

# Senator Clark of Montana

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**T**O HAVE an income of \$1,000,000 a month, to manage gigantic business corporations, to be a senator of the United States and to control the politics of a sovereign state of the union—this is the lot of William A. Clark of Montana.

Senator Clark is in every way an interesting personage. He has put the stamp of his individuality upon a great section of this country. He has developed and still is developing a large part of the Rocky mountain and Pacific coast region. "Clark of Montana" is a name to conjure with in the west and draw forth the golden hoards of Wall street. He is not only one of the richest men in America, but one of the most successful. Other men have made fortunes and lost them and made them again. Clark of Montana has never made a failure. Everything that he touches turns to gold. Out west they are almost superstitious about his luck. He seems to be inspired to avoid the schemes which are faulty, and when Clark goes into a project men rush to join their fortunes with it, believing that it will be sure to win.

His life is a lonely one. He is of the world, but apart from his fellow-men. This is due in a measure to the isolation of genius, for Clark of Montana is undoubtedly a business genius and there are few like him. He has been compelled by force of circumstances to withdraw himself from companionship. Imagine how a man of his power must be sought, almost hounded, by every one who has a scheme to promote or an axe to grind. It is more difficult to reach him in his own home than to see the president of the United States at the White House.

During the sessions of congress he lives alone in a great mansion in the national capital. A housekeeper and a corps of silent, watchful servants minister to his material wants. Since his wife died his children have grown and gone their ways. At dinner this lonely, frail specimen of physical man sits at the head of his table, with the lights of the candelabra reflected from costly plate and rare cut glass, and eats his meal in silence. He elects that it should be so, and it is his pleasure.

He takes keen interest in the homely things of the household. He noses around the stables and examines a horse's fetlocks, or notes a frayed bit of harness or a missing buckle. He knows the price of oats and the different kinds of hay. He will stop at the market and select himself a choice porterhouse or a bit of game, and he keeps tab upon the state of his wine bins. He will thumb a turkey with the most critical of housekeepers, and is aware every month what his establishment has cost. He pays the current rate of wage for the most competent assistance, but the butler and the housemaids and the cook get their contract wages and no more.

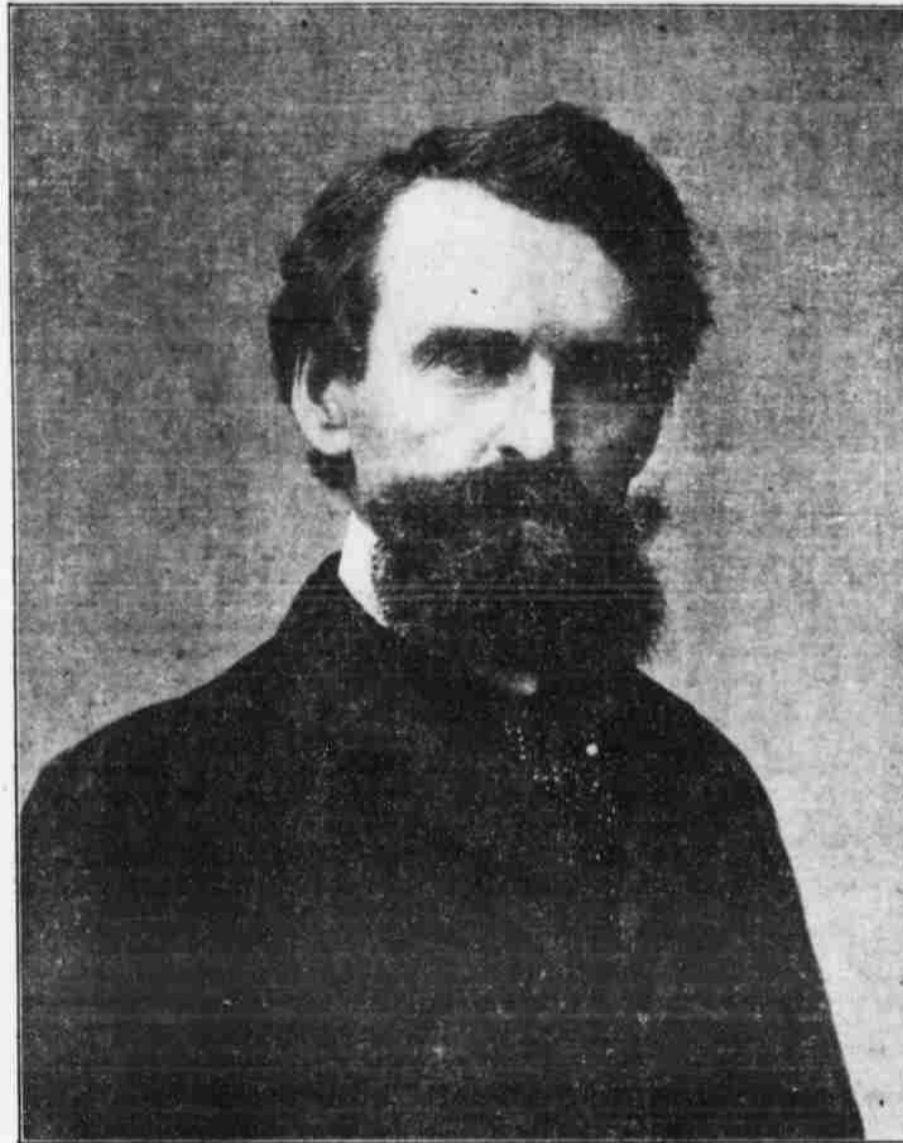
He is fond of pictures and a judge of them. He will smoke the best of Havanas and be absorbed for an hour in his library, and then turn to the daily report on the price of copper or the drop in the cost of steel rails for his railroads. He is fond of society, as society goes at the capital, although domestic affliction has put limitations upon participation in the social whirl.

