THESE FEW SAW THEIR WAY TO RICHES.

Great Fortunes Made by Men Who Could Look Into the Future and See the Recuperative Powers of the Land

BY E. J. EDWARDS.

ARE YOU to be numbered among those unfortunates or fortunates who, according to the viewpoint held, are either cursed or blest with the ambition to be wealthy—so wealthy that you'll be a capitalistic rich man and just mere rich men will approach you from time to time to borrow a million or so to aid them in developing the country's resources.

Is this your ambition? If it is, are you "seein' things" both by day and by night?

Seeking enlightment upon the question of how to succeed in business life, an interviewer once asked Henry M. Whitney, brother of the late William C. Whitney, and a Boston business man who is several times a millionaire, what he would do if unexpectedly he found himself out of employment.

"I would take the first job in sight, and I would hold on to it just long enough to see a better one," was the terse reply.

In this quick response Mr. Whitney gave utterance to the rule which has been the basis of his practice since he was old enough to work. His career—and he is in his 71st year—has been a succession of changes from one job to a better one. He calls the presidency of a big corporation his "job," and accepting his phrasing, it is doubtful if many men in the country of his wealth have had so many paying "jobs"—and all because he has been able to "see" them. For this reason Mr. Whitney is one of our best living examples, thank you, of how a man may gain capitalistic riches by "seein' things" and having common sense faith in the things that he sees. In fact, the trouble with Mr. Whitney, according to investors who have followed him into various fields, is that he "sees things" so often that he will not keep one "job" long enough to suit them.

When all the fighting for a charter is over, when the intricate machinery of operation is well lubricated and running smoothly, when there is nothing to be done but watch the wheels go round and take in the dividends—then Henry M. Whitney "sees" a new thing, and, lo! he has a new job. A catalogue of the positions this restless organizer of big enterprises has held and the projects he has "seen" and launched and guided to pecuniary success would look like a directory of Boston and Canadian commercial and industrial institutions. And there would have to be a revision of the list periodically in order to keep pace with Mr. Whitney's restless disposition.

There is in Canada a consolidation of the coal, iron and steel business of the Dominion capitalized at $150,000,000. It is the development of a partially completed plan of Henry M. Whitney, who combined the leading Cape Breton coal mines into the Dominion Coal Company, and organized the Dominion Iron & Steel Company, constructing a massive plant near Sydney, N. S. Mr. Whitney brought these companies to a dividend-paying basis, and then retired. With the Canadian Pacific gradually but surely making its way eastward, he had "seen" the commercial awakening of interior Canada; he "saw" that this awakening would lead to an increased demand for coal, iron and steel—he had "seen" a new "job" for himself, a "job" that netted him many a pretty penny.

Boston has a consolidated gas company which owns a large coke and gas works at Everett, supplies the city and suburbs with illuminant and also turns out an immense quantity of fuel for manufacturing and household use. It is the successor of the gas companies for so many years manipulated by J. Edward Addicks, who tried for so many years to get into the United States Senate from Delaware. Many men tackled Addicks, including the late Henry H. Rogers, and all had been worsted. Henry M. Whitney saw a new way to attack the Addicks entrenchments and when the skirmish was over he had the works. But he stepped out when the development stage had been passed.

The street railways of Boston and most of the suburbs are controlled by a single heavily capitalized corporation, the Boston Elevated Railway Company. This is the successor to the West End Street Railway, which owned all the surface lines in the city and immediate environs. Henry M. Whitney was the creator of the West End. It grew from an eight-mile horse car line that Mr. Whitney constructed to reach his acres of pasture and swamp land in Brookline from Boston, he having purchased a great tract of territory in what is now the most attractive section of that rich town, because he "saw" that one day his purchase would be inhabited by a teeming population.

After he had induced the town of Brookline to build a boulevard on the line of Beacon street, Boston, by offering to pay 75 per cent of the cost of construction, Mr. Whitney found his little streetcar line could not secure an entrance into Boston over the tracks of any one of the horse railways then operating. But he saw a way—he calmly organized a new company and took in all the others.

Horsepower made progress to and from his Brookline residential property tedious, so taking a couple of reporters with him, he went to Richmond, Va., to inspect a newly equipped electric railway.

"What do you think of that for Boston?" he asked the newspapermen.

"Just what we need there," they said; "but we aren't engineers. Perhaps it won't work there."

"If you think it is what we want I'll get the engineers to make it work," answered Mr. Whitney.

