

GIANT OF INDUSTRY.

SENATOR CLARK, THE WORLD'S RICHEST BUSINESS MAN.

His Chain of Properties, from Maine to California, Includes a Quarry, Mines, Manches, Street Railways and Other Things.

(Special Letter.)

By the purchase of a granite quarry in Maine, Senator W. A. Clark of Montana, king of all copper kings, manufacturer, banker, publisher, sugar refiner, rubber grower, lumber operator, railroad builder, coal miner and many, many things a millionaire, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, has completed a chain of industries from Maine to California, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian border.

Up in North Jay, Maine, he has bought and equipped a quarry with 300,000 tons of beautiful white granite in sight, he says. Away off across the continent in southern California, 3,600 miles away, he owns a monster range of countless acres devoted to beet sugar raising. On the Gulf of Mexico he owns another big range of 130,000 acres devoted to the growth of rubber trees and coffee. Thousands of miles north, in the state of Montana, he owns mines, banks, street railways, real estate, lumber mills and lots of other things, besides being a United States senator. Between these four points Senator Clark is the active head of various industries of his own creating.

Has Never Failed.

No record of industrial failure has ever been entered against this man. Everything he has taken hold of has resulted in great and undivided dividends. For Senator Clark is not a head or part of a combine or corporation. He himself is the head, the heart, the soul, the creator, the director and general superintendent. He is a master of details, a systematizer, and therein, he says, lies the secret of his successful business career.

Men who know both say W. A. Clark is head and shoulders above J. Pierpont Morgan as a business man. Clark creates industries; Morgan formulates combines to absorb created industries. Clark alone runs his mighty business; Morgan doesn't. No mind but the senator's from Montana is recognized in his affairs. No board of directors pass upon his ideas. He is the whole thing. It isn't so with Morgan. Everything he is connected with has its board of directors, each of whom conceives ideas and nurses them as tenderly as Morgan.

The purpose of Clark in purchasing



SENATOR WILLIAM A. CLARK.

the quarry was to supply granite for his New York mansion. Every piece of granite is cut to fit a certain place in the growing palace in New York. The quarrymen have the architect's plans to go by and each piece of granite is numbered to correspond with the number in the specifications. The quarry yields a beautiful white granite of a kind unlike any other in the world. One hundred skilled quarrymen with compressed air drills carve out huge slices of this pure granite, each slice being destined to fit a specified niche in the New York mansion. Seventy-five skilled stone cutters receive the granite at Fortland and chip the slices into dressed condition. Then the dressed slices are wrapped in bagging, garnished with slats and shipped by train or boat to New York. Senator Clark waited nearly two years for a certain company to furnish the granite and then brushed them aside, bought a quarry adjoining the procrastinating company's works and equipped it himself.

Cares Naught for Trusts.

It is said that the quarry owners formed a combine for the purpose of raising the price of granite and marked Senator Clark as the "angel" who would pay the freight. But the millionaire from the northwest stood out and nearly caused a panic among the granite "workers" by buying a quarry of his own.

The Richest Business Man.

Senator Clark is 63 years old, medium height, slender and wiry. His most striking feature is found in the eyes. Clear, steady, piercing, they reach one's thoughts before they are put in words. Eyes that seem like fishes of burnished steel, at first they change to gray-blue at near range. They are good eyes—nothing sinister or underhanded lurk in their depths. With eyes like these a man can see clearly his own plans and perceive more clearly points in an opponent's campaign. Ten years hence it is admitted on all sides that Senator Clark will be the richest man in the world. He keeps no costly stable nor steam yacht; he doesn't risk his great fortune in stock gambling. Even today he is known to be the richest business

man in America. His income is about \$8,000,000 a year, and is growing apace. His wealth is unknown to all men except himself. It has been estimated at \$60,000,000, and from that figure up to \$150,000,000. Every dollar of his great fortune has been actually earned. Not a penny of it has been won or lost in stock speculation.

Senator Clark's Properties.

Senator Clark owns several mining properties and a smelter at Butte. He owns the biggest banking institution in the whole northwest. He owns 25 miles of street railway. He owns a big daily newspaper plant. He owns thousands of dollars' worth of real estate. He owns big business blocks. He owns the opera house. In other parts of Montana he owns five newspapers, timber tracts and lumber mills, coal mines and ranches. He owns and operates mines in Idaho, Nevada and Colorado. He owns the franchise and is building a railroad from Utah to southern California. He owns a controlling interest in a daily paper in Salt Lake City. In Arizona he owns the rich United Verde copper mines and a ranch of 300,000 acres in California devoted to beet sugar raising, the first one of any consequence started in this country. He owns and operates a large coal mine in Mexico. On the Gulf of Mexico, on the Mexican side, he owns a vast tract of fertile land which is to be utilized in growing rubber and coffee. This is one of Senator Clark's latest projects. The work of setting out rubber trees is now being pushed ahead and will not be finished until 1,000,000 trees are planted. When five or six years old these trees will each yield one dollar's worth of raw material. One of the largest of Senator Clark's industries is the Waclark Copper Wire Company of New Jersey. This plant treats the copper bricks from the senator's smelters and turns them into coils of high-priced wire ready for the hardware market.

