

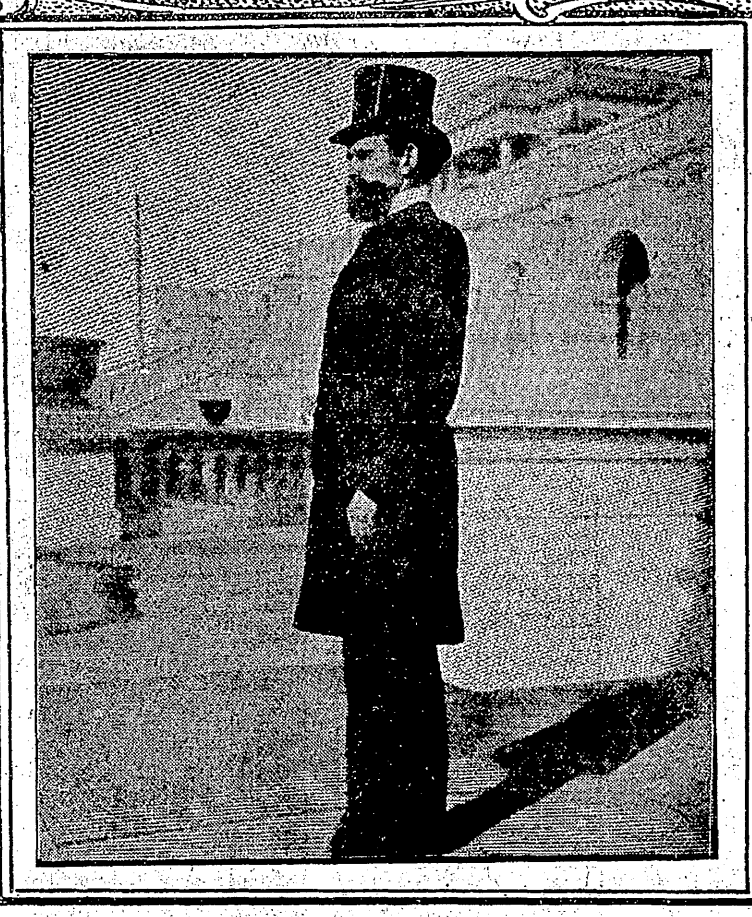
Clark of Montana

A MAN WITH AN INCOME OF \$1,000,000⁰⁰ A MONTH, WHO LIVES ALONE IN A GREAT HOUSE AND KEEPS TAB ON THE PRICE OF OATS AND THE CONDITION OF THE LARDER.



MISS MARY McNEILL, WHO SUEED SENATOR CLARK FOR \$150,000 FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.

By AUGUSTUS C. ALLEN.
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To have an income of \$1,000,000 a month, to manage gigantic business corporations, to be a senator of the United States and to control the politics of a sovereign state of the Union—this is the lot of William A. Clark, of Montana.
Senator Clark is in every way an interesting personage. He has put the stamp of his individuality upon a great section of this country. He has developed and still is developing a large part of the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast region. "Clark of Montana" is a name to conjure with in the West, and draw forth the golden hoards of Wall Street. He is not only one of the richest men in America, but one of the most successful. Other men have made fortunes and lost them and made them again. Clark of Montana has never made a failure. Everything that he touches turns to gold in the West; they are almost superstitious about his luck. He seems to be inspired to avoid the schemes which are faulty, and when Clark goes into a project men rush to their fortunes with it, believing that it will be sure to win.
His life is a lonely one. He is of the world, but apart from his fellow men.



SENATOR CLARK AT WASHINGTON

berous or a bit of game, and he keeps tab upon the state of his wine bins. He will thump a turkey with the most critical of housekeepers, and is aware every month what his establishment has cost. He is fond of pictures, and a judge of them. He will smoke the best of Havanas and be absorbed for an hour in his library, and then, turn to the daily report on the price of copper or the drop in the cost of steel rails for his railroads. He is fond of society, as society goes at the Capital, although domestic affliction has put limitations upon participation in the social whirl.
The most striking characteristic of his nature is infinite attention to detail. The next most conspicuous is caution, amounting almost to suspicion and distrust of his fellow man. No man has ever fooled Clark of Montana but once, and few have done that. It will be remembered that he started life on a farm, worked in the mines, fought Indians on the frontier, suffered hardships in the mountains and contested for supremacy with the bold and active spirits who have made the West. That meant hard work, and he has not lost the habit.
Senator Clark leaves his home about 10 o'clock in the morning and speeds in his automobile to his offices in the annex of the Capitol Building. As he comes in every lineament and movement denotes the hard, practical, alert man of business. He moves with a quick and springy step. He talks rapidly and decisively, rarely smiling. In his office at Washington he has two secretaries, one to attend to his congressional and departmental letters, and one to handle his business correspondence. They, of course, have a corps of stenographers and typewriters.
He knows the price of oats and the weight of the largest budgets, if not the largest that comes to any man in public life



