

TIN MONARCH OF SOUTH AMERICA

Romantic Story of the Wonderful Rise of Don Simon Patino of Oruro, Bolivia.

WIFE BOUGHT FIRST MINE

Jewels He Had Given Her Provided Funds for Start, and Now He Is One of the World's Richest Men.

By RICHARD SPILLANE.

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Don Simon Patino of Oruro, Bolivia, has a great regard for his wife. Most good men have the same weakness in respect to their helpmates. Whenever Senator Patino had a little extra money he hastened to spend it on the senora. Usually he bought jewelry. Senator Patino was not rich, but his wife had diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires in greater number than the wives of many wealthy men. Senora Patino used to protest against this extravagance, but it was of no avail. She could not check him, so, after a time, she accepted with complacency whatever he purchased.

Senator Patino kept store in a little silver mining town up in the Andes, not far from Oruro. He was active, energetic and progressive. Most Bolivians are slow. The mines were busy, his trade was increasing and the future looked bright.

There came a change in the early '90's somewhere. The world had too much silver and the price of the metal declined. Gradually the production of the mines of Bolivia decreased and as they decreased the business of the store of Senator Patino dwindled. The good man was sad. He no longer could buy jewels for his wife. Not only that, but it was a question whether he could earn enough to provide well for his already large and growing family.

Tin Looked Good to Him.

Most men, in such a situation, mope and complain. Senator Patino is not that kind. When the mine bosses gathered at his store and indulged in bitter reflections upon the sorry state of the silver market, he listened to them, but did not agree with their direful predictions. It was true, he acknowledged, that the silver outlook was very bad, but Bolivia was rich in other metals.

The mining men laughed at his reasoning. For nearly four centuries Bolivia had been working its silver and gold mines. In silver the country was particularly rich. That was the backbone of the nation. What could Bolivia look to when it could not sell its silver?

Senator Patino suggested tin. There was plenty of tin in Bolivia.

His friends scoffed. The idea that Bolivia, after all its centuries of dependence upon silver, should turn to tin was too absurd to consider. Where would it find a market? Even if there were a fair demand for tin, how could Bolivia compete with the great tin mines of the Straits Settlements, which produced more than half of the world's supply, and which had the benefit of good and cheap transportation? Bolivia had too much of a handicap, especially since Chile had robbed Bolivia of all its seacoast and made it an inland country.

Senator Patino said that if Bolivia could ship silver ore it could ship tin. The world had more use for tin than for silver. Markets could be developed. Transportation charges might be so heavy as to make it seem impossible to realize a profit, but these could be lessened if the business attained considerable volume.

Wife's Jewels Paid for Mine.

Obstinacy is one of Patino's characteristics. The more the mine bosses ridiculed his idea the more positive he became in his belief. One of those who ridiculed him offered to sell a tin mine to him for 18,000 bolivianos. A boliviano is about 40 cents, so that meant \$7,200. Patino did not have the money. He tried to raise it and failed. Money was scarce, especially for so poor an undertaking as a tin mine.

Women have faith when men have not. Whatever her husband believed Senora Patino believed. When her husband failed in all his efforts to raise money Senora Patino determined to get it herself. She sold her diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds and, turning the proceeds over to him, insisted that he buy the mine. When he was reluctant, she argued that its name, La Salvador, argued well. There could be no mistake.

Hard Struggle for Patino.

Patino bought La Salvador. He had to proceed slowly with the mine, because he had little money, but the times were so hard in Bolivia then that he was able to get labor very cheap. That helped. Mining tin is a slow and burdensome process. After the ore is taken out of the earth it has to be ground into small particles. Then it is washed to rid it of some of its impurities. Next it is roasted to expel the sulphur and arsenic it contains. Another and longer treatment in a furnace of tremendous heat is necessary to reduce the oxide tin to its metallic state, and even then further refining is required to produce pure metal that commands the highest price.

It was a desperate struggle Patino

had for the first year or two. Many times it appeared as if he would have to give up. His labor had to be paid and he had little or no money. When he made a shipment of tin there were long, dreary months before he received payment, and even then he was subjected to many embarrassments and disappointments. It was a journey of 500 miles over the mountains from the mine to Antofagasta, where the tin could be shipped to Europe. Vessels were irregular and freight rates were unstable. Sometimes the tin was held a month or two waiting a steamboat. All this time Patino was in agony. Sometimes the consignee sold to advantage. Sometimes he did not. Patino had to depend upon the honesty of the man he shipped his metal to. When the returns were good he was able to resume work on a larger scale. When they were poor, he was threatened with bankruptcy. But, good or bad, he kept his store running. That brought in a little revenue, just enough to aid in many a tight pinch.