He did. He tried a conduit system, which was a failure; and then he equipped every one of the West End lines with the overhead trolley. Then, there being no more creative employment for him, he withdrew from the West End management.

Too Busy to Be Operated Upon.

Mr. Whitney was in the midst of the development of the Cape Breton coal mines and the steel plant, and also organizing the gas company which should operate a gas and coke plant for the utilization of the Nova Scotia coal product, when his physician halted him with the news that he had appendicitis.

"Is that so?" he asked. "This is pretty hot weather for a man to stay in bed," for it was mid-Summer. "I've got a good deal to do now, and I guess I'll put off this little affair until Fall." He did, and made a rapid recovery from the operation.

Mr. Whitney was a young clerk in the Boston customs house under his father, General James S. Whitney, Collector of the port, who was a Democrat from the hill town of Conway, Mass. His father sent the young man to New York for a year as agent for a line of freight steamers plying between that port and Boston. He studied steamship transportation and returned to Boston as manager of the company. His father gave him $1000 to invest as he pleased, and he put it into a steamship company organized to transport fish from Gloucester to Boston. He still owns the fish freight line, but several years ago, after running it for years as a side issue, he sold the Boston to New York steamship company to Charles Morse for $1,000,000.

Being a steamboat man, Mr. Whitney no sooner relinquished his interest in the Boston gas business than he entered heart and soul into the promotion of a submarine signal device, using his own boats to demonstrate the efficiency of the invention. Simultaneously, somebody interested him in some mica mines near Quebec, so he was creating value at once on land and sea. Since there has not been enough work for him in these two branches of industry, at the age of 70 he has undertaken to make the flinty Rhode Island coal acceptable to the mill managers as a fuel, by treating it with a new chemical process that was recently brought to his attention. In addition he is conducting a $1,000,000 apartment-hotel in Brookline, which has a private railroad station.

He is a typical Yankee, not very sentimental and without any appreciable sense of humor. When he was endeavoring to get his street railway consolidation charter and also the bill for the incorporation of his $20,000,000 gas company, through the Legislature of Massachusetts, Mr. Whitney used to give expensive dinner parties at the Algonquin Club in Boston. But the legislators who expected to have a convivial evening, with an abundance of anecdote and merry jest, were disappointed. It was like a business session of a board of directors, for when the food had been eaten, the assemblage had to digest gigantic plans and weighty argument. Mr. Whitney was a generous provider, but he did not know a funny story and his bland countenance was a deterrent to any embryo entertainer.

Mr. Whitney has "seen" Canadian reciprocity for several years, and he is still engaged trying to make this vision come true. His earnestness in this matter won him the first place in President Roosevelt's organization of prevaricators, when he presumed to repeat a remark of the President's with respect to tariff revision. Mr. Whitney's hearing is not acute, and though he never offered this as an excuse, friends believe that if there was a mistake it was due to this failing.

He tried out the Canadian reciprocity sentiment in Massachusetts in 1905 by running for Lieutenant-Governor on the Democratic ticket, and he came within 2000 votes of election. Two years later he ran for Governor, but there were two Democratic candidates and Mr. Whitney, after liberal disbursements, made an unsatisfactory showing. He did not have enough appreciation of the humorous side to make a politician.

"A young man should not be discouraged if he is compelled to begin his business career without the advantage of a college education," he says. "It is not a necessity in achieving results. The greatest successes have been achieved by men who had no such advantage." Mr. Whitney himself is a product of the district school, with a year at a seminary.

Golden Vision of Henry Clay Frick.

Henry Clay Frick is another common school product who attained capitalistic heights because he, too, once saw something—and the thing that he saw beyond the all-enveloping gloom of a great panic was—national soundness and the certain return of nation-wide prosperity in good season.

While he was still short of his majority and still clerking in Western Pennsylvania for his grandfather, who was a flour merchant and distiller, Mr. Frick got the idea that if the West was going to make steel and iron, it had got to have coke with which to do the smelting. So, with a few hundred dollars as his sole capital, he went into the business of making coke.

In time along came the panic of 1873, which hit all industries hard, and which seemed to single out the iron and steel manufacturers for an especially severe gruelling. Instantly, of course, the demand for coke fell prodigiously.

Mr. Frick, by this time, was something over 30 years of age, and he had taken to himself several partners, most of whom were much older than he. Without exception, his associates, when they saw their business crumbling away, became frightened and sought out Mr. Frick for a conference.

