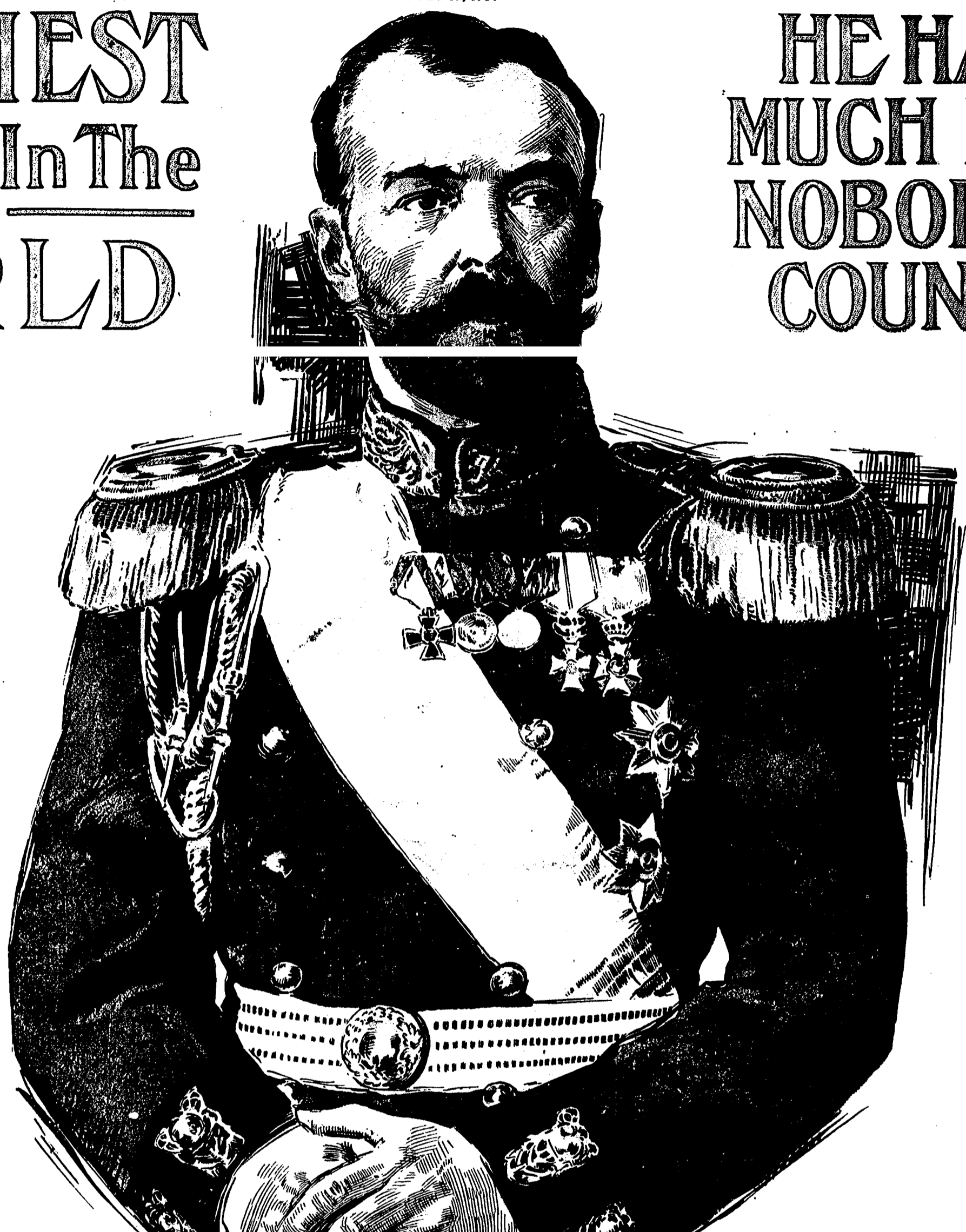


JULY 19, 1914

# The RICHEST MAN In The WORLD

# HE HAS SO MUCH MONEY NOBODY CAN COUNT IT!



### The Richest Men in the World.

Czar of Russia.....\$???	???
(Write in your own figures. It is unestimated and unlimited.)	
William A. Clark of Montana.....	500,000,000
(Half of it still in the ground, but all blocked out.)	
John D. Rockefeller of New York.....	250,000,000
Frau von Bohlen-Halloe (Bertha Krupp), Germany.....	60,000,000
Count Mihaly von Carolyi of Hungary.....	50,000,000
Zenziro Yasuda of Japan.....	50,000,000

### The Richest Families in the World.

House of Rothschild.....	\$2,000,000,000
House of Guggenheim.....	400,000,000

Note.—Mr. Mantle makes the startling statement that John D. Rockefeller is worth \$250,000,000. This may or may not be correct. The Rockefeller fortune is usually estimated at from two to five times that amount.

