

Puget Sound Millionaires.

Racy Stories of Fortune Making from the Great Northwest.

Some Crookeries of Seattle and Tacoma—Money in Hops—How Senator Squire Made a Million—Henry L. Yester and His Last Will—A Law Suit by the City for Millions—How He Treated His Tenants and His Quicker Marriage—Arthur A. Denny and His \$250,000 Corn Pasture—How Newspaper Advertising Made a Millionaire—Something about C. B. Wright and His \$500,000 of Tacoma Property, etc., etc.

Special Correspondence of the NEWS.

SEATTLE, WASH., May 8, 1893.—I have been traveling for some time through this new state of Washington. It is destined to be one of the wealthiest and most populous states of the Union, and it has already been called the Ohio and Pennsylvania of the west. It has some of the richest lands on the face of the globe, and in this Puget Sound region the land is as black as your hat and as rich as guano. Between here and Seattle, a distance of about forty miles, the railroad passes through a wilderness of hop fields, which net their owners, I am told, something like \$100 per acre profit each year, and which in some cases produce 2,000 pounds of hops to the acre. Hops are selling now for twenty-two cents a pound, but they have, I am told, been sold as high as one dollar a pound, and a man with a ten acre hop farm is well off. Senator Squire told me a short time ago that he had made a good deal of money off of his hop raising, and some men here have made fortunes in hops. The Washington hops are among the finest raised, and they are put up in bales and shipped from here all over the world. The biggest hop ranch of the world is not far from here. It contains 1,500 acres and has more than 400 acres in hops. This belongs to the Seattle Hop Growers' Association, who are the largest hop growers of the world. Much of their land produces 2,000 pounds to the acre, and they are increasing their acreage so that they will eventually have the whole ranch one big hop field. It costs 5 cents a pound to raise, pick and market hops, and even at twenty-two cents the business is a good one. The picking is done largely by Indians, and this company employs 1,500 Indians during the picking season and about 500 whites. A good deal of work is required to bring the land into shape for the planting, but there are large valleys in this part of Washington which are being turned into hop fields, and

there is enough good hop land here, I believe, to make the beer for the world.

AN INDIAN PRINCESS.

Speaking of the Indians, they do not amount to much in this part of the United States. They are mostly beggars and scavengers, and many of them are of the flathead variety. This city of Seattle was named after an Indian, and Chief Seattle. This man was the Napoleon of the Indians of the north-west. He was a chief of many tribes and had a complete organization of them and formed a common language for them. He was a fair-minded Indian, but a man of great strength and character. He was a Catholic and tried to convert his people. His daughter lives here in Seattle and she is kept by the voluntary gifts of the people. Her name is the Princess Angeline, and she is about the ugliest piece of human flesh which has ever been wrapped about royal blood. She has more wrinkles than a washboard and is now very old. She lives in a little wooden cottage here and is considered one of the institutions of the city. She dresses in bright colors, walks with a cane and always has a bright handkerchief about her quivering head.

A WORD ABOUT SENATOR SQUIRE.

One of the brightest young men of the northwest is Mr. Sam Crawford, a young man of perhaps thirty-five years of age. He was for years on the staff of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, when he and another reporter decided to leave journalism for real estate. They had between them \$250, and the first thing they did was to spend this in newspaper advertising. The day it was all gone they had not received a dollar in return, but immediately after the tide turned and they made \$2000 during their first year's business. I was walking with Mr. Crawford yesterday through the city when we passed a lot of men excavating for a large building and he said:

"That is where Senator Squire is putting up a new building. He owns nearly a million dollars in Seattle property and he will be a very wealthy man. He has a fine farm near here and is interested in many business enterprises. This new building of his will be made more valuable by the building of Jim Hill's Great Northern depot. It

will be an immense affair, covered with a glass roof, and its site cost him a quarter of a million. The city has given him a strip of land a mile long through business for his freight houses. It contains 15 acres, which is now covered with water, but which will be filled with steel.

"How did Senator Squire get so much real estate?"

"Oh, it was largely through his father-in-law, Mr. Remington, a millionaire and newspaper man. Squire married a Remington and he was connected with the firm. Remington came out here years ago, and thinking Seattle was going to grow to be a big city, he bought 300 acres north of the city. It did not develop as fast as he expected, and Squire came out to look at it. He found the boys had started and he went back, I am told, and offered his father-in-law his interest in the Remington works for his Seattle property. His offer was accepted and Squire thus became a millionaire.

A \$250,000 CORN PASTURE.

You must have a lot of rich men here," said I.

