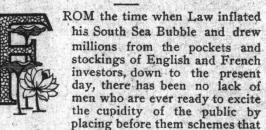
and Some of His Courtiers

"Master, I wonder how the fishes live in the sea."

"Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones."

—Shakespeare.



are often of doubtful value, if not absolutely worthless. Every now and again one hears of an adventurer who startles the investing world by the audacity and ingenuity of his representations and the boldness of his efforts to draw money from other people's pockets into his own. Many of these schemes are floated with the aid of captivating prospectuses that catch a multitude of bleating lambs anxious and willing to be shorn. They are in inexhaustible supply. England and America have suffered much from this type of adventurers and is still

The tragic end of Whittaker Wright in a London court where he had just been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude is still fresh in the reader's mind. It will be remembered that while the sentencing judge addressed him Wright toyed with a small paper box, from which he occasionally transferred a tablet with a careless sort of air to his mouth. The box was labelled cough lozenges and there was no objection to his seeking relief for a hacking cough by the use of a simple remedy. As the last words fell from the judge's lips Wright placed another tablet in his mouth, and chewed it quickly. As the gaolers advanced to lead him to his cell he threw up his hands, uttered a short cry of pain and sank at the feet of the guard. In another moment or two he was dead. Among the harmless tablets he had introduced, one that contained a deadly poison and when the last hope had fled

Among Wright's directors were the names of many distinguished men. Lord Dufferin appeared as the chairman of the Globe company, by the side of many other prominent statesmen, for promotion purposes. The distinguished names gave potency and strength to the stock and there was no end to the wealth that rolled in. Among the properties that Wright handled was Le Roi at Rossland in this province. Lord Dufferin, who had retired from the diplomatic service and was living on a small pension and a smaller income from an encumbered estate in Ireland (for he was far from rich) was president of the Globe company. Le Roi was one of the properties included in the flotation at an enormous figure. The shares rose to a fabulous price and in 1898 all things appeared rosy. In the summer of that year Lord Dufferin's eldest son, Lord Ava. visited Rossland to look things over. He was a quiet, unassuming gentleman who knew nothing of mining and was easily deceived as to the value of the properties over which his distinguished father nominally presided. On his return to London Ava handed in a glowing report and the stock rose higher and Then the Boer war broke out and Lord Dufferin's son went to South Africa to fight the battles of his country. He was amongst those who were beseiged at Ladysmith and while the seige was in progress he was killed by a shell. After his death it became evident that the Rossland properties of the Globe company had been largely overcapitalized. The market value of the mines receded until they became unsalable, and the company collapsed. Lord Dufferin's heart, strained by the death of his son, was prostrated by the failure of the company and in the course of a few weeks he passed away. If ever a man died of a broken heart that man was Lord Dufferin. He had been a Minister of the Crown, a Commissioner to settle certain Burma disturbances when he hanged several rebels by drumhead courtmartial. He had been Viceroy of Canada and of India, Ambassador to Russia, Turkey and France and in every capacity he had achieved honors and won the approbation of his Sovereign. To think that a man with such an illustrious career should have allowed his name to be used as a "guinea pig" in a stockbroking prospectus by a man who was afterward proved to have been guilty of swindling, was too much for Lord Dufferin's sensitive nature. This humiliating reflection, coupled with the death of his eldest son and presumptive heir to the title, caused his death.

Lord Dufferin visited British Columbia but once during his term of office as governorgeneral. It was in the summer of 1876. The failure of the Dominion government to fulfill their obligations under the terms of union had created a widespread feeling of disaffection and loud cries of secession were heard in British Columbia. Mr. Walkem, then premier, carried a people's petition to London and the Carnarvon terms (so called because Lord Carnarvon was colonial secretary), which embraced the building of the E. & N. Railway, were arranged between the Imperial and Dominion governments. The new terms passed the Commons at Ottawa after much opposition from Mr. Blake and his followers and went before the senate, where they were defeated by one vote.

