

Two of the Wealthiest "Thrift Gardeners" in the United States

These Holders of Many Thousands of Acres Are Now Using Them to Advantage In the Great World-Wide Cry for Food.

JAMES BEN ALI HAGGIN has been called the greatest breeder of thoroughbred horses that ever lived, the greatest farmer in America, and the greatest miner in the world. Through these three pursuits, he has accumulated a fortune that is variously estimated as between \$50,000,000 and \$100,000,000. He is certainly one of the wealthiest residents in the United States.

Few dukes of Great Britain possess as much land. He has one enormous ranch of over 400,000 acres in California, another of 8,000 acres in the heart of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, and one of the most palatial residences on Fifth avenue, New York. He owns large interests in mines extending from Alaska on the north to Chili in the south; in Kentucky he has more thoroughbred horses that can be found on any other farm in the world; in California he raises more hops than any other one farmer in the world and he has one of the largest flocks of sheep on the Pacific coast.

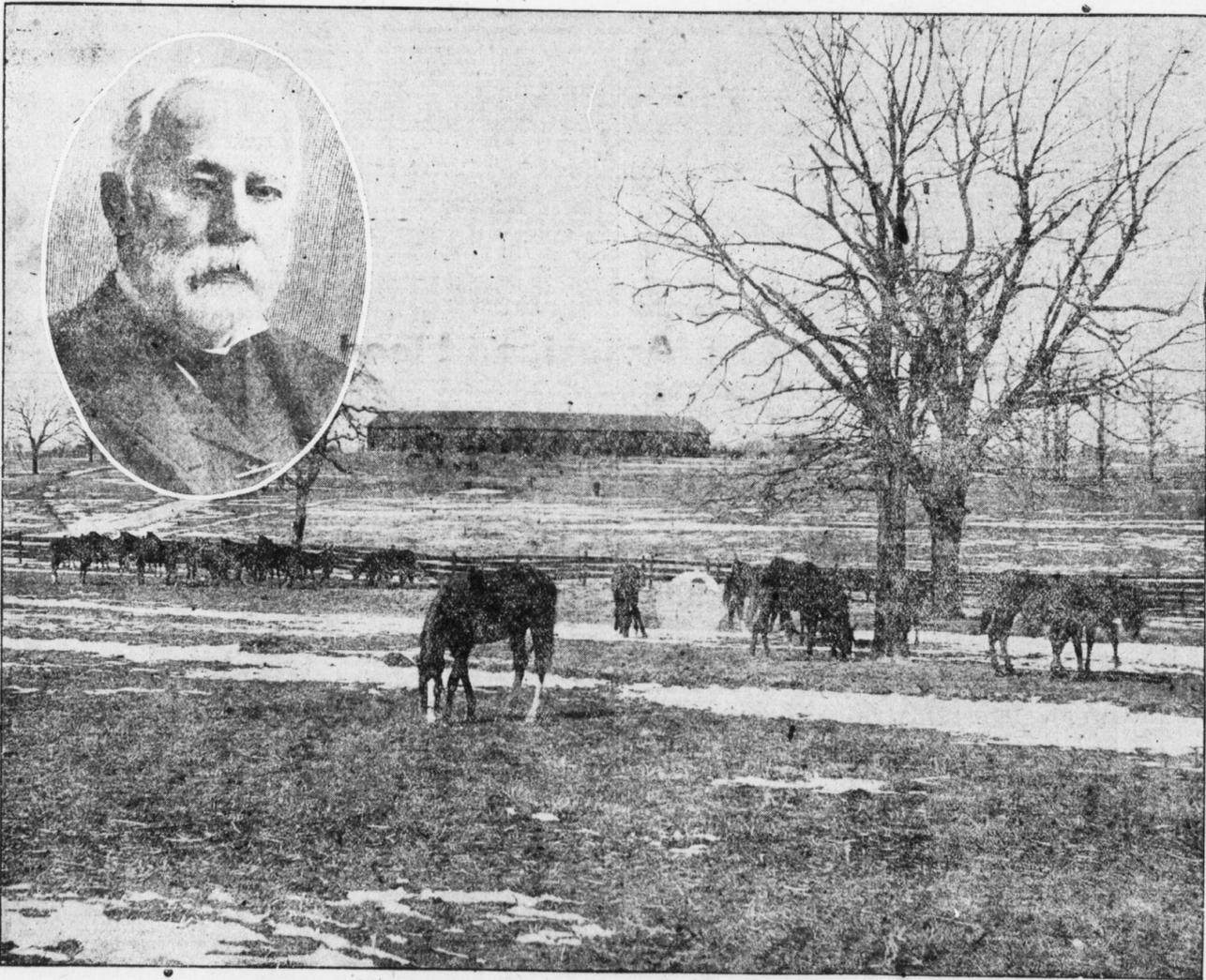
Haggin was born at Harrodsburg, Ky., in 1827. In his veins flow not only the blood of Virginia and Kentucky pioneers, but also strains from England, Greece and Turkey, the latter evidenced by his middle names. He was given as good an education as could be obtained at the time, studied law and practiced in Shelbyville, New Orleans and

400,000 acres of land in Kern county, California, containing some of the best farming land in the state. The methods by which he got possession of this enormous tract subjected him to sharp criticism but he later earned the gratitude of the farmers by carrying on the fight for irrigation privileges against the claims of the stock raisers. Had it not been for his single handed contest in the courts, Southern California and the San Joaquin Valley would not today be such prosperous communities.

