JOHN ARBUCKLE, COFFEE KING.

A Man of Millions Who Is Now Fighting the Sugar Trust to a Finish.

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John Arbuckle, head and front and heart and soul of the coffee dealing firm of Arbuckle Bros., which is in a fight to the finish with the Sugar trust, is the only partner bearing the family name now in the business centers. His brother, Charles Arbuckle, died some years ago, chiefly of chagrin, they say, because of the ridicule heaped upon him during the branch of promise case, in which he was a loser and which brought out his famous "duke hunting" love letters. The Arbuckle's present partners are named Jarvis, Smith and Jamieson. They have all grown up with the business, and their holdings are comparatively small.

John Arbuckle is now between 55 and 60 years old. His personal fortune is estimated to be not far from $20,000,000. He has never been known to express himself on this point even to his most intimate friends, however, and this is therefore only a guess, based on the fact that the profit on the Arbuckle coffee business has for long been nearly or quite $1,000,000 a year, most of which has gone to him; that his brother Charles left his entire holdings to him and that millions of Arbuckle money are generally in the market for desirable and safe investments. Whether there will be as much Arbuckle money to lend in the future is a question.

In body Mr. Arbuckle is tall, broad, and gaunt, the top of his well thatched pate being more than six feet above his heels when he stands, while his weight is not far from 350 pounds. He wears a full and beautiful beard, which is well stroked with gray. In dress he is modest and scantilous careless. Every one of his partners and department heads, not to speak of more among his bookkeepers and other well paid employees, spends as much in one year as Arbuckle does in two for raiment. He wears a church hat.

His general health is excellent, but he is in constant fear of being ill, and he spends a good deal of money with his doctor, who has a standing connection to keep the coffee king well. Mr. Arbuckle's pet anxiety about his health has been a profitable weakness to others than his doctor, including the thermometer dealers, since, in order to make sure that the temperature may never go below the proper point, thermometers—hundreds of them altogether—of specially approved make have been put up in every room and shop in all the Arbuckle mills and offices, and whenever he finds on inspection that the heat is too low where he is he leaves that place at once and orders the temperature restored to the prescribed degree without delay. It should be added that he is quite as careful about his ventilation as temperature.

In spite of the somewhat hypochondriacal tendency just alluded to John Arbuckle is really a strong man, whose strength is only rendered the more apparent by his little weaknesses. Next to excessive care for his health his chief foible is a personal devotion to routine and detail that is really amazing. Here is a story which they tell in the precincts of the big Brooklyn coffee mills to illustrate this:

Last fall it was found necessary to set up a small pumping engine on one of the Arbuckle docks. A structure of corrugated iron was put up to protect the engine from the weather. This little house cost no more than $200 at the outside, yet so serious was Mr. Arbuckle that the work therein should be done well that he got down to the mill before 7 o'clock every day till it was completed that he might personally inspect it, and one morning, in spite of his 350 pounds, he laboriously climbed a slender ladder to the roof to see for himself that the slates were being properly laid.

Mr. Arbuckle understands as well as anybody else that such close personal attention to petty matters is hardly profitable to him or the firm and has more than once told his associates that he must learn to shift the burden of detail to other shoulders. Yet, in spite of all his efforts to do this, he continues to keep his eye on everything, and it is still his custom, as it was a score of years ago, to inspect personally every nook and cranny of all the mills and shops once a week.

The commercial office of Arbuckle Bros. is away down town, in New York, and the head of the house is rarely to be found there. It is a comparatively simple matter, in his opinion, to look after the selling of the Arbuckle goods. Their proper preparation, in which he knows he is an expert, is something of much greater importance, and he therefore spends most of his time at the mills in Brooklyn. It is for this circumstance, no doubt, that the Arbuckle restaurant, for which all the upper grade employees are duly thankful, was established some years ago.

Mr. Arbuckle is decidedly popular with his employees. To those of the higher grade he pays extraordinarily good salaries. At the end of each year, if the work performed has pleased him, he makes each a bonus, sometimes as large as $500 or even $1,000. His underemployees—those who put up coffee, etc.—of which there are several hundred, are not specially well paid, but neither are they ground down, and he is prone to look out for the welfare of individuals, though careful not to show favoritism. When the mother is sick he drives in his mill to the morning and has the carriage come for him at night, and more than once, it is said, when the storm has been severe, he has had his coachman take the more delicate of the women, living some distance away from the mills, to their homes, himself remaining at his office while enough trips were made to carry all who ought not to be exposed to the weather. He rarely gets angry and still more rarely loses self control.

The Arbuckle charities are not known to be large, being limited, so far as has been made public, to a yearly subscription of $100 to the Brooklyn bureau of united charities. The Arbuckle amusements are simple. In the summer he takes a long vacation, sometimes at Lake Mohonk and sometimes, as last year, in Europe. He does not ride the wheel, and he does not play golf, but he does ride horseback for pleasure, the gathering of his steeds fat, galloping to Coney Island and back nearly every morning or afternoon when the weather is good.

