

MINNESOTA MILLIONAIRES.

Special Correspondence of the Deseret News.

MINNEAPOLIS, April 9, 1893.—Millionaires in Minnesota are thicker than mosquitoes in New Jersey, and you can't throw a stone on the streets of St. Paul or Minneapolis without hitting a Croesus. The wonderful development of the country is rolling the dollars into this hopper of the great northwest and there are lumber millionaires, milling kings and real estate magnates and railroad gold bugs galore. This is the greatest lumber center of the Union and J. Newton Nind, the editor of the *Lumberman* here, tells me that Minneapolis will sell more lumber than any city in the country in 1893. Some of the richest timber dealers of the world live here and Weyerhaeuser, the lumber king, makes this his home. No man in the world represents so much lumber as Weyerhaeuser. He owns timber all over the country and he buys by the millions. Just the other day he paid over \$2,000,000 for 500,000,000 feet of standing pine in northern Minnesota and the syndicate of which he is the head will, I am told, within four years control all the white pine of Wisconsin and Minnesota. It has a capital of \$80,000,000. It has great saw mills which turn out hundreds of millions of feet of lumber annually, and whose product is worth close to \$10,000,000 a year. It buys new lumber regions right along, and it is looking out for new fields in the south and northwest.

FROM BEER TO BULLION.

This syndicate includes a small number of rich men, but Frederick Weyerhaeuser is the richest and the brainiest of them. He is a German and he began life in a brewery. He came to this country without a cent and he worked for one dollar a day. After leaving the brewery he piled slabs in a sawmill for a time at \$1.25 a day and gradually worked his way up in lumber until he is worth millions. He is as plain today at fifty as he was when he worked in his first sawmill and he labors just as hard. He is wrapped up in his business and goes at times from lumber camp to lumber camp, taking pot luck with his men and having a thorough knowledge of every detail of his business. He is a man of great ability, full of common sense and his four sons, who are all in the lumber business, take after him. The boys have been well educated and his youngest son is now in Yale College. He gives a great deal in charity and his eldest daughter, who lately married a Dutch reformed preacher of Syracuse, spent a year some time before her marriage in going about among the lower classes of New York city doing charitable work.

T. B. Walker of Minneapolis is another lumber king. He is said to be worth \$10,000,000 and his house here contains some of the finest paintings you will find in the United States.

SOME MINNESOTA MANSIONS.

I wish I could take you into the houses of these rich men of the northwest. They are as fine as those of the money kings of New York or Boston, and many of them will rank with the oldest houses in Europe in their artistic furnishing. There is today more art displayed in the big business blocks and in the fine residences of St. Paul and Minneapolis than you will find in those

of Boston, Cleveland or Cincinnati, and money is shoveled out here on architecture, art, and I might say religion as well. The finest Young Men's Christian Association building in the world is here. The Minneapolis club has finer quarters than any club in Washington city, and there are a number of million dollar business blocks here which have more fine marbles and Roman mosaic work than the cathedral of St. Mark's at Venice. These men have made their money quickly and they spend it freely. Their homes are full of beautiful things from all over the world. Take, for instance, that of Mr. Thomas Lowry, the street railway millionaire of Minneapolis. It is a big old-fashioned mansard house of about twenty rooms, which are packed with art treasures. Old Gobelin tapestries, some of which would carpet a small parlor, hang upon the walls. Oriental rugs, which Tom Lowry bought in Egypt, lie upon the floor, and fine paintings of the great modern painters cover the walls. Rare Sevres vases stand on the mantels, and pieces of really fine Japanese art and of rare East Indian workmanship are scattered here and there about the rooms. The house is, in fact, a museum of curios, but they have been so well selected and arranged that it is a most comfortable home.

HOW TOM LOWRY MADE A FORTUNE.

