

Says James B. Duke Rode to Fortune on Two Blind Mules

New York Writer Tells How "Tobacco King" Built Up Colossal Business From War-Ravaged Carolina Farms—Man Who Made Gifts of Millions to Education Never Enjoyed Any Real Schooling Himself.

By George Buchanan Fife, in The New York Evening World.

Two blind mules, 50 cents in Yankee silver, and a lean and ravaged farm.

These were the foundation of the fortune from which James B. Duke has just given a part—a matter of \$60,000,000—to the uses of charity and education of his native southland, the Carolinas.

As a matter of fact, James B. Duke started out with less than that, because not even the 50 cents belonged to him, but to his father, rugged old Washington Duke who fought that barren farm and conquered it and set the feet of his sons upon the path that led to Monte Cristo millions.

Any chronicle, however brief, of the career of James B. Duke must begin with that doughty old father of his because this son bears so deeply the impress of his father's character. Also the turning back to that leaf makes the clearer what the son had to do to lift himself out of the heat and burden of that reluctant farm on the outskirts of Durham, N. C., where he was born 67 years ago.

It means going back to civil war days, when Washington Duke, vigorously opposed to secession had to cast his lot with North Carolina and enlisted in the Confederate navy. At that time he owned 300 ungenerous acres, bought with savings hard put by. So, when he went to war he sold the farm and its slender appurtenances, payment to be made to him after the termination of hostilities.

At that time James B. Duke was a red-haired youngster of four, and he and the rest of the family were sent to the grandparents for care while the head of the family went unwillingly to sea.

Found Farm Devastated
On the retreat from Richmond, Washington Duke was captured by the enemy, held prisoner a while, and then released. He was 135 miles from home and all he had was a \$5 Confederate bill. But he walked every foot of those weary miles. It was on the way that he managed to trade that Confederate bill for 50 cents in Yankee money.

Reaching home, footsore, everything but discouraged, he came upon utter desolation. The farm which had been his had lain in the path of the armies of Sherman and Johnston, they had wintered near by, and taken devastating toll. Fences had gone for firewood, even a little stock of tobacco he had stored in a ramshackled barn had disappeared.

But there was a heart in that man. At once, undaunted, he began the task of setting his house in order—without a house. The farm was no longer his, so there was nothing for it but that he must go to work for its owner, and they struck it off at a one third share basis.

So hard was the struggle to wrest anything out of that hard land that for two years, Washington Duke was unable to have his children with him. The man who had "bought" the Duke farm was unable to pay for it when the time came, so Washington Duke took it back again, those 300-half-reclaimed acres. He bought two blind mules on credit from his brother and started in growing tobacco in little patches of ground near the rude living house. "There wasn't another thing he could have grown there," James B. Duke said years later of this experiment.

The tobacco was cured in a log barn under which a fire was built to give the leaves the necessary color, and it was looked upon as providential that the ancient, dried-out building never caught fire. After the coloring "Buck" Duke and the rest of the family granulated the tobacco by beating it with the ordinary flail, then sifted it and put it into bags. Each bag, fashioned out of a square yard of muslin by the women of the Duke household, held 35 pounds of tobacco. And when there was a sufficient number of these bags in readiness "Buck" Duke set out through the countryside in a rattletrap of a wagon to sell them to the bargain-driving shopkeepers of the region. When he wasn't helping to make tobacco he was "drumming" it.

No Visions of Larnia.
By the time young Duke was 19

and had accumulated an extensive knowledge of tobacco raising and curing and peddling, prosperity had come to the doughty family, and Washington Duke, regretting his own lack of learning, suggested to "Buck" that college was a good thing for a youth. "Buck" had no such visions. Instead he said to his father that he preferred, if he might have a choice, to be taken into the family tobacco business as a partner.

The answer of Washington Duke to this was to give "Buck" and his brother, Basil U. Duke, each a sixth interest in the business. A factory 70 feet long, 40 feet wide and three stories high, had been built in Durham, N. C., and 15 men were employed there. This was in 1875.

So wholeheartedly did every member of the Duke family engage in that uphill fight that by 1893 the capital of the undertaking had reached \$700,000 and the business of Washington Duke & Sons had grown to \$200,000 a year. "Buck" Duke was now chief salesman for the concern and in 1884 he ventured into New York to look into the mechanical manufacture of cigarettes.

Manufacturers predicted that he'd soon find himself in bankruptcy experimenting with crude machinery. But he kept at it and at last succeeded in borrowing \$40,000 from an eccentric leaf tobacco broker in New York when, as he once remarked, he did not believe there was another person in the world who would have lent him that many pennies.

