

Won Victory After Repeated Failures.

Leigh Hunt and Other Men Who Succeeded Because They Never Said Die



LEIGH HUNT WHOSE LAST VICTORY AFTER DEFEAT GAINED HIM INTERNATIONAL MINING FAME

MARK TWAIN AND THE LITTLE FRIEND OF HIS LAST TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

BY DEXTER MARSHALL.

THE FIRST educational career, ending in the presidency of the State Industrial College of Iowa, which position he resigned to enter upon a business career that has made him a familiar character of the world over.

Behind this brief biographical data appearing after the name, "Hunt, Leigh S. J.," in "Who's Who in America," lies one of the most remarkable of the numerous more or less notable cases of victory secured after defeat by various men prominent in the public eye. Hunt's case differs greatly from all the rest, however, in that he was called upon to suffer defeat not once, but several times, after the last apparent knockout blow relieving his fortunes in an out-of-the-way corner of the globe, by the capital of the little Hermit Kingdom.

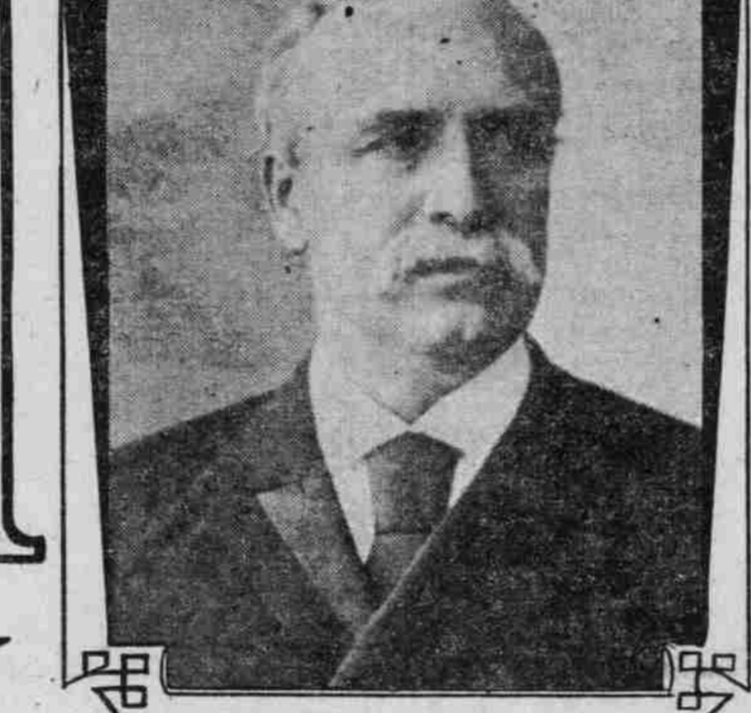
Hunt's first failure occurred when he was still in his twenties. It was due to bad investments of his savings, and when he came to balance up he found that he was several thousand dollars to the bad—not a large sum of money in itself, but very large indeed in the eyes of a country school teacher and a former farm boy whose father had experienced a hard time getting together enough wherewithal to feed and clothe and educate an offspring.

When young Hunt awoke to a realization of the fact that he had made a mess of his initial financial ventures he set down and wrote a note to each of his creditors, telling them that they would be paid in full, with interest, in time. Then he took the first convenient train out of town, for he had made up his mind that the best way to win back his financial good name was in a new field. What his creditors heard of his departure most of them figuratively kissed their chances of payment goodby, especially as young Hunt left no word behind as to his destination, and, indeed, was not heard of by his former associates and friends until he began to pay off his creditors, some years later. By that time he had risen high in the educational circle, and the story of this first victory after defeat aptly illustrates the indomitable spirit he brought to his aid after each defeat that he sustained.

He had taught school in Indiana; when he reached Iowa and the town of Mount Pleasant, after leaving his native state, he quite naturally looked about for the position as teacher. The members of the school board to whom he applied informed Hunt that the only place open was waiting for a man who could speak a couple of foreign languages. Now, Leigh Hunt could handle English only, but, nothing daunted, he informed the board that he would be glad to fill the position. Furthermore, he would guarantee to make the school the most successful one in the district. Thereupon, the other suggested that it might be best for the applicant to take an examination in languages. Hunt turned "hazy" a hair. A wondrously gifted talker, even in his youth, he eloquently argued the official into the belief that an examination was no test of a person's ability to teach languages, and so secured the promise of a trial as language teacher.

