capt. Spellman of the army, and he is pursuing the same course. He, too, will in the future be found actively connected with the Davis system of mines and railways. The Blaines and the Davises are great friends, and I understand Emmons Blaine is to link his fortunes with the family in a business way. He was sent west to get an education in the freight and traffic department of the Santa Fe road, and has returned to take a prominent post, at a salary of $8,000 a year, on one of the Davis roads.

"These facts give you an insight to the methods of ex-Senator Davis. He is building for the future as well as for the present. The same care and foresight are displayed in all phases of his work. Is it any wonder that he is successful, and that he has acquired property which needs nothing but development to make him one of the richest men of America?"

By the side of the railway tracks in Wheeling I had pointed out to me several large pottery and glass works, about which a good story and a story with a moral can be told. Of these my entertaining friend the banker said: "There, sir, are some of the most prosperous concerns in this city. Each of them was started years ago by poor men on the co-operative plan. Take the big pottery over there, for example. Eight or ten pottery workers of Pittsburg, tired of working for wages, loaded their household goods into a freight car, bought a few tools, came to this city and found an old shed in which to go to work. Their combined capital did not exceed a thousand dollars. But every man in the firm was a worker and a skilled mechanic. They found ready sale for their wares, and prospered. Their pottery, as you now see it, covers an acre or more of ground, and gives employment to several hundred persons. To this day it is owned by the original proprietors, or their children or grandchildren. It has made several men rich, and all interested are well to do. These potters have kept close together, not only in business, but in church and society. They have intermarried, and thus we have a coterie of potters in our community, and no better citizens have we. This is the history of several of our large enterprises. The men who started these shops worked in them, and taught their children to work in them, just as ex-Senator Davis is teaching his sons-in-law his business. There, in my opinion, is the keynote of prosperity, a thing which we know too little about in this country."

At Wheeling I also met David R. Paige, of New York, a man whose career points a moral and adorns a tale. Paige was a successful business man in Ohio, and, being extraordinarily and deservedly popular, was induced to enter politics. Here also he was successful, winning a seat in congress. But one term in Washington satisfied him that the national legislature was not the place for a man of energy, for a man who wants to command success instead of waiting for it. So he left politics and went to New York city as a contractor. There he is rapidly growing rich. The years which he devoted to politics were lost years.

Just now Mr. Paige is engaged in an enterprise of general interest and importance. He is bridging the Ohio river at Wheeling, tunneling through the mountain on the West Virginia side, and constructing several miles of track. Odd that a city so important as Wheeling should have gone all these years without a railroad bridge over the Ohio. Now that town, by the expenditure of two or three millions of dollars in bridge and tunnel, is in a fair way to realize the hopes of its citizens by becoming a gateway between the east and the west.

In these days of millionaires I was astonished to hear that the city of Wheeling, a manufacturing town, full of nail mills, steel mills, blast furnaces, glass works and potteries, contains not one millionaire. How many cities are there in this country, of 80,000 industrial population, that can boast of the absence of millionaires from their midst? I say boast, because no millionaires means diffusion of wealth and general prosperity.

A friend came into the car there and handed me a small pasteboard box. "Take that home with you," he said facetiously, "but be careful how you use its contents. It may make trouble in your family." It was a box of Wheeling stogas. "Statisticians have calculated," added my friend, "that one divorce in ten in this country is caused by the smoking of Wheeling stogas by husbands. So our town has a good deal to answer for. What is called the Kentucky stoga, made here of the strongest Kentucky tobacco, gives the smoker a breath that will stain furniture. But the regular Wheeling stoga is not so bad. Try one. We make millions of these every year. Machinery is employed in the rolling of them, and the labor is pretty cheap, else we could not make them and pay the same internal revenue tax that is paid on high priced cigars, and sell at $6 a thousand, wholesale."

Everybody in Wheeling smokes stogas. There must be some peculiar fascination in the long, thin, twists of tobacco, for they say that after a man has smoked them for a time the most delicately perfumed cigar has no temptation for him. He is thoroughly wedded to the stoga. General Manager Odell, of the B. and O., buys four or five thousand of these stogas every month, smokes some of them himself, and gives the others away to the railroad men whom he meets out on the line. Whenever he meets an engineer, brakeman, fireman or section boss, he hands out a stoga. One of the division superintendents on the Pennsylvania does the same thing, and says the cheap cigar materially helps him in making the acquaintance and gaining the friendship of his men. So the stoga is not such a bad thing after all.

WALTER WELLMAN.

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Charley (to his pretty cousin, who is fishing)—Any bites yet, Maud?

Maud—Only a nibble or two.

Charley—What would you do, Maud, if you should make as good a "catch" as I am said to be?

Maud—Throw it back again, Charley.—Montreal Star.

