BY SOME PROMINENT BUSINESS MEN OF LOS ANGELES

Money talks.

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From the cradle to the grave we hear its voice, and, according to the Bible, it has something to say about our chances of heaven.

Money is sometmes cruel, sometimes Money is sometmes cruel, sometimes kind—always subtle enough to slip in and whisper so low that love and honor and success and fame share the credit or blame that belongs only to money. About some things money speaks out boldly. It says— Whether we shall kick our chubby heels together in a down-lined, lace-cov-ered cradle, or on a hard, rough cot.

ered cradle, or on a hard, rough cot.

Whether little James or Willie or Henry shall wear strange garments cut down from father's, or clothes like the little boys in the store windows.

Whether he shall play with rubber balls, popguns, and hobby horses with real manes and tails, or string balls, bean-snappers and broom handles.

Whether he shall go through school and college or begin, a bare-footed youngster, selling papers or carrying bundles.

Whether, later on, he shall sit in a box at the opera, or peer down from above with his head bumping the roof.

Whether, of a Sunday, he shall have a pew in the middle aisle or sit back where he can hear only the music and what the preacher says with his hands. And, some day, whether he shall lie in an unsodded, unmarked spot in the graveyard, or under a grand, granite

mausoleum. Los Angeles has a long list of men to whom money now says, "Do as you please," and it is interesting to know how they got on such good terms with this arbiter of all things human.

"How I made my first thousand dol-

ing dozens—for, after all, there are not so many ways.
A few things were noticeable about these dozen men. They are all to be found in offices, still grinding away—perhaps from force of habit.
Not one of these offices is a luxurious place with Turkish rugs, carved desks with silver and burnt ivory appointments, and great, leather easy chairs.
Most of them are small, often back in a dark corner that is not available for other purposes. The furniture, good
making his boys work for their money, and he had an account with each of us on his books. I guess I didn't appreciate that part of it as much then as I do now. If a boy doesn't make his money he doesn't know the value of it. "I had better opportunities for an education than I took advantage of. I was too full of fun. But I've lived to a pretty good age, and I guess I'm just as well off as if I'd studied harder and not shad as good a time. But I'd say that hevery boy who can go to college ought in the state of the state of

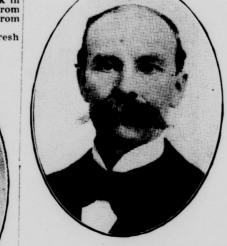
Another thing is that not a few of them made that first thousand in California --some right here in Los Angeles. There is at least one of the dozen men that would not wish to be an example to other young men, for he got his first thousand dollars in a hold-up. "Anyone else in my place would have done the same thing, but you needn't mention my name," he said. This one-time bold, bad bandit is a banker now, and couldn't count the number of dol-lars he's worth in less than a day. "It was in 1865, two months before Lee's surrender. I was 17 years old, and in the Confederate army, Six other boys and I held up a Yankee paymaster and took \$0,000. I was the youngest, and my share was about \$1,040. "We had on our Confederate uniforms

"We had on our Confederate uniforms -were not acting as spies—and had crept in behind their lines, around the southern end of Grant's army. "I can remember just as well—we were covered up in the brush beside a rail fence, with a lot of briers grow-

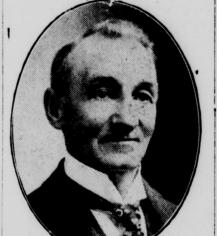
"It took me three years to do it, work- | something of the world by traveling in ing for a dollar a day at cabinet-mak-ing, and I had a wife and two children before I got that first \$300. "I used to count those quarters and half dollars with the babies on the floor

on Sunday morning before going to One wonders if the boy, of 15, fresh



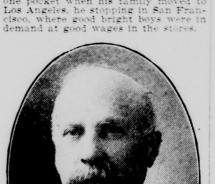


A quiet, modest man is H. Jevne, the grocer, who thinks he has nothing to tell because he started with nothing but a good education and has made every dol-lar he owns by hard work and economy. "There's no money in the grocery busi-ness," he said, as he sat writing "H. Jevne" on the bottom of a bunch of checks. "If I were a dry goods man I'd be worth a million dollars. "You see, groceries are the same every-where my surger is no bottom than the