"Yes," replied Mr. Crawford, "we have quite a lot of millionaires here in Seattle. Tacoma has a goodly number, and there are many young men who have made fortunes on Puget Sound. One of the richest men of Seattle today is Arthur Denny, who founded Seattle and who at the age of sixty still lives. He is worth several millions. He was, you know, a Congregational minister and he lives here in the center of a big lot in the heart of the city, and his yard is worth about \$250,000. He keeps a splendid Jersey cow, and he lets this feed upon the lawn. Not long ago, when he was urged to sell the block for business purposes, he replied: 'I can't do it for I'll leave can't pasture my cow!'

"Mr. Denny came to Seattle about forty years ago. He has a great fortune in prospect from his iron mines, and he owns one of the best iron mines in the world. There have been leases in the past, but they have been leased by an English company for a term of fifty years, and they pay a big royalty regularly, whether the mines are worked or not."

THE FAMOUS YESTER CASE.

"What is this Yester case, in which it is said the heirs are trying to defraud Seattle out of a million or so?"

"It is still pending," replied Mr. Crawford, "and it is a queer affair. Henry L. Yester was one of the remarkable men this country has known. He came here when Seattle was a village to look up a site for a saw mill, and he died last year worth millions. When he came here he found the best site for his mill cut off by the claims of three men, Mr. Maynard, Mr. Horton and Arthur Denny. They were anxious to have his mill here and they shifted their claims so as to give Mr. Yester a strip 300 feet wide from his mill to the water's edge. The strip eventually became the center of the city. The best of our business buildings are built on it and it is now worth millions. One of the main streets of the city, Yester avenue, goes through it and Yester held pro-

perty on it when he died. He was a very enterprising man and was always doing good for the town. At the age of seventy-eight his last will died, and he bequeathed again some after taking as much as the number of young men who have grown rich. Mr. Yester is not over thirty-three and Allen C. Mason, one of the big millionaires of Tacoma, is under thirty. Mason's wealth is estimated at the value of newspaper advertising. Just ten years ago he was teaching school in Jacksonville, Ill. He was \$2500 for three years to come to Puget Sound, settled at Tacoma, and went into real estate and loan business. During five years he has been successful in building a house in Tacoma which will be worth \$100,000, has given the city a public library of 25,000 volumes and owns all sorts of valuable property. He considers the newspapers one of the sources of success. He got all his money at first in newspaper advertising. He started in by advertising his real estate in religious papers, spending at first \$500 a month and increasing it to \$1000 a month. About two years ago he was in the big Sunday newspapers of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The result was that the letters came in by the bushel and half of them contained money, and Mr. Mason says he is still getting business from the advertising of this time. About two years ago Mr. Mason and a friend of his, Mr. Charles Reeves, who has also made a fortune in Tacoma, went out to the world together. They carried a camera with them and photographed themselves in all sorts of shapes. They brought back a lot of plunder and among other things Mason bought a mummy, and smuggled it out of Egypt and across here to Tacoma.

A GOOD LANDLORD.

"What kind of a man was Yester?"

"He was a very good man, and always liked to help young men along. He would induce any one to come almost, and he would give them a day's work going security for his friends. Shortly before he died he gave a trust deed to his nephew to manage his property, and it is believed here that he intended him to be his executor. Henry L. Yester was trying to get along, and he was greatly improved upon. One man, a baker, had a house of his for a number of years and never paid a cent of rent. During the most of the time he paid a part of the house, and he was getting sixty dollars a month for a room in it when he concluded he wanted to use that part of the house for a restaurant and he ordered the tenants to leave. These tenants were a telegraph company and they had their wires in and did not want to move. They concluded to try and rent the whole place of Yester and offered him \$500 a month. Mr. Yester heard them and replied, saying: 'I would like to oblige you, but I can't. That man is one of my oldest tenants. Why has he been with me seventeen years?'

The fact that he had not paid his rent and that he was cheating him seemed to make no difference.

OTHER MONEY MINES.

Seattle has a large number of men who have made fortunes in money and mines. Judge Thomas Burke, the great lawyer of this region, is worth a million. D. L. Hunt, the owner of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, and one of the big holders of the Monte Cristo mines, came here worth \$500,000 and he is now worth millions. Yester avenue, goes through it and Yester held pro-

ROMAN TACOMA HILL-LOOKING.