The agitation for secession was renewed and Lord Dufferin came out to try and compose the public mind. He was received by a

at certain corners on the streets of Victoria. One of these arches bore the inscription. Carnarvon Terms or Separation." Lord Dufferin, upon being informed of the existence of this so-called disloyal arch, refused to pass under it unless the inscription was altered by the substitution of the letter "R," which would then read "Carnarvon Terms or Reparation." The line of march of the reception procession was changed by order of Lord Dufferin to Broughton street, Fort street, between Government and Douglas being cut from the line of procession.

After a stay of some weeks Lord Dufferin convened a meeting of citizens at Government House and addressed them on the subject of their grievance. I never can—I never shall forget Lord Dufferin's remarkable speech. Its delivery occupied an hour and a quarter. He stood at the head of a billiard table. On his right stood his lovely and accomplished Countess, and on the left his aides-de-camp and other dignitaries. The speech held out no hope of immediate relief, but he told his hearers that the agitation was almost entirely confined to Vancouver Island and that, supposing the Island to secede, a rival city would spring up on the Lower Mainland under government support and the commercial supremacy of Victoria would be lost. He gave much more good advice and went away, leaving the town somewhat placated, but still sullen. A change of ministry at Ottawa brought about a change of policy and the Carnarvon terms were finally carried out.

Whitaker Wright was believed to be worth many millions. Like Baron Grant, and a host of other meteoric speculators who have sprung up in the London stock market, he flourished for a time and then passed away, cut down like a blade of grass. He lived extravagantly and built great mansions. He opened mines everywhere. This story is told of one of his ventures. A prospector had brought to London a number of rich specimens of goldbearing quartz. Upon the strength of these specimens Wright floated a company with a million dollar capital. He telegraphed news of the successful flotation to the superintendent of the mine, and added, "Begin work at once." The answer came back, "We shall if you will send back the lode!"

When Whitaker Wright died the Rossland properties sank to a low ebb. By judicious management they have since been redeemed and now pay legitimate dividends. There are some who say that had Wright been left to carry out his policy there would have been no collapse and that both Lord Dufferin and Wright might have been alive today.

A few years ago a certain Colonel William C. Greene appeared in New York as a promoter of Mexican mines. He had been a stock raiser and rancher in Colorado or New Mexico, when he quarreled with a neighbor

procession of citizens and arches were erected, over the lines of their respective holdings. One day the neighbor saw the 4-year-old daughter of the Colonel playing in a dry irrigation ditch. Here was a chance, he thought, to get even with his adversary. So he slyly opened a sluice gate and turned on the water. The poor little girl was drowned in the flood. Greene, when he discovered his great loss and learned the cause of it, procured a rifle, repaired to his neighbor's house and knocked at the door. Upon the man answering the summons Greene shot him dead, and was ac-

quitted by a coroner's jury. At New York, where he opened gorgeous offices and lived like a prince, Greene built a handsome mansion and gave regal entertainments. He floated several companies whose properties were in Mexico and one that had a Porto Rico mine for its basis. Tom Lawson, the Boston crank, whom nobody takes seriously now, but who was then regarded as an authority, about this time began his onslaught on frenzied finance and attacked Colonel Greene's methods. Greene's stocks tumbled. his losses in one day amounting to \$1,000,000 an hour. The Colonel published a card denouncing Lawson and informing him that on the following day he would call at his office in Boston and tell him what he thought of him. Greene was known to have killed his man and had acquired a reputation for courage. He went to Boston, travelling in a luxurious private car and taking apartments at the best hotel. Lawson, heavily armed, announced that he would meet Greene on the state house steps. Greene did not appear, much to the disappointment of the public and a squad of policemen. Lawson then went to Greene's hotel and sent his card up. He was admitted. An expectant crowd hung about the corridors. After the lapse of half an hour a noise something like the report of a pistol was heard from

knocked loudly. Greene's voice was heard to say, "Come

within. A policeman sprang to the door and

The policeman entered, and instead of igns of a bloody fray and the spectacle of at least one dead man, he beheld the two pledging each other's health in a bottle of champagne. The noise that sounded like the discharge of a pistol was the popping of a cork. A friendly arrangement must have been come to over that bottle for Lawson did not again refer to Greene's companies and Greene's eyes did not fill with blood! whenever Lawson's name was mentioned!