Hunt, after leaving the school official's house, couldn't get quickly enough to a bona fide master of languages. After swearing him to secrecy, he began learning the first lessons to be given to his classes, and night after night, with the tutor, by his side, he mastered the lesson which he was to teach the following day. Did he win out as a teacher of languages? He did, and after he had made the school the best in the district, as he said he would. Don't you see, here, as its Superintendent of Schools captured him as its Superintendent of Schools, he also, he introduced up-to-date methods and ideas, and because the system under his supervision was improved several hundred per cent, he received and accepted a call to the presidency of the State College at Ames.

Hunt, as college president, refuted the somewhat cynical axiom of the upper educational world—a college president's



THE LATE HENRY VILLARD

on his way across the Pacific he met J. Boat Fassett of New York, prominent in the Empire State political game for many a year ago. To him Hunt spun the story of his mines and how he secured them, and wound up with the cause of his trip to America. Before home was reached the two men had struck up a partnership, Fassett agreeing to interest the necessary capital. Something like year later the mines were being developed.

The concession speedily made all parties interested either rich or richer. Then one fine day Hunt went to Seattle, paid as his creditors in full, with liberal interest, and, not content with this, rolled the pocketbooks of all his old followers who had invested their savings in his ruined enterprises on his advice. They will tell you in Seattle today that into many a man's hand went very much more money than that man lost through Hunt's advice in the days when he was on the crest of the boom wave on the Coast.

Hunt is now so wealthy, and his millions do not seem to him, that he is in a position to know, that he will never be called upon again to know the sting of crushing financial defeat or feel the clasp of a rehabilitating victory. Now, in his 52nd year, he has mining interests that are pretty well scattered over the face of the earth, and his name is probably more familiar to dwellers in out-of-the-way mining corners than that of any other man American born.

As would be expected of one who has been so punctilious concerning his legal and moral financial obligations, Hunt is the sort of man who never forgets a friend. Were he a member of a "49ers' club" the newspapers would almost surely call him a spendthrift, so lavishly does he live. A good deal of his time nowadays is spent in Mexico, where he numbers President Diaz among his intimates. He has friends in England, in Egypt and in the motherland as well as also on Hunt's visiting list. He it was who introduced cotton-growing to the southern states, and hereby left John Bull half to death. That was three or four years ago. Today Hunt is dreaming of the days when the valleys and the irrigable parts of the Sudan will be one vast cotton plantation. Meanwhile his plantation, in the valley of the Derivishes, is yearly producing a fine grade of cotton.

Cockrell's Big Victory After Defeat.

A present-day political celebrity who gained his real victory through defeat is Francis Marion Cockrell, at present an influential member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and for 39 years prior to his appointment to that body a Republican President of the Democratic United States Senator from Missouri.

After the Civil War was over and Cockrell had laid down his Brigadier-General's sword, which he had waved in the cause of the Confederacy, he went back to his lawbooks. As most lawyers do sooner or later, he drifted into the political game, rapidly became prominent in the state councils of his party, and was one of the two leading candidates for the gubernatorial nomination of 1874. It was the first office he had ever run for; his heart was set on getting it—nomination was equivalent to election—and he spent nights as well as days campaigning. He felt that his whole political future depended on his nomination.

He went before the convention with high hopes, and his disappointment was all the keener when the announcement of the result of the balloting showed that he had lost to his leading opponent, Charles H. Hardin, by just one-sixth of a vote. "Cockrell," said a friend, telling of the incident, "swallowed his Adam's apple hard once or twice, then, remembering his campaign promise to shout as hard for the other fellow as for himself if he was not



SENATOR COCKRELL OF MISSOURI

do with such a scoundrel, those from Western Governors singing his praises. There was silence for a moment when the President finished telling the incident. Then, with each man looking the other squarely in the eye, the President added quickly:

"I filed the messages from your friends and those from your enemies I burned."