IN HIS WESTERN DAYS.

An Anecdote That Shows the Observing Character of President Roosevelt.

Much of President Roosevelt's personality is shown in the following story by a chance acquaintance on a train. The first time, says the narrator, that I ever saw him was back in the early '80's. I met him on a sleeping car coming east from Wyoming, where he had been visiting his ranch on the edge of the bad lands. At that time he was unknown to the public except as the author of a few magazine articles on western life, but luckily I had read them and they formed a bridge for conversation. I found him a burly young man with heavy brown beard, which he had allowed to grow during his trip, and with manners that were nervous and abrupt, but nevertheless very engaging. He was just recovering from an attack of snow blindness and wore large blue glasses, so he was pretty well disguised. There were eight or ten passengers on the car, representing the usual wide variety of type to be found on the frontier and I remember that Roosevelt easily took the lead in conversation. His versatility and the extent of his information were surprising, and there was a vein of quaint humor that ran through his talk and lent a certain sparkle to almost everything he said. Somebody remarked, for instance, that he had recently visited a new mining camp in the Black Hills and had to pay 50 cents for a drink of execrable whisky.

"You can always determine a camp's age and stage of development by the price charged for drinks," said Roosevelt chuckling. "Four-bit whisky means recent occupation, unsettled conditions and the presence of one half barrel, which some fellow has brought over the trail on a burro. Two-bit whisky indicates that the regulation boom is on, that tenderfeet are plenty and that regular communication with the outside world has been established. The next drop to three for a half is not a sign of a slump, but merely shows that the first excitement has passed and the town is getting down to what they call a 'business basis.' Fifteen-cent drinks mean that the business basis is reached, courts have been established, a school-house is being built, claim jumping has become had form, plug hats are tolerated and furo banks have moved upstairs. Any further decline, however," added Mr. Roosevelt, "is a danger signal. Two-for-a-quarter whisky is a sure sign of deterioration, and 5-cent beer means that a stampede has set in for the next diggings. That's the way to read the alcoholic thermometer of the woolly west."

Literature in Georgia.

Colonel Scotter, the celebrated author, desires to swap the manuscript of a new novel for a young mule familiar with plowing. The Authors' club gave a hot dinner last Wednesday, at which, in a literary dispute, the recording secretary was struck on the head and left ear with Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. There were more words than blows, however. The editor's mother-in-law published anonymously a book she had written. A copy was sent to the editor and he criticized it severely. After the criticism appeared a friend whispered the name of the author. The editor then packed his valise and left for parts unknown. We propose writing a historical novel just as soon as we can hire a reliable young man to manufacture history for it.—Atlanta Constitution.

Believed in the Theory.

She: "They say that persons of opposite qualities make the happiest marriages." He: "That's why I'm looking for a girl with money."—London Tit-Bits.

Strange Mausoleum

VERMONT VILLAGE HAS A MOST REMARKABLE TOMB

(Special Letter.)

In civilization as well as in savagery man has indulged weird fancies in his ornamentations of the sepulchre. Even in the most barbarous climes and times much thought was given to embellishments of the graves of beloved dead. Many of the wonders of the world have been sarcophagi.

The pyramids are but repositories for the bones of Egyptian royalty; the catacombs vast sleeping cars for the Romans and early Christians' last dreamless slumber. Throughout the world, by the side of his arches of triumph, man has erected mausoleums and tombs.

Less stress is today placed upon the importance of the dead body; more upon the living soul. A few people even have become sufficiently emancipated to forego the pitiful mite of worldly immortality crystallized in a fragment of marble, and have had their bodies consumed in the purifying fire, leaving no damp or frozen mound for their successors to hover near, adding to the great sense of loss the horror of disintegration.

But there still are erected countless sarcophagi, at enormous cost and infinite pains, to memorialize a life and a name. Love still stands weeping at the brink of a grave and invents methods of calling the world's attention to its own peculiar sorrow.

A Unique Sepulchre.

In the heart of Vermont, in the shadow of the snow-clad or moss-mantled Green mountains, stands a unique sepulchre erected by devoted wealth, at the cost of many thousands of dollars, called the Laurel Glen mausoleum.