Haggin is perhaps best known, however, for his work as a breeder of thoroughbred horses. Within 10 years, his colors had flashed past the wire as winners of practically every important stake in the country. Firenze, the queen of the turf as 3-year-old, won the coveted Kentucky Derby, and in 1888 Salvator carried the Haggin fame to its zenith. Firenze, Salvator and Miss Woodford won over \$350,000 for their owner while racing for the Haggin stable. The death of his son, Ben Ali Haggin, induced Haggin to withdraw from the race track, but he continued to raise thoroughbreds on his Blue Grass farm. In one year, 201 yearlings were sold for \$233,925. The sale of thoroughbred yearlings at the Haggin farm has been the principal event of its kind for many years although the war upon betting at race tracks has recently some-



Charles P. Taft, and His Ranch House at Gregory, Texas, Which is One of the Big Show Places of the Southwest.



James Ben Ali Haggin and Some of the Yearling Thoroughbreds on His Farm in the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky.

Natchez. In 1850 he yielded to the lure of California and joined the gold rush. He was content to let others dig for the yellow metal and formed a law partnership with his brother-in-law, Lloyd Tevis, who later became the recognized leader of the California bar. With Senator George Hearst and Marcus Daly he invested in many valuable mines. Although these three men had had no technical education they were recognized as the three most able mining experts of the country. With Hearst, Haggin acquired control of the famous Homestead mine in the Black Hills of Dakota of which he is now president and treasurer. With Daly he bought control of the Anaconda mine in Montana and some years later he sold his own share in this one mine for \$9,000,000. Gold, silver and copper have all paid him tribute. Many years ago he acquired over

what obscured its fame. Charles P. Taft, half brother of the ex-President, came into national prominence by his ability to contribute enormous sums to advance the political career of his famous relative. He was well able to do so, for he is one of the wealthiest men in the United States. He owns one of the best paying newspapers in the Middle West; he is said to own controlling interests in the Chicago and Philadelphia baseball teams of the National league; he has two ranches in Texas, of which the smallest has 160,000 acres. Also he has one of the finest galleries of paintings in the country, surpassed by only three or four private collections. His Texas ranches alone are worth between \$7,000,000 and \$10,000,000, and his heavy investments in almost countless industries probably bring the total of his fortune up to \$40,000,000.

The father of the four Taft boys was a distinguished judge. He was not, however, as wealthy as he was famous, but he was able to send all four of his sons to Yale, his alma mater. He left but little money to his four boys, not enough to enable Charles P. Taft to indulge in his ambitious desire to study in Europe. But a family friend advised the young man to invest all that he had in a business opportunity. Unlike the majority of such chances for quick returns, this proved most fortunate and yielded a profit of \$6,000. Charles P. Taft did not lose his head and risk the sum that he had made, but promptly sailed for Germany, where he took a degree at Heidelberg and also studied languages in Berlin and Paris. Returning to Cincinnati, he entered into a law partnership with a popular veteran of the Civil war, but the firm was dissolved when the senior partner

was elected to the governorship and Taft to the Ohio House of Representatives. After 10 years in the practice of law, Taft had made a fair-sized fortune and decided to enter the newspaper field. This was largely the result of chance. A friend who owned a German paper induced the young lawyer to take \$10,000 worth of his stock. It paid good dividends and the power of the press began to appeal much more strongly than the quieter realms of the law. With his profits, he bought an old daily newspaper and among his first reporters was his brother William, whom he paid \$6 a week to report the court news. A rival paper, attracted by the work of the young reporter, offered the future President \$20 a week to do similar work. This was a larger salary than Charles P. Taft could afford to pay and he advised his brother to accept the position. "By the time I was prosperous enough to pay

William what he was worth as a reporter," Charles Taft once said, "he was a judge of the United States Circuit Court and out of my reach." After the paper began to pay well Taft bought out another, erected a building for the combined journals, and attended to little else for 20 years. His wife inherited a large fortune from her father, David Sinton, including valuable real estate in Cincinnati and the 160,000-acre farm in Texas. Of recent years Charles P. Taft has not paid such strict attention to his newspaper except in the periods preceding elections but has invested more and more heavily in other interests. Probably his Texas ranches have been his greatest pride. The ranch that Mrs. Taft inherited is valued at about \$5,000,000; the other, covering 200,000 acres, is said to be worth about \$2,500,000. On the former are grown vegetables in

Dollie's Great Hope The Story of a Girl Whose Desire Was a Good and Faithful Husband.