"I am going to stay in this business," said Mr. Frick, quietly, "and if you don't want to stay with me, I will buy you out."

They looked at the young man in astonishment, and then hastened to take up his offer, fearful all the while lest he would not be able to secure the money with which to make the contemplated purchase.

Mr. Frick sought out one or two bankers and as many friends who were capitalists in a small way. He made known the purpose of his visit. One and all held up their hands. Then Mr. Frick told the bankers and his friends what he saw—a great wave of prosperity when the panic days had passed that would make the coke business a golden treasure. His hearers saw enough of the same vision to lend him the money asked, and the coke properties became the sole possession of Henry Clay Frick.

That Mr. Frick's faith in the inherent soundness of the country was justified, is abundantly proven by the fact that today he is one of the country's great capitalists, his millions coming to him because of the strategic position he occupied as a cokemaker to the iron and steel industries of Western Pennsylvania.

Because, in a more recent panic—the one that has gone down in the financial history of the country as "the silent panic"—Frank A. Munsey also saw prosperity beyond the immediate scene of financial distress, he, too, is now to be enrolled among our great capitalists, with from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 to his credit.

At the time that this panic was at its height—when many well-known financiers and industrial leaders were pulling the covers over their heads in order to keep out of sight of the awful things that they felt they would surely see otherwise; when Mr. Morgan's pet project, the Steel Trust, was so badly hit that its common stock was selling at only $10 a share, with mighty few purchasers at that very low figure, Mr. Munsey undertook a tour of the country. Returning home in due season, he began quietly investing in various properties at the low prices then prevailing. Those of his friends who knew what he was doing looked aghast—said he probably knew how to publish, but they feared he knew little about financial investment, if what he was doing now was a sample of his judgment. But Mr. Munsey persisted in buying what he considered good securities at very low prices, and to one and all of his friends he gave the reason—in his tour of the country he had found the great majority of the people honest, energetic, industrious, intelligent. "I've got lots of faith in a country where such a condition prevails," he said, "and I'm not going to be frightened. Prosperity is surely going to return."

So it came about in a few years that what had cost Mr. Munsey thousands to buy outright was found to be worth millions. To these millions their possessor added very materially during the currency panic of two years ago, by seeing, through his still unshaken faith in the country, prosperity again in the saddle, when almost every other possessor of a little loose money was scrambling frantically to lock it up in a safe deposit vault.

How a Capitalist Made Himself.

It was largely in the West that Mr. Munsey "saw" the things that led him into being a capitalist. It was there also that Chauncey Keep, of Chicago, "saw" still another thing, and in so doing he unconsciously made himself one of the men back of what may truly be termed one of the greatest business institutions in the world—that of managing the Marshall Field millions.

Born in Wisconsin and educated in Chicago's public schools, Mr. Keep, at the age of 15, began as an office boy the career that eventually made him first one of Chicago's leading business men and then one of its leading financiers. As a business man he kept pounding into his associates and others the thing that he had realized from the days of his clerkship—that the men who were struggling to build up mercantile and other businesses in the small western towns and communities that looked upon Chicago as their wholesale center must be given credit, more credit and still more credit. "They are the business pioneers," said Mr. Keep. "They are having a hard time of it just now; all pioneers do have a hard time of it for a time. But one of these fine days the development they are working and waiting for will come, and then those of us who have given them abundant credit will reap an abundant harvest."

Mr. Keep worked on this principle both as a business man and as a banker. Thus, Marshall Field was attracted to him, and both of them eventually reaped the abundant harvest that Mr. Keep predicted would take place. Mr. Keep also gained the friendship of Mr. Field, and as a result he is today the senior executor, without surety, of the Marshall Field estate, which will probably amount to $150,000,000 before the time comes around for its distribution under the terms of Mr. Field's will.

Tall, well built and muscular, Mr. Keep is as hard working a capitalist as can be found anywhere. He thinks nothing of remaining at his desk 10 hours at a stretch and day after day—and goodness knows how much work he accomplishes within the walls of his home.

The Faith That Harnessed Niagara.

It was a bold thing for Mr. Keep to see—that generous credit should be extended to the western commercial pioneers by Chicago's men of money. But far bolder was the thing seen by Francis Lynde Stetson and Edward D. Adams, of New York City. For what they saw, and then unflaggingly worked to make real, has given the country its great electrical development at Niagara Falls, has created there a wonderful industrial center, has caused similar centers to be created elsewhere, and has standardized electrical methods the world over.