During all this time "Buck" Duke managed the business both in New York and Durham. He lived for a time in a room for which he paid \$3 a week.

Year by year the business grew. "Buck" Duke never relaxing, giving ten to twelve hours a day to his tasks and building up such a monumental industry that in 1899 it was taken into the consolidation which is the American Tobacco company, the so-called "Tobacco Trust." It was made up of five concerns and capitalized at \$25,000,000. Of this amount the Duke firm received \$7,500,000. And James B. Duke became its president.

COCK FIGHTING BEING REVIVED

Scores of Game Fowls Die in Forsyth Combats

High Point, Dec. 13.—The days of cock-fighting have returned. In a pit constructed in one of the nooks of Forsyth county, the sport held away Thursday and Wednesday. Spectators came from three states to witness the spectacle, which lasting through two full days, cost many scores of roosters their lives.

The crowd, which numbered into the hundreds on the first day, hung over the pit in something like the manner of the ancient Romans, who assembled by herds in the coliseum to enjoy the gladiatorial combats between their slaves, captives and criminals.

In yesterday's battles there were entries from Greensboro, Winston-Salem, Charlotte, Roanoke, Va., Raleigh, Concord, Statesville and many other cities. Many of the fights were practically the same in tone. A blue cock and a red one, of the round head, Dominicker, Indian, or Oakwood variety; two men holding them in their arms, rubbing their legs to limber them or adjusting the spurs which protruded not unlike the gladiator's spear, while waiting for the referee to give the signal.

On Wednesday one man entered a fine array of roosters, numbering a score or more. He carried home four bags of dead chickens who had given their lives for the amusement of hundreds of men who gathered about the pit to witness the cockfight.

The sport had been kept a secret here. Few people knew of it, but this city was not without representation at the affair.

A shipment of 3,000 tons of corn from Argentina, received in Tacoma, Washington, revealed that corn from the South American Republic could be laid down in Washington cheaper than corn from Iowa.

FUGITIVE PRINCESS GETS JOB ON STAGE

Enlisted Ketto Mikelada Breaks Russian Family's 500-Year Record of Idleness

New York, Dec. 12.—For 500 years the Aristoff family did no work, Yesterday Princess Ketto Mikelada signed a contract with John Cort for two years' services, beginning as a dancer in his forthcoming operetta, "China Rose." The Princess has a brother in Paris who works for \$25.00 a month. The record of 500 years is broken.

Princess Ketto arrived in New York a month ago with a small child and a story of hardship and exile following the Russian Revolution that rivals the most harrowing. Her sister suffered so much from malnutrition that her teeth dropped from their sockets and her hair went snow white; her husband disappeared in Southern Russia, her small niece she saw killed with the butt of a Bolshevik rifle.

Through the efforts of a faithful servant who escaped to Persia with her jewelry and whom she joined later the Princess supported herself and her daughter, Maria, through the intervening years of exile.

She was educated with the children of the royal family in Petrograd where she was born, twenty-seven years ago, according to her story. The dowager Czarina Maria was godmother to her child she says. She learned to dance because it was the thing for Princesses to do. For John Cort she did a Chinese dance she had learned years ago in royal childhood. She got the job. She was almost tearful with gratitude for the chance.

Child At Goldsboro Dies From Its Burns

Goldsboro, Dec. 14.—Little Dorsey Lee, Jr., two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Edwards, died at an early hour this morning, death resulting from burns received when it fell into an open fireplace yesterday. Mrs. Edwards and her sister received slight burns when they endeavored to smother the flame which enveloped the child's clothing. The child was playing around the fireplace when it suddenly fell head-foremost into the blaze. Its cries attracted the attention of the mother and aunt who hurriedly extricated it from the flames. Before the flames could be extinguished however, the little body was literally roasted from the mouth to the stomach.

Executes Two; Third Jumps to Death

Pamplona, Spain, Dec. 7.—Having been found guilty of plotting to overthrow the Spanish directorate, Enrique Sanchez Gil, and Juan Santillon, were executed in the prison here at dawn Saturday. A third man, Pablo Martin, was to have been put to death at the same time, having been sentenced with Gil and Santillon, but while the men were being escorted to the execution chamber he tried to escape by running to a high gallery, from which he jumped to death when he saw escape was impossible.

Dr. Pinto's Trial Marriage Idea Hits Snag in His Household

"I am Opposed to Any Such Stuff," Says Mrs. Pinto, "The Ideal He Didn't Believe in Any Such Thing When We Were Married."