SENATOR CLARK POSES

rather repellent manner. His colleagues feel it and do not wish to give the appearance of seeking him, for fear it may seem a trifle.
At least he doubtless would like to be closer to them, and they would find in him, once the reserve was broken down, a cheery and kind-hearted companion. But the main body of million dollars a month income, some men would feel inclined to place themselves in the attitude of soliciting his attention or favor, lest the motives would be misunderstood. He cannot unbend, through sheer force of habit and characteristics, and they won't.
Of course, he has friends, and at the luncheon hour usually goes down to the restaurant with a guest or as a guest. He lunches well, but not lavishly, and, indeed, is far from extravagant in any of his habits. He is stylish in dress and uses only the finest fabrics, but there is nothing of display that would reflect upon the gentleman and man of good taste.
He returns to the Senate at 2 o'clock and receives the cards of his visitors, meeting them in the marble room, the long apartment utilized for the reception of people having business with the senators. He has a strong callers every day, for the most part Montana people and Westerners at large. Every man from any part of the West, from Butte to the Spanish Penas, and from the Platte to the Golden Gate, knows Clark of Montana, and if he has business in Washington seeks his aid in his transaction. The visitor may catch him at the Senate; he will not find him at home, if the watchful butler sees him first.
It is interesting to watch these West-coasters transacting their business with Clark of Montana. Most of them are typical men of the mountains and the plains—big, brawny, open-faced, cheery, manly, bluff and hearty fellows. They come bustling in, with their breezy way, grasping their soft felt hats in one hand and the other mighty paw extended to greet the Senator. There is Clark, slight, neat, dainty in appearance, reserved in manner, looking the visitor through and through with his hard, inscrutable

glance, listening intently and saying little. The temperature seems to lower at once and the breeziness dies down. The statement is heard, the Senator says a few words, perhaps to deny the request of hand or to make an appointment for another day, or to refer the caller to his secretary, then on to another one, who is greeted in like manner.
It is a wonder how a man of his temperament and habit of manner ever got into Western politics. He is anything but the "make-it" successful politician in the West. He is supposed to be. His method of business, when dollars are at stake, is not to hold out false hopes, but to be obsequious, not to solicit, and he is the same where votes are at stake. He does not give the "glad hand" to any politician.
They say in Montana that he will not continue in politics. They also say that he runs politics as he does his business—giving attention to every detail and leaving nothing to the judgment or work of his assistants. He wants results in voting precincts to be figured on as close a margin as the output of a copper mine or a factory, and he cannot understand why that cannot be done.
No man with a business scheme to present could go to Senator Clark's house at night and talk to him about it in his library; the most influential political manager in Montana would find it equally as impossible to get at him in the same way as the output of a copper mine or a factory, and he cannot understand why that cannot be done.
Clark of Montana would want him to put the matter in writing and let it come through the mail.
After the reception of callers in the Marble Room, the Senator returns to his office in the Annex, where, by this time, the mail has been typewritten and is on his desk. He reads every letter and signs it himself. Nearly all senators deputize their secretaries the duty of signing unimportant mail, either with a stamp or in their own hand, but Senator Clark has never been able to accustom himself to the practice. He laboriously signs through the whole batch of letters, affixing his signature as carefully as if