A short time ago Greene visited California in his luxurious private car, but he had to go home in a Pullman sleeper, for his creditors seized the private car.

And this incident recalls the remark that lay Gould made when he was told that "Jim" Keene had come from California to "do him up." Gould, as will be remembered, was a successful manipulator of mining and railway

stocks. As a partner of the notorious "Jim" Fiske he robbed the English shareholders in the Erie railway of their holdings and defied the law, entrenching himself in his offices in New York City to avoid service. Fiske was shot by Edward Stokes. It appeared that both men loved the same woman, the beautiful daughter of a California editor, and jealousy prompted the crime. Gould lived to die in his bed, which is more than some of his children seem destined to do, to judge from their tempestuous matrimonial careers. Of his sons, three are having trouble with their wives, and his youngest daughter is the Princess de Sagan, having divorced the reprobate French Count, her first husband. Helen Gould, his eldest daughter, has never married, and is a thoroughly respectable and charitable

Well, when Gould was told that Keene. who had acquired a great fortune in California stocks, was coming over to control the New York stock market, he asked:

"How is your friend travelling?" "First-class, of course," was the reply.

"Well, I'll send him back in a cattle car." And the threat nearly came true. In two years Keene was about ruined. But, profiting by his first mistakes he soon recovered himself and is now a very rich man. Gould is long since dead, and the cattle car that was to take Keene home has not yet been placed on the

Court proceedings showed that the only visible assets of the Greene Gold and Silver Company, which had been floated with a huge capital stock, was \$1.48, the balance of the company's account in the bank, and some old office furniture worth a few hundred dollars. In his day Greene was liberal with his money and New York never knew a more lavish spender. His copper mine in Mexico was really rich, but he lost control of it through bad speculations and his wealth has all disappeared.

Chas. W. Morse is another financier of the Greene stripe. Fifteen months ago he was reputedly worth \$20,000,000. Today he is a convict under sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment with hard labor, having been con-victed of crooked work with one of the bankswhich he controlled. Morse was called the Ice King and the Steamship King, because he monopolized all the ice that was delivered in New York City and most of the coast steamers that ran in and out of that port. He informs the court today that he is a pauper What has become of his millions? And this raises another question. Was he ever worth anything? It really looks as if he conducted his great enterprises on airy bases and that he was never really rich, although his credit was good, and on that credit he must have founded his great schemes.

C. Augustus Heinze, late of British Co-lumbia and Montana, is to be tried at New

York in January for alleged illegal manipulation of a bank's accounts. People hereabouts are very sorry to know of his plight. . Heinze built the Trail smelter and promised to build the Columbia and Western railway, but didn't lay a rail. He secured a valuable franchise with a subsidy from the legislature and sold it to the C. P. R. There was a great deal of scandalous talk about how the private bill which gave him 20,000 acres to every mile of road was passed through the House here. There was talk of bribery and corruption. It was even said that Mr. Heinze remarked when selling that he was compelled to ask a big sum for the charter and franchise because they cost him so much to buy them through the British Columbia legislature. I do lot believe that Heinze ever made the remark, but if he did I am in a position to know that it was devoid of truth. The charter and concession cost him practically nothing. He did banquet such of the members who cared to go at the Driard, after the legislation had been passed, but I feel sure there was no bribery.

