

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.
SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1893. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

A Copper King.

Gossip About Marcus Daly, the Montana Millionaire.

Daly's First California Job—His Career in the Comstock—How He Bought the Famous Alice Mine for a King and His Wonderful Anacoda Property, on Which He Has Spent \$2,000,000 in Ten Years—Something About the Biggest Copper Mine and the Biggest Smelter in the World—His Horse Farm, "The Home of Montana and Tammany," and How He Manages It—He Tells of Tammany and His Death—Marcus Daly on Horse Training and Horse Breeding—The Race Versus the Trotter—Something About North's Horse, and How He Won the Derby.

Special Correspondent of the NEWS.

ANACONDA, MONT., April 25, 1893.—By all odds the most striking character in Montana today is Marcus Daly, the famed Anacoda millionaire, the celebrated horse owner and the chief of the copper kings of the United States. No one knows how much Daly is worth. He owns a bank or so, and electric railroad, a big hotel, something like a million dollars' worth of horses and lands, and he has, I am told, a one-fourth interest in the Anacoda copper mines, which are the biggest and best paying of any in the known universe.

The army of employees who work under him is as large in number as that which Xenophon led in the famous retreat described in the Anabasis, and his payroll runs into the tens of thousands of dollars per day. Still, he came to the United States a poor boy, and when he landed at San Francisco at the age of thirteen he had not a cent in his pocket, and he trotted up and down the board walks for three or four days seeking a job. He looked in vain, until at about the end of the fourth day he saw an old farmer in a wagon, driving through the streets. He stopped him and said, "Haven't you got something out at your place that I can do?"

"Well, I don't know, young man. What can you do?"

"I can do anything," replied young Daly.

"Can you dig taters?"

"Yes, I can," said Daly, and the man thereupon told him to get into the wagon and he took the boy home to his ranch. This was some place east of Oakland and Daly dug potatoes for the old rancher for three weeks. He said it nearly broke his back, but he stuck to it until he got a little money, and then, boy as he was, he started for the mines. He grew up surrounded by gold and silver and he soon developed a wonderful ability as an expert miner. When the Comstock lode was discovered he was in Nevada. He had by this time become acquainted with Mackey, Flood and O'Brien and they made him the

foreman of that mine. After working here for some time he drifted to Butte Lake and was engaged there by the Walker brothers, who have, you know, owned some of the most famous mines of our history. He served them as a mining expert, and it was about sixteen years ago that he was sent by them from Butte to Montana to inspect the "Alice" mine.

HOW MARCUS DALY BOUGHT A MINE.

The Alice mine is one of the most famous in Montana. It has produced millions of dollars worth of gold and silver. Its output for 1892 was nearly a million and it is still working at a great profit. At the time that the Walker brothers thought of buying it the stock had fallen very low. They knew that it would rise at once if it was known that they wanted it and Daly was sent here to find out all about it. He came to Butte city as a miner. He was dressed in rough clothes and pretended that he was dead broke and wanted work. He went to the old Continental hotel and pretended to look for work for a week, but failed to get it, and told the landlord that he had no money to pay his board. This seemed strange to the landlord, as all miners were well paid and as there was a great demand for extra hands. The landlord said, "Well, I will see if I can't get you a job."

He then went down to the Lexington mine and got a place for Daly, and told him about it. Mr. Daly said, "I am a little particular about my work, but I will go down and look at the job." He did so and came back the same day, and said that the mine was to wet, and that his lungs were not strong he feared to go to work in it. He then looked around for another week, and the landlord, getting more desperate still about the payment of his board, went out and found him another job. Daly looked at it, worked in it for two days and then came back and said that the mine was not timbered properly, and that he would not work it. Now the board bill for three weeks was due, and the landlord got hot. He went up to Walker's and got Daly a job in the Alice mine. He told the Walkerville owners that he had a man looking around at his place for whom he wanted work long enough to pay his three weeks' board bill. They gave him the job and he came back to Daly. He swore at Daly upon his return, telling him he was too

slow to get a job. After working here for some time he drifted to Butte Lake and was engaged there by the Walker brothers, who have, you know, owned some of the most famous mines of our history. He served them as a mining expert, and it was about sixteen years ago that he was sent by them from Butte to Montana to inspect the "Alice" mine.