he were signing a check.
Perhaps, in the meantime, he has been to the telephone telephone half a dozen times to talk with some captain of industry or finance in New York, or Philadelphia or Pittsburgh. He has received dozens of telegrams, and some of which he has answered in the Senate, and others brought over to the office to be answered. After the last bit of correspondence for the day is dispatched, he accepts a guest at dinner party, having a fund of anecdote and incident of his Western life.
No one knows the full extent of the business operations of Clark of Montana. There is one copper mine in Arizona, said to be the greatest mine in the world. He knows the possibilities of that mine, and probably could estimate its output from the veins of copper yet unexplored. He owns smelters in Arizona and gold mines and copper smelters in Butte, Montana.
He is building a railroad from Salt Lake City, Utah, to Los Angeles, California. When he started there was some question about financing the scheme; that is, there was question in the minds of other men. He settled it by drawing his personal check for \$200,000 for the carry on the work. Then some people concluded that they would like to have some bonds, and he floated the immense project without difficulty.
He owns electric lighting and street railway systems without number, and almost the entire telephone system of the Rocky Mountain region. In California he has the largest beet sugar factory in the world. He has extensive plantations in Mexico and interests in every quarter of the Pacific Coast north of the isthmus.
When Congress is in session it is usual for the Senate to adjourn every Thursday and the following Monday. Then Senator Clark takes the 4 o'clock train for New York. The next morning, bright and early, he goes to his offices, which occupy an entire floor of 40 Wall Street, and plunges into his business affairs. He has a staff of assistants and clerks and goes through the reports made to him of the operations of all his plants. He always carries the duty of signing unimportant mail, either with a stamp or in their own hand, but Senator Clark has never been able to accustom himself to the practice. He laboriously signs through the whole batch of letters, affixing his signature as carefully as if

