

DUKE'S SUCCESS RECIPE

TOBACCO MAGNATE TELLS HOW HE WON HIS WAY.

"The one straight road to success is to learn to love your business," said James Buchanan Duke, as I sat with him a few days ago. "A man must love his business better than he loves anything else if he would make success sure. It is the true, the only way. We employ more than 100,000 persons in our vast tobacco business, and as the director of this force I never fail to oblige those that the man who works only because he is paid to work has no chance in competition with the man who works because he would sooner do that than anything else. It is the practical secret of success. This tobacco business is my pastime, as well as my work. I never fish or hunt. Those things mean no fun in them as there is in business."

There is the utterance of a man who, at the age of 46 years, stands at the head of the mighty Tobacco Trust, a multi-millionaire and captain of industry, whose power is felt in many lands besides his own, says James C. Cushman in the New York World, Continuing, Mr. Duke said:

"A man can do best that which he loves best. If he has started in a business which he cannot learn to love, then he should go into some other business. He will never succeed in this age of competition unless he can find real pleasure in his work. The making of money is not a sufficient incentive. He must find his highest enjoyment in the task itself. No man who works along that line can fail. That is my judgment, based on my own experience and my observation."

In these times of gigantic amalgamation of industry only four men have been found this far with brains big enough to keep themselves and their companies from within or without, all public opposition, all private rivalry. There are great bankers, financiers, promoters, but only four giants in the actual world of industry and commerce—four incomparable, creative manufacturers and merchants:

John D. Rockefeller—Oil.
Andrew Carnegie—Steel.
H. O. Havemeyer—Sugar.
James B. Duke—Tobacco.

The youngest of these is least known to the public, and yet he is in many respects the most wonderful figure of the four.

Mr. Duke is a man of burly physique. His head and face and thick-set figure remind one of the typical Yorkshire farmer. His English ancestry shows strongly in his body and his mind. The large head, broad, full brow, straight nose, long upper lip, good-colored mouth; round, fresh-colored face; steady, shrewd blue eyes; powerful neck, deep chest and muscular hands—it is easy to find that sturdy, hearty type in the smooches of agricultural England. He talks in simply phrases and is absolutely devoid of vanity in dress or in manner, the plainest and most direct man imaginable.

HE WORKS TEN HOURS A DAY.

This master of men and affairs works 10 hours a day regularly. The fact that he owns tens of millions of dollars and has armies of assistants upon whom he can lay the burden of the work makes no difference. He has made of the tobacco business an avocation as well as a vocation.

It is when he speaks of business conquests that one can see the tireless brain flashing in his blue eyes, and it is not hard to believe that the love of his work has made him what he is.

"Another important thing which a young American should remember is that he is living in a country whose great prosperity is due to industry and commerce organized on a large scale than that of the world as ever seen before," said Mr. Duke. "If he starts in a small business and has a chance of getting into a large business he should abandon all foolish ideas about fighting against business concentration, seize his opportunity and try to work his way to the top of the large system. And he must never for a moment forget that competition can never be destroyed, that monopoly is an unsound business idea. We spent something like \$17,000,000 last year in advertising and promoting new business. Monopolists don't have to do that sort of thing."

It is said of Mr. Duke that when he was eight years old he watched a hen sitting on some duck eggs. When the

unborn ducklings began to peck through their shells the impatient boy could not wait for the slow process of nature, but broke the shells with his own hands and drew forth the inmates. That has been characteristic of his whole life. He will not wait for events to occur. He makes them occur. He opposes his will power to the accidents of fortune. Hard work is better than good luck.

Mr. Duke was born on a farm near Durham, N. C., in 1857. His father, Washington Duke, was a struggling farmer with three sons and one daughter. The future president of the Tobacco Trust was the youngest of the family. When the Civil War broke out the farmer found himself in an embarrassing position. He believed in the Union and was opposed to secession, but his State was in arms and, in spite of his sympathies and convictions, he was forced by circumstances to serve in the Confederate Navy.

After the war Mr. Duke started a primitive tobacco factory in a little barn. His sons went to the nearest country school, which was open for only three months in the year. During the rest of the time they worked on the farm or helped in the rude little barn-factory.

This was the early life of James Buchanan Duke. When he was 18 years old his father offered to send him to college. Now mark his attitude and choice at the critical point in his formative young manhood.

"Give me an interest in your business, father," he said. "I'd sooner have that than go to college."

Washington Duke gave a one-sixth interest in his business to each of his two sons. The third son was otherwise engaged and, therefore, received no share.

By this time the tobacco business had been moved from the first barn to a small wooden factory. James Duke stayed in the factory and attended to the making and packing of smoking and chewing tobacco, while his brother, B. N. Duke, now treasurer of the American Tobacco Company, went on the road and promoted sales. Gradually James became the real head of the firm. In 1871 the Duke factory was built. In 1881 Washington Duke retired from business.