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 12.—The two-year trial marriage law proposed by Dr. A. S. Pinto, Health Commissioner of Omaha, may meet with approval elsewhere, but it is encountering violent opposition in the doctor's own home. Mrs. Pinto, wife of the Commissioner doesn't believe in any such stuff.

Dr. Pinto several days ago, announced that he would support a bill in the next Legislature providing for cancellation of all marriages where children are not born within two years.

Since then Dr. Pinto has been in hot water, but he holds to his assertion. Preachers, doctors, lawyers, clubwomen, and just ordinary people have taken sides for and against. Pinto stood to his guns until Mrs. Pinto came out against his proposed law. Even now he has not retracted.

TOWERING CHURCH FOR BROOKLYN IS METHODIST PLAN

Fourteen-Story Religious Center to Replace Hanson Place Edifice, Costing \$1,600,000.

New York, Dec. 13.—Carrying further the movement of adapting churches to metropolitan conditions, it was announced yesterday Brooklyn is to have a fourteen-story Methodist Temple which will house both church and business activities.

The building will occupy the site of the Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church. This property, fronting 100 feet on Hanson Place and 140 feet on St. Felix Street, is valued at \$500,000. The church has offered to donate it for the temple project.

The "skyscraper church", according to the plans discussed at a meeting of Brooklyn and Long Island Methodists at the Brooklyn Club Thursday night, will cost \$1,600,000 and construction will begin next year.

Wait For Lower Cost
Although of less imposing magnitude, the project is similar to the proposed Broadway Temple, to be erected at Broadway and 173d Street. This building, the concept of the Rev. Christian F. Reiser, pastor of the Chelsea M. E. Church, will be twenty-four stories high and is to cost \$4,000,000.

It will not be built until present building costs are lowered. Half of the cost will be borrowed on a first mortgage, leaving \$2,000,000 to be raised through sale of 5 per cent. bonds, on which interest is not guaranteed. Bonds to the extent of about \$1,000,000 already have been sold. The building's sponsors expect rentals from stores, apartments and dormitory rooms to cover interest and running expenses.

Unlike the Broadway Temple, the Brooklyn building will be in the heart of a commercial center. Situated near the Atlantic Avenue station of the Long Island Railroad, it is in the busiest neighborhood of Brooklyn.

The first four floors will contain the church, with an auditorium seating 2,000; church offices, and quarters for social welfare and school activities. The fifth floor will be a spacious hall which can be used either as a dining room or assembly center. The basement will contain a restaurant, while the sub-basement will be equipped for recreation, containing gymnasium, bowling alleys, billiard room, etc.

The building will house four stores fronting on Hanson Place, two on each side of an imposing Gothic entrance to the church auditorium. The floors from the sixth to the fourteenth will be used for offices or bachelor apartments as local demand may warrant. Preliminary plans call for 20,000 square feet of office space. A separate set of elevators will serve the commercial floors.

Columbus was seventy days coming to America in a ship weighing 100 tons and carrying a crew of fifty-two. Dr. Hugo Eckner in eighty hours came to America in an airship weighing ninety tons and capable of carrying a crew of eighty three.

Samuel Gompers, Aged Labor Chieftain, Passes Away

SPECIAL TAGS FOR VIOLATORS

Urged As Way to Minimize Dangers—Would Mean Close Watch

Washington, Dec. 13.—One kind of license tags for motorists with clean records and a conspicuously different kind for those who have ever run over anyone or been in a collision is the latest scheme for minimizing the automobile danger in Washington.

Traffic casualties have become so appallingly numerous in the capital that the public and the authorities have taken alarm and a more determined effort is being made to put a stop to them than in probably any other American city.

The double-tag plan is the suggestion of Major W. H. Holcomb, head of the traffic committee of the District of Columbia government. The district commissioners think well of it and the probabilities are it will be adopted.

Major Holcomb's idea is that, in the first place, automobilists will not enjoy being branded publicly as reckless drivers, that the sensitive ones, if any, may even give up driving altogether rather than appear on the streets with the "mark of Cain" on their cars.

Secondly, he argues that the indiscriminately tagged motorist will immediately become an object of suspicion to all traffic officers, that he will be called to account for the slightest dereliction, and that, as an old offender, he will meet extra severity in the court room.

The major also wants much larger tags on all cars. He favors likewise the much more frequent revocation of licenses. Congress, which does the district's legislating, is to be asked to make the penalties for reckless driving much severer than at present, and especially to penalize drivers who, after an accident, fail to stop and offer assistance, as happened 25 times during October.

The commissioners intend to seek an appropriation from which to offer liberal rewards for captures in all such cases.

Another law urged by Major Holcomb, if enacted, will require every motorist, on receiving his license to furnish a surety bond to insure payment of any damages he may become responsible for.