HOW LITTLE JAPS BECOME LITTLE AMERICANS

By BASSETT STAINES.
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"DON'T want my children to forget that they are Japanese," said a Japanese merchant who does a large business in New York and other American cities, "but at the same time, I want them to become little Americans, too. I want them to have all the advantages of an American training, and I want them to get all the benefits of the land to which I belong and the land in which they live."
This is the common feeling of all the Japanese who live in this country with regard to the bringing up of their children. The Chinese in America, thoroughly imbued with the dogged conservatism of their race, bring their children up in their native costumes and customs, and seclude them as far as possible from their American environment.
Not so the Japanese. They do not retain their native costumes and customs, and show the greatest anxiety to make little Americans out of their children.
Many of the Japanese families in American cities are wealthy, their heads being prominent merchants, professional men, diplomats, or consuls. They live in handsome suburban homes or sumptuous city apartments, with surroundings, service, food and dress as typically American as though the land of kimono, chrysanthemums, and cherry blossoms were not.
Take the case of the Japanese consul-general in New York, Mr. Uchida, who lives on that fashionable thoroughfare, Central Park West. His little girl and boy are being brought up in a thoroughly American way.
The girl, little Mito, a charming peach blossom maiden, is now on her first visit to her grandfather's house in Japan. She is to remain there for two years in order to learn all about her own country, and then she will return to America to be "finished" like any other future debutante.
The boy, 5-year-old Isao—whose name sounds, in his own soft speech, exactly like that of Jacob's hairy brother in the Scriptures—is one of the brightest of the pupils at a fashionable New York kindergarten. His small neighbor, Dishiho Nagasaki, the son of a rich banker on Wall Street, brings with him from the same fountain of knowledge, in manners, games and general outlook on life, these two little Japs appear to be exactly like any healthy, lively American boy.
The Japanese nurses, who wear the picturesque dress of their native land, and teach them the fairy tales and games of ancient Japan, are the only distinctly Oriental features in the home life of these children. In other respects it is like that of any well-bred, well-dressed, well-loved American child. And so it is with scores of other Japanese youngsters in this broad land.
"I should estimate," said the editor of a Japanese newspaper published in New York, "that there are at least 500 Japanese in New York—perhaps more. Most of them are men in good positions—merchants and the like—and many of them are bringing up their families here. Whenever they can afford to do so, they send their children to Japan for several years to be partly educated there, and to learn all about their own country. But they take care that they shall be educated also in this country and have a thorough American training.
They want them to be both Japanese and American. Sometimes the Japanese training comes first, sometimes the American. Many children born here do not see their native land until they are grown up and have 'come out' in American society. But though they may never have seen Japan, you may be quite sure that they have been carefully taught to love their country and reverence their Mikado.
"They are just as patriotic as if they had lived all their lives in Tokyo or Kobe instead of in Washington or in New York. I know of one Japanese youngster, now going to school here, who used to get into daily fights with his playmates because he insisted that Admiral Ito was a greater man than Admiral Dewey and the battle of the Yalu a more glorious victory than the fight in Manila Bay."
In San Francisco there are considerably over five thousand Japanese, most of whom are of the middle class or occupy menial positions. The proportion of wealthy Japanese in that city is not nearly so large as it is in New York. Many of the Japs in the Pacific metropolis marry white women and give up all idea of returning to their native land. They take out their naturalization papers, become thoroughly Americanized, and bring up their children exactly as Americans would do. These denationalized Japs do not, as a rule, mix with their own countrymen, and they do not do so without friendly in the "cloak-and-sword" days.
At least 3,000 Japanese work in American families in San Francisco as domestic servants, and a large proportion of them are mere children. Boys come over from Japan at the age of 10, 12 or 14 to get an American education. They are sent to boarding schools, where they are, and they would seem to run a good chance of becoming Americans. But they always manage to get along all right, and to secure the education for which they crossed the seas.
They take situations as servants without wages. They merely stipulate for their food and clothes and leave of absence during the day to attend school, and in the evening, they work hard and faithfully to make up for lost time. Faithfulness is the quality in which they outshine all other servants in the city. They are very obedient, they always advertise that a faithful Japanese boy needs a situation, and it is no idle boast.
"You might think," said an American woman who has kept house in San Francisco for many years, "that it would be an awkward arrangement in any household to have the servant absent during the morning and the greater part of the afternoon, but it is not. I have employed many of these Japanese boys, some of them only 11 or 12 years old, and have never had any trouble with them. I would not engage any other servant."
The boy is up at 5 in the morning working like a little hero to get everything in order before he goes to school. He sweeps and dusts the rooms, cleans the boots, washes all the dirty dishes, gets breakfast ready and does twenty other things before 8 o'clock.
By the time he gets his books together and starts for school, you may look all around the house and not find a single thing left undone. All your needs and wishes during the day have been anticipated. Even afternoon tea has been got ready, all except the boiling of the water and the making of the tea.
"As soon as school is dismissed he hurries home. He does not stop to play with the American boys, for he knows that they are not his friends. He does his homework done early so that he can spend a good part of the evening in study.
"It is pleasant to have these 'boys' about the house. Their manners are really very good. They are very obedient, they are strictly honest and truthful, and they do things without being told. Every housekeeper knows how rare that is in a servant."
"It is wonderful how hard they work to get an American education and learn American ways. Naturally, many of them grow up to be successful and prominent men, either in San Francisco or in Japan."
The other day I met a Japanese gentleman at the house of a friend, when I was paying a social call. I was told that he was one of the leading doctors of Nagasaki, and had come over for a visit. We had an interesting conversation. His face seemed familiar, and presently I asked him whether we had met before.
"Is it possible that you don't remember me?" he replied. "I was a boy in your house for two years, and left you only nine years ago."
"In his manners and conversation he was exactly like an educated and accomplished American gentleman."
Many of these little Japs, when they grow up, marry in San Francisco, either with their countrymen or with white women, attain good positions, and live in the American cities. They do not always stay on the Pacific Coast. Many of them establish businesses in the other large cities, and prosper exceedingly. If you ask a rich Japanese merchant in any part of the country, he will tell you that he has a son who is a doctor, a lawyer, a man who spent an evening at the house of a wealthy Japanese in Philadelphia, came away enthusiastic in praise of his host's children.
"They were the nicest little shavers you ever met," he said. "Just like American children in many ways, but with a grave politeness and gentlemanly manners that American children do not always possess. They were a queer mixture. In one breath the boy informed me that he was going to Harvard when he grew up; in the next he proudly told me that he was one of the great-grandsons of his ancestors. The girl played Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song' like a real musician, and then dressed herself in a kimono and told Japanese fairy tales."
"During the evening they played a Japanese game very much like ping-pong. I charged them with having copied it from you. Not at all," they said. "This game has been played in Japan for a thousand years. Ping-pong must have been copied from it."

SITTING FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH

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By James B. Dunn, D. D., L. L. D.