# KEEP IT BEFORE THEM!

## HOW THE BRITISH OUTDO AMERICANS IN ADVERTISING.

**Enormous Sums Paid in England for Advertising—$7,500,000 for "Advertising Privileges" in One Year—A Bill Sticker Makes $2,000,000.**

[Special Correspondence.]

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 31.—America leads the world in so many things that when we have to take the second place we can well afford to acknowledge it. In the matter of advertising, for instance, we are in the habit of thinking that we of the United States discount every other nation, and if asked where the greatest advertisers are to be found nine people out of ten would undoubtedly say in this country. But it is not true. Great blowers of our own horn as we are, the Englishmen, and even the Frenchmen, can give us points in this matter. Our business men are without doubt skillful and enterprising in their way, but as yet they are only students of an art in which their brethren of England are past masters.

One of the first things that strike an observing American setting foot in Liverpool is the number, variety and ingenuity of street advertisements. The horse cars, or tram cars, as they call them over there, are literally moving sign boards. These tram cars are two story houses on wheels. The advertisements cover every inch of space, inside and out, which is not required for seating the passengers. Looking upon the bewildering array of proclamations of the virtues of soaps and matches and announcements of current amusements, it is simply impossible for the stranger to tell the destination or route of the car. Omnibuses are decorated in the same way, and the drivers have mud curtains, umbrellas and waterproof coats all emblazoned with advertisements.

"Sandwich men" are neither few nor far between. We have them here, but in English cities there are hundreds to our dozens. They go about over there in companies of twenty-five, straggling in single file along the gutters—for they are not allowed on the sidewalks—and when one company passes another the sight has the effect of a procession of uniformed men. A few years ago I crossed the Atlantic with a great American manufacturer who was going over to teach the Old Country how business might be built up by novel advertising. His soap had conquered the United States, and he proposed to wash all England with it. He got no further than Liverpool, and had been but one day on English soil when he confided to me that although he had come to teach he would stop to learn. "We do not know the alphabet of the art of advertising," said he, "and as to soap, well, hereafter I shall substitute 'carry soap to England' for the proverb 'carry coals to Newcastle.' To my mind it is more expressive."

A railway station, whether surface or underground, is the paradise of the outdoor advertiser. The bill poster fairly revels in the opportunity which it affords for the display of illuminated paper and the painter keeps him company. The biggest letters of all are employed in displaying the name of the great bill posters of the United Kingdom, and it is not uncommon for the stranger to mistake these names for the first three or four times that he sees them for the names of stations. To find the latter in this wilderness of signs requires experience as well as keenness of sight. The general recollection of them is a confused mingling of bright color and paint, but now and then a catchword from frequent iteration lingers in the mind.

One placard in flaring red and black letters two feet long reads, "What it costs to kill a cat." The rest of the notice was in much smaller type, and as often as I scanned the legend I am still in ignorance as to what the awful penalty of felicide may be. I am not arguing in favor of this sort of advertising—on the contrary my inclination is against its utility. It is an open question how many of these railway signs are ever read except by the few people who are waiting over for trains and have neither newspaper nor books in hand for time killing. The spaces in the tomb like underground porches ought to be more valuable, since while shut into them you are obliged to read what stares you in the face.

I have a number of these advertisements, together with notices to the passengers, quite by heart. If you look at your compagnons de voyage they glare back at you with an air which accuses you of all sorts of evil intentions, and rather than encounter their suspicions or the lurking accusation of impertinence you must perforce commit to memory the tributes of respect to cowslip wine and Bass' ale, as well as the records of convictions for stealing rides and assaulting passengers on "circle trains." On the other hand the most useless of the promiscuous bill sticking would seem to be that on the pavements where all day long forlorn figures crouch in the slush just outside of the curbstone pasting bill after bill on the wet stones to be obliterated by the feet of the throng, scarcely one of whom pauses to glance at the paper on which he treads.

A few random figures obtained from authentic sources without a view to publication impress the idea of the wholesale way in which the British advertiser goes about his business. William H. Smith, who is known to the world of politics as the first lord of the treasury and the Conservative leader in the house of commons, and to the stage as Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., of "H. M. S. Pinafore," is also the lessee of the advertising privileges on the railways of the United Kingdom. The income of Mr. Smith's firm from this source must be as large as from the newsdealing business, of which he has the monopoly, or as that of Spiers & Pond from their restaurants.

At all events, I have it from very high authority that last year his advertising privileges yielded him £1,500,000—that is to say, over seven million dollars. I would find this hard to believe if I did not know that my informant himself, a soap "promoter," pays Smith & Son £40,000 for handling and displaying a single advertisement. Willing and Partington divide the bill posting business of London between them. Each began life with a brush in one hand and a paste pot in the other. Each is now a millionaire, and Willing, who is said to be unable to read and write, has an estimated fortune of £2,000,000.