It wasn't long after this interview that Stillwell secured a sufficiently large subsidy from the Mexican government to permit him to go ahead with his new railroad enterprise on a large scale.

The late Henry Villard was another man who "went broke" with a railroad—the Northern Pacific. He secured victory again through a railroad—the same Northern Pacific; and victory was largely his because his friends and backers in the old country also believed in him in spite of his defeat and the losses caused them thereby. It was the Northern Pacific, also, that primarily caused the financial defeat of the celebrated Civil War banker, Jay Cooke, in 1873, who, in the latter years of his life enjoyed the fruits of a striking victory over defeat.

Starting with a curb broker in San Francisco in the '70s, James R. Keene, whose father went West to retrieve the family fortune, waged a bear campaign on the Bonanza mine stocks, thereby making himself a millionaire. These millions and a good many others he managed to secure in the meanwhile he dropped when he failed to corner the world's wheat market. At that time he also got rid of \$5,000,000 that he didn't own. Less than a decade later he had paid back this borrowed fortune with interest and had a snug nest to his own credit in the banks. Edmund Clarence Steedman, known nationally as the banker-poet, and whose death was recorded a short time ago, gained a notable financial victory by paying his indebtedness in full—\$300,000. That was about a quarter of a century ago. Very much more recently Mark Twain overcame a personal deficit of a half million or so by bravely going on a world lecturing tour at an age when most men's thoughts are all of a comfortable seat by a fire-side.

Moore, Corporation Promoter.

Like Henry Villard, W. H. Moore, one of the most famous corporation promoters of later-day American history, met crushing defeat and won a striking subsequent victory on the same battleground. Moore, it may be remembered, was the leading spirit in the organization of the so-called match trust, the Diamond Match Company. For several years the enterprise thrived mightily, securing control practically of the match industry of the country and paying large dividends.

Flushed with success, Moore and his associates decided to secure a monopoly of the match business of Europe as well. To this end, the president of the company went abroad, and in due time it was announced that the governments of France and Austria would use none other than the trust's machinery. This was the signal for W. H. Moore to lead a campaign to boost the trust stock to \$500 a share.

But—the best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley. Along came one William Jennings Bryan with his "cross of gold" speech. Down plunged the market, down went match stock with the rest, and after a long and brave fight against great odds, Moore sur-



JAMES R. KEENE (AT THE FRONT) WHO GAINED VICTORY AFTER TWO CRUSHING FINANCIAL DEFEATS

rendered to the inevitable when he discovered that some member of his own pool was playing traitor. Moore left the field of battle his personal fortune of \$5,000,000, and as much again in borrowed millions.

"I will pay every cent of my indebtedness," he told the newspaper men

when they sought him out. And pay he did inside of two years, his victory being secured by his reorganization of the match company.

Today W. H. Moore is a bigger power, financially, than ever, his interests being heavy in numerous railroads and big industrial corporations of National and international fame. Now 60 years of age, his face has the appearance and his step the elasticity of a man about two decades his junior. Naturally his is a buoyant spirit, but, unlike the ordinary promoter, there is nothing of the flamboyant about him. It is interesting to note that both he and Stillwell were born in Western New York, and that both began their big financial operations in the Middle West. Before he went to Amherst College, which he was compelled to leave before graduation on account of ill health, Mr. Moore received his preparatory education at Cortland Academy, Cortland, N. Y., where Alton B. Parker, President Roosevelt's opponent in 1894, was educated.

There are two very notable rather modern instances of mining men winning victory after defeat. Just before W. S. Stratton struck the Independence mine, and so brought about the founding of Colorado's largest mining camp, Cripple Creek, he had lost his savings, \$200,000, in a worthless mine, and was all but ready to close in disgust his 15 years' search for gold "high up." N. C. Creede, whose discoveries led to the birth of Creede, Colo., spent fruitless years searching the mountains alone, and he, too, just before victory was won, felt that he had been defeated in his fight for a fortune.