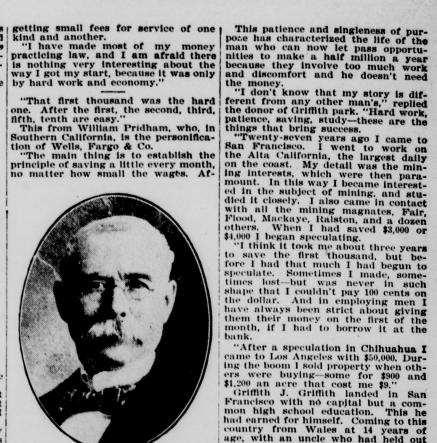
age to make his first thousand, and he thinks he was about 22 before he could write his check for that amount. At 14 he went into a law office in New York City to study, and he helped enough about the office to receive a salary, which was probably spent in car fare, for he was lucky enough to have a home ave a home

He could probably have carried all of his savings in a very small corner of one pocket when his family moved to Los Angeles, he stopping in San Fran-cisco, where good bright boys were in demand at good wages in the stores.



"I went away from home with 50 cents in my pocket and poorly clothed," said the man whose name is in big letters across the front of a several story fur-niture store—Niles Pease. "And no-body ever gave me anything. "I went away from home to learn the

I THOUSAND DOLLAR



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month, if I had to borrow it at the bank. "After a speculation in Chihuahua I came to Los Angeles with \$50,000. Dur-ing the boom I sold property when oth-ers were buying—some for \$900 and \$1,200 an acre that cost me \$3." Griffith J. Griffith landed in San Francisco with no capital but a com-mon high school education. This he had earned for himself. Coming to this country from Wales at 14 years of age, with an uncle who had held out to him the prospect of a better educa-tion than could be had by the son of a poor Welshman, the boy learned that the uncle had promised more than he could fulfill. With no other relatives and no friends to go to for help, the lad agreed with a philanthropic old German couple that by doing chores he should be allowed to make his home with them and go to school. Thus he step-ped into the place of a son who had been killed in the war and whom he resembled. This unwritten contract was faithfully kept by both parties un-til the Welsh lad was 20, when he de-cided to strike out for himself. The finest monument in the cemetery at Danville, Pennsylvania, marks the resting place of an aged German couple, the benefactors of Griffith J.

resting place of an aged German couple, the benefactors of Griffith J. Griffith. And they are among the poorest people burled there. BERTHA H. SMITH.

Milo M. Potter's first thousand was not hard to make as some later thou-sands. He had something to begin with.

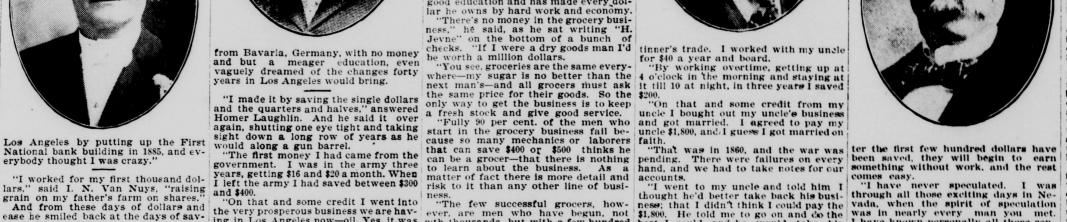
Mr. Potter has more than once snapped his fingers in the face of wiseacres and set at naught good old rules. But one rule he verified was that about a

bad beginning. "When I left the Michigan univer-sity in 1877, I was declared a failure" —and there was just a tinge of triumph

-and there was just a tinge of triumph in his voice. "I made my first thousand in the cotton business, against the judgment of everybody"-and there was another tinge of triumph. "There are two things that seem strange in my history. I was the laz-iest man in my class, and the swift-est. You understand. I was wild, fast-what you might call a speedy number. I distinguished myself by be-ing the first man ever suspended from the university, and I was up before the faculty oftener than any other man the faculty oftener than any other man in the class.

in the class. "I was lazy about work, but could play a good game of foot ball or base ball, was something of a sprinter, danced, bowled, played billiards, and a pretty good game of poker. "My parents were dead and I was wurpiled with money by my guardian.

who was a bachelor before me—and when I left the university I came into who was a bachelor before me-and when I left the university I came into possession of \$5,000. "I went to Florida to go into the orange business, but saw there was nothing in it, so began dealing in cot-ton-not speculating, but in a legiti-mate way. The first \$1,000 came quick-ly-yes,0,000. And I lost it all in one night." "And you say you played a good game of poker?" The question came almost involuntary. "It wasn't poker." said Mr. Potter. "It at aghtened up then. I had a fine home and was enjoying life as it came along. I built a fine hotel and it burned down, taking every cent I had and leaving me in debt. "Then I had to begin at the bottom. I started in and learned the hotel bus-iness, went to Atlantic City, built a hotel, made enough money to pay ev-ery dollar I owed, began to invest my money-and today I'm a rich man."



