

# HIGHEST PRICED HIRED MAN IN THE WORLD

John Hays Hammond, The High Priced Engineer.

## Why John Hays Hammond Draws Ten Times President Roosevelt's Salary

"WOULD \$500,000 a year be enough, Mr. Hammond?" "Half a million? Well, what with my other mining investments—"

"As they stand now, you know. Of course, this offer is for your services exclusively in the future, with no further extension of your private interests."

"I understood that, I was going to say that, with my other investments, I think the wages will be satisfactory."

"We are very glad, very glad. The contract will be in hand almost immediately."

Paraphrased, this was the substance of the arrangement under which John Hays Hammond, mining expert, soldier of fortune, modern financier, contracted recently to go on working for the next five years as the highest-priced hired man the wide world holds. The Guggenheims, mine owners, financiers, greater soldiers of fortune, are the firm and the family who can afford to pay those highest wages.

And when both parties to the contract started out in life neither was rich enough to hire the other at the rate of \$15 a week, let alone such an Aladdin dream as \$500,000 a year.

What mettle can there be in a man like John Hays Hammond which, by some wondrous alchemy, can transform his cash value, within the period of a middle-aged engineer's career, from nil to nearly \$10,000 a week?

THAT dream of sanguine idleness, of riches dropping into the lap of restfully waiting merit, never came true. If ever there was a man whose career proved that the gold mines come to him who hustles for them, the man's name is Hammond.

He would as cheerfully wield a pick as lay a level; and as cheerfully upset a continent for the sake of an employer as dig out its heart for the sake of its gold. He has done both.

He began with study—simply long, hard study. Born in San Francisco in 1855 and going East as a child, his boyish lessons were learned in New Haven, Conn., at the Hopkins Grammar School.

After that he went to Yale, and he was just of age when he received his degree of bachelor of philosophy in the Sheffield Scientific School. A generation or so later, when he had accomplished some things in the way of disarranging the bowels of the earth which he had made his specialty, Yale concluded he was proving himself worthy, of her, and presented him with an honorary degree of master of arts, to encourage him.

He didn't need that encouragement then, or before, or after. He came of the class of hustlers who do better with somebody in front of them, wielding a club in their direction. But the club he was to go up against was a long way in the future.

### TRAINED HIMSELF WELL

For the time being, he gave himself over to more preliminary training, doing three years of extra hard brain work at the Royal School of Mines at Freiberg, in Saxony. That made a pretty good mining engineer of him, so far as theory could go.

Such students are sure of the outstretched hand if they care for a government position. Governments get out of them the most profitable work that is to be extracted from any public servant, for the enthusiasm they bring is a well-spring of energy, while to them the meager government salary is trivial in comparison with the broad experience, the opportunities offered.

Hammond was offered at once the post of special expert on the United States geological survey, and mineral census, to examine the gold fields of California. That was in 1880, when he was only 25 years old. He learned his trade there, at the crucial period of modern gold mining.

A dozen years later, full-fledged mining engineer, he was ready for the real achievements of his career. In Mexico he became superintendent of the big silver mines at Sonora. But his fame was growing now.

Sonora could not bid against California, and he returned as consulting engineer of mines, to Grass Valley. He became consulting engineer, as well, of the Utah Iron Works and the Central Pacific and Southern Railroads, just to use up his spare time.

Within a year, South Africa was calling for him, across the continents and oceans. South Africa, filled

with vast riches, was nevertheless a morgue for rich men's hopes. The English engineers who tackled the baffling problems of its mines could only sink capital and report failures.

No more emphatic tribute to the American engineer, now typified by John Hays Hammond, could be voiced than that written by Alfred Mosely, after his famous tour of American workshops at the head of a representative body of British workmen and manufacturers.

"I am a colonial, English born," he observed, "but I have spent the greater part of my life in the British colonies, principally South Africa." He told how the British mined there for years, with a number of English mining engineers, yet made no progress.