In the meantime every motorcycle policeman in the District of Columbia has been put in plain clothes, the more effectively to fight speeding. Instructions have been given to foot patrolmen to drop all other duties and pursue speeders whenever possible.

Pedestrians and responsible automobilists themselves, and especially street car conductors and motormen have been appealed to take license numbers and report all cases of traffic law violations.

Recklessness on automobilists' part is perhaps not more prevalent in Washington than elsewhere, but the wide streets and numerous points at which as many as four thoroughfares intersect make it dangerous.

Hangs Self, Believing He Murdered His Wife

Bay Side, N. Y., Dec. 14.—The body of Stefan Matz was found hanging from a tree here today. He ended his life believing he had murdered his wife, whom he shot four times last night. The bullets inflicted only flesh wounds, however.

Mrs. Matz said today Stefan was dismissed from his position as a butler. They had separated and she had begun divorce proceedings on the grounds of cruelty.

Last night, Mrs. Matz said, Stefan lay in wait for her near the residence of John Holliday, actor, where she is employed as cook and where he had held the position of butler. He shot her as she passed and when she fell he shot her again three times at close range and left her for dead, she asserted. He then stumbled off through the woods and was not seen again until his lifeless body was found today. There were poison stains on Matz's lips and clothing, police said, and a bullet wound in his left temple.

Worn Heart Fails As Recovery Seemed Likely After Ordeal of Trip From Mexico

New York, Dec. 14.—Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, died in San Antonio, Tex., early yesterday morning with a prayer on his lips for the perpetuity of American institutions.

"None," he said to Miss Mathilde May, "this is the end. God bless our American institutions. May they grow better day by day."

These were his last words. The end came as he wished—on American soil, with him still at the head of the great organization which he helped found in Pittsburgh forty-three years ago, and with men and women of the labor movement with whom he had worked about his bedside.

Mr. Gompers, who was stricken in Mexico City on Sunday, necessitating his immediate departure for a lower level (Mexico City is 7,500 feet above the sea) stood the journey to San Antonio fairly well and was apparently in no danger of death until about 2 o'clock yesterday morning. Rest and the denser air gave relief to the worn heart, and he had been responding to treatment when he began to sink.

Digitalis and other powerful stimulants were administered in the hope of prolonging life, but the old leader knew he was making his last fight, and told Miss May, who had been his constant attendant for four months, that the end was near, a statement later confirmed by Dr. Rice, the bedside physician.

"Where is Bill?" he asked of James Duncan, his friend of forty years, who was holding his hand, as Gompers had said in Mexico City he wished him to do when the time of dissolution approached. "Bill" was William D. Mahon, President of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway men, for whom Gompers had battled for two generations.

Mahon took the other hand while members of the official family stood in silence. Soon the sick man sunk into a coma, which lasted until 1.05, when one labored effort for breath and life had passed.

"He is dead" said the kneeling nurse to the mourning group, several of whom knelt in prayer.

Then, as if by pre-arrangement, each passed his hand over the brow of his dead friend and left the room for the corridor, several of them in tears; the others with difficulty suppressing their emotions.

Stefansson Visions Beef Herds Fattening on Arctic Blue-Grass

Milwaukee, Dec. 11.—Vilhjalmar Stefansson, noted Arctic explorer, in a talk here last night blasted the school-book ideal of the Arctic regions with its cold and solitude.

"When people speak of the frozen North with all its awful stillness and continual cold, I am forced to laugh," the explorer said. "There are 700 varieties of wild flowers within the Arctic circle, as compared to fewer than 700 in Kentucky."

He predicted that in the future the limited supply of land will force cattle-raisers to make use of the Arctic plain, which has a grass similar to the blue-grass of Kentucky.

Mr. Stefansson said most Eskimos had never seen a house of ice, and would probably laugh if told such a structure was over built. They wear long gloves and high fur collars to protect themselves not from the cold but from mosquito bites.

"It is truly a beautiful sight," he declared, "to see grass very similar to that found in the Southern States growing through snow."

He said he was trying to banish the terrors of the Arctic. He began consistently to tear away all former beliefs of what life, cold and darkness confronts the traveler in the Arctic zones.

He asserted the highest place and the place farthest from the ocean is always the coldest. He cites Haver, Mont., as a case with both these characteristics. Haver, he said, sometimes has a temperature of 68 degrees below zero, or about eight points colder than the North Pole.

Approximately twenty thousand elephants are killed annually for their ivory.

"The whiter the bread, the sooner you're dead," is a catchy slogan that has a great deal of truth in it.