He is a great home man, and his wife always accompanies him on his summer outings. There are no children. Both Mr. and Mrs. Arbuckle have long been members of Plymouth church and were great friends of Mr. Beecher, though not on cordially close terms with Dr. Lyman Abbott, the present pastor. Mr. Arbuckle's pet detestation is talk about money making, and in this he is different from many self made men, for he bores as poor as the poorest when a boy and allowed himself only $10 or $15 a week when he owned his Brooklyn establishment somewhat more than 20 years ago. His pet amusement—for he rides horseback as a matter of duty chiefly—is to get on the seat of a delivery wagon alongside the driver and so travel about, about New York and Brooklyn, and he is so little known to the metropolitan public that he is not often recognized on these queer expeditions.

DEXTER MARSHALL.

JOHN ARBUCKLE.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

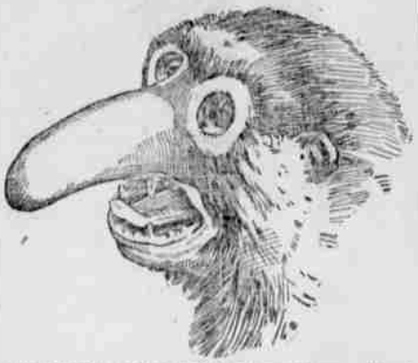
THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.

The finest view in Europe and one of the most interesting in the world is that from the summit of Mont Blanc, 15,781 feet above the level of the sea. Yet the number of people who are privileged to gaze on this superb vista every year may be counted on the fingers of one's hands because of the difficulty of reaching the summit of the mountain. Herewith is a unique picture taken by a snap shot camera in the hands of one of a party of climbers who recently made the dangerous ascent. The picture shows the intrepid standing on one of the numerous needles of rock covered with snow and ice which are to be found at the top of this the highest mountain in Europe.

A CYRANO DE BERGERAC MONKEY.

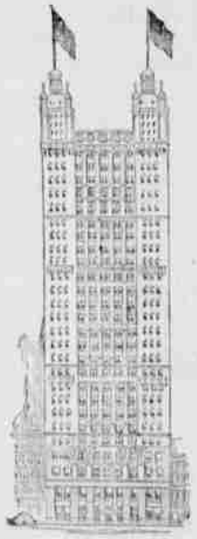
Cyrano de Bergerac, the hero of Edmond Rostand's new famous play of that name, has become noted as much on account of the enormous proportions of his nose as for his splendid character and attainments.

In the Museum of Natural History in New York there is a large stuffed monkey which has a nasal appendage which is a counterpart of the one that



ornaments the features of the self sacrificing Cyrano. The nose on this animal is entirely different from that of any other of the monkey tribe, for instead of the little, flat, upturned affair generally seen it is of such enormous proportions in relation to the rest of the face as to be an absolute deformity and look extremely grotesque.

"THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT."



The tallest and the lowest buildings in the world are to be found in America. The smallest of all buildings used for human habitation are the ice huts of the Eskimos of Greenland. These huts, which are formed of bricks of ice about two feet thick, only rise about four feet above the level of the surrounding snow. They have one exit, which is an underground passage just large enough for one person to crawl through.

The highest structures on earth are the modern "skyscrapers." The illustration shows the latest and tallest of these buildings. It is the Ivins Syndicate building, 30 stories high, in New York. It has just been finished. As the builders of ancient Egypt left their mark upon history with the vast tombs of their kings, so mediæval Europe immortalized itself in its Gothic cathedrals, so the "skyscraper" is the stone monument of the closing years of the nineteenth century. It may not be a thing of beauty, it may darken our streets and have other drawbacks, but it has come to stay.

The modern skyscraping structures, besides rising several hundred feet into the air, also extend down many stories below the surface of Mother Earth, so that when the weight of a building is given the measurement should be from the floor of the deepest basement. The weight of such a building is enormous, and to support it solid rock must be reached. In many cases, after drilling a great distance, this is not found, and caissons are sunk till the rock is reached, and the building rests on these artificial supports. In some places, as in Chicago, where the whole city stands on shifting sand, the big office buildings rest on immense plates of steel laid on the earth.

WOMEN WORKERS IN COLLIERIES.

England has always prided herself on being the champion of the slave. It has long been her boast and song that "Britons never shall be slaves" and that under the union jack all men are free. Until recently, however, a condition of affairs existed in certain parts of England in which not men, but actually women and young girls, were compelled to toil in a condition which, if

not actual slavery, was nearly akin to it. This state of affairs prevailed in Lancashire, the region of collieries, or, as it is locally called, the "black country."

Naked to the waist, an iron chain fastened in a belt of leather between their legs, clad in canvas trousers and walking on "all fours," English girls for 12 and sometimes 14 hours a day hauled tubs of coal up subterranean roads.

