

# WELLS WEALTH'S RESERVE

**GEORGE MITCHELL**  
**BY HIS OWN EFFORTS SUDDENLY**  
**RICH, LONGS FOR THE OPEN AGAIN.**

In the making of millions there are many methods. The accumulation of a fortune by using the capital inherited from an opulent parent as a base on which to pile up more dollars with no more effort than is required to employ competent clerks and astute lawyers may be commendable, according to the point of view, but to start as a copper smelter in a Welsh town and in fifteen years, through unaided personal effort, guided by an active mentality and a determination to give value for every dollar received, and together a fortune of more than \$5,000,000, that is a method of becoming a millionaire against which there can be little criticism.

There is a millionaire in New York who has reached that enviable position, and, strange to say, he wishes every day that he could exchange his exalted position and home and the environment which circumstances make it necessary that he should occupy and flee to the open, where his energies first developed and where, in the game of chance, with nature's storehouse as a stake, he won and is still winning.

George Mitchell—"plain George Mitchell" his intimates call him—that man, within a period which is usually considered as being barely sufficient for a man to ground himself in the knowledge which would enable him finally to accumulate a competency, this man has got together a great fortune. And he looks upon these millions only as the natural result of an unshakable inclination to keep busy, to engage those powers which God gave him along with a will body and a healthy mind.

This man, who in a few years has exchanged his tough Mexican pony for an automobile, the discomforts of a shack in a mining camp for a luxurious dwelling overlooking Central Park, a pool in the hollow of a mass of copper ore for the latest production in marble bath tubs, the crude surroundings of a Southwestern eating house for what the Waldorf-Astoria affords, resents the isolation which wealth has forced upon him and sighs for those scenes which marked his stage in the earlier acts of his life's drama.

George Mitchell was born in Wales forty-two years ago. He was a sturdy lad and when it came to choosing an occupation he craved something in which he would have to use a pair of strong hands and an active body. From his earliest boyhood he had seen the yellow and red rocks rising from the tops of the Swansea copper refineries and he had always wanted to mingle with the broad shouldered smelters he saw daily coming to work.

Young Mitchell was an active mentally as physically, and even before his apprenticeship in one of the big smelters he had acquired knowledge of the secrets of copper refining which made it easy for him to gain rapid promotion. Strength of will and a capacity for work, either mental or physical, made it possible for the youthful smelter to find time for technical study. He took up mining engineering and acquired, in addition to a practical information regarding copper refining, a practical knowledge of the methods of locating the veins of metal and how to wrest the valuable ore from the earth's treasure chests.

COMES FOR HIS FORTUNE.  
 Mitchell was twenty-four when he decided to come to America and try his luck in the mining regions of the West. He brought with him a young wife and an infant child. He had a few hundred dollars with which to begin his fight for fortune. He knew the fortune was here and he knew he could win it unless greater difficulties than he had ever encountered stood in his way.

The young man found that there was a demand for his services. Steady men with his knowledge of mining and refining were not plentiful and within a short time he had found a position. This was in 1889, and for six years he gave all that was in him to his employers. When, in 1895, Mitchell found himself superintendent of a mine and also discovered that he was credited with an almost superhuman power of finding copper ore. It was said George Mitchell could smell a copper vein.

Mitchell with a sweep of his arm indicated the panorama of park and lake stretched out before his window. "A man can look at that and rest! But one can get too much rest. Let me draw you a picture to contrast with the one before us. Imagine, if you can, a little 'dobe house' at the edge of a settlement in the Canaan—that means 'Lost Mountains' in the Mexican lingo—with no shade around it and the air quivering under the scorching sun. Inside the house stands a man who has worked his heart out to establish a great mining industry which means to him fortune and power. A judge with power of life and death sits on a platform at one end of the room, with armed men, representing the Mexican government, lounging around on boxes and chairs.

"This, if you please, is the Court of First Instance at Cananea, and the man before it has been ordered to give up all he has won in a ten years' fight with fortune. He knows his life may pay the forfeit if he makes a mistake in his answers to the Judge, who, he knows, is trying to trap him into an admission that he has incited an uprising against the Mexican

He Sighs for the Old Life in the Open



Mitchell and His Cowboy Friends Who Helped Him Hold the Cobre Grande Mine

of the men who had agreed to stand by him, sided up to me, and I whispered to him just loud enough for the judge to hear. "Tell the boys to limber up for business." Steve marched out of the court room, keeping an eye on the other couple for any sign of a gun play. I had a very trying experience during the next two minutes. Down in Sonora guns flash with very little noise, and I expected to get a bullet in the moment Steve got out of sight.

"The Judge looked out of the window. He sized up the crowd which Steve had mustered a hundred yards from the court house, and I saw he was wavering. He looked over the men he had inside the court and appeared to see the crowd. Then he turned to me and said with a smile: "Come here to-morrow at ten o'clock. We will talk this matter over further."