Now the power of the man who directs an industry, involving \$125,000,000 a year and employs 100,000 persons in manufacturing 300,000,000 pounds of tobacco a year, began to show itself. His capacity for work was amazing. Work was his pastime. He turned his back on all else. In 1883 W. Duke & Sons had a business of about \$200,000 a year, and a total capital of \$70,000. In 1889 Mr. Duke had turned the \$70,000 into \$7,500,000 by sheer devotion to the tobacco trade.

For the first 10 years of Duke's Mixture, a cheap and popular form of smoking tobacco, the firm lost money on it. Mr. Duke tried every known form of advertising in vain. But he would not give it up. Last year the sales of Duke's Mixture amounted to one-fifth of all the smoking tobacco used in America. He brought the Durham factory to such a stage of perfection that tobacco still in the hogsheads could be manufactured, bagged, labeled and delivered on the car within 30 minutes.

The tobacco industry was scattered and without system. Mr. Duke concentrated himself on cigarettes and smoking tobacco. By 1889 he had an annual business of \$4,500,000. In that year alone he spent \$800,000 in advertising. He went to New York in 1884.

In 1889 Mr. Duke merged his own vast interests with those of Allen & Ginter, the Kinney Tobacco Company, Goodwin & Co. and W. S. Kimball & Co. This was the formation of the American Tobacco Company, with a capital stock of \$25,000,000, of which Mr. Duke's firm got \$7,500,000.

A year before this Mr. Duke had introduced American cigarettes in Japan. The Japanese put a heavy duty on imported cigarettes and began to manufacture them from American tobacco themselves. The Mural brothers surrendered to him and gave the American Tobacco Company 60 per cent of their stock. The Tobacco Trust now sells 3,000,000,000 cigarettes annually in Japan. This consumes 10,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco and yields \$1,000,000 a year to the farmers of North Carolina.



The Pests Have Arrived

The Buffalo Trust

Kenesha, Wis., Mar. 13.—Major Gordon W. Lillie, President of the Arkansas Valley National Bank, at Pawnee, Okla., who is known throughout the West as "Pawnee Bill," has bought a tract of 500 acres of land just west of this city. In the early spring he will bring to this city the first herd of wild buffalo ever brought east of the Mississippi River.

Incidentally, Major Lillie will teach the people of the Middle West some new things in regard to the organization of trusts and combines in the live stock world. A million dollar buffalo trust is one of the oddest combinations of capital ever formed in this time of combination, but Major Lillie, through the aid of Lloyd F. Nicodemus, has managed to bring about such a combination and his trust is so securely founded that the statistics of the Government show that the trust has corralled every wild buffalo in the United States and Canada and in fact in the entire world.

This monarch of the plains has served his time in his original state and in the future it is the purpose of Major Lillie to force this "great herd of buffalo" to assist in furnishing the meat supply for great cities like Chicago and New York.

TO PRESERVE WILD FEATURES.

Major Lillie is one of the great believers in the West. He has made and lost half a dozen fortunes among the western wilds and is one of the few men who are loath "to see the disappearance of the features that have made the western part of this country famous as the home of the Indian and the cowboy. To hand this picture of early America down to posterity Major Lillie has arranged to transport to the East a portion of the people who have made this life possible and they will be settled on the large farm along with the buffalo.

The Indians who were formerly scattered over the plains and mountains are fast disappearing and their wigwags are being replaced by the tents of the American soldier. The buffalo has disappeared, the cowboy with his big hat and leather trappings is nothing more than a common herder of cattle, and the trapper who dealt in the pelts of the denizens of that western border is only a tradition. Even the old stage which made the western scouts famous throughout the world in this modern time has become a myth and the old stage routes are now traversed by palace cars.

Major Lillie grew up in this scene and it is his purpose to preserve a little of the primeval life and hand down to other generations one isolated colony of the representatives of the forgotten past.

Old Daniel Wells, a former millionaire resident of Milwaukee, was the former owner of the land that has been bought by Major Lillie and his associates, and it is one of the finest pieces of property on the lake shore. Its buildings were built years ago, in the form of a Southern plantation. The little cottages which were formerly used as the homes of tenants will become the homes of the Indians brought

from the plains. In these modern wigwags, far from the bome of their sires and the camp fires of the past, will live the representatives of the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes and the Kiowas.

HERD OF 365 BUFFALO.

For the last ten years Major Lillie and Mr. Nicodemus have been at work getting into a single herd all the buffalo in the world, but the task is now practically completed, and the major has a single herd consisting of 365 animals. All of these will be brought to the East, where they will be in easy touch with the markets of New York and Chicago.