ing in the corner as it dipped down into a guily. The paymaster came along with 15 men, all feeling safe enough on their own ground. We jumped out and held them up, and got the money with-out killing a man

heid them up, and got the money with cut killing a man. "I didn't get much good out of my thousand. I used a little for things I needed and lost some of it, and what \$165." left I spent making some repairs on the house after I got home.

"That was my first and last attempt bank. highway robbery. I haven't had a "I r chance since

"How I made by first thousand dol-ars," repeated "Uncle" John Bryson, as he came out from behind a newspa-per he was reading. "I can tell you how I made the first three hundred, which was the beginning of the thousand. By saving it, 25 and 50 cents at a time, and

putting it away in a stocking.



tle as possible, and the rest was fairly

"I can tell you how I made my first \$165," said Herman W. Hellman, presi-dent of the Farmers and Merchants'

"I made it clerking at \$20 and \$30 a month for Gen. Banning on the wharf at Washington. It took me from June 29, 1859, to December 1, 1860, to save it. Then p

Above that same desk hangs a large rtrait of President McKinley, bearing

I came to Los Angeles and clerked in a friendly inscription. a book store at \$50 a month. In 1866 I went into business for myself with a stock of books and stationery on a cap-

know how great a man he is who has not had a personal acquaintance with ital of \$1609." By 1870 Mr. Hellman was able to take

a rest for eighteen months and learn him.

Lady and a Camera A TRUE STORY HOW GOOD WITH A CAME SELF-EVIDENT MORAL OUT OF EVIL

HERE once lived a Man who was the unhappy possessor of a Grudge. and he harbored it in the inner recesses of his heart, against a most Amiable Young Lady, and when all other methods of paying it off had failed, his active brain engendered a diabolical plot. He loaned her his Camera! And she, in the guileless innocence of her heart supposed he had repented of his Grudge and was anxious to make amends for past offenses: therefore she accepted the loan gratefully and rose up and called him blessed. But the Man chuckled in fien dish glee thinking his vengeance was near.

Then the Amiable Young Lady be took herself to a certain stock house wherein they sold photographers' supplies and taught unsophisticated amateurs the use of them, and made known to the keeper of the stock house her desire to acquire a knowledge of the fascinating art of photography in all its dips, spurs and angles; and the keeper of the stock house had two large Brown Eyes of Business, and he saw that she was an easy Victim, so he advised her to learn the Art Photographic by degrees. (But failed to state there were no less than nine million degrees, and in order to acquire a knowledge of them all she would have to outlive old Time.)

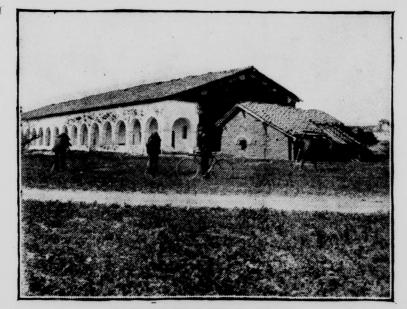
And the Amiable Young Lady listened to the Voice of the Tempter and forgot to tie double-back-action knots in her Purse Strings, and bought many things needful-and many more that were not-and went on her way rejoicing in the possession of a borrow ed Camera-a full supply of Developing Materials and a head full of instructions which had settled into a confused jumble of incomprehensible terms that buzzed through her Brain like a swarm of angry bees.

But after many days the Amiable Young Lady returned again, and she was grieved and sore at heart, for the fruits of her first efforts were simply appalling. He brother's favorite driving horse was made to appear as an elongated freak with a monstrous head, attenuated legs and a tail that had seen better days. The faces of her Most Cherished Friends resembled canlidates for places of prominence in the Rogues' Gallery, and with a sob in her Throat she related that some of them were estranged from her forever in consequence.

There were Stately Buildings depicted contrary to all rules of architecture. Dim, cool Corridors resembling the leaning tower of Pisa in a state of ollapse, and Sacred Edifices whose spires were not on straight-and to acquire all this rare aggregation of monstrosities she had squandered much wealth of time and money.