By BURNS MANTLE.

WHEN John Pierpont Morgan died that section of the world's press which glories in its misinformation announced with the customary blaring headlines that the richest man in the world had passed on.

When Frederick Weyerhaeuser, the "lumber king," gave up his fight with pneumonia in Pasadena, Cal., the same newspapers repeated practically the same ominous but triumphant statement. Again the richest man in the world was dead.

If you search the files of some years back you will find the same set phrase used to record the passing of Jay Gould, and the first John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Russell Sage. In fact, every man who becomes conspicuous as a man of great wealth is usually spoken of as being the richest man in the world at the time of his death. It is a high sounding phrase, and breeds an immediate interest.

Yet Morgan was not the richest man in the world. Nor was Weyerhaeuser. Neither is John D. Rockefeller, nor any one of the Rothschilds or Guggenheims, nor Senator Clark of Montana.

Who, then? Well, speaking broadly and by the book, he lives in Russia, being the well known czar of that famous country.

As the "Little Father" of 120,000,000 people, Nicholas II. can write his check for an unheard of sum of money, and though he might have some little difficulty in having it O. K.'d by the council of the empire, it would be a perfectly good check for all that, backed by the greatest, most extensive, most wonderful list of securities held by any one family or any one individual in the whole world.

This list includes 34 per cent of all the land in Russia, valued at so prodigious a figure as to be beyond the computing even of financiers. Iron mines, platinum mines, copper and gold mines are scattered over it. Vast acres of timber come within its boundaries, and thousands of acres of tillable farm land. Add to this domain all the state buildings, all the state jewels, all the state treasury funds, for everything of value that belongs to Russia belongs technically to the czar himself. It can neither be sold or traded without his signature and consent. And while the valuation is mythical, no account having ever been taken of it in any budget, no person or power has ever come in contact in any way with the life of the czar without feeling the overpowering influence of his great wealth.

Nicholas II., therefore, sad and unhappy, fearful from day to day that intrigue or conspiracy may at any moment end his life, filled with anxiety over the heart breaking sight of an invalid and crippled son, is the richest man in the world. And yet how many men; think you—men whose reasoning faculties remain unimpaired, at least—would change places with him?

### Lumber King Owned an Empire.

Of the others—Rockefeller, Clark, Morgan, etc.—to whom shall we give the palm? Frederick Weyerhaeuser was a very rich man. Those who claim to be conservative place the fortune he left at \$300,000,000. In tabulated cash and securities it may fall short of this sum, but it could as readily be expanded another million or so by any one with any sort of imagination. "Thrift, observation, unostentation" were this man's favorite words of counsel, and, combining them as a maxim, they had much to do with

the shaping of his successful life—as much, at least, as maxims ever have to do with the shaping of a career that largely shapes itself. Weyerhaeuser did not come to America until he was 18 years old, and his first stop after he got here was in Erie county, Pa. He had no time to think of maxims there. He was too busy earning his board and \$4 a month in real money. When he moved out into the country and became a farmer at \$13 a month he may have gotten as far as a belief in "thrift," and the fact that he soon afterward left Pennsylvania for Illinois and became a fireman in a sawmill in Cool valley indicates that he had added "observation" to his expanding vocabulary as well as his rule of life.

His homely German belief in "unostentation" came later, after he had formed the Weyerhaeuser lumber syndicate. It was the keenness of his observation that led him to see the profits the middlemen were taking out of the lumber business, and it was his determination to cut out the middlemen and to concentrate the lumber trade so that from the time the timber left the virgin forest until it was delivered to the artisans, to be made into various articles of domestic use, the profits would come directly to the Weyerhaeuser concern.