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The Way They "Twist" a Bronco

HE WAS a big black beauty of a colt, and just as mean as he was handsome. "Bronco" had never been thoroughly broken by his former owner, and when I first saw him he was in the hands of the best horse breaker in camp, who was putting the finishing touches to his education.

"They called this pony an outlaw afore I took ahold of him," remarked the bronco twister. "Shucks! Nowadays of a horse bucks his saddle blankets off'n him the boys say 'Outlaw! Bad bronco. Guess I'll ride that old hoss over yonder.'"

"I've swayed most of the ugliness outen him already," continued the trainer. "He ain't got but one mean habit left an' today I'm a-going to larn him to fer-git it."

The mean habit referred to was this: when "Bronco" decided to go straight ahead, he'd go! Over rocks and down the steep banks of a wash, through cactus and the well-named cat's claw; and if a shoe chokin' pricked him, or the curved claws of the brush scratched at his flanks he would throw in some fancy bucking for good measure as he tore along. But turn? Never!

The trainer took his riata from the saddle horn and tied one end to the rope bridle or hackamore, fastening it securely under the jaw. Then he petted the colt, working toward his flanks, until the animal allowed him to reach the tail and fasten a loop of rope in its heavy strands.

The free end of the riata was passed through the loop in a way which would bring the horse's head and tail together when tightened, and by passing the riata once more through both hackamore and loop it was prevented from slipping when released.

"Now fer the grand merry go round!" announced the twister, and standing away from the colt's heels he pulled the riata taut until the animal was bent nearly double. "Keep turnin' till I say you kin stop," he commanded, and in fact the bewildered creature was revolving like a top and painfully learning the old lesson of his race, that man's will is law for the horse.

We sat in the shade of a mesquite watching him for 30 minutes or so when the bronco twister decided that the neck was sufficiently limber. When he mounted he discovered his error; the frightened horse pranced and bucked with him and finally tried to roll over with the rest, and after a long and brave fight against great odds, Moore sur-

large flat stone he tapped the horse's neck for a few minutes steadily, but not with sufficient force to hurt him. "He'll feel that pretty soon an' find it easier to turn than brace his tender neck again the reins."

When the pony had been reversed—that is, tied head and tail on the opposite side—and allowed to rotate another half hour, he was dripping with sweat and completely subdued. The bronco twister mounted and the colt allowed himself to be ridden about the flat until he tangled in his trailing riata and fell, the rider still on top.

"Now, we'll turn him loose an see how he behaves hisself," remarked the trainer, and unfastening the ropes he again mounted and rode the now tractable horse in circles and figure eights, whistling and turning at will.

As the trainer concluded: "I'd a heap sooner let this critter's neck with a rope than have him break his back an' mine too over yonder cliff."

Which was the justification of "Bronco's" hard lesson.

To a Buckwheat Cake.

North American.

O thou bluest fruit of bear-stared, snowy fields,
That harbinger of hoary Winter's sway,
Which, best put away
Such dreams as turn December into May,
Within the garage gastronomic slide
Or any other month, Thy speckled sides
That gleam beneath the liquid maple's sheen
Bespeak some dappled nightmare which one
rides
In sorry dreams. When Winter winds blow
And bad at seven
How do like to heaven,
To clothe itself with speed, and downward
To where the blowing billows inward roll,
Done to the taste!
To think of this riches which men toll
To gain, and having, cannot turn to thee,
Least good digestion, murdered in the mill
Of money madness, sends its ghost to free
The demons that our nightly rest despoil.
Thou art my morning manna and my
The maple's sap which veils thy ruddy
And causes thee to slip my throat like
silk,
Was made for thee. It was a special grade
That grew the tree and the
Near to each other's native place.
On frosty mornings, when the shriveled
Peeps or the eastern hills, it seems to me
He is but one of thine own kind, well
done
And smiling. Thus it is to be
So warm a benefactor of the race,
And when by night I see in dreams a
heaven,
Whatever else for joy herafter makes,
I take it I in vain had thereto striven
If Peter passed me not the buckwheat
cakes.

The estimated value of dairy products for 1907 was \$800,000,000, and that of poultry \$200,000,000.