It is the same with Tacoma, Seattle's rival city, which is only thirty miles further up the sound, and which is filled with the homes of rich men. During my visit there I met a number of them and heard of others. What surprises me most is the number of young men who have grown rich. Mr. Yester is not over thirty-three and Allen C. Mason, one of the big millionaires of Tacoma, is under thirty. Mason's wealth is estimated at the value of newspaper advertising. Just ten years ago he was teaching school in Jacksonville, Ill. He was \$2500 for three years to come to Puget Sound, settled at Tacoma, and went into real estate and loan business. During five years he has been successful in building a house in Tacoma which will be worth \$100,000, has given the city a public library of 25,000 volumes and owns all sorts of valuable property. He considers the newspapers one of the sources of success. He got all his money at first in newspaper advertising. He started in by advertising his real estate in religious papers, spending at first \$500 a month and increasing it to \$1000 a month. About two years ago he was in the big Sunday newspapers of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The result was that the letters came in by the bushel and half of them contained money, and Mr. Mason says he is still getting business from the advertising of this time. About two years ago Mr. Mason and a friend of his, Mr. Charles Reeves, who has also made a fortune in Tacoma, went out to the world together. They carried a camera with them and photographed themselves in all sorts of shapes. They brought back a lot of plunder and among other things Mason bought a mummy, and smuggled it out of Egypt and across here to Tacoma.

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER'S SON-IN-LAW.

Hugh Wallace, who married Mildred Fuller, is fast making a fortune in Tacoma. He is under thirty years of age, but he must already be worth \$500,000. He is, I am told, a good business man. He is especially happy just now in the possession of a man who is said to look much like his grandfather, the chief justice.

The biggest individual property owner of Tacoma is, I am told, C. B. Wright, who used to be president of the Northern Pacific railroad and who owns over \$2,000,000 worth of Tacoma buildings and lands and stocks. Mr. Wright is said to be worth \$500,000. He pays out in the security of his land, one-eighth of all the taxes in Tacoma, and he recently bought the Hunt system of railroads and paid \$500,000 for them. He is now about seventy years old, and he is called the father of Tacoma. He had the tunnel built through the Cascade mountains and this made Tacoma the terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad. He made many of his friends rich at the same time, and the big business blocks, the magnificent homes and the solid improvements of Tacoma, with its forty or fifty thousand people, stand there as a monument to him.

FRANK G. CAMPBELL.

CHAINED BY ARABS.

HANS GIBB HAD A STARTLING ADVENTURE IN DAMASCUS.

Springing through the walls of Africa in his nightshirt pursued by a horde of howling Arabs was one of the most dangerous with which Lieutenant Hans Gibb of the Prussian army whined away his adjutant in the dark continent. He soon grew tired of that, however, left the service, came to America and settled in Tacoma.

The lieutenant passed through the city yesterday en route to Stockton, says the San Francisco Chronicle of May 10, and while in a restaurant mood related some of his adventures in the wilderness. He is a fairly educated young man who rendered excellent service in Africa and bears a glowing letter of recommendation from Wm. Walter Phelps, United States minister to Germany.

"In 1889," said the lieutenant, "while his humane master, I was in charge of an expedition to the interior of the African continent, under Dr. Peters, the celebrated German explorer. For the space of one year all was quiet. Then war broke out between us and the natives, shutting off all communication. The Arabs, aided by the natives, were fighting the German invaders."

"At the outset I had about 200 blacks and four white men, but the natives soon grew frightened, and all but twelve deserted the station. Three of the white men I dispatched to the coast for help, but they were killed on the way. That left me with a small fighting crew, but we barricaded the station and waited for the Arabs. They came in the night, and as one of my blacks had turned traitor and opened the door, the enemy found the way clear to murder us. About midnight one night in June I was aroused by the rattle of musketry, and, looking out of the window, saw the house on fire and the Arabs. They rushed with black and Arab. They pointed their guns to at the windows and blasted away, but I fled through the back door in my nightshirt and escaped in the brush and darkness. Our black servant and myself were all that were spared."

"We traveled all night through the brush and then over jagged rocks until my feet were almost torn to shreds. But the Arabs still pursued us. At daybreak we took shelter in a stable near a native village, where I rested nearly two weeks. By that time my wounds were healed and we set out for the coast, traveling nights and hiding in the brush by day, with the bloodthirsty Arabs all around us."

"After two months of hardship and suffering I reached the coast, where my friends all thought I was dead. They had given me up months before. When I had rested I joined the German forces under Major Von Wissmann, but my health had been so seriously impaired that I resigned my commission of first lieutenant and came to America. I don't want any more of this kind of thing."

While in Africa Mr. Gibb discovered a few small lakes before the Arabs discovered him. Then he lost interest in the business, but has delivered many interesting lectures on Africa in various parts of the world.