How much timber land he finally did own he never would say, and even his intimates could do no more than guess. It has been conservatively estimated that at one time he owned all that part of the states of Washington, Oregon, Wisconsin, and Minnesota not reserved by your Uncle Samuel. He held 50,000 square miles, or 32,000,000 acres, in



## NICHOLAS · II · CZAR OF RUSSIA

Washington alone, and when he began to work south through California his perceptions were so bold that his competitors gasped until they nearly choked.

Frederick Weyerhaeuser, with his \$300,000,000, was not hedged in by official checkers, as is the Czar of Russia, but the soundness of his German training acted as quite as potent an influence in his handling of his fortune. His life was marked by such simplicity that he seldom figured in press-stories of any character. He started his boys in the lumber business, but each of them in a small way, with instructions to work out his own commercial destiny, and his daughters he insisted should learn to keep house in the good old German way. "Thrift, observation, unostentation." It was a maxim that served Frederick Weyerhaeuser well.

John D. Preferred the Cash.

"The richest man in the world." How many hundreds of times that honor has been thrust upon John D. Rockefeller

brought cash from the refiner, and the refined product was always turned into cash.

His early partners opposed him in this. They wished to speculate with the surplus. But John D. was obstinate. He insisted on keeping every cash resource in the corporation through hard times and good, and by this policy he rapidly constructed the most gigantic accumulation of cash this country has known. Which in turn gave him a tremendous power over his rivals.

"Take out what you need to live on and leave the rest in the business. Let your wife wear last year's bonnet."

That was his plain, old fashioned New England policy. And any man who will stick close to it, whether his business be selling cigars or gold mines, will be forced to realize its advantages by the growth of his balance in the bank—though his wife may hate him.

No one of "the richest men in the world" is better known to the public at large than this early giant of the oil fields. We, the public, have been given inside information as to his indigestion, his baldness, his toupee, his philanthropies, his interest in Chicago university, the work of his Rockefeller foundation, and all the rest that he has done or contemplates doing.

We even have been told how he eats, sleeps, drinks, drives, walks; how he buys sheep to save the cost of lawn mowers, and how he sends wagon loads of daisies to the Tarrytown church near his home. But we don't know just how much he is worth or what he'll do with it when he's through.

Clark High in the List.

"The richest man in the world." Sometimes, when none of the others is figuring in the news of the day, we attach the title to former Senator William A. Clark of Montana. And if we were to reckon in futures, if we were to take account of the wealth a man

has in sight, then we should place Senator Clark high up in the list—possibly just under the czar of Russia himself—because there is now blocked out in the United Verde Copper mines, of which he is the owner, \$500,000,000 worth of ore. Think of that as a tidy lifetime allowance! Evidently the senator himself is more or less ashamed of it. He has purposely limited the output of this mine to \$1,000,000 a month. Which, all things considered, is quite enough of an income for a modest westerner to live on comfortably, even in a Fifth avenue palace in New York.

"The richest man in the world," so far as Germany is concerned, is a woman—Frau von Bohlen-Halloe, variously called "the queen of Essen," "Our Lady of the Cannon," and other romantic titles, but known to you and me and to the world at large as Bertha Krupp, granddaughter of Frederick Albert Krupp, who years ago owned an insignificant little forge in Essen, and daughter of Alfred Krupp, who inherited the forge and who, in 1848, melted the family plate to pay his workmen.

When Bertha Krupp was 18 years old she inherited the greatest gun foundry in the world and a fortune estimated at \$60,000,000. Which is the second time that the Krupp business has been in the hands of a woman. It came first to Bertha's grandmother when the first Alfred died and when Bertha's father was only 14 years old.

There is something wholesomely simple in the career of this millionaire. As a little girl she played with all the other little girls in her block on the front doorsteps of Essen. Now, although she is called the city's queen and there are 150,000 people in Essen, most of whom are dependent upon the business she controls for their living, she is still a woman of simple tastes and simple ways.

The only discordant note in her life was struck last year when it was charged in the German reichstag that some wily member of the Krupp firm had been supplying French newspapers with material for war scare articles to induce the German government to buy more armament, but we refuse to believe Frau Bertha had anything to do with it.

