

to be a very profitable one. He has a thousand hogs and 25,000 sheep, and his horses are known all the world over.

FORTUNES IN HORSES.

I spent some time during my visit to the ranch in the stables. There are no frills nor furbelows about this part of the land. Everything is plain and simple and no money is wasted anywhere. I don't think Mr Baldwin wastes very much money except on his own personal enjoyments, and he is certainly not extravagant in the fitting out of his stables. There is no gilded harness or hard-wood stalls, and these horses, some of which are worth from \$25,000 to \$50,000 each, live in plain box stalls about fifteen feet square. The mile race track on the farm is a fairly good one, and one advantage that his horses have is in being able to get green feed all the year round. I saw some of his famous horses. One of these was the Emperor of Norfolk, which brought Baldwin \$79,000 during his racing season, and in another place I saw the home of Grinstead, one of the famous breeding stallions of California, and I watched a number of yearlings and two-year olds which were worth all the way from \$1,000 and upward. Lucky Baldwin manages his stables as a business enterprise and he makes them pay. He pays little attention to his horses himself and drives but seldom. He has good trainers, however, and it seemed to me that the horses were kindly treated and well cared for.

THE WONDERFUL IRRIGATION SYSTEM

This Baldwin ranch is perhaps the best irrigated piece of property in the United States. The geological survey sent photographers out here last year to make pictures of some of its systems. A network of pipe runs throughout the whole estate and the water is stored in great reservoirs down in the valley, rather than being dammed up in the canyons in the mountains. Much of the water is carried in cement-lined ditches and in other places is conveyed from one part of the country to the other in great pipes of cement. These pipes are made on the ranch and there are miles upon miles of them.

Scattered over the estate are artesian wells, from which flow perpetually streams of water as large around as the body of a man, and there seems to be no lack of irrigation facilities. Some of the most beautiful water works of the ranch are about the home and there is a lake of eight acres which winds in and out through the vegetation of the tropics. I have seen a number of botanical gardens in different parts of the world but there are few more beautiful than the grounds about this home of Lucky Baldwin. It is one of the prettiest places in the world, and every tree and shrub connected with it has been planted by his direction. He took this vast estate when it was practically a desert and he has made it a land of flowers, trees and of fruit-bearing orchards. Whatever may be his record in a social way, and as to his business dealings, he is entitled to great credit for what he has done for this part of the state of California. His work has, of course, been a selfish one, but he has opened up these thousands of acres to settlement and his money has done what a number of small fortunes could not have done.

NO CHANCE FOR BEGGARS.

I have written many letters about rich men, and I am told that thousands of begging letters are always received by the millionaires after such publications. When I published a talk with the millionaire W. W. Corcoran of Washington shortly before his death his mail came in by the bushel from this country and Europe, and nearly all the letters asked for money. I would say just here that it will be useless for such people to write to Mr. Baldwin. He is too careful and conservative a business man to give money indiscriminately, and as far as I can learn he has never been noted for his charities. He has not yet announced any intention of founding a great university, and there is a fair possibility that his vast fortune, like those of most of the California nabobs, will go to the lawyers who support the claimants who spring up like mushrooms after a rain on the death of a California millionaire. Lucky Baldwin, in fact, seems to have been more fortunate in money making than in matrimony, for he has been married several times and he has been mixed up in two or three divorce suits. His present wife is, I am told, both beautiful and accomplished, and she spends most of her time at the Baldwin residence in San Francisco.

As for Lucky Baldwin, he lives part of the time at home, a part at the hotel, and now and then spends some time here. He is a hard worker and a man of not many amusements. He is said to be fond of playing poker with a four-bit or fifty cent ante and in one of his books advertising his hotel he published an interior showing himself seated with a party of friends at a card table.

A STORY OF MOHAMMET ALI.

From his beautiful gardens here with their thousands of tropical plants and their acres of well-kept lawn I can see that he admires the beauties of nature. He has always admired beautiful women, and I am told that in his old age he preserves this feature of his taste for the beautiful. I thought of this as I left him sitting in an easy chair looking out over the glassy lake bordered with flowers which lies at the edge of his house, and my mind flew to the Sebra gardens of the khedive of Egypt at Cairo. I cannot say why, but he made me think of how that famous old Mohammedan hero, Mohammed Ali, used to amuse himself there during his last days. He would sit in state on the banks of his lake while his servants rowed the most beautiful of his wives on the waters. At a secret signal these servants would tip over the boat, and the old monarch would laugh till the tears ran down his beard at their struggles to scramble out of the water. I don't mean to say that I know Millionaire Baldwin would enjoy anything of this nature. His gardens are in prosaic America rather than in sensuous Egypt, but their beauties are such that it is not hard for the mind to people them with a scene of this kind.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A CHICAGO street car conductor has just won the hand and heart of a widow worth a quarter of a million dollars. If his success shall teach a lesson in affection or even politeness and courtesy to other street car conductors, the publication of this item will not have been in vain.

[COMMUNICATED.]

ACCURACY AND TRUTH ALWAYS DESIRABLE.

There is a remarkable inclination in society of all grades to exaggerate in statement, no matter how commonplace or how serious the topic; everything, whether of joy or sorrow, is spoken of in extremes; private or public matters become equally tinged as the mood of individuals or the public craze may determine. Many a "Black Friday," many a panic, many a failure has been the result of undue and untruthful comment, and even when the sun has been shining overhead, the extremist as a grumbler is determined on controversy anyhow, either claiming intensity of heat or asserting that it was excessively cool.

Mischief is wrought, whether intentional or not, by this mistaken habit; one which bids fair to be a national weakness, it this can be gauged by press dispatches, or by the avidity with which such statements are received. Never an accident or calamity in any form but its blackness and sadness is first enlarged if it should have to be contradicted almost before the ink is dry which gave it public currency. Never a rejoicing that did not have its *couleur de rose* modified by after thought and sober consideration.

Why should this inflation of facts be so far beyond the reality? Why so prone to spread and make sensational the crime, the conditions and conclusions, as to the real or the probable? When a bank fails, when a firm meets reverses, when dull times prevail and when business is not exactly brisk, why make things worse than they are, and why assert that all the trade of a community is going to "demolition bow-wows," because here or there, from causes not understood of the unlooker, men in business cannot at a moment's notice pay one hundred cents on the dollar?

There never was a community that suffered more from this spirit of exaggerated misstatement than this same Utah. Her social, political and religious status have scarcely ever had an unbiased or a truthful word. Persons afar off believed that treason, anarchy, ignorance and sensuality prevailed here, that life was near valueless, and that danger lurked in every bush and at the corner of every street. The facts were all against this representation, but lies had their influence and mountains of prejudice have for years been accumulating, which only now begin to melt away. The "rawhead and bloody bones" specialists have partially lost prestige with the increase of travel, and it is now being understood that there is as much safety, content and all the virtues here as in any other section of the country, while general reality ranges equal to the best.

Utah in common with the rest of our country is today feeling the pressure of what is called "hard times." Money is none too abundant, and considerable of the labor of the Territory is unemployed. But the elasticity of the community is unimpaired, the disheartened are few—very few indeed. Yet there are extremists, who with apparent earnest truthfulness make the most and worst