"I bowed and started out of the door. I hope never to have another walk like that I took back to my little band of supporters. They have a way down Mexico, telling a prisoner to take a walk and then shooting him in the back, declaring afterward that he attempted to escape. I didn't wait for to-morrow to come, but returned to the court at five o'clock. That day, I found the Judge had been making preparations to take possession of the mine that night. He did not carry out his plan, and next day Colonel Kosteritzky arrived with four hundred Mexican soldiers in answer to the message that there had been an uprising.

HIS "PLAY" WON.  
 "My boys" made a stiff front all through this trying time. Three days later, the order came from Diaz for a change of venue; they celebrated as any men who have been in momentary fear of death for several days. I maintained possession of the property, and when Diaz later told him what I had been through he laughed heartily. "You fellows are the limit for standing on your rights. I supposed you had abandoned that property long ago. But I am glad you have won."

"President Diaz afterward removed several of the officials who took part in the affair."  
 Mr. Mitchell shifted in his chair and lit another of his long cigars. He looked around him at the rich furnishings of his home and his gaze rested on first one and then another of the valuable paintings which hang on the walls. A tall boy whistling a merry tune entered the room. He was introduced as "Harry," the miner's youngest son. The lad bowed to the visitor and then said with that frankness which it is said characterizes his father in all his dealings: "I am a miner, and I want to know if you will give me a quarter."

"That's a good boy," said the father, "and you'd ought to see him ride a horse. I have taught all the children to ride, and they are regular bronco busters from Phillips down to Max."  
 It is so that Mitchell has insisted that each of his children should learn to ride as soon as he or she is large enough to preserve a balance on a horse's back. Love and strategy go out of a pair of dark brown eyes in which there is a lurking fire. Those eyes have a way of getting a focus on you like an electric light which has had to school himself in catching the flash of a gun. His strong brown fingers have a way to grasp the handle of a Colt six-shooter as if he were a bear.

While he has of necessity acquired a certain amount of association with men of wealth and position, Mr. Mitchell still retains many of the personal characteristics which have made him a leader, and cause those who see him for the first time to turn for another look. He is not a tall man, but makes up in height the grip of his hand tells of long days when he wielded the miner's pick and striking hammer. He looks straight at you out of a pair of dark brown eyes in which there is a lurking fire. Those eyes have a way of getting a focus on you like an electric light which has had to school himself in catching the flash of a gun. His strong brown fingers have a way to grasp the handle of a Colt six-shooter as if he were a bear.

Mr. Mitchell has not yet lost the purring accent of the Welsh tongue. It betrays itself when he talks earnestly of what interests him, but is hardly noticeable at other times. In the Waldorf-Astoria "plain George Mitchell" is considered an oracle. There is seldom a day when he is not called upon to decide some technical question in dispute. From settling a difference of opinion regarding the best way to transport copper ore through a roadless country to a decision as to which is the most profitable way to mine a shaft, the word of Mr. Mitchell is taken as final.  
 When the afternoon roundup is over George Mitchell carries the sheep, and Harry, eleven, and a daily outdoor routine. Ponies are mounted and for two hours the whole family rides in the park.  
 Mr. Mitchell is a member of the New York Club, the Atlantic Yacht Club and the New York Athletic Club. He is also a member of the National Geographic Society and the American Institute of Mining Engineers.  
 His home in Los Angeles is one of the most beautiful in that city of picturesque dwellings. He takes his family there each winter, and it is then he indulges his taste for outdoor life to the fullest extent. He has been heard to declare that if it were not for this annual relaxation from the restraints of city life he would be tempted to the whole business and make for the open.



Mitchell's Shack in the Canaan.

government. The prisoner knows he is innocent of any such charge. He also knows he is in the hands of an unscrupulous official, who is working in the interests of a rival mining company. He is also aware that any moment the crack of a rifle may precede the sound of a bullet which will put an end to his case in court.

"I was the man before the court, and I'll tell you how I happened to be there. I had just obtained options on a big mine, and had installed a two hundred ton smelter, which was running full time. This was in April, 1900. A dispute came and one morning I was served with a notice that Judge Bustillo, of the Court of First Instance, had opened court and wanted to see me. He was afraid to send a warrant after me for fear the boys would give me up. I went to the dobe court house, where I found a dozen American tramp miners, men of a class who I knew would stop at nothing short of actual force to get their way. They were ostensibly Mexican government employees, there to uphold the dignity of the Court.

Charge that I was under arrest and that a penalty for which was death. I asked for an explanation and was told that I had armed the miners in my employ. I admitted that such was the case, but insisted that my action was only for the protection of my property against those who, I had reason to believe, were plotting to deprive me of it.

"The Judge then handed me a document which he commanded me to sign. On reading it I saw it made over all my interests in my mine and contained the acknowledgment that I had stolen the mine from its real owners. That was a pretty cool proposition to make to a man who had paid his good money for what he owned. Then I had this from the Judge:

"Mr. Mitchell, you have admitted having armed your men to prevent the carrying out of a court order that you give over to the proper claimants the property which you hold. I construe this as an uprising against the Mexican government. The penalty for this is death, and I have power to adjudge you guilty and enforce the penalty. You may dispose of this charge as you see fit."