"Well, I will go and look at it." It was the opportunity he had waited for and he took his place as an ordinary miner in the Alice. He worked for three weeks, inspecting the property as he dug, and mined, and at the end of this time he threw up the job and left Butte City. Six weeks later he came to the surface as manager of the property. The Walkers, at his advice, bought the mine and they put him at its head.

MILLIONS IN COPPER.

While Mr. Daly was managing this he was looking about for other mines on his own account, and he invested in a number of silver mines. I asked him yesterday whether he had ever made any money in silver mines and he replied that he had, but he did not give me the figures. Among the mines he bought was the Anacoda mine, for which he paid, I think \$200,000. It was begun as a silver mine, but after running down for the best developed into one of the biggest copper veins on record. Up to this time not much attention was paid to copper, but Daly organized a company and went to work in this mine. The company consisted of J. H. Haggan of California, the late Senator George Hearst, Marcus Daly and one or two others, and it has materially added to the millions of these well-known millionaires. I can't give you any adequate idea of the enormous extent of these great mines. Two thousand miners are employed in the mines day and night, and within the last few years the enormous sum of \$2,000,000 has been spent by Daly in wages and in work for operating these mines. All of this money has come out of the mines and no one but the owners know how much more the mines have paid. The stock is not for sale and the Anacoda mines and smelters form a close corporation. The lumber which is used each month for operating the mine would make a board walk two feet wide from Washington to Philadelphia, and two cords of wood are eaten up each day in the mine. Three thousand tons of ore are shipped out from the mines daily, and everything connected with them is done after the latest methods with the finest of improved machinery and on a gigantic scale.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SMELTER.

These mines are located at Butte city, but the ore is all brought about thirty-seven miles here to Anacoda to be smelted, and the biggest smelting works in the world are here. I went through them today. They wall the sides of the mountain, covering more than eighty acres of space with vast buildings packed full of machinery. Great brick chimneys one-third as high as the Washington monument pierce the sky as they stand on the tops of the mountains above them, and these are connected with the works by lines so large

that you could drive a wagon load of hay through them without touching the walls. This is to give the biggest draught. There are vast engines and great boilers and a wilderness of machinery. The big wheels of the engines are as high as three-story houses and the power is conducted by cables of steel which run from one shaft to another up the sides of the mountains. I cannot describe the machinery except to say that the ore grinding rock, comminuting copper, gold and silver, is brought into a mass with great stamps and is then ground and refined, run through processes after processes, until it is converted into a stream of a metal mass which is taken to other works and refined to metal. I remember one room in which this sand ran over hundreds of great rollers almost as big as a man's waist, and these were worked by a running stream of water in such a way that the rollers went off into pipes, while the copper ore remained in the tables. In other vast rooms covering acres were hundreds of grinding machines which made a noise like a crowd of men hammering nails, and there were acres of settling vats and of almost every imaginable kind of machinery.

THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE.

I drove from here to the smelting works and walked through vast rooms filled with masses of sulphur, which make you feel as though a bushel of needles were being hurled under your nose, and saw the running of this copper in great run-off pipes five times as big as the largest lampglass you have ever seen and watched the reddish golden metal pour out in streams and run off in cars the size of a counter table or in blocks like those in which pig iron is cast. A great many of these processes are secret and electricity is now being used to separate the gold and silver from the copper. The amount of gold and silver in this Anacoda copper is such that it is believed that it will eventually bring the cost of refining and the copper will be pure profit. It takes about 2000 tons to work this smelter, and the wages paid there are from \$2.50 upward per day. Everything is done on the strictest business methods, but Daly's treatment of his men is such that he never has a strike, and they stand up for him through thick and thin. It is this fact that makes him such a great power among the people in Montana. He has thousands of employees, and his friends are legion. I visited the smelter at noon, and a curious sight was that of the new cooking breakfast on hot sheets which they rested on the kettles of molten copper.

HOW MARCUS DALY LOOKS.