The Krupp field gun is the basis for mobile artillery in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia, and Turkey. In the late Japanese war with Russia Krupp gun answered Krupp gun from Port Arthur and the siege batteries of Nippon.

They called Alfred Krupp the "German Morgan," but it is to be hoped that no one will ever refer to Bertha Krupp as the "German Hetty Green." She is credited in the income tax reports of Germany with having an income of approximately \$5,000,000 a year, and one of the fine things that should not be overlooked in any reference to the family is that at a certain anniversary celebration the Krupps distributed \$3,500,000 to their workmen as a tribute of the firm's respect for and appreciation of the men who had helped the business grow.

### Jap Has Fifty Millions.

"The richest man in the world" in Japan is Zenziro Yasuda. Yasuda, it is said, can raise upon a day's notice, and with less noise than that made by his sandaled feet, \$50,000,000—which, we should estimate offhand, would be a couple of cartloads of yens. You will find it extremely difficult to convince a Japanese that there is any more money than that in the world.

Yasuda was a gardener's boy until he grew ambitious. Then he hustled a position at 1 cent a day copying books. It is told of him that he stuck to this job not because of the salary but because the copying he was doing was giving him a free education, so that when he pushed on, after seven years of it, he was equipped for the fight. For another seven years he was an apprentice in a toy shop, again working hard and saving his yen. Then he went into the grocery business for himself. From the results we surmise that he carried a delicatessen side line, for with his profits he not only became a money lender and a banker in a small way but is now making the financial and commercial history of Japan.

Consider the practical nature of Yasuda's advice to young Japanese gentlemen starting out in life: "To abstain from drinking, to leave out geisha girls, and to remember always to be thrifty."

If you were to step into a hotel lobby in Budapest and ask the clerk whom he considered "the richest man in the world" he would probably tell you, with a patronizing smile for your ignorance, that his name is Count Mihaly von Carolyi. Though Carolyi is not a marvel as a money getter, he also has accumulated a neat bundle of \$50,000,000. And it has not made him either arrogant or proud. He is a leader of the opposition, or

(Continued on following page.)



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER - BARONESS BERTHA VON BOHLEN-NEE KRUPP.



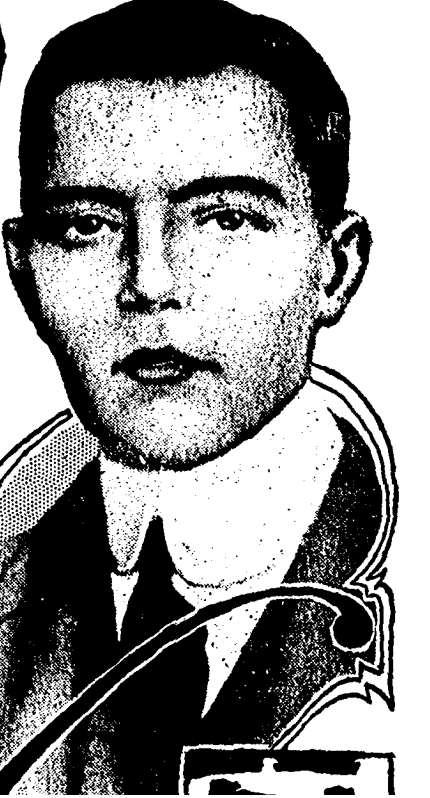
J.P. MORGAN, JR.



LORD ROTHSCHILD



SIMON GUGGENHEIM



VINCENT ASTOR

# Sovereigns the World's Money Bags

### Maxims That Brought Success to the World's Richest Men.

**THE ROTHSCHILDS**—Be loyal to the faith of Mos s, remain united in the family, and mind your mother.

**THE GUGGENHEIMS**—Understand the situation thoroughly, and be square, even if you lose thereby.

**WEYERHAEUSER**—Thrift, observation, and unostentation.

**ROCKEFELLER**—Take out what you need to live on; leave the rest in the business. Let your wife wear her last year's bonnet.

**KRUPP**—No good steel without good iron.

**YASUDA**—Abstain from drink, leave out the geisha girls, and remember always to be thrifty.

Continued from first page.