The most striking characteristic of his nature is infinite attention to detail. The next most conspicuous is caution, amounting almost to suspicion and distrust of his fellow man. No man has ever fooled Clark of Montana but once, and few have done that. It will be remembered that he started life on a farm, worked in the mines, fought Indians on the frontier, suffered hardships in the mountains and contested for supremacy with the bold and active spirits who have made the west. That meant hard work, and he has not lost the habit.

Senator Clark leaves his home about 10 o'clock in the morning and speeds in his automobile to his offices in the annex of the capitol building. As he comes in every lineament and movement denotes the hard, practical, alert man of business. He moves with a quick and springy step. He talks rapidly and decisively, rarely smiling. In his office at Washington he has two secretaries, one to attend to his congressional and departmental affairs and one to handle his business correspondence. They, of course, have a corps of stenographers and typewriters.

His daily mail is enormous, one of the largest budgets, if not the largest, that comes to any man in public life save the president. Yet he reads every letter, and reads it carefully, not skimming through it in a perfunctory manner. Then he starts in to dictate replies. He keeps the stenographers on the rush for two hours and disposes of an immense amount of correspondence. He possesses the faculty of knowing what he wants to say and how to say it concisely and definitely. A letter from the humblest constituent or business man, if it is a genuine communication, receives prompt and courteous reply.

At 12 o'clock, when the senate convenes, he is in his seat, and remains there during the transaction of routine business until



SENATOR CLARK OF MONTANA.

the senate settles down to the order of the day. He is a member of nine committees, three of them very important, and he never misses a meeting. He takes much interest in the deliberations of the senate and in the work of the committees. He gives to all legislative business the same painstaking care that he bestows upon his own affairs.

When subjects of great national importance are being debated in the senate he is an attentive listener, though rarely entering into the discussions. Up to the time that he came to congress he was not familiar with national affairs, either political or legislative, but he is speedily trying to familiarize himself with them.

In the hour and a half spent in the early part of the afternoon in the senate he is not approachable to callers. No cards are taken to him before 2 o'clock. Day after day he can be seen in his seat, noting carefully everything said and done and scanning the bills under consideration. He is not altogether sociable with his fellow senators and does not mingle freely in the cloak rooms, as some of them do, smoking and talking. The reason for this apparent isolation is easily understood. He is naturally reserved, that suspicion of mankind at large, which his life and experience have inculcated, giving him a rather repellent manner. His colleagues feel it and do not wish to give the appearance of seeking him, for fear it may seem intrusion.

At heart he doubtless would like to be

closer to them, and they would find in him, once the reserve was broken down, a cheery and kind-hearted companion. But when a man has a million dollars a month income, some men would feel disinclined to place themselves in the attitude of soliciting his attention or favor lest their motives would be misunderstood. He cannot unbend, through sheer force of habit and characteristics, and they won't.

Of course, he has friends, and at the luncheon hour usually goes down to the restaurant with a guest or as a guest. He lunches well, but not lavishly, and, indeed, is far from extravagant in any of his habits. He is stylish in dress and uses only the finest fabrics, but there is nothing of display that would reflect upon the gentleman and man of good taste.

He returns to the senate at 2 o'clock and receives the cards of his visitors, meeting them in the Marble room, the long apartment utilized for the reception of people having business with the senators. He has a throng of callers every day, for the most part Montana people and westerners at large. Every man from any part of the west, from Butte to the Spanish Peaks, and from the Platte to the Golden Gate, knows Clark of Montana, and if he has business in Washington, seeks his aid in its transaction. The visitor may catch him at the senate; he will not find him at home, if the watchful butler sees him first.

It is interesting to watch these westerners transacting their business with Clark of Montana. Most of them are typical men

of the mountains and the plains—big, brawny, open-faced, cheery-mannered, bluff and hearty fellows. They come bustling in, with their breezy way, grasping their soft felt hats in one hand and the other mighty paw extended to greet the senator. There is Clark, slight, almost dainty in appearance, reserved in manner, looking the visitor through and through with his hard, inscrutable glance, listening intently and saying little. The temperature seems to lower at once and the breeziness dies down. The statement is heard, the senator says a few words, perhaps to deny the request offhand or to make an appointment for another day, or to refer the caller to his secretary; then on to the next one, who is greeted in like manner.