I met Mr. Daly during my stay here and had an hour's chat with him. He looks a good deal like Proctor Knott of Kentucky, save that his hair and mustache are gray rather than white and his head is slightly larger than Knott's. He is a blue-eyed, rosy-faced Irishman of about fifty-five years of age. He dresses simply and there are no fairs or furbelows about him. He is full of vigor, and when I rode with him from Butte to Anacoda, the other day on the train he wore a suit hat, a rough chinchilla overcoat, a pair of pantaloons which were decidedly without the creases of the

New York duster, and his shoes were covered with a pair of rubber spatters with the mud of Butte City. I found him a good talker and full of plain, practical everyday common sense. He has a lot of a brogue, but his language is hearty and he evidently enjoys life. Marcus Daly is married and he has a very handsome wife and a delightful family. He has two daughters, who are going to school in Paris, and his boy, Marcus Daly, Jr., and his youngest daughter, Lillian, a pretty little girl of about eight, are with their mother at the Anacoda Hotel. Mrs. Daly has been married twenty years, yet she does not look over thirty-five, and she has as much common sense as her husband. Mr. Daly is especially fond of horses. He has named one of his horses after his wife and his father has named one after his son. This car cost something like \$20,000. It has best roads, perfect, kitchen and bath room and is used by the family when they travel. As for Marcus Daly himself he takes in his kind of a car, and the family live here in Anacoda in the simplest kind of style. This is not something like \$20,000 and it is kept up at a big cost. It is owned by Daly, but his rooms in it are as plainly furnished as those of many of his employees' parlors, and his life is simple in the extreme. He rises about 6:30 in the morning, takes a cup of coffee and a breakfast and it is not before many of his employees are up. He works fast, deciding quickly on everything and showing great executive ability. There is no end to the things he does. Any one who has business with him can get to him at once, and he will not beat about the bush, but comes to business with you at once. He discharges his obligations promptly and always keeps his engagements. Though he is worth many millions, he has entire charge of this great mine property and attends to this in addition to his other business and his private investments. I am told that there are more than \$2,000,000 deposited under his orders daily, and he has lumber mills and wood cutters and adds to his whole a fine estate newspaper here at Anacoda. The Anacoda Standard is one of the best newspapers in the west, and though it is run at a loss it has the best and best news. I am told that Mr. Daly controls \$25,000,000 worth of property in Montana and it is said that the Anacoda property would bring \$25,000,000 any day. His monthly payroll for labor here in Anacoda alone is more than \$200,000 and he pays \$25,000 a month for the coal he uses.

DALY'S FAMOUS HORSE FARM.

Marcus Daly has some of the finest horses in the world, and he has a horse farm not far from here which contains about 200,000 acres of horse, and which includes 2,000 acres. He is building a big frame house on the farm which will have about twenty-nine rooms, and he says he expects to retire here when he gets tired of work. He has ideas of his own with regard to horses, and I had an interesting conversation with him today about them. I asked him if he expected to make money out of his horses or if his racing stock was merely one of the luxuries of a millionaire. He replied:

"Of course I expect to make money

out of them. No one in Montana goes into business of that kind for the fun of the thing, and if I really thought I could not make a profit out of my stables I would sell them tomorrow. I have a theory that the state of Montana will produce the best horses of the world and I am testing it. The climate here is cold in the winter, but the air is pure and it increases the lung power of the horses. I am told that the boys here at ten years require suits of clothing as warm as those worn by a two-year-old colt of the east. The air expands their lungs and they grow big chests, and the same is so of horses. As to the coldness of the climate and the change that colts will not grow here in the winter, if this is true I expect to overcome it by good stabling and good food. Our grass here is better than that of California or Kentucky, and it makes better horses and better feed. I am buying the very best of stock and so far my stables are doing very well.

BUSINESS IN BREEDING.

"How are they managed?"

"My farm is run on the same business principles as are the mines and smelters. Everything is systematized, and kept in book shape. Every saddle and bridle is changed, and if a better strap is broken it has to be brought back before I have a saddle or bridle. I know to a cent what everything costs, and I keep two sets of books, one of my racing and the other of my breeding stables. I have weekly reports, and I know just exactly on what losses I am making and on what I am losing."

A FORTUNE IN BREEDING RACING.

"How did your stables pay last year?"