All this has been changed now. Women are forbidden by law to work underground, and children are compelled to go to school. But at the mouths of the coal pits, pushing coal trucks or shoveling coal into wagons, may be

seen a small army of female workers clad in the garb here depicted. The dress is effective and businesslike. It consists of a man's shirt and trousers and a short, rough skirt. A woolen cap covers the head, and the feet are clad in clogs, or wooden shoes, with uppers of leather and soled with iron.

STATUE TYPIFYING DISARMAMENT.

At a time when the question of the disarmament of the great powers has been proposed by the czar of Russia it is interesting to note that that sovereign's idea has found an even more eloquent expression at the hand of M. L. Bellon, the Parisian sculptor. The artist has symbolized the idea of the approach of universal peace in a very happy manner. M. Bellon's statue shows a powerful workman beating into plowshares a bundle of swords. At his feet an olive branch lies across a yoke, the artist evidently having taken his inspiration from the second chapter of Isaiah, "And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

The Paris sculptor, who has called his figure "The Future," has expressed by means of a statue the same idea that Kipling gave utterance to in his "Recessional." It comes as a warning note at a time when the great powers seem infatuated with a passion for military glory, such a piece of work, too, shows that art has not altogether lost its ancient seriousness, which was made it a power among nations.

LAST PICTURE OF THE MURDERED EMPRESS.

The whole civilized world was shocked recently by the news that the empress of Austria had been assassinated by an Italian anarchist as she was about to leave Geneva on a steamboat. European anarchists have vowed vengeance against almost every crowned head on the continent, but it would seem that if there were one of them who would be safe from their attacks that one would surely have been the late Empress Elizabeth.

Politics has a sweeter disposition and altogether more lovable woman shared the throne of Austria's emperors. She was very domestic in her manner. The accompanying picture, which has just reached this country, is a snap shot taken by a tourist at Rheinegen the day before she was killed, and shows her enjoying a promenade with the emperor in one of the parks near the palace.

Many stories are told how the empress defied the strict rules of Madame Etiquette, which were very powerful 10 years ago, when, as a sweet bride of 15, she arrived at Vienna with her handsome husband.

A MONUMENT FOR A SEAMAN.

Everybody who remembers the civil war will recall the day when Admiral Farragut, on board his flagship Hartford, entered the harbor of Mobile Bay in the face of the guns in the forts and in the Confederate ships. When the engagement was at its height, he went to the quarter deck and in order to get a better view of what was going on climbed into the rigging despite the remonstrance of his officers. When he refused to come down, Lieutenant John Crittenden Watson, now commodore and in command of the squadron off Cuba, who was the executive officer of the Hartford, ordered the admiral lashed to the rigging, that in the event of his being struck by a bullet or piece of flying shell he would not fall overboard.

Richard Knowles, one of the young seamen on board the Hartford, was sent into the shrouds and led the admiral fast to the rigging, returning to his other duties as soon as he had finished this task. For the bravery displayed he was mentioned in special orders to

sail to the fleet. At the close of the war he was sent to Annapolis, where he served on the training ship Santee until his death, which occurred a few years ago. He was appointed a chief quartermaster, and many of the officers who are now well up in rank received their first lessons in practical seamanship from him. It has been suggested that a monument be erected to his memory in the Naval academy grounds.

GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.

The average weight of the boats in Chicago is 20 pounds less than in any European country excepting Scotland.

The United States and Germany are the only two great powers of the world, but have no postal savings banks.

In a golf match at Hayes park, England, recently a lady drive across the grounds was hit by a golf ball and decapitated.

Russian railroad trains have smoking cars for ladies.

Messrs. Macmillan, the great London booksellers, in their new premises early it is stated, shelf room for 4,000,000 books.

Prince Bismarck do not set pigeons between of the society conducted on the days in the Reichstag.

Jenkins, the spell chief of the Tiza, has gone earlier his second visit to Europe. This he was last there, only six years ago, was in the peace.

Nine men constitute a jury in Mexico, and a majority gives the verdict. If the jury is unanimous, there is no appeal.

Count Shigenobu Okuma, the new premier of Japan, began life as a poor boy and is now a proof that the "self made" man can be manufactured even in the oriental east.

Justice Harlan of the United States supreme court gets up at 6 o'clock in the morning in order to find time to play golf, of which he is very fond.

A nugget of gold weighing 1,600 ounces and valued at $32,000 has been found at Kalgoorlie, in West Australia.

The most rapidly growing of German cities is Dusseldorf. Twelve years ago it had 50,000 inhabitants. Today it has 175,000.

Miss Flora Shaw, who is now in the Klondike, is the woman connected with the London Times who was said to have exchanged the London end of the Jameson raid.

In three years the expense of running an Atlantic steamer exceeds the cost of construction.

The handwriting of H. D. Blackmore, the novelist and author of "Lorna Doone," is so fine as often to necessitate the use of a magnifying glass to his printers.

A Baltimore man was so afraid some one would get his umbrella that he locked it in his safe. That night the safe was stolen.

The widow of Milet, the French artist, is a simple peasant woman and is living on a sum raised for her by the admirers of her husband's work.