In getting this herd together Major Lillie has recently bought the famous "Good-Night" herd in Texas and the Alvord herd in Montana. The only animals of the race now to be found outside of this herd are in the parks of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Yellowstone and Cincinnati.

In removing his stock from the West to the shores of Lake Michigan Major Lillie states that the move is purely a business one. The plains of the West are no longer a fit place for the home of the valued herd. Every year a scourge of Texas fever sweeps up from the South, and several times in the last few years the herd has been almost wiped out. Even at the present time the animals are being guarded to prevent the return of the fever. Besides this fact the Indians have become troublesome, and a band of soldiers is altogether insufficient to defend the animals against the onslaughts of the Indians. The annual buffalo feast is one of the established customs of the Indians and they would willingly face a full army of soldiers rather than let a year pass without observing the feast.

BUFFALO MEAT—A FAD.

Buffalo meat has never been a commercial product in this section of the world, but in the last few years the meat of the animal has become a fad in the ultra-fashionable society and fancy prices have been offered for even small quantities of the meat. During the holidays just past Major Lillie shipped a score of butchered buffalo to New York and for them he received more than \$3 a pound.

The herd has increased 25 per cent in numbers in the past year. With so large a herd Major Lillie believes that he will be able to furnish the entire supply of buffalo meat to the country. There is absolutely no chance for competition and the price of the meat on the market in both New York and Chicago will be regulated by the Kenesha ranch.

In buying the property on which to place the fruits of his unique trust, Major Lillie has spent more than \$500,000, and as much more will be put into buildings to provide for the proper care of the animals.

It is the plan to remove the animals to the East early in April and regular stores of the company will be opened in the leading cities by the early part of the summer.

Major Gordon W. Lillie is one of the most noted of the men who have made the West famous, and his daring scheme of coralling all the buffalo in

the world is in keeping with many others which he has made. He is regarded as one of the wealthiest men in the West. At Pawnee he owns banks, railroads, general stores and everything that could be considered a general utility.

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED.

(By Don Marquis, in Atlanta News.)
I have often wondered
If the real reason
Why the bloomer movement
Did not succeed
Was because
Bloomers
Do not offer
Sweet woman
The opportunity to exhibit
The manner in which
She is compiled,
As well as skirts do.

A dear, sweet thing
Could not reach round—
With a grip like a sailor's on a cable
To grasp her bloomers
And pull them so tight
Around herself
That—
Well, comment is
Unnecessary.
You've all seen her.

It's surprising, too,
How many really nice
Women have
That wrap-light habit.
It's not altogether the
Kin with the Oogly-googly-goo
eyes
And the peroxide tresses
But really nice women.
That would not appear
In public
In tight for the whole world
And yet they'll grab
Their dresses
And haul them around
Until—
Well, until the
Kimono-looking-business
Around Venus de Milo
Stands out like
Hoop skirts
In comparison.
When a fellow
Sees his wife,
Or his mother,
Or his best girl,
Or his sister,
Come waltzing up the street
That way,
With every red-nosed
Corner-loafer within six blocks
Bubbling at her.
He gets so disgusted
Butting his head
Against a brick wall.

And he had a great deal better
Butt his head
Against a brick wall
All of them that were not
Too fat
Would do it.
Anything about it
At all!
It's fashionable—
The darn thing's
The style, you know!

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS

STAND AS MEMORIALS TO THE LATE HENRY MERRICK.

(Philadelphia North American.)

In the death of Harry L. Merrick, of the Washington Post, last Sunday, the country lost probably the brightest writer of editorial paragraphs modern journalism has produced. For the last seven years Merrick had been writing a column of bright and terse comment upon all events which was not equaled anywhere else in the country.

He had made the Washington Post famous, and his own fame had grown with it. His comments were so concise, and yet so pointed, that in a few lines they expressed more than is usually contained in a long labored article from another pen. With a strongly developed sense of humor, an insight into politics which long experience with politicians had given him, and a cynical disbelief in the professions and pretensions of most men, Merrick had developed to a wonderful degree the faculty of summing up a subject in a few words, and pointing to the very heart of the matter.

The brevity of his paragraphs enhanced their wit, while their obvious truthfulness made them always impressive.

His range was of the widest.
CANDID AND KEEN IN JUDGEMENT.

He was able to dissect a situation or a condition existing far away from the capital with the same excellent judgement and knowledge that made his observations about men in Washington so striking.

Merrick was known to nearly all the public men of the country, and was on terms of friendly intimacy with many of them. This did not in any way interfere with his work, and he directed his shafts at friends and foes alike, without either fear or favor. There was never anything malicious in what he said, but there was always a striving for truth, and a degree of biting sarcasm for the men who made sham and false pretence the cloak for their real motives.