As to Heinze's career in Montana, there were many ugly reports. He was charged with "owning" a judge of the Supreme court, with bribing legislators, and owning newspapers, with employing women to further his schemes and being generally an allround bad citizen with heaps of money that he did not hesitate to spend freely in accomplishing his ends. He entered Montana a poor young mining engineer, having graduated at the school at Frieburg. His first employment was as mining engineer, if I am correctly informed, in the Anaconda mine. While at work there he discovered that a rich piece of mining ground which was being worked by his employers, was no man's land—that it had never been staked and was open to location; whereupon he took it up. Then began long years of litigation between Heinze and one of the richest mining companies in the world. He sued the company for the ground, and he also sued them to recover all the wealth they had taken from the ground before he took it up. He won fight after fight-no matter by what means-he won them. Millions of money was spent in litigation until two or three years ago, when his adversaries, deeming it cheaper to buy him out than to continue the contest, paid him some fifteen or twenty million dollars, and he relinquished his claims at Butte and went to Wall street, where he bought control of a prosperous financial institution. He boomed copper stocks until they rose to a fabulous figure. Had they been sold when the market was at its height, Heinze would have been worth at least one hundred million. But he held on until the panic of last year, when he was caught in the crash and went down to ruin. Like Morse, his riches have disappeared and he has to stand trial in January on a criminal charge. Should he share the fate of Morse his fall will be greatly deplored, for in the day of his prosperity he was a generous spender and a most agreeable man to know. There are some who profess to believe that Heinze was entrapped by the men in Montana and who followed him to New York and "did him up" there. It is related that at the Waldorf-Astoria a lady who enjoyed his confidence was shadowed by female detectives and that in a convivial moment she disclosed his plans at a lunch party and enabled the company that had bought him out to prepare a scheme which gave them back the millions they had paid him in Montana. The progress of Heinze's case will be watched here with interest.

turesque character named De Carron. Like Col. Greene, he had been a poor cowpuncher in a Western State, and had crossed to Mexico, where he acquired an interest in an extensive copper field. Amongst his partners appear the name of President Diaz and several other of Mexico's distinguished men. When he crossed the Atlantic from New York he engaged, at a cost so large that I hesitate to mention it, the saloon deck of one of the great Cunarders. He took with him a gay party of guests and a retinue of servants. Everything the heart could wish for or human ingenuity devise-even fresh flowers and fruits of the rarest kinds, fancy drinks, including the se-ductive cocktail and the cooling John Collins in the morning and highballs at bedtimewere provided by the generous host. Upon arrival at London, where a great hotel had been engaged in advance for the accommodation of the party, De Carron and his guests held court, as it were, and entertained the highest and best people of the land with a magnificence that royalty might envy. The entertainer "took" at once with London society, at least with that kind of society which measures a man's worth by the size of his bank account, and his schemes were floated with little difficulty. It is said that one of his most daring and enterprising strokes was the leasing of one edition of a first-class London illustrated newspaper, which he devoted to portraits of himself, President Diaz and other riends and the scenes and prospectuses of the mining properties he had to offer. When he went away with his guests, De Carron left an aching void in the ranks of those who worship the golden calf, and it is remarked that those who regretted his departure most were the waiters, whose "tips" were never less than five and often as large as twenty dollars for the most trifling service.

Last year there appeared in London a pic-

The Career of the Wright Brothers



Y reason of having broken all records for length of aeroplane flight and time spent in the air, selling his patent rights in France for \$100,000 and being the probable recipient of the Legion of Honor. Wilbur Wright and his brother Orville, who made the startling tests recently at Fort Myer and met with the deplorable accident in company with Lieutenant Selfridge, have attained to that degree of fame which manifests itself in a popular curiosity regarding their personality. A year ago they were unknown bicyclers in a small city. Today they are famous the world over, honored by potentates and admitted to the inner circle of the elect.

How has it come about? Who are the Wright

How has it come about? Who are the Wright boys?