MOST people at one time or another sit for a photograph, and they are usually anxious to be properly arrayed, and so posed as to secure a respectable looking picture.
But there are nowadays flashlight and snapshot contrivances by which persons are liable to have their pictures taken in very unlikely and unexpected places.
Persons are sometimes found in positions and conditions in which they would not be willing to be photographed, and it is possible that if some of them could really see themselves as others see them they would very soon change their course and conduct.
One woman was determined that her husband should know how he looked when he was drunk. She knew how he looked well enough, and needed not that any man should tell her.
Her children also knew by sad experience, but the man himself had a very imperfect idea of the state of the case.
So once the photographer to come forth with, and on his arrival she set before him his work.
Less resolute perhaps than another woman, who, under similar circumstances, sent for a doctor and ordered him to shave her husband's head and put on blisters, while she applied mustard poultices to his feet, she simply ordered the photographer to photograph her husband, as he sat in his chair.
The photographer did his work, and did it well, and when the photograph was finished and laid beside the husband's plate at breakfast it was a revelation, and the sober gentleman experienced a decidedly new sensation.
There was no need of explanation; the thing explained itself.

There was no chance for contradiction; the sun tells no lies. There was no room for argument; there was only one thing to do, and that was to quit. And it was very fortunate that the man had courage and sense enough to do it.
How many there are who, if they could get only one view of themselves as they are, when they are in their tipsy, maudlin idiosyncrasy, would once and forever change their course in life.
When Hugh Miller, the Scotch stonecutter, after indulging in strong drink with his fellow workman, found that the letters in his book were running together, and that with all his mental ability he was unable to read his mother tongue, one such lesson was sufficient for him, and he abandoned the cup, retained his intellect and wrote his name on high amid the thinkers of his age.
How many a man today is debasing himself and drifting downward into darkness, who, if he could but take a good look at himself in his maudlin condition, would turn about forthwith and yet be a man among men.
And if an observant man does not wish to sit for his likeness in a state of intoxication, he has only to walk up and down the streets of some of our great cities and he can see the whole performance at a glance.
There are plenty of specimens of men sober, of men drunk, and of men half way between, in all stages of intoxication, and in all conditions to which strong drink reduces men.
The man who is just entering upon a course of dissipation can see only one who has taken the next step, and so has gone no further than he has.
If he will haunt the streets, the police courts, the prisons; he

can see the whole problem of intemperance worked out from first to last.
He can see men, young, daring, reckless and gay; he can see them excited, bewildered, debased, besotted.
He can trace their course on and through paths of sorrow, degradation, crime, until at last they end in dark, dishonored graves, over which love, manly, but where hope plants no flowers and sorrow has no consolation.
Let the moderate drinker, let the man who has taken the first glass, walk up and down among the saloons, grogeries, doggeries, dance halls and dens, in the slums of our great cities, and he can see the picture of himself after one year's drinking, after two years, after five years and ten years, if he lives so long; and if he is a wise man he will be content and quit the cup without waiting to sit for his own photograph.
"CLIMBERS" ON THE LADDER OF FAME.
There isn't a successful actor or actress on earth who hasn't some distinctive individual power, being recognized by the world, won for him or her the little niche in the hall of dramatic fame. Maude Adams is Lady Babbe now and forevermore. It was herself that won her first fame, and she can't escape it, try as she will, with all the L'Aigilons and Julietts in the world. Mr. David Belasco is a "creator," if one ever lived, but could he have fashioned Mrs. Leslie Carter into anything but a Zaza or a Du Barry? Could he have made a laughing, rollicking comedienne out of her? Maybe he could. One hesitates to doubt his powers, but it seems

as if he merely helped Mrs. Carter to gain "recognition." These are two extreme examples of marked individuality upon the American stage, but it is safe to go all the way down the list with the same interrogation point. Every year some young actor or actress, or a number of them, make what we call "individual hits," and immediately their value to themselves and to their managers develops prodigiously, as do likewise, alas! as a rule, their heads. This season we have struck a pin alongside a good many names that were unknown to us last season, and set up a notch or two higher several names that were not entirely unknown to us in other seasons. By "us" I mean the public which goes to theatres.—Eleanor Franklin in Leslie's Weekly.
A SOUTHERN WOMAN ON GENERAL GRANT.
The sympathetic side of General Grant's nature, as everyone knows, was very strong. A few days after the surrender of Vicksburg a Southern lady looked to his quarters to ask for information about her husband, of whose safety she had heard conflicting reports. The general replied that he could not give her the information she desired, but that he would send an orderly at once to find out the facts for her. When the man returned with the news that her husband was safe the Southern woman's eyes filled with tears of gratitude, while tears of sympathy showed on the cheeks of General Grant.
On another occasion—it was years after—at a banquet in Vicksburg, given him when he was making a tour of the Southern States, one was heard expressing her gratitude to him for past kindnesses. As he replied to her, two tears rolled slowly down his cheeks.