In his third year Patino began to see daylight. He had no further need of shutting down periodically and he was able to make regular shipments across the mountains. Tin was bringing a better price and he was making money, but he kept his own counsel. Not only that, but he was emboldened to branch out. The tin zone of Bolivia is divided into four districts—La Paz in the north, Oruro in the center, Choropleque in the south, and Potosi in the east. The country had not yet recovered from the silver depression, and mining claims, especially tin properties, were at bargain prices. Senator Patino bought judiciously and well, but all the time he kept increasing the output and extending the operations in and about La Salvador.

Business Increased Greatly.

Hamburg is the great depot for the distribution of tin. Senator Patino opened an office there in No. 3 Leopoldshof, and thereafter his European agent looked after the sale of his metal. This was more satisfactory and more profitable than the former arrangement. Then he negotiated with steamship companies and managed, by guaranteeing a certain amount of cargo, to obtain regular sailing from Antofagasta. The uses of tin were increasing steadily and Patino found a ready market at a good price for all he could produce, so, gradually, he opened up new mines.

One day Bolivia awakened to the fact that Senator Patino was doing a big business. A little later it decided he was doing an enormous business.



Don Simon Patino, the Bolivian Tin Magnate, and His Family.

Since then it has been getting surprise upon surprise until now it wonders if there is any man in the world who is doing more business or making more money than Simon Patino. When money began to flow Patino's way it came in a stream. After a while the stream got to be a flood. This flood has been increasing in volume year after year, until now the little storekeeper of the Andes is the richest man in South America. There is no telling how much money he has. A conservative estimate is \$80,000,000.

The growth of the tin production of his mines has been one of the most wonderful in the world. From insignificance he has lifted Bolivia to a position where now it is credited with one-fourth of the total tin output of the globe. Gold and silver no longer figure prominently in comparison with it in Bolivian industries. The value of the tin exported is five times that of all other metals combined. Patino has competition in Bolivia, for he does not own all the tin-bearing properties, but his mines are by far the richest. The best and most modern of machinery has been installed by him, and his plants are as complete and well equipped as money and science can make them.

It is not in mining alone that he has shown his capacity. He no longer depends upon others to carry his metal to market. He has his own line of steamships plying between Antofagasta and Hamburg, and by reason of his immense production he controls to a large degree the price of tin throughout the world.

Not Spoiled by His Riches.

Money has not spoiled Don Simon. Instead it has broadened him and added to his enterprise, his energy and his democracy. He is only about forty-five years of age. He has a great love for his native land, and almost as great a love for America. He is as kindly and approachable as he was 18 years ago, when all he had in the world was within the four walls of the little store up near frowning Monte Blanco.

He could have any office within the gift of the people of Bolivia, but he

wants none. He prefers to occupy the position of being the great and good friend of his country. When Bolivia needs money for any public enterprise, he lends it without interest. He does not want any more money, but still his wealth increases. His home is in Oruro, which city he has made the tin metropolis and the Pittsburgh of Bolivia. Occasionally he travels, and when he is on his journeys he startles the natives wherever he goes.

Last spring he paid a visit to New York. He left his party aboard ship while he came ashore to look for quarters. He went to the Hotel Knickerbocker and asked to see some rooms. They showed a suite to him. He liked it, and asked to see some more. He liked the other apartments that were shown to him. Then he asked to see some more. The more rooms he saw, the more he was pleased. He spent an hour looking at rooms. Then he announced that he would take three floors.

The hotel man could not believe he heard right. He asked if Senator Patino really meant all the rooms on three floors. Senator Patino said yes, he thought that would do. The hotel people agreed, tentatively, to let him have what he asked for, but they proceeded immediately to make some inquiries about the visitor. What they heard satisfied them.

A little later Senator Patino moved in. He had his wife, his children, his relatives and various servants. His relatives included his sisters, his brother, his cousins and his aunts. There were 40 in the party, exclusive of servants. Nearly every member of the party had a servant, and some of them had two.