GRANDMA, dear, it's really to be one of the very loveliest affairs, there has been this winter. It's my 'coming out' party, you know, and mamma says it will be just splendid, and Gertie Jacobs' was awfully swell. Now, grandma, don't look shocked, that's only a piece of slang," and Dollie Laigh looked such a sweet, bewitching sinner that grandma laughed as she shook her head.

"Remember one thing, dearie," she said, "you are only 19 and I don't want my Dollie spoiled. Be sweet, frank and simple; don't try to copy girls in society, but be your own little self."

"I will, grandma darling, I will! And if I ever feel giddy and gay again, I will just come here and you shall preach one of your nice sermons to make me good," and Dollie kissed the true woman, the chief mainstay of her life.

"Maybe, my darling, if I tell you about my first party, it may amuse you a bit. Yes, indeed, I did have a lovely party, though they were not very common in my day, but I was your Grandpa Benson's only daughter. I had two brothers, but no sister, and father and mother decided that their Dollie should have a 'coming out party.'"

"Oh, yes, Grandma, do tell me," and Dollie Number Two seated herself on a stool at Dollie Number One's knee.

"Well," began Grandma, "I was just 18, one year your junior, but regarded as older at that age in my day, than you in your's. Father was one of the wealthiest farmers in that district, and as I was always fond of study, he allowed me to take Latin in the minister, and have a governess for French, mathematics and history for a whole year, a great advantage in my day. Oh, father did very well by me, and I guess he never regretted it, for I was quick to learn and bright as a cricket in my youth." And the old lady looked into those eyes that looked so lovingly into hers.

"Well, I had studied hard and the crops were very good that year so one night, sometime in November, father said to mother: 'Liddy—(mother's name was Lydia, but father never spoke it so.) 'Liddy, don't you think we ought to give our Dollie a party? She's gotten to be quite a large girl and I think it's our duty, besides being our pleasure.'"

"Of course, I was all interest in a minute, and mother as much as I. 'That's just the thing, David,' she said, 'we do owe Dollie a real, nice party,' 'sides our pleasure, and if you're agreeable, and nothing happens to prevent, she shall have it.'"

"Well, then, set the day," says father, 'for I'm more'n agreeable.'"

"How would the 5th of December do?" says mother.

"So it was all decided. Father engaged the fiddler of the district; mother enormous quantities, one great field of 1,000 acres being devoted solely to cabbages. The larger ranch is used principally for grazing, furnishing food for thousands of cattle. This has been a boon to the towns in the vicinity, for they are able to buy meat from Charles Taft at prices considerably below those charged by the trust.

went to making goodies, and I, myself, to writing invitations. I had lots of friends. All the boys and girls came as our house was large, and, my dear your grandpa was the handsomest among them.

"Well, they began to arrive in twos and threes and sleighfuls, and mother and I were waiting to receive them, she in her best black silk and I in as handsome a pale blue satin as ever you set eyes on.

"Thomas Hayward—that's your grandpa—was among the first, and mother said that after he came she had hard work to make me receive properly, I was so infatuated with him. Maybe I was, for girls will have their day. David and John, my brothers, were there; they each had their sweethearts and we did have a gay time.

"After they had all arrived, the fiddle struck up a lively tune and we tripped it gayly for two or three hours. By that time mother had our feast ready. We took a long time at that, and when through, father proposed a game of blindman's bluff, so your grandpa volunteered to be the blind man.

"As I said before, I was spry on foot in those days, but to my surprise, having tried so hard to evade him, he caught me. Taking off the bandage, he stooped and whispered: 'You know what that means to me, Dollie! Oh, if I could catch you for life!' But I only tossed my head, and took my turn as blindman, playing so excitedly that I ran into a table, upsetting everything. Then, calling myself an idiot, I calmed down, and after that played more quiet games winding up with Virginia Reel.

"Everyone said 'twas a great success, and we went to bed, tired, but happy.

"The next morning as I was cleaning the hall I found one of Tom's driving mittens, which he had dropped in the hurry of getting off, the night before, and then I began to think: 'He will be coming back for it soon and—but I did not get any further, for there was a knock at the door and I went to answer it, my heart beating like a trip-hammer.

"Good morning, Dollie,' he said. 'I think I dropped one of my driving mittens last night. Have you seen it?'

"I answered in the affirmative, ran to get it where I had dropped it on the hall table, handed it to him, and he said, looking into my eyes:

"Dollie, is that the way you mean to give me the mitten? And I foolishly answered, 'No'; and that's about all; only when father and mother came in he boldly asked my hand, receiving the promise he wanted, and I, blushing like a piney—"

Here grandma stopped and laughed. "What a silly child I was, to be sure."

"Oh, grandma! I think it was splendid, but my party won't have any such ending as that, I'm afraid," and pretty Dollie, the second, took her turn at "blushing like a piney."

"I hope not, dearie; grandma can't spare her sunbeam yet, and as she kissed grandmother she smiled at the portrait on the wall, though there was a drop in each eye as she said: "I hope she will have as good and kind and faithful a husband as my Tom."

When a woman is a good cook she soon makes herself necessary to her husband—but, then, so does his grocer.