Diggers came and went, and, while some few gained living wages, the large number failed. Company after company, organized with the highest prospects, had to dissolve, until the first American engineer, Gardner Williams, came into the desperate field, and was speedily followed by more Americans.

"It is to the American engineer," Mr. Mosely declares, "that we owe the success—all the success—of South Africa. The mining propositions have been put on a sound basis in South Africa, not by the English engineer, in the first place—he may have learned afterward—but primarily by the American. I was astonished by their methods, and I made up my mind it was necessary to visit the country that produced such men, who had been able to show us the way when we thought we led the world."

Barnato Brothers secured Hammond. He was their consulting engineer when he met Cecil Rhodes in Cape Town.

"Mr. Hammond," said Rhodes, abruptly, "I should like to have a proposition from you."

Nobody had to ask Hammond that question twice.

"My proposition would be \$5000 a month—\$60,000 a year."

"Your wages begin now," responded the employer.

### GOT GOLD FOR RHODES

Hammond mapped out all the gold in South Africa for Rhodes, and found his true field there, for the mines, instead of being very rich in metal, were such as to demand engineering of the highest skill and machinery of the most scientific construction, to make the extraction profitable.

The Jamieson raid occurred while Hammond was a "leading citizen" of Johannesburg, and a leading agitator in the demand for reform of government, which the Boers not only denied, but derided. His own account of his arrest and condemnation to death is the story of a man who, while he was prepared to be insistent upon the rights guaranteed to American citizens by treaty with the Transvaal, abstained more than scrupulously from any action menacing the supremacy of the existing government.

Pending the trial in Pretoria, Hammond, whose health at the time was none too strong, was released upon his word of honor to return.

He went to Cape Town. Classic legend vaunts the story of Damon and Pythias, the tale of friendship's devotion in the shadow of death. But the Hammond word of honor was simply honor, and nothing more. And history will never have anything finer to recount than the heroic silence of his wife, who, as Miss Natalie Harris, daughter of Judge Harris, of Mississippi, joined her life to his in 1881, and has been his comrade and fond ally, in Pullman coach and bullock wagon, ever since.

His friends in Cape Town, while his old mining comrades in the American West were talking of raising regiments to go to South Africa for rescue, pleaded with his wife to dissuade him from returning to certain execution.

"To allow my husband to return to Pretoria," she



The Late Cecil J. Rhodes, Who Started Hammond on His Career

wrote, in her diary of those tragic days, "was for him to meet certain death. If he were not lynched by the excited Boers, he was sure to get a death sentence. I went to Mr. Rose Innes, a dear friend.

"Dear Mr. Innes," I began, "I am in need of a friend. My distress is so great I can no longer distinguish right from wrong. What is my duty? I can appeal to my husband for my sake to save the life of my child—and perhaps dissuade him. My God, it is a temptation."

Mr. Innes sat in deep thought. "If you think," I continued, "his going back is a needless throwing away of a valuable life, I will chloroform him and have him taken to sea."

"Mrs. Hammond," said Mr. Innes, "your husband is doing the right thing in going back; don't try to dissuade him. If he were my brother I would do the same."

"I accepted his decision," adds Mrs. Hammond. Her husband returned, and he was sentenced to death, in company with Colonel Frank Rhodes, a brother of Cecil Rhodes; Lionel Phillips and George Farrer. He refused British protection, not only because of his disapproval of the British policies and methods in the Boer territory, but because of the failure of Great Britain to do her duty by her own subjects.

"My own government is good enough for me," he declared. "I'll depend on the United States."

His dependence was justified. Washington, having at first underrated the gravity of the danger, and left its citizens in the care of Great Britain, speedily realized how badly stained England's own hands were. The United States made its own vigorous representa-

Mrs. Hammond, His "Comrade, Adviser and Best Friend."

days, he had his sons sell out the elegant embroidery trade, and put the whole seven into the new enterprises. Today the Guggenheims are the greatest mine owners in the world, with a strangle hold on the Smelting Trust, and the nerve and the cash to buy any mine that covers any territory, from a county to a kingdom. In wealth, they are the Rothschilds of America.