It was while ex-President Grover Cleveland, between his first and second terms, was a member of Mr. Stetson's law firm that an old friend of Mr. Stetson's, the late William B. Rankine, of Buffalo, called on him and unfolded a dream that he had of capturing and utilizing for commercial purposes some of the energy that was going to waste over Niagara Falls. And he ended by saying that he had come to Mr. Stetson because he had no money and he knew that Mr. Stetson was in close touch with several big financiers and perhaps could persuade them to look into the matter and take it up.

Inchoate though Mr. Rankine's ideas were on the subject, Mr. Stetson nevertheless saw at once the greatest possibilities that lay in harnessing the falls. He journeyed thence, saw the thing more clearly than ever in his mind's eye, went to J. Pierpont Morgan, outlined the scheme to him, and received the assurance that the proposed company would not lack for money with which to work out the problem.

Mr. Stetson knew how to form the company, being one of the country's leading lawyers. He also knew that he could do nothing on the practical side of the scheme, so he called into consultation Edward D. Adams, who had the unique distinction of being a noted financier and a scientist at the same time, and the additional distinction of belonging to more scientific bodies than any other living American.

"It can be done," said Mr. Adams, "and I will find out how."

For the next three years he searched through this country and Europe for the one way to harness the falls. Finally, after many discouragements, he went to call on Lord Rothschild, with whom he had long had pleasant personal relations.

"Lord Rothschild," he said, "I have come to you to find out if you can suggest any really great engineer whom I can retain as a consulting engineer for the work we propose to undertake at Niagara Falls."

"I suppose," replied Lord Rothschild, "you have come here to see if you can get some money for your project?"

"No, I don't want any money," was the response. "We can get all the money we want right at home."

"In that event," said Lord Rothschild, "I think I should like to have a little personal share in that work myself." And he subscribed for a small block of stock in the enterprise.

But—more to the purpose—he suggested to Mr. Adams the name of Sir William Thompson (later Lord Kelvin) as that of a competent and really great engineer. To him Mr. Adams went, and after that conference there was appointed the commission of scientific experts that decided to harness the falls electrically—with what result the world knows.

But before the commission decided that electric power could be developed and utilized in enormous quantity and far away from the scene of its development, neither Mr. Stetson nor Mr. Adams knew just how the falls would be harnessed. They simply saw it harnessed in their mind's eye—a great industrial center clustered about the falls—and they worked to make what they saw real. When it was real they took their places among the capitalists of the land—this lawyer who had had to make his way in New York City and this financier and scientist, whose basic training was got at a bookkeeper's desk.

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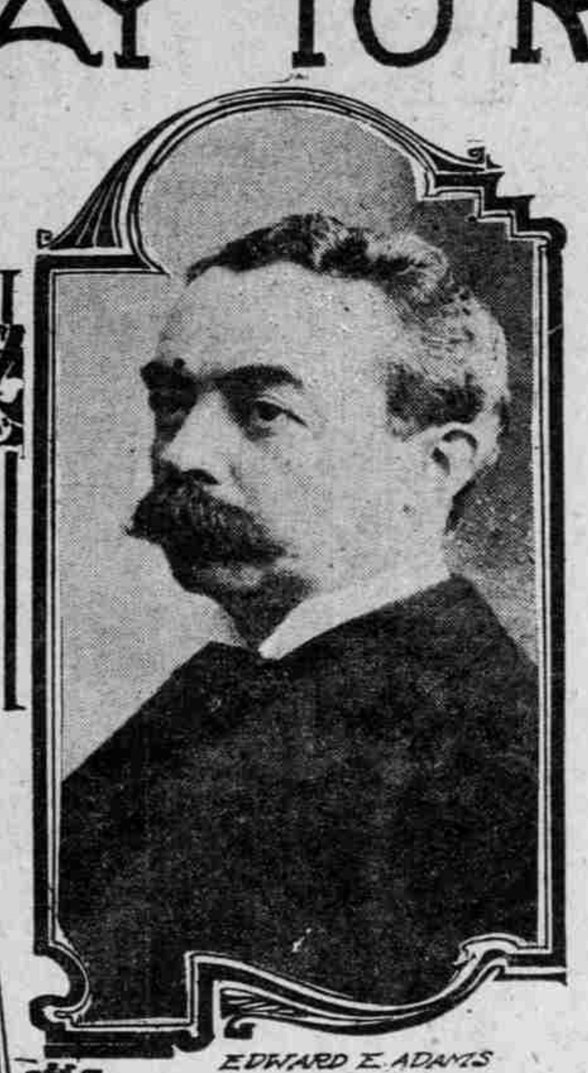
CHAUNCEY KEEP

FRANK A. MUNSEY



EDWARD D. ADAMS

FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON

HENRY M. WHITNEY

RECENT SNAPSHOT OF SECRETARY OF NAVY MEYER

GEORGE VON L. MEYER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—(Special.)—George Von L. Meyer, Secretary of the Navy, went to Philadelphia recently to review the marines about to start for Nicaragua under command of Major Butler. This picture was snapped at the League Island Navy-Yard.

