

PUGET SOUND MILLIONAIRES.

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 8 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 200 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 hopland here, I am told, 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 flat-head variety. This city of Seattle was named after an Indian, old Chief Seattle. This man was the Napoleon Bonaparte of the Indians of the northwest. He was a chief of many tribes and had a complete organization of them and formed a common language for them. He was a flat-head 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 queenlike 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 \$750, 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 \$50,000 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 he 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 Hill a quarter of a million. The city has given him a strip of land a mile long through the flats for his freight houses. It contains 145 acres, which is now covered with water, but which will be diked and piled."

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

"Oh, it was largely through his father-in-law, Mr. Remington, the firearms and typewriter 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 \$30,000 worth of property. It did not develop as fast as he expected, and Squire came out to look at it. He found the boom 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 \$750,000 COW 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, in Congress some years ago. He lives here in the center of a big lot in the heart of the city, and his yard is worth about \$750,000. He keeps a blooded 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 if I sell where can I 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 some of the best iron mines in the world. These 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 VESTER CASE.

"What is this Vester 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, Dr. Maynard, Mr. Boren 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. This 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 Yeaster held property 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 first wife died, and he married again soon after, taking as his second wife a young girl of twenty, named Minnie Gagle. She was a distant relative and she came, I think, from Masillon, Ohio. Mr. Yester told me once that he married her in self-defense. He was besieged by fortune-hunting adventuresses, who tried to get him into all sorts of trouble and attempted to blackmail him. Well, two years after his marriage he took sick and died, and to the surprise of all no will could be found. He had said repeatedly that he intended to leave a great part of his fortune to the city, and as his estate amounted to about \$3,000,000 the loss of the will created a sensation. His wife and the two doctors who attended him were charged with destroying it and a suit was begun by the city to force the producing of the will. One of the lawyers of the defendants had the cheek to say to the city that he would find the will for twenty-five per cent of the amount of the estate. This was refused and the case is yet unsettled. During Mr. Yester's last sickness these doctors and his wife never left him alone with any one for a moment."

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 indorse any one's note almost, and he lost \$100,000 in five years by 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 never ousted a tenant if he thought he was trying to get along, and he was greatly imposed upon. One man, a baker, had a house of his for seventeen years and never paid a cent of rent. During the most of the time he sublet 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 \$200 a month. Mr. Yester heard them and refused, saying: 'I would like to oblige you, but I can't. That man is one of my oldest tenants. Why, he has been with me seventeen years.'