Wilbur Wright, the elder brother, was born in Millyille, Ind., in 1869. Orville was born in Dayton, Ohio, five years later. It is related that their very first inception of aerial flight came one day when the youthful Orville was stricken with a fever, and that during his convalescent days his brother read to him from a treatise which told in simple words the story of the air cushion which envelops the earth. Then one day soon afterward the father, Milton Wright, a clergyman, brought home an ingenious toy which fascinated the boys at once. The toy was known as the helicoptere. There was nothing much to it except a propeller, which, under the action of extended rubber bands, would revolve so swiftly as to send the top to the ceiling of a room. Boylike, they took the toy apart, discovered what it was that made it go, and disregarding its more imposing name, ohristened it a bat, and then set about the construction of other helicopteres, or "bats," as they preferred to call them.

School days came to interrupt this frivolous toying with toys, but after hours the youths put in all of their spare moments in the manufacture of "bats."

They constructed larger and larger models, and then, to their great astonishment and discouragement, discovered that the bigger the "bat" the less inclination did it have to fly. They did not then have the knowledge that patient years have brought; the geometrical progression, which insists that a flying machine ledge that patient years have brought; the geométri-cal progression, which insists that a flying machine having only twice the lineal dimensions of another re-

quires eight times the power.

The boys made several more models; but as each acted worse than the other, they finally became discouraged, consigned "bats" to that region over which Lazarus passed on the bosom of Abraham, and took up kite flying as a substitute.

Gifted with much ingenuity and with a natural bent in this direction, they soon became the expert kite flyers of the city. And the more kites they flew the more they studied the action of the air on the planes, the more primitive knowledge they gained And more and more the idea of some day solving the problem of flight grew upon their youthful minds

Thus they spent their time until high school days came by. Then ensued a period when they were preoccupied with high school studies, with only an occasional now and then to devote to their hobby of kites or flying toys. After graduating from the Dayton high school the elder brother entered a print-ing office in that city and learned the trade of coming office in that city and learned the trade of compositor. Following in his footsteps, the younger brother took up the same occupation, after finishing his own high school studies. Subsequently the two were brought together in the offices of the Conservator, a United Brethren church paper, at that time published by their father.

They remained at that work until the coming of the blcycle crase. Both of the boys had shown a

marked bent for mechanics. There was a family discussion one night in the old Dayton home, and as a result of it the two sons embarked in the bicycle business and opened a shop for the sale and repair of wheels

That brought them into their element againline of work which nature had evidently planned for them to pursue. Acquiring day by day fuller know-ledge of mechanics they became more and more earnest students of aeronautics, and, gathering a large collection of literature on the subject, they spent every spare moment in study of the complex problems that were presented with their successful demonstrations at home and abroad the public is so familiar that re-petition of the details is unnecessary.

A writer in The World's Work tells of an inter-

A writer in The World's Work tells of an interview he had recently with Orville Wright.

"They have called us secretive," Mr. Wright began with a smile. "We have made many practice flights out at Simms and often we had people stop in wagons and automobiles to watch us. Then we published what we were doing in the aeronautical journals, and nearly everything we had was on record at the patent office. Of course, there were certain men we did not care to have watch us too closely, and when we expected that experts were on hand we stopped flying. It costs too much to be continually patenting things as we try them out.

"But we never cared about the general public, We invited the local newspapers to watch us, asking only that eameras be barred. We got off for a long time without much notice, because the public did not seem to know the difference between dirigible balloons and aeroplanes. They were both called airships. And with Santos Dumont staying up for half an hour in his balloon and two young bicycle makers in Dayton only a few minutes, the home news didn't attract. And, even when we went down to Kitty Hawk and the newspapers got after us, we did not refuse to fly because the reporters came to us. They never came. They took it for granted and watched us from trees. We knew that they were there, for we saw them.

"Our first work with gliders, showed us only the principles of support and balancing. We learned

We knew that they were there, for we saw them.

"Our first work with gliders, showed us only the principles of support and balancing. We learned about shaping the planes, and then, for the first time, we put the thick front rib on our wings. Mr. Chanute could hardly believe when he saw how it worked. We learned something about balancing, and in rivalry with the buzzards we tried soaring. Our wings proved better than theirs. We could soar on lighter upcurrents on the hills than they. But we have found since that the powerful machine is entirely different from the glider. We had to unlearn some of the skill we had got in gliding after we began to fly. We have had to unlearn about as much as we learned. Gliders will not be used in learning to fly the perfected machines. But we may some time build a glider with the right curves for soaring as a sport.