CATARACT FORMS UPON ONLY EYE OF HEAD OF SALVATION ARMY.

General Booth.

LONDON, Dec. 11.—A contract is rapidly forming on the remaining eye of General Booth, head of the Salvation Army. An operation is inevitable. Meanwhile, he is busy addressing meetings, controlling the army and dictating correspondence.

MAY BE CHOSEN HEAD OF NATIONAL LEAGUE.

John M. Ward.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—(Special.)—The proposition to make John M. Ward head of the National League in place of John A. Heydler, promises to stir up a jolly row in basebal circles. It is said that Ban Johnson is bitterly opposed to Ward's election and that, if it occurs, the Cincinnati and Pittsburg clubs may draw out. Murphy of Chicago, who has just got control of the Philadelphia club with the aid of Cincinnati capital, is behind the Ward movement. Brush of New York is said to be with him. This picture of Ward was made in his law office recently. He declined to commit himself on the subject of the presidency of the National League.

Opera Star at $4 Per.

Ainsley's Magazine.

Picture to yourself a tenor singing the roles of "Lohengrin," "Siegfried," and the "Prophet" at $4 a performance; and if you can, picture him perfectly happy in doing it.

Successful stage people have curious beginnings; oftener it is through the quality of humor that they survive them.

Slezak, the new tenor at the Metropolitan, though he was born in 1875, is, in this respect, still in his teens.

At 17 and a half, and six feet tall, he was singing at Brunn one night in "Pagliacci," when the baritone, Adolf Robinson, "star" of the occasion, turned suddenly, as he caught the boy's voice sounding out in a phrase. "Come to me tomorrow," he said to him. "Likely you will be something."

With the next day, Slezak arrived at the baritone's, was told that he had a notable voice, and that the artist, with an artist's generous impulse, would teach him.

"But we were poor; I was a machinist, and my parents could not support me while I studied, so I entered the army," said Slezak, of the outcome.

Two years later, getting, meanwhile, what training he could between drills and maneuvers, he was doing first tenor parts, at $4 a night, at the theater where he had originally sung in the chorus. There, Count Hochberg, of the Berlin Opera, heard him in his third season, and promptly signed him for an engagement, with its expiration there came another at the Imperial Opera, in Vienna.

Moving Picture Shows.

Washington (D. C.) Herald.

A form of entertainment that numbers its patrons by the tens of millions is potent for good or evil. There can be no half-way point. Baseball is wholesome, beneficial, and to be encouraged; the theater, the opera and the concert play an important part in setting our moral and artistic standards. But recently there has sprung into existence a more popular diversion and one that already outranks all others in its drawing powers. This is the moving-picture show. Gathering material from every form of human endeavor, from nature and from art, it can present a most diversified list of subjects, and, relatively speaking, it does. The moving-picture show is of a popular character, catering to those whose income will not permit attendance at high-priced theaters; hence the managers feel they must lower the character of their productions to meet the wants of their patrons. For this reason there are nightly depicted in predominating form films which represent scenes in Paris, drinking bouts, various forms of crime, domestic tragedies and grotesque exaggerations of routine events of life.

Sir Thomas Lipton's Wit.

Chicago News.

Stepping into the anteroom of his suite in the Annex, Sir Thomas Lipton, with voice, manner and gesture all saturated with the hospitality of Ireland, said to his callers. "Come awa' in," as he motioned the way to the parlor that opened on Michigan boulevard. "That was ex-Governor Herrick, of Ohio, that just 'went out,'" he explained as the guests seated themselves. "He is a great banker. I think it would be well for me to cultivate bankers, for I never know when I might like a loan. You're all millionaires, I suppose? I said to the chauffeur the other day: 'Are you a millionaire?' He said: 'No.' 'Let me shake your han',' says I. 'You are who wasn't a millionaire.'"