It is a wonder how a man of his temperament and habit of manner ever got into western politics. He is anything but the "mixer" that a successful politician in the west is supposed to be. His method of business, when dollars are at stake, is not to hold out false hopes, not to be obsequious, not to solicit, and he is the same where votes are at stake. He does not give the "glad hand" to any politician.

They say in Montana that he will not continue in politics. They also say that he runs politics as he does his business—giving attention to every detail and leaving nothing to the judgment or work of his assistants. He wants results in voting precincts to be figured on as close a margin as the output of a copper mine or a factory, and he cannot understand why that cannot be done.

No man with a business scheme to present could go to Senator Clark's house at night and talk to him about it in his library; and the most influential political manager in Montana would find it equally as impossible to get at him in the same way on a matter of politics. They don't understand that in Montana. The district leader would expect a confidential chat, an invitation to the sideboard, and the butler handing around the perfectos. Clark of Montana would want him to put the matter in writing and let it come through the mail.

After the reception of callers in the Marble room the senator returns to his offices in the annex, where, by this time, the mail has been typewritten and is on his desk. He reads every letter and signs it himself. Nearly all senators depute to their secretaries the duty of signing unimportant mail, either with a stamp or in their own hand, but Senator Clark has never been able to accustom himself to that practice. He laboriously goes through the whole batch of letters, affixing his signature as carefully as if he were signing a check.

Perhaps, in the meantime, he has been to the long distance telephone half a dozen times to talk with some captain of industry or finance in New York, or Philadelphia, or Pittsburg. He has received dozens of telegrams, some of which he has answered in the senate, and others brought over to the office to be answered. After the last bit of correspondence for the day is dispatched he enters his automobile and takes a spin into the country if there is daylight, or home to don his evening clothes, and so to dinner and the functions to follow. He is fond of dining out, and is an acceptable guest at a dinner party, having a fund of anecdote and incident of his western life.

No one knows the full extent of the business operations of Clark of Montana. There is his copper mine in Arizona, said to be the greatest mine in the world. He knows the possibilities of that mine and probably could estimate its output from veins of copper yet unexplored. He owns smelters in Arizona and gold mines and copper smelters in Butte, Mont.

He is building a railroad from Salt Lake City, Utah, to Los Angeles, Cal. When he started there was some question about financing the scheme; that is, there was question in the minds of other men. He settled it by drawing his personal check every month for \$100,000 to carry on the work. Then some people concluded that they would like to have some bonds, and he floated the immense project without difficulty.

He owns electric lighting and street railway plants without number, and almost the entire telephone system of the Rocky mountain region. In California he has the largest beet sugar factory in the world. He has coffee plantations in Mexico and interests in every quarter of the Pacific coast, north of the isthmus.

When congress is in session it is usual for the senate to adjourn every Thursday until the following Monday. Then Senator Clark takes the 4 o'clock train for New York. The next morning, bright and early, he goes to his offices, which occupy an entire floor at 49 Wall street, and plunges into his business affairs. He has a staff of assistants and clerks and goes through the reports made to him of the operations of all his plants. He makes contracts, reads the conditions of every paper himself and leaves nothing to the judgment of any man.

Monday morning he is back in Washington again, the statesman and politician. And all of this is said to net him about a million dollars a month.

AUGUSTUS C. ALLEN.

## The Value of Smiling

**W**HERE is what a woman has to say of the value of smiling:

"Smiles are the language of love," the poet has said. Perhaps, however, it would be more correct to say that "Love is the reward of beautiful smiles;" for what attracts and wins the confidence of man, woman or child more than a genuine smile, which reflects sunshine in the heart?

There are smiles, however, which neither win love nor in any way enhance the beauty of a face. In fact, they more often than not detract from a girl's comeliness. One of these is the smile which has no meaning or expression in it. It is what might be termed the "polite, or courteous" smile, demanded by circumstances. One readily sees through such a smile, for it plainly says, "I suppose I must be polite and appear interested, but I am awfully bored."

What a difference to the sunny smile of welcome, which lights up the whole face, and makes one feel that your coming is a real pleasure which has been looked forward to!

The plain-featured girl, with a happy, genuine smile, is far more attractive and fascinating than the doll-faced girl, on whose pretty face is never reflected a happy spirit and pleasing disposition. Real

beauty is something deeper than color and regularity of features. One often meets with comparatively plain women whose genuine, heart-warm smiles and sweetly modulated voices become perfectly beautiful to people who understand them, and even more so to those who live with and love them.

Many girls possess the idea that the mirthful laugh and smile are unbecoming, and should be restrained except when at home. Why they should think so is rather hard to understand, for the mirthful smile is one of the prettiest. It betokens cheerfulness and animation, characteristics which are far too rare among girls of today. What girls should guard against, however, is the bolsterous laugh, which is apt to distort the features and grate on the nerves. It generally creates the impression that it is too loud and long to be genuine.

And then there is the quiet, dignified smile, which girls would do well to cultivate. It has a charm all its own. One always feels drawn toward a girl who possesses such a smile. Its attractiveness lies in its refinement and kindness. The whole face seems to light up at once in a sincere, womanly manner, which, while quiet, is distinctly encouraging, and therefore pleasing to the eye and mind.