Independence party, in the Hungarian parliament, and, curiously enough, he has given the police of this country some trouble by being the direct cause of several minor disturbances in the Hungarian settlements. Some of Caroly's countrymen agree with him and some do not, and when they meet it frequently takes several police and a couple of ambulances to clean up the mess.

**"Rothschilds of the East."**  
In India and Persia Sassoon is still a name with which to conjure financial images. "The Rothschilds of the east" they have been called, oriental emblems of credit and cash. The Sassoon fortune, however, which at one time was estimated to represent half a billion dollars, has been split up of recent years, especially at the death of Sir Edward Sassoon, who was a direct descendant of the famous Bagdad trader. His daughter Sibil, whose mother was a Rothschild, inherited a large part of it and later married the Earl of Rossvange. The fortune, therefore, while still enormous, is now in many hands and no longer to be placed to the credit of any one man.

In listing the richest men in the world as they will be named in the future we naturally return to our own country and our own pet plutocrats. John Pierpont Morgan Jr. for instance, though he inherited only a part of the Morgan money, is distinctly a progressive, and there is no telling how many times he will turn his millions over.

"He said the first John Pierpont Morgan had one ambition: Not to be the richest but to be the most powerful man in the world. Dying, he left a property estimated at \$100,000,000, though the world thought of him as a billionaire. Young John Pierpont Morgan has begun his career by moving into the new banking house erected on the site of the old building, and what his new methods will bring his father's old firm remains to be seen. He bears a name that is still a power in London, Paris, and Berlin, and if he has an ambition to live up to it his possibilities are enormous.

Then there is young Vincent Astor, already turning the Astor millions to account in sane and conservative real estate speculation. And young John Nicholas Brown, who, though he is only 14 years old, starts life with a bank account of \$12,000,000. Already they call him "the richest boy in the world."

**Two Powerful Semitic Families.**  
Which brings us abruptly to a consideration of the family of great wealth as opposed to the individual.

Wouldn't there be an intensely interesting and dramatic scene on the big financial stage of this little world if the boys who descended from that wise old Hebrew called Rothschild (because he was born in a house with a red shield on its front) and those who descended from another just such Hebrew called Guggenheim should meet on a financial field of battle!

And wouldn't the financial and commercial world shake on its foundations!  
Suppose, for instance, the new California oil fields should draw all the boys together, fighting for supremacy there, say, over John D. Rockefeller and his Standard Oilers!  
Then suppose that instead of fighting they should join forces. Two great semitic families, royal in their tendencies in that they have intermarried until there is little or no foreign blood in their veins; educated for centuries in the school of money scheming, commercialism, and banking! Suppose, too, that some of the Guggenheim Rebecas should marry some of the Rothschild Anselms, or



BARON HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD



BARONESS HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD AND CHILDREN

some of the dark eyed Rothschild Rachels should choose Guggenheim Isaac as their mates.

What a dynasty!  
In Europe the Rothschild kingdom of trade ruled with a golden scepter which has made monarchs tremble and monarchies fall. In the western hemisphere the empire of the Guggenheims, a force for nations to reckon with and the greatest financial houses of the world to bow before!

What tremendous power! The promises of the Lord to Abraham come true. "For I have given you the land to possess it. And you shall divide the land by lot for an inheritance among your families."

Here would be, with the Rothschilds and Guggenheims in combination, a fortune estimated at more than \$2,000,000,000 in Europe and increasing at the rate of about \$225,000 a day at 4 per cent—added to that powerful combination that rules the smelting business



WILLIAM GUGGENHEIM

of the new world; a banking business which makes a specialty of saving royal financial lives by pouring gold into state treasuries, wedded to the enormous wealth of the men who control the mining and smelting business that produces the gold itself!

Who knows?  
It is said the Rothschilds last June engaged in the oil trade in an endeavor to break the monopoly of the Standard Oil company on the Pacific coast, backing the Waters-Pierce organization. And the Guggenheim interests have long since swarmed all about the Pacific coast, from Alaska to the extreme south.

The romantic lives of the Rothschilds and the Guggenheims, the two richest families in the world, are strangely similar. In each instance the first representative of the family to start the fortune called together his sons. Five there were of the Rothschilds, seven of the Guggenheims. In each case the fable spun by Aesop concerning the bundle of sticks which cannot be broken if held together, but is easily destroyed each by itself, was told in the fashion of the man who told it.