While Hammond, after his experience as consulting engineer for the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, had grown to be the mining engineer par excellence of the world, the Guggenheims had grown to be the mine owners of excellence of the same locality. One was obviously fitted for the service of the others; and the Guggenheims were no more the business men to allow such an expert to escape them than Hammond was the expert to decline their munificent terms.

He began with the instinct of the mineralogist, a boyish love for "specimens" that induced his father to discern in him the born miner and determined the special course of his education. He has developed into the supreme organizer, who actually tours his mines only once a year, and for his enormous salary and the rest of his working time receives the reports of his subordinates, infallibly chosen experts.

The man who is worth \$500,000 a year is the man who combines every highest quality required in any intensely competitive industrial and commercial age, with a special genius for sensing the metals of the earth unequalled by any other miner who ever lived, a technical skill unsurpassed by any modern engineer,



Mrs. Hammond's Summer Nesting Place, Gloucester, Mass.

tions to Kruger on Hammond's behalf. In the end, he and his fellow-prisoners were released on payment of fines of \$125,000 each, and with banishment of fifteen years from the Transvaal.

Meanwhile, in Philadelphia, and soon elsewhere throughout the world, a number of things were happening because of the indefatigable activity of the seven sons of old Meyer Guggenheim, a Swiss, who came here to make his fortune, and started the job peddling stove polish.

About the time Hammond was marrying Miss Harris on his prospects, the older Guggenheim was turning over to four of his sons an immense importing trade in Swiss embroideries. He himself took to mine investments; then, because he thought the fellows who did his smelting earned exorbitant profits, to smelting. Then, because his mining and smelting business was the best thing he'd handled since the stove polish

and the adventurous, daring spirit that has made the great captains of war as well as the great captains of industry.

These are the qualities which, seeking the highest market as invariably as the compass needle seeks the pole, have at last guaranteed to John Hays Hammond a hired man's wage as great in a year as the President of the United States receives in ten years; as much in every hour, waking and sleeping, as the \$57 the average mechanic is glad to get a month, taking the year around; five times the \$100,000 annual salary of the hugely paid functionary, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; as much in a single minute as many a poet makes a scientist, and many a laborer has been able to average a day—as much in that minute as the original Guggenheim earned many a day in Philadelphia, peddling through the streets.

## MODERN DIPLOMACY, ACCORDING TO WU



When Wu Ting-fang Discusses Diplomacy

WHEN you go to see Wu Ting-fang, at the Chinese embassy in Washington, be sure, very sure, you haven't made so many calls previously that your ear case is empty. Better be broke at Monte Carlo or motuacheless in Berlin than cardless within the marble vestibule of the ornate and up-to-date Chinese embassy in Washington. And call early—by all means, call early. You

can even call early enough to get along without the card; for, if you will lurk in the vicinage of the embassy between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning, you are as likely as not to run across the matutinal Wu doing an early morning health stunt, in robes characteristically flowing, and in mood occupied with nothing more serious than the chirping birdies on the tree-dotted hill.

If you are what Wu deems, on first sight, a decent sort of a fellow, and, on first hearing, one whose business can be attended to then and there, he will talk as promptly as a surgeon would cut off your leg in a street emergency—and pretty nearly as keenly.

He will talk on any topic it pleases you to broach—even on diplomacy, on Oriental diplomacy. And, while he is talking, he will afford as pretty an object lesson in his own specialty as was ever supplied.

For Wu declares that diplomacy is simply plain, old-fashioned truth; and, barring the reticences any one but a fool ought to display in his position, he is as open and frank a diplomat as ever dropped into the White House for a friendly little cup of tea.

IF YOU happen to land at the embassy between 9 and 10 o'clock—and that won't be a bit too early for Wu—you will find an American doorman, who is as tender of his master's Oriental susceptibilities as though Washington were Peking and Wu, with a nod, could have him neatly decapitated for an oversight. No card? Great pity you've run out of them. His excellency always insists on a card. But write your name on the other side of this old one on the tray—and the name of your paper. That'll do—it's only a

form, you know, anyway.