Throughout that part of New England known as the marble state, the name of Cuttingsville stands only for this mausoleum; the rude hamlet has but one pride, one distinction, it holds a tomb! Is this symbolic of a dying state, whose population is deserting its hills and dales to help colonize the whole country?

An opulent New Yorker had sought solitude in this picturesque village for several summers, and had built for his use a splendid mansion. But his last loved one was taken away by death, and the only consolation remaining was to leave his history in marble. And so Hon. John P. Bowman erected a magnificent memorial to his family, which is now visited by tourists from all parts of the country.

A whole year's time and the labor of 125 men were employed upon this Greek temple, reared amid the green shrubbery in this lovely valley among the mountains which encompass Vermont.

Erected at Great Cost.

In this great tomb were used 750 tons of granite, 50 tons of marble and 120,000 bricks. Its dimensions are 18 by 25 feet, and it is 20 feet high. Each



JOHN P. BOWMAN'S TOMB.

France's Submarine Boats.

The French now have, it is stated, 37 submarine boats of two classes—namely, those that are fitted for propulsion exclusively by electricity and those which go by steam ordinarily when on the surface of the water and by electricity only when submerged. By 1905, according to the official programme, France will have altogether 58 submarine vessels. The English, not believing much in underwater navigation, are building but few submarines for experiment. Their energies are given chiefly to devices for destroying

submarines. One of these devices is an arrangement for blowing up an approaching submarine by means of a dirigible torpedo. A young English electrician, Cecil Varicos, has perfected, it is said, an apparatus by which he can steer a Whitehead or other torpedo by means of wireless telegraphy. Till now dirigible torpedoes have been steered by means of a gyroscope. But its action has been uncertain beyond a short distance. Mr. Varicos proposes to control the rudder of the torpedo by means of electrical impulses that act upon it from a great distance.

OUTLAWS OF TURKEY.

INTO WHOSE HANDS AN AMERICAN WOMAN FELL.

Previous Experiences of Miss Ellen M. Stone—The Wildest Region of Europe—Character of the Roving Brigands—Woman's Honor Held in Light Esteem.

(Special Letter.)

The abduction of Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American missionary, by Turkish brigands, directed the attention of the world upon this unfortunate woman and her cruel and daring captors. Miss Stone is a Boston woman, who for years has been in the employ of the American Women's Board of Missions, and whose devotion to her work is as intense as was that of the early Christians. Frequently she has been halted by brigands and tested as to her capacity to furnish plunder. In one instance she explained the nature of her work and the fact that she had but little available money, and was allowed to continue her journey and work. In another case, while she was asleep in a small structure, she was

Aroused in the Night

and became conscious that hands were passed over her features, but she was not otherwise disturbed, and in the morning she found abundant evidence that brigands had been in the vicinity during the night. Her latest and most serious adventure occurred September 3, when she was halted between Banake and Djoumania by forty brigands. She was accompanied by eighteen other missionaries, all of whom were relieved of their valuables and afterward released. Miss Stone was carried into the mountains. There she is allowed great liberty and is not ill treated, but shameful treatment and, perhaps, death are in store for her if the ransom of \$110,000 demanded by the leader of the brigands is not forthcoming. The mission board which Miss Stone represents will, it is said, pay the ransom, but some action will undoubtedly be taken by the state department to secure reparation from the Turkish government.

A Wild Region.

The country in which Miss Stone was captured is the same as the Thessaly of the Scriptures, the Thrace of Grecian history where Philip of Macedon and Alexander the Great led their armies and where Socrates campaigned bare-footed as a common soldier. It is wilder now than then. All the rest of Europe contains nothing as barbarous. Bands of roving, pillaging



MISS ELLEN M. STONE.

Turks or Bulgarian outlaws infest the whole region. Woman's honor is held in light esteem. Up to within a very few years the most deplorable outrages were committed openly and are now even done secretly.

While the corps of Janissaries existed every fifth male child was forced into the Turkish military service and young girls were carried off by thousands to fill the harems of their conquerors or otherwise minister to their pleasure. The haughty bearing and tyranny of the troops which marched to and fro in the country so cowed the Christian population that they became timid serfs. Many escaped death by embracing Islam and it was not uncommon for parents voluntarily to send their daughters to the harems of the Begs, or noblemen, so that they themselves

Might Gain Protection.

Cruel as the bandits are to foreigners, they have a hold on the affections of the population, who shelter and protect them. A curious state of affairs has resulted from this anarchy. When the peasantry are maltreated by the Turkish Begs and other officials they appeal to the brigands, Haiduts, Kirdjalls or by whatever name they are known, for protection or revenge.