The greatest advertiser in the world is Pear, of soap celebrity. His expenditures on this account stagger belief, but Mr. Barrett, who is to all intents and purposes Pear, says that for every pound that he has spent in printer's ink, paint and paste, he expects to spend ten. It was this concern which enlisted the best brushes of the Royal Academy in the execution of its advertising schemes. It is not unusual to pay $2,000 for an acceptable design, and there are scores of artistically painted pictures on the dead walls of London for which he has paid as much as $500 apiece. But with him, as with nearly every other successful advertiser, dead wall advertising is secondary to newspaper advertising. "It is printer's ink that pays the best after all; we find that the quickest response always comes from newspapers and periodicals."

You may have some faint idea of what such a concern spends in advertising when I tell you that Pear's people paid £50,000 ($250,000) in laying the words, "Good morning. Have you used Pear's soap?" before the public, and that they think they never made a better investment. For Sir J. Millais' "Bubbles" they paid $7,500. Here is something for American business men to put in their pipes and smoke. Pushing Pear's are two other soaps, Brooke's and the Sunlight, the former made by an American house, with headquarters in Philadelphia. The soap people, by the way, tell me that it pays to advertise soap only in English speaking countries. Soap is not in demand in any other.

In this country the newspapers too often have to run after the advertisers instead of the advertisers running after them. Not so in England. There the question of the utility of advertising is past the point of argument. It is only a question of choice of mediums and methods and whether the advertiser can get the space that he wants in the medium of his choice. In the counting rooms of the great dailies and of such periodicals as Punch, The Graphic, the Queen, The Field, etc., there is a sublime air of "take it or leave it" on the part of the men behind the counter. Some papers so rigidly limit the space given to advertisers that one must wait weeks or months for the appearance of his announcement, and then perhaps accept a half less room than he asks.

Perhaps this difference is due in some degree to the fact that English publishers show their own faith in advertising by taking their own medicine in most liberal doses. All of the big daily newspapers—except, perhaps, The Times, which is a law unto itself—are liberal advertisers. Some have one method and some another, but all manage to keep before the public and have themselves talked about. In turn, their own advertising spaces are in great demand, at prices which are high compared with the low rates ruling on this side of the Atlantic. In six consecutive days The London Times devoted 206 columns to advertisements and 298 to other reading matter. In the same number of issues The Daily Telegraph presented 201¼ columns of advertising and only 182¼ of other matters. The Daily News gave 138¼ of its 336 columns to advertising. The proportion of advertisements to pure reading matter in the great American newspapers is smaller, but with us it is not always easy, even for the expert eye, to tell the one from the other.

The Daily Telegraph, which claims the largest circulation in the world, and The Petit Journal, of Paris, which long ago distanced it in the race, are large bill board and dead wall advertisers, and The London Daily News follows on the same lines. By the way, I have often seen half a column or more of journalists' wants and journalists wanted, the former predominating. This class of advertisers is very rare with us outside of papers, of which Mr. Forman's Journalist is easily chief, devoted to the newspaper men and their interests. The Daily News publishes its rates in displayed type under the editorial head. I copy the following announcement that American publishers and advertisers may make their own comparisons:

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

THE DAILY NEWS
HAS
THE LARGEST CIRCULATION
of any Liberal paper
IN THE WORLD.

PREPAID ADVERTISEMENTS from

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|---|---|
| Managers, | Articled Pupils, |
| Secretaries, | Housekeepers, |
| Travelers, | Clerks, |
| Collectors, | Apprentices, and |
| Tutors, | Domestic Servants |
| Governesses, | of all kinds |

Wanting Situations, or Employers requiring the services of such persons,
TWO LINES, SIXPENCE.
3 Insertions, 1s. Beyond 2 lines, 3d. a line per insertion.

Apartments and Small Private Properties of every description to be Let, Sold, or Wanted,
TWO LINES, ONE SHILLING.
3 Insertions, 2s. 6d. Beyond 2 lines, 6d. a line per insertion.

Inquiries for Missing Friends and Cipher Correspondence, &c., Five Lines, 5s.; 1s. a line after.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths, Five Lines, 5s.

Threepence, you will remember, is six cents; sixpence, twelve cents; a shilling, twenty-five cents; two shillings and six pence, sixty-two and a half cents, and five shillings a dollar and a quarter. The wording of this rating is peculiarly characteristic. The prices of mercantile advertising are not given, and by far the largest demand for space comes from this class. The principal advertisers are patent medicine men, soap makers, manufacturers of proprietary articles generally, real estate dealers, drapers, grocers, publishers of books and music, transportation companies, amusement managers and projectors of joint stock companies.

MOSES P. HANDY.