Is it? Perhaps, and perhaps his ceremonious excellency has been so often interviewed by visitors who are more facile than they are accurate that he prefers to know he has a record of them, and that they shall know he keeps the record.

"An interview? Waiting in the reception room? A big voice is booming above, on the second floor. 'Tell him I shall see him directly.'"

And presently into the midst of the incongruities of the French gilt furniture and the peacock draperies, a living incongruity sweeps, blouses, robed, ruby-jawed as to the cap, leers, and smiles. It should be a venerable figure, and solemn; but its owner will have none of your reverence. He stands prepared to meet youth or middle age on its own ground of energy, quickness, nimbleness of thought, yes, and gaiety, until you are saying to yourself, "This is a very young old man."

"My opinion of Oriental diplomacy?" The eyes are penetrating and the voice rolls out with no evidence of effort or strain. "I am no authority on Oriental diplomacy. Chinese diplomacy, then? Suppose you make it diplomacy in general. I will tell you what diplomacy is—or should be. It should be the truth. That is modern diplomacy—the plain truth."

"The world has no place, these days, for mysteries and double-dealing for the diplomacy of the kind that used to say one thing and mean another. The nations are too close, in their aims and in their common dependence."

"Diplomacy?" There was a fine snarl in the sergeant's tones. "The world has no need for diplomacy. All that it requires now is plain dealing and fair dealing between the nations. Where is the necessity for any diplomacy except that which is based upon the candor, the openness, that should prevail among individuals?"

It was one of the questions for which the inquisitive Wu was noted, one of his tricks in the turning of the tables on his interviewers. Yet there was in his question something more than the query of triumphant argument—and something more than any quest for polite information.

Somewhat, in the bold, strong tones, somehow, in the clear, directly gauging eyes, there was the anxiety of the man who belongs to that one nation to which such a plain and simple brand of diplomacy—on the part of other nations, at least—is of a vital importance. A question like that, from a man like that, does not call for elegant argument, it calls for the simple fact,

almost apologetically stated. "The necessity, your excellency," was the answer, "lies with the nations that do not seek to deal fairly and plainly with their neighbors."

"A-ah!" It was quite a triumphant exclamation this time. "But that is not Chinese diplomacy—modern diplomacy."

"It is the diplomacy of the nations that seek to overreach others, that are prepared to aggress against themselves."

"Then it should have no place in the world today. A very positive diplomat was speaking now. 'Let the nations rest satisfied; let them abstain from aggression. Let us have peace.'"

"Unfortunately, excellency, there are some who want war. It seems to be necessary for their well being."

"War—war necessary?" There was an accent, a mingled pain and horror in the rejoinder. "When war ever necessary? When was there a time or a place when it could not have been avoided with honor, and aided by the diplomacy of frankness, abstained from war advantage?"

"The time was a few years ago; the place was Manchuria; the nation was China, which had grown its confines and needed years to feed its people. Dead silence."

### ROOM FOR EVERY ONE

"So that there comes a time, with all nations, when to live, which is to grow, they must make war or has happened in vast China, slay their own people."

"Oh, you very young thinkers, who see only when national growth comes to its apparent limit. Do not imagine that this earth of ours is so small that it cannot hold us. It can hold all of us now, very comfortably, without war, with only just dealing and ourselves, fair dealing and plain dealing with other nations."

"It is simply that every one demands the war, that he is entitled to by nature. Why should you eat and drink up and smoke up, in refinements of luxury, that which should support many other human beings? With war abolished, with humanity placed to the control of its appetites, instead of being voted solely to their gratification, we shall have world amply able to support its peoples, a world admitted to the principles of justice and seeing its salvation and its happiness in peace."

"That is what the diplomats of today stand for when the conditions of the future have been studied, that is what shall make diplomacy, the corrected misapprehensions, needless."

"Isn't it a good diplomacy, your excellency?" "Isn't it a good diplomacy, my friend?" "Isn't it?"