When it was recently announced that Senator Quay was going to Harrisburg to personally supervise the work of the legislature, and various reasons and excuses were offered by friendly newspapers for his visit, Merrick summed the matter up by saying:

"Perhaps Senator Quay has gone to Harrisburg to tell Governor Pennypacker the true story of that statehood fight."

MCKINLEY ADMIRER HIM.

One of the greatest compliments ever paid Merrick came from the late President, McKinley. He knew and admired Merrick, and was a constant reader of his editorial comment. The last presidential campaign was opening, and Senator Hanna was talking to the president about the character of literature the national committee intended sending through the country.

"If you could only get Harry Merrick to write you a few paragraphs," said the president, "they would not only mean something, but the whole country would read them."

Merrick was an Ohio man, but he was always a Democrat, from which it can be inferred that Mr. McKinley's suggestion was based upon sincere admiration.

As illustrating his brevity, a paragraph written upon the death of Manila bay is strikingly forcible. Admiral Dewey regards it as altogether the best thing he had read concerning that battle.

COMMENT TO THE POINT.

The news had come in, and editorials were being written in every newspaper office in the country.

Merrick looked over the dispatches, and this is what he wrote:

"Admiral Dewey Sundayed in Manila bay."

It was all that was needed. The news columns told the story of the fight, and no other comment was wanted.

Yet at the time this single line probably impressed readers with the importance of Dewey's achievement, the courage and determination he displayed and the sweeping character of his victory better than a column of matter could have done.

A few specimens of Merrick's work

will serve to show how comprehensive was his grasp of affairs, and how closely he summed up a situation.

In the last column he wrote for The Post he said:

"The Pennsylvania legislature declines to legalize anything so wicked as betting on horse races. The Pennsylvania legislators are sure-thing men."

The story had just come in showing that Senator Stone, of Missouri, had been summoned to testify before the grand jury respecting his connection with legislation affecting a baking powder company. Merrick had this to say:

"However, the Missouri brand of Republicanism is too impotent to do much rising on the baking powder scandal. Here is another of interest in Pennsylvania:

"We are unable to understand why the Pennsylvania politicians should object to newspaper publicity. It has not materially affected the booting business in that state."

SOME RANDOM SHOTS.

The following paragraphs are culled at random from recent work by Merrick, and their pertinency to the news of the day is easily perceived:

"It seems that there are some railroad presidents who object to the merging process. The more mergers the fewer railroad presidents."

"And Mrs. Mascagni got in a knock, telling her countrymen that Americans blow their noses with their fingers. We wonder what sort of people the lady associated with during her stay in this country?"

"Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson can be presented to the next Democratic convention as the man who has actually passed through the fire."

"Mr. Jim Hill is now having some experience with the smile that went come on."

"Mr. Bryan's newspaper thinks President Roosevelt talked too much. And Editor Bryan ought to be considered an authority on over-talkativeness."

"Our constables in the Philippines are reducing the expense of the Filipino exhibit at the St. Louis exposition by killing off a number of the Moro leaders who expected us to pay their way over and entertain them."

"We infer from the pale condition of the esteemed Skagway Alaskan that the weather out there is still cold and the ink doesn't distribute evenly."

"The Brooklyn postmaster says he doesn't believe there has been any irregularities in the post office department. There is nothing like a long distance viewpoint."

"The south will not mind as long as Grover doesn't dine with Booker."

"Jim Tillman took considerable time to make up his mind to kill Editor Gonzales. Perhaps that is why he feels that he should not be hurried to a trial for the crime."

"The Hon. Josiah Quincy has a vice presidential boom with adjustable couplers which can be readily attached to any sound presidential boom that heaves in sight."

"Do you know of any successful men who will admit their success is the result of reading the magazine articles on 'How to be Successful'?"

"It is fortunate for St. Louis that the success of the exposition doesn't depend upon the quality of her aldermen."

"Of course, Lawyer Beck will be able to lay aside the anti-trust spectacles of Assistant Attorney General Beck."

The most remarkable feature of Merrick's work is that while he had kept it up for years, it never showed the slightest indication of deterioration.

The largest insect known to entomologists is a Central American moth, called the Erebus Strix, which expands its wings from 11 to 18 inches.

"Do you think there is any danger of America being dominated by Europe?" "No, sir," answered Mr. Meekton, "with extraordinary emphasis, "not so long as eminent Europeans continue to marry American girls."—Washington "Star."

There are nearly 14,000,000 acres of land in Italy still uncultivated which could bear good crops.



What though the sky be cold and gray,
And weather vanes say "Rain today?"
I know I saw the sun's bright ray,
When Phyllis smiled and passed my way.



Kind Old Man—My poor man, don't you find loafing laborious?
Tramp—No, boss; I rather like the work.