"Since we put an engine on our machine we have been improving it, point by point, as we found out how, in flying. When we started out we determined to work for a fiver that could go out in ordinary winds, and one that would be hard to smash up. The dihedral angle gives automatic balance in still air, but it makes the fiver tip over in winds. We think it is dangerous and turn pur wings downs. it is dangerous, and turn our wings down a little. Our flyer is balanced in the air by twisting or warping the outer ends of the planes.

"We learned how to balance with these, but we had trouble with unexpected dives, downward and sidewise. The first submarines had the same trouble. We have flown and flown till we hunted out the reasons for these things and found out how to modify

the machine to prevent them. Some were caused by our not knowing at first how to use the warping device. Little differences of angle given to planes cutting in the air make great differences in their ac-tion. Sometimes we got the reverse of what we expected. We learned to make the rudder work in unison, and avoided some of the difficulty. Then we learned some other little things. We think our machine is now steady and safe, but we have other ideas that we will keep on working over.

"There is undoubtedly much in the personal factor is steady slying, but it seems that there is more in

"There is undoubtedly much in the personal factor in steady flying, but it seems that there is more in the machine. This is shown by the fact that my brother and I have learned every new machine, as we changed it, with equal quickness. It would be impossible for two men to be exactly alike in acquiring skill; it must be the machine.

"The most marked incident that I remember shows the second of the second

skill: it must be the machine.

"The most marked incident that I remember showing the personal factor was the accident my brother had at Kitty Hawk, when he pushed his levers the wrong way and fell, damaging the machine so that we thought best to try no more flying in the few days we had. He was preoccupled and used the movements of an old system instead of new ones that we had just adopted. Anybody who learns to fly must be able to exercise reasonably quick and good judgment. But the use of the levers and the feeling of one's way in flying soon become a habit. We think that we mastered our flyer in a shorter time than we learned to ride the bicycle.

"We have had our mishaps in perfecting the machine. Twice I had falls that might have been serious. Once the flyer dived, threw me out, and then turned a somersault over me. The big front rib of the upper plane would have struck my head or back if it had not been broken, in some unaccountable way, just in the right place to save me.

"We have not put wheels on our flyer because there are really few places smooth enough for the flying machine to get a running start. We think that when these machines become more common they will be launched by apparatus. On battleships the practice may be to turn the vessel into the wind and put on full steam ahead so that the flyer will lift without moving forward on the deck. As we start a flight now, we have a short piece of single track along which the machine runs in a little truck, the propellers furnishing the power. We balance with the wind's speed to its own. When it flies against the wind's speed to its own. When it flies against the wind's speed to its own. When it flies against the wind's speed to its own. When it flies against the wind's speed to its own. When it flies against the wind's speed to its own. When it flies against the wind's speed to its own. The aeroplane can be made to hover for a few moments over one spot when its speed is just equal to the wind's. I have even seen birds going backward in a flying machin

able because of the dangerous possibilities of landing

Flying across a wind the machine goes obliquely, "Flying across a wind the machine goes obliquely, as seen from the ground. I remember taking a friend on a trial flight during which we had to cross the wind. He looked down and saw the ground sliding sidewise under him and got so nervous over it that he jumped up and clung to the uprights of the flyer. But a flyer machine acts just as a bird does in this regard. It points along the resultant between the wind's speed and its own. The air comes direct into one's face, excepting for momentary gusts and on quick turns. It always flows directly back along a bird's body, from beak to tail. I have seen birds fly nearly sidewise across winds, pointing with one wing in the way they were going. All airships must fly obliquely in the same way. There are no breezes coming over the rail as in boats." ing over the rail as in boats.



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