"Fairly well," was the reply. "They earned me something like \$77,000 and they cost about \$72,000. I paid \$10,000 for Tammany when I bought him as a yearling. He won \$25,000 last year and he will probably win as much \$25,000 this season. He is now three years old, and I will take him off the track after this season and breed him. To show you how I run the stables. When I bought Tammany I of course charged the racing stables with him. All the expenses of keeping him has been charged to him, as well as every other item that he has cost. I also charge against him a percent on the amount invested in him, and the difference between the cost and the amount he brings gives me the profit I make out of him. When I take him over to the breeding stables I will charge the breeding stables \$25,000 for him, and will credit that amount to the racing stables. A regular record will be kept of his cost, and he ought to be profitable in his own right, which at present months old will be worth \$25,000 apiece, and in some cases will bring as high as \$50,000 each. I will only keep the best of any of my breeding and I regularly weed out the culls. Each of these colts will be charged in turn and the two stables will be kept entirely separate, so you see I can tell to a 'T' just where I am making or losing."

DALY ON HORSE TRAINERS.

Marcus Daly has the best horse trainers in the United States. Every one knows of Matthew Hyatt, who is

at the head of his stables here, and who gets, I am told, something between \$20,000 and \$25,000 a year. The jockey who has charge of Tammany is Snapper Garrison, who is said to receive \$25,000 a year, and I got a picture today of Snapper Garrison on Tammany which was recently made for Mr. Daly. Mr. Daly said:

"I think good horse trainers are born, not made. They must have an intuitive knowledge of the horse and a good training is a rare man. We never allow our horses to be abused or worn out on the farm. Of course it is different in a race; then the jockey sometimes cuts the life almost out of them."

THE SAKER VERSUS THE TROTTER.

"How about the trotter, Mr. Daly? You have a number of fine trotting horses?"

"No, not now," was the reply. "I am closing out my trotting stock as fast as possible. I don't believe that trotting is legitimate sport. It is the result of mechanical training and mechanical breeding. I prefer to devote myself to running stock and I believe that there is more money in it. The earning capacity of a running horse is much greater."

"How about the record? Has it reached its lowest limit?"

"Oh, I believe not. I expect to see a mile trotted in two minutes before I die."

"How about the racing record? Will that be lowered?"

"That is hard to say," said Marcus Daly. "It is true a phenomenal time may come which will cut it down below what has been set by the record now held by Salustius. There is a limit to the physical mentality of a horse and 1:33 is very fast time."

BREEDING HORSES CAN'T BEAT IT.

I then told Mr. Daly that I had visited the stables of North, the unruly king, in England last summer, and I asked him what he thought of the horses which North had sent to the Chicago derby. "I don't believe that they will be able to do anything," was his reply. "They are not acclimated, and English horses can do little in America for the first year. The tracks are hard for them and they cannot do themselves justice. North has some horses which are good in England, but if I am not mistaken they would be considered second-rate in America. England can make a better strain of blood than we can and we go there for our thoroughbreds, but we can breed better horses here, but we live into them by feeding and take them back and beat them on their own track."

\$27,000 ON THE BROOKLYN RACE TRACK.

"Speaking of business again, Mr. Daly, do you ever bet on your horses?"

"No, I do," was the reply, "but I don't bet on my winning, and losing, down to the profit or loss of my stables. I invest in bets upon my horses just as I would on stock, which I thought was going up. I back them for what I think they are worth and I made \$25,000 on the Brooklyn suburban last year, but the matter goes into my private expense account and it is not set down against the horses."

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COMPARATIVE STATEMENTS.

Deposits 1873, \$ 10,220.53	Deposits 1883, \$ 137,280.23
Deposits 1874, 11,070.72	Deposits 1884, 138,110.04
Deposits 1875, 18,119.70	Deposits 1885, 142,789.12
Deposits 1876, 10,148.92	Deposits 1886, 105,063.88
Deposits 1877, 21,028.84	Deposits 1887, 207,331.50
Deposits 1878, 20,612.71	Deposits 1888, 428,404.70
Deposits 1879, 42,703.50	Deposits 1889, 626,790.52
Deposits 1880, 60,071.01	Deposits 1890, 874,281.97
Deposits 1881, 99,457.06	Deposits 1891, 701,621.11
Deposits 1882, 133,078.90	Deposits 1892, 875,194.54

Deposits January 6th, 1893, \$1,208,280.42.



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