THE HOTEL TEMPLETON.

The Hotel Templeton is opposite Temple Square, Trading Office, Eagle Gate, Deseret News building and all points of interest in Salt Lake City.

THE CHIEF, E. C. Ewing, Proprietor. Half block from Post Office, 4 doors from Fullerton Street office, Main St. Rates \$2.50 per day. Special Local Rates.

THE WHITE HOUSE.—Again under good management, Mrs. C. E. Paulsen having returned from California and taken charge, with popular hostess Mrs. F. Gorman as manager.

Salt Lake's new hotel is The Knott. Beautiful, elegant, central and reasonable.

THE NEW ROUTE.

Commencing May 7th, the Rio Grande Western and Denver & Rio Grande will inaugurate a new daily service, comprising, consisting of elegant day coaches, dining cars and Pullman sleepers. Train No. 2 will leave Salt Lake at 9:05 a.m., arriving at Denver at 7:45 a.m., next morning, connecting with Burlington and Rock Island World's Fair fast flyers. Train No. 4 will leave Salt Lake at 7:45 p.m., arriving at Denver at 8:45 a.m. next day, connecting at Pueblo with Rock Island and Missouri Pacific, and at Denver with Burlington trains for all points west, giving an opportunity of viewing the magnificent and world-famous scenery of the Denver & Rio Grande between Grand Junction and Denver by daylight.

Take this route and have a comfortable, speedy and wonderfully interesting trip.

W. J. SHAWNEE, General Agent, Salt Lake City, Utah, R. K. HOOPER, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Colorado.

Get your trunk repacked at Gallagher's, 207 Main, Washburn building.

Large Stock Low Prices! J. G. Gallagher, Trunks and Valises, 207 Main.

Trunks exchanged at Gallagher's, 207 Main, Washburn building.

A SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Uching Piles are known by modern medicine as hemorrhoids. This form as well as Blind, Bleeding or Protruding, yield at once to Dr. Hesse's Pile Remedy, which acts directly on the parts affected, without surgery, always inflicting and affording permanent cure. 50 cts. Drug stores or mail. Circulars free. Dr. Hesse, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

ZION'S SAVINGS BANK & TRUST CO.,

Nos. 1, 3 and 5 MAIN STREET.

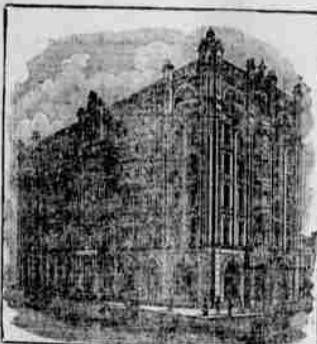
CASH CAPITAL, \$200,000.

SURPLUS, \$200,000.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENTS.

Deposits 1873, \$ 10,520.53	Deposits 1880, \$ 137,280.25
Deposits 1874, 11,070.72	Deposits 1881, 138,110.04
Deposits 1875, 18,110.70	Deposits 1882, 142,789.12
Deposits 1876, 19,148.92	Deposits 1883, 155,063.88
Deposits 1877, 21,028.84	Deposits 1884, 207,331.50
Deposits 1878, 20,612.71	Deposits 1885, 428,404.79
Deposits 1879, 42,705.50	Deposits 1886, 626,790.52
Deposits 1880, 60,071.01	Deposits 1887, 874,281.97
Deposits 1881, 99,457.08	Deposits 1888, 701,021.11
Deposits 1882, 133,078.06	Deposits 1889, 875,194.54

Deposits January 6th, 1893, \$1,206,230.42.



DIRECTORS.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,	President.
GEORGE Q. CANNON,	Vice-President.
Joseph F. Smith,	George Reynolds,
T. G. Webber,	Heber J. Grant,
Angus M. Cannon,	Lorenzo Snow,
James Jack,	Francis M. Lyman,
H. B. Clawson,	Anthony H. Lund,
Leonard G. Hardy,	
GEORGE M. CANNON,	Cashier.

DURING YEAR 1892 WE HAD 2119 NEW DEPOSITORS; MORE THAN ALL OTHER SAVINGS BANKS IN UTAH COMBINED.

OPEN an account with us NOW. We have depositors whose first deposit was only a small sum and whose account now shows thousands of dollars to their credit. Married Ladies and Minor Children have right to deposit in their own name and payable only to their own order.

Open Saturday for deposits until 8 p. m. After getting your wages deposit what you can spare.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES in our BURGLAR PROOF VAULT for Rent at a Reasonable Figure.