## Some Eccentricities of Philanthropy.

Money Bequeathed to Breed Giants and to Provide "Wheat-en Loaves" for Trinity's Poor—A Fortune Left to a Rooster.

PHILANTHROPY is indissolubly associated in most persons' minds with the State Board of Charities and the dispensation of Christmas dinners. Its outward guise is quite consistently sober, sensible and sane, and it is generally regarded as a sort of compulsory disputation for those who are prosperously conditioned.

Philanthropy dressed in the matter of eccentricity, in fact, almost an undignified spectacle, as if the Statue of Liberty should don a ballet skirt. Yet, as a matter of fact, the world is full of queer charities and objects of benevolence—frank philanthropies, in short—when upon one's preconceived respect for the world's good sense of that noble word which originally stood for "being good to man."

Perhaps less picturesque, but hardly less extraordinary, seems Sidney Hall's legacy. He was a native of Hartford and died there in July, 1886. He left \$10,000 to be spent in the purchase of wheat for the relief of the poor. This odd legacy was left in the charge of the Adventist Society and was accompanied by all manner of solemn and imperious injunctions. Mr. Hall, in referring to the world's belief in an after life, called it "the pernicious doctrine of the immortality of the soul, upon which is founded all the great system of error and superstition in the world."

of the dearest, most treasured and most comforting heir of humanity. It is just possible that Mr. Hall at the present date has discovered his mistake!  
 The Leake and Watts Orphan Asylum is a well known institution, but there is another philanthropy of John Leake's of which most people have heard very little. It is known as the "Leake Dole" and has been in operation since 1792. The will reads: "I hereby give and bequeath to the rectory and vestrymen of Trinity Parish, New York city, N. Y., one thousand pounds, and there ever since the 'deserving poor' of the neighborhood have come for the 'dole' of bread."  
 Every morning, rain, snow, hail or sunshiny, the seventeen small representatives of their families present themselves at St. John's. They struggle in through the big gate and across the yard and enter the vestibule where the bread is waiting. Every family has to apply first to the vicar, who decides whether that special dole shall be of two loaves or six, since these two numbers form the limitations of such allowance.  
 Those who have charge of it say that the "Leake Dole" has done the greatest possible amount of good and fed countless hungry persons. So although in name and method it is somewhat archaic as a charity it will probably continue until the end of time, filling the eager mouths of the "deserving poor."  
 In 1828 was established the American Seaman's Friend Society, then organized for the aid of "deep water sailors on board square rigged sailing vessels." The quaintness of the society has departed with its

growth and development, but it remains one of the most interesting and least well known of New York charities. As the Rev. E. McPherson Hunter, secretary of the society, says, they have developed from an old fashioned sailing vessel into a modern, full rigged steamship. Mr. McPherson, himself not only a minister but as if it were a large and somewhat awkward sailor and once, in his dark days, a newspaper man, loves his society troublesome child.  
 "The society is to put shipwrecked and destitute seamen on their feet again," explained Mr. McPherson. "We have all sorts and conditions of men and some pitiful cases. But I think that as a charity it is a good deal more entertaining than most philanthropic associations. The men are picturesque fellows, and the cases that come up before us are sometimes very funny."

"Many of the sailors have been at sea since they were quite small boys and have no friends or ties on land. They come in here for help, and they get it. We send them off to sea again with decent clothing and a 'Jack's wife.' Don't know what that is, but it's this. He showed a stout cotton bag in which were needles, thread and other things which might prove useful to Jack while on the briny deep."  
 "One sailor chap I know," remarked Mr. McPherson, with a twinkle of Scotch humor in his eye, "says he always knows what denomination his aunt him a 'Jack's wife.' It's from the Methodists or Presbyterians or any of that sort: there's a great lot of tracts, but if it's from the Unitarians or Episcopalians there's a whole pack of playing cards and a plug of tobacco."  
 Mr. McPherson then displayed one of the portable libraries which the society sends on board ships. There seemed a great variety of books in the square wooden case—novels, books about the sea, Bibles and prayer books and geographies.  
 "We have to have great numbers of certain books," he said, "for we have to take it for granted that they will be stolen. They always steal the geographies and

some of the novels. We never have to provide a double allowance of the religious works, though. They always come back." While "Tommy" Seabrooke played the summer "tiddler" in "Puff, Puff" he said that unless certain conditions in his wife's will were complied with her money would all go to "found a training school for husbands." In the seeming absurdity of this line consisted his humor.  
 A study of the matter of wills of wealthy and eccentric women brings to light some even more extraordinary bequests.

Once upon a time there lived a wealthy widow in London. She came from Portsmouth and her name was Mrs. Silva. Now, Mrs. Silva died, and when her devoted husband's soul inhabited the feathered person of the rooster, in speaking of him she said: "I don't know what that is, but it's this. He showed a stout cotton bag in which were needles, thread and other things which might prove useful to Jack while on the briny deep."  
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Miners' Bath Tub, a Pool in the Hollow of a Mass of Copper Ore.

Where Mitchell Uncovered His First "Facing" of Copper Ore Which Brought Him Millions