In one place a young Turkish nobleman had been guilty of the greatest cruelty and excess, committing outrages on the wives and daughters of the peasantry, even capturing and selling children. He entered a village on one occasion on horseback, surrounded by his retinue all decked in silk and gold. He had not gone far when a band of Haiduts, led by a well-known chief, sprang from hiding places, pulled the Beg from his horse, broke his arms and legs and struck off his head. This bloody trophy they put on the end of a spear and carried it in triumph at the head of the band as they marched through the village.

Birds Take Their Own Pictures.

Birds are made to take their own pictures by the ingenious apparatus of O. G. Pike, an English photographer. A bait of fat is placed on an electrical wire, which is so connected with a camera that, when the bait is removed, the camera shutter is released, giving an instantaneous exposure of the sensitive plate.

FAMOUS GAMBLING PLACES.

Mexican Establishment That Rivals That of Monte Carlo.

Possibly few are aware that in the City of Mexico there exists an establishment which for splendor and luxuriousness runs Monte Carlo very close.

Some years ago the Mexican government resolved to abolish gambling, which is, by the way, as much part and parcel of the Mexican's nature as of the heathen Chinese. The measure proved intensely unpopular, being vigorously opposed not only by the professional sporting element, but by many of the most influential and wealthy subjects of the republic and finally the government "climbed down." Determined, however, not to be altogether outdone, the authorities conceived the idea of imposing a heavy tax upon gambling, and a law was passed requiring every gambling resort to pay the enormous daily license of \$1,250.

On the day this measure became law the gambling establishments throughout the country closed their doors, all save one. Senor Martel presented himself at the tax gatherer's office with the amount of the license in his hand, and demanded the privilege of keeping open his house. The license was granted by the dumfounded officials, and long before nightfall it was noised all over the city that Martel's establishment on the Calle de Gante was continuing business as usual. That night the place was literally thronged by the wealthiest "sports" in the city, and Senor Martel's profits ran into the four figures.

Next day the other houses took their licenses, but Martel's bold venture made his establishment far and away the most popular among the gambling fraternity. His successes continued, and he opened other establishments, for each of which he pays the enormous tax of something like \$450,000 a year.

When it became evident to the authorities that Martel had "come to stay," and taking into consideration the immense revenues they were reaping from his enterprise, a government official was appointed to preside over each of his business places, this fact greatly enhancing Martel's prestige.

The average daily expenses of the great "financier's" establishments amount to the incredible sum of \$40,000. That in the Calle de Gante is sumptuously furnished, and those guests who can afford the luxury of gambling here enjoy the choicest cigars and wines that money can purchase.

Felipe Martel is a devout churchman, and recently built a church which cost him over \$50,000 in the suburban village of San Angel, where he lives. His residence, is needless to say, a most palatial structure, and (strange trade mark of the gambler's profession) contains 40 windows, representing the number of cards in the Mexican pack.

AN ELECTRICAL WONDER.

Ingenious Contrivance Constructed in America for the Japanese.

A wonderful electrical contrivance, an instrument used in the transmission of messages by means of wireless telegraphy, has recently been built by a Philadelphia firm for the Japanese government. The instrument is the largest coil ever constructed for transmitting wireless messages and one which also gives the largest spark of any coil heretofore built. This coil will easily give a miniature streak of lightning 45 inches in length, being three inches longer than that of the famous Spottiswood coil built some years ago in England. It is now in use in flashing cableless messages between the Korean peninsula and Japan.

The object of the induction coil is to obtain the little flash of lightning, for it is this spark bursting through the air that sends forth the etheric waves for hundreds of miles. In the Queen coil when the terminals are separated a distance of 42 inches a forked streak of liquid lightning bursts through the air with a crackling noise just as real lightning does. Though the machine-made lightning does not, of course, produce as great a crash, yet the little bolt would cause death if one were to get in its way just as certainly as would any bolt that ever came out of nature's electricity works, the clouds.

It requires nearly one-horse power of electrical energy to operate this giant coil. The whole apparatus is mounted on casters and weighs, complete, about 2,000 pounds. There was used in its construction approximately 1,320,000 feet of copper wire. With a proper receiving apparatus a distance of 500 miles should be bridged without difficulty by the wireless messages.

Value of South African Horses.

One of the great lessons of the Boer war was to show the value of the South African horse. If the Boers had not been so excellently mounted as they were, on horses bred in the Transvaal, Orange Free State and Cape Colony, the war would have worn a different aspect. The South African horse can live on much less food than an English horse; he does not suffer from the climate; he does not tumble into holes; he is sounder, is more sensible and learns better to stand alone without being tied up.

French Revolutionary Calendar.

The year of the French revolutionary calendar began September 22, 1792. It has twelve months of thirty days each and five days at the end. The months were divided into three equal decades. There was a four-year period called a "Franchise," with a six days' feast at the end.