Both urged loyalty to the faith of Moses and commanded their boys to obey their mother in all things and remain united in the family by intermarriage—"and you will be rich among the richest—the world will belong to you." There have been no defections from the house of Rothschild; but one from the house of Guggenheim. And large portions of the world do belong to them.

**First in Prestige and Power.**  
No other families on earth approach these two in prestige or power. Yet it is just a little over a hundred years ago that Mayer Anselm Rothschild lay dying in the garbled house in the ghetto of Frankfort-on-Main—

the house with the device of a red shield upon it. A century of spectacular years which has brought about a yearly income of \$80,000,000 to them—more than the whole capital amassed by the original Vanderbilt.

The system carried on during these years has been marvellously perfect. When the elder Rothschild died he had established his sons in the five centers of the financial world. Anselm in Frankfort, James in Paris, Salomon in Vienna, Carl in Naples, and Nathan in London. When the elder Guggenheim died he had established his sons in the financial centers of the new world—Wall street, New Jersey, Colorado, Alaska, and Mexico.

"Why get one profit when you can get three?" seemed to be the slogan of both families.

The Rothschilds, in their early days, bought raw material, spun it, dyed it, and manufactured it, troubling the investment.

The Guggenheims got a mine accidentally, on a debt, looked it over, asked a million questions about it, and decided that if they owned the hole in the ground they should also own the smelter to get the second profit out of the gold and establish exploration companies to go farther and discover other holes. Politically the Guggenheims have been represented in the United States senate by Simon, who retired last October; the Rothschilds by Lord R. (Nathaniel), the first avowed Jew to enter the house of lords.

Of course the younger western family has neither the capital nor prestige of the older one. The Rothschild wealth has been estimated at \$2,000,000,000, while the Guggenheims have so far rounded up no more than \$200,000,000 or \$400,000,000. Still a dazzling spectacle surely would be presented were the allied branches of the two houses, to present a gigantic family trust safely entrenched behind the colossal wealth that spells unlimited power.

But of rich men there is no end. They who started with nothing and have accumulated millions are almost as numerous as the members of the I. W. W., who hate them. In writing of rich men, however, I find that as soon as you discover one who is worth less than \$50,000,000 you promptly lose interest in him. In our millionaire set he is only a piker. Yet there is romance of a fascinating sort in the story of every one of them, particularly of those who, like Astor, Guggenheim, Weyerhaeuser, and several others, came up the channel of New York harbor in the boats that brought them to this country and gazed upon the twinkling lights of the city with awe and fear, mixed with the ambition instilled by an introduction to a new country and new opportunities.

### Why Coffee Is High.

There are also a number of "shooting millionaires" of picturesque careers. One a man of whom you probably have heard but little, named Herman Stiecken. As a boy Herman started working in Costa Rica, but he was very young when he came to America by way of California. His first job in New York was in the crockery and glassware business. Afterward he became a coffee buyer for W. H. Crossman & Co., and because he had learned to talk Spanish in Costa Rica he soon became of much value to the firm, particularly in handling the Brazil importations. This is what gave him his first firm foothold on the ladder. Learning that Brazil was in a bad way, and having figured out a valorization plan by which the government could buy all the coffee produced in Brazil and thus regulate its production, he submitted his scheme to the authorities, putting himself, of course, in on the deal. He saved the country, and you and I and all the other millions of coffee drinkers have been paying our bit of the debt ever since. Meanwhile the Stiecken fortune has grown huge. At Mariasholden, where he lives, he has rose and orchid gardens famous the world over.

Another immensely rich man is Patrick Cudahy, who was wise enough to take his father's advice and "stick to pies." As a result there are slaughtered in one Cudahy plant alone 1,000,000 hogs a year, and the business amounts to \$15,000,000.

Another spectacular fortune is that built up by Julius Webber, who started as an egg boy in the Astor house, and now has a national bank accumulation acquired in the delicatesse importing business.

The Woolworth fortune, though most of it has been put back into the business, if reduced to its foundation of dimes and nickels would probably reach a height sufficient to cover the 750 foot tower of the Woolworth building itself.

But there is no space for a full list of them. And, as said, any millionaire with less than \$50,000,000 is really out of our class.