And just here I want to say a word about Tom Lowry. Every one calls him Tom here, and he is every one's friend. He is still in his forties, but he controls a capital of \$12,000,000 and his income is probably something like \$100,000 a year. He came here from Logan county, Ill., as a young lawyer. He wanted to go to some place where he could be known as something more than just Father Lowry's son. His father was a friend to Abraham Lincoln, and had Lincoln not been elected president Lowry would have studied law in his office. He was poor when he came here, but he at once jumped into a big practice, and he was soon engaged in nearly every speculation of the town. Along back in the seventies the horse car street railway line of Minneapolis was in a bad way and Tom Lowry borrowed \$75,000 of the Security Bank and bought it. He improved it, extended the lines and so managed it that he was soon able to get hold of the St. Paul street car lines as well, and he now practically owns the street car lines of the two cities. He has made his system the best, it is said, in the United States, and his credit is such that at the time of the Barings' failure he was able to raise \$3,500,000 in New York at a low rate of interest. His street car lines were changed from horse cars to electricity in twelve months and he has 250 miles of track. The overland trolley is used and he tells me that the conduit system he tried for one of the St. Paul lines was a failure. His franchise of the two cities is an exclusive one, and it runs, I am told, for a long term of years. These car lines have immense shops here and power houses covering acres. They can make everything connected with an electric car line, and it will not be surprising if they eventually add a great manufacturing car industry to their business. Mr. Lowry is eminently fitted for doing this. He has the best of business brains and his credit is such that he can get any reasonable number of millions at four per cent.

Tom Lowry is a man of strong friendships. He is as well known in New York and Washington as he is here. He was one of the few men who had access to Blaine at all times, and he largely aided Senator Washburn in tiding over the financial troubles in which he was involved at the time of his election to the Senate. He is a good story teller and it is said that he knows Shakespeare by heart and can repeat "Paradise Lost" from beginning to end. He has a beautiful wife and a very bright family. I am told that he had a fiery red head as a boy, though his hair is now a beautiful brown and his whiskers are almost black. Two of his girls have red hair. The youngest of these was only five years old when her little baby brother was born. She saw the bald-headed baby and that night they say she closed her prayer as follows:

"Please, God, bless baby brother, but don't let him have red hair. We have enough red heads in this family already."

SENATOR WASHBURN'S HOME.

Senator Washburn and Mr. Lowry are interested in the Soo road together and they are rapidly pushing this on to connect with the Canadian Pacific. When this is done it will form the last great trunk line across the continent. I am told by Senator Washburn that the Soo road has now more than it can do to haul its local freight and its lumber shipments are enormous. There are millions of telegraph poles lying along it awaiting shipment and it promises to pay well.

Speaking of Washburn his residence here is worth a fortune; it is an immense white stone surrounded by ten acres of ground, every foot of which is valuable. He has gotten out of his financial troubles and is again rich.

JIM HILL'S MANSION.

St. Paul has dozens of great houses which would do credit to any eastern city, but the residence of Mr. James J. Hill, the Great Northern railway magnate, is one of the really fine houses of the world. George W. Childs, when he visited it, said it surpassed that of the Vanderbilts in many ways, and that he liked it better than his own home at Wooten. I visited it in company with Mr. Hill's friend, Mr. Geo. A. Brackett, yesterday, and I like it far better than the home of North, the nitrate king, which I saw in England last summer. It is more homelike and less gaudy. It is located in St. Paul on Summit avenue, and its grounds slope down toward the Mississippi river. It has acres of grounds about it, and its windows give wide views of the hills and valleys of the Mississippi. The house is an immense two-story building of brown stone put together in the rough and crowned with a steel roof, which slopes down in many gables. A porte cochere big enough for an ordinary house, under which you could haul the biggest wagon load of hay you have ever seen without touching its walls or its sides, forms the entrance to it, and as you go into this you are impressed with the massiveness and solidity of the structure. The house looks as though it were built to outlast the ages. The walls are about four feet thick, and in constructing it Mr. Hill went down thirty-eight feet until he struck the solid bed rock for the foundation. This is one of the characteristics of his work—he goes to