But the keeper of the stock house, with the Big Eyes of Business (and a

I want to be a camera fiend, And with my tripod stand, A finding cloth about my head. And a bulb within my hsnd.



SNAPSHOT BY FIED W. KNOPF

Sordid Soul) encouraged her with the remark that she had now learned how NOT to take pictures, and would never make the same mistakes again. And GRIFFITH J. GRIFFITH

personal experience that was wanted, Mr. Pridham remembered that it took him about five years to save his first thousand dollars, working at \$125 a month for Wells, Fargo & Co., away back in the 50s, when \$125 did not mean what it does now. He had had a good education before he went to work for the company, with which he has been connected for nearly half a century.

"I began then to earn more than I spent," said Mr. Newmark, "I clerked first in a shoe store, but didn't stay at that very long; and in a few years I It took Griffith J. Griffith 17 years after he decided to give the Los Feliz rancho to the city of Los Angeles for a park, to so shape his affairs as to feel able to carry out his life dream without doing injustice to his own family. was able to go back to my first love

"I was admitted to the bar at 21, but while studying I had managed to make something by being a notary public and family.

the law.

Just a Hint

"Father," said Tommy the other day, "why is it that the boy is said to be the father of the man?" Mr. Tompkins had never given this subject any thought and was hardly preparied to answer offhand. "Why, why," said he, stumblingly, "it's so because it is, I suppose." "Well," said Tommy, "since I'm your father I'm going to give you a ticket to a theater and a dollar besides. I always said that if I was father I



THE WONDERFUL HORSE Photo by Lutie Stearns

wouldn't be so stingy as the rest of

wouldn't ce so stingy as the rest of them are. Go in and have a good time while you're young. I never had a chance myself." Mr. Tompkins gazed in blank amaze-ment at Tommy. Slowly the signifi-cance of the hint dawned upon him. Producing the silver coin he said: "Take it, Thomas. When you really do become a father, I hope it won't by your misfortune to have a son who is smarter than yourself."-New York i Success.

the Amiable Young Lady meekly replied that she would certainly not intentionally libel the faces of her most Cherished Friends, nor misrepresent poor dumb beasts with no Press Agent to defend them.

And in Deep Despair and Sorrow of Soul the Amiable Young Lady sought counsel from the Wise Man with) uch Experience, who ever and anon impressed upon her Plastic Mind the importance of studying Composition of her subject on the ground glass of her Camera before exposing the Plates; who with kindly zeal and untiring patience guided her steps through the intricacies of the Darkroom into Photographic Paths that led to Peace, and finally culminated in her joining the Los Angeles Camera Club, where practical instruction is given the Members in courses of interesting Lectures and Demonstrations, wherein each may profit by the experience of others in studying the results of their work when shown on the screen by the stereopticon. Where the Amiable Young Lady derived all these benefits, as well as the privileges of fully equipped darkrooms, toning and bromide rooms, printing house, portrait gallery and library, and a general knowledge of making pictures that will be at once things of beauty and joys forever without bankrupting herself thereby.

And when the Man who had harbored the Grudge against the Amiable Young Lady saw all that she had accomplished, he became contrite, and his Heart was softened, and he said to himself: "Surely good has come out of my evil intentions." And he relinquished the Gruege and bought many Cameras of all sizes and makes and became addicted to the habit of taking pictures to such an extent that he would often taken several Groups on the same Plate, and through the solicitation of the Amiable Young Lady he, too, became an enthusiastic Worker in the Camera Club, and, beirg a Man of Great Influence, was instrumental in bringing to the attention of Many Business Men the extensive advertising given our city through the medium of Lantern Slides sent by the Camera Club to the National Lantern Slide Interchange, which are exhibited in all the large cities of the United States, depicting the many varied charms of our beautiful Southern California, and the Many Business Men awoke to the fact that the Camera Club is of great benefit to the Community.

And thus we see how a Naughty Deed may shine in a Good World, and how harboring a Grudge resulted in untold benefits to a Vast Multitude, in-THE AMLABLE YOUNG LADY. cluding,

tained cash in various amounts. In Sugar Bowls Full of Money John Lertsch, aged 88 years, an ec-centric old man, was found dead in his home, at Weatherly, Pa., on Mon-day afternoon. He had not been seen on the street since Wednesday. Death was probably due to appoplexy. When friends entered the house and looked over his effects they found money in almost every corner. Sugar bowls, tin cans, and pieces of calico all conall \$1,500 was taken from the sugar