His Doings in United States.

Don Simon had business to transact in New York. When he went calling he took a flock of automobiles, for he usually was accompanied by a bunch of his relatives. Business to him is a family affair; he wants his business friends to know his family and his relatives. All his business was not in New York. He had to go to Boston, and he had to go to Washington. There are some rich men who, when they go traveling, hire a special car. Not Senator Patino. When he went to Boston he went in his own special train. When he went to Washington, he went in a special train. Expense did not signify. How could it with a man whose income is far in excess of \$10,000 a day? He expected to be called to Mexico, so he made arrangements with a railroad to have a special train made up ready for his use at a moment's call. That



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train was held at his bidding for a month. He paid for it all that time.

One of his missions to New York was to improve relations between the United States and South America. Incidental to his visit he became vice-president of the Pan-American association. He expects the opening of the Panama canal will be of great benefit to his country, and he wants to do everything within his power to bring all South America into closer touch with the United States. To this cause he is lending his influence, his support and his money.

He was delighted with New York. He and his relatives went to many of the beautiful homes of Fifth avenue and Riverside drive. There was one charming residence that caught Don Simon's fancy.

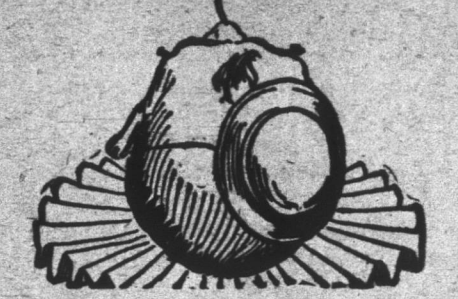
"I want a home just like that," said he. And immediately he gave orders to have a duplicate built for him in Bolivia.

Forgot the Stairways.

For Don Simon to express a wish is to have it satisfied. Orders were issued at once through one of his subordinates for the building of such a structure, to be ready when he returned to Oruro. The dwelling was four stories high. The gentleman who had the thing in charge did the best he could, but he made some odd blunders. He had the house built four stories high, but when it was completed there was one curious omission. No provision had been made for stairways. You could not get from floor to floor except by climbing a ladder outside. To remedy this defect before Don Simon returned, ready-made stairs were ordered from the United States and holes were cut in the floors to accommodate them.

Unfortunately, the stairways were longer by about three feet than were necessary, and when they were put into place steps had to be built down from the top of them to the level of the floor. When Don Simon got back to Bolivia he had the delight of possessing the finest house in Oruro, and also the queerest one in South America.

ON THE FUNNY SIDE



COLORADO ECHO EXPLODED

Stage Driver Explaining Beauties of Rocky Mountains to Tourists Gets Startling Answer.

Senator Charles S. Thomas of Colorado delights to tell this joke on his own beloved Rocky mountains:

"We have the most wonderful scenery in the world out in Colorado," enthuses the senator, "and our canyons and gorges are marvels of nature's handiwork. As for our echoes—listen to this:

"A guide was taking a party of tourists by coach through the mountains west of Denver. As they descended the side of a steep canyon he halloed the coach and ordered his party to alight. Then, ranging them up along the roadside, he spoke:

"In this canyon, ladies and gentlemen, is the most remarkable echo in the state; indeed, probably the most wonderful in the United States, and, possibly, in the world. Now, listen!"

"Forming his hands like a megaphone, he shouted across the empty void of the canyon:

"Hello-o-o-o!"

"In a few seconds there came from the opposite side of the canyon in tones like a human voice the reply:

"Hello-o-o-o!"

"Wonderful! Marvelous!" exclaimed the members of the party, as a buzz of admiration ran through the ranked line.

"Now, just listen to this," said the guide, proud of his little show, and, again raising his hands to his mouth, he shouted:

"What are y' doing over there?"

"And from the tangled thicket that clothed the opposite wall the echo answered:

"None o' your business!"—Washington Star.

Moment of Excitement.

"What do you mean by putting your head out of the window and calling the police?" asked the agitated officer.

"There's nothing the matter and you're blocking the street."

"Yes, there is," replied the positive woman who was running an automobile. "I have forgotten the traffic regulations that apply to this particular crossing and I am pausing for instructions."

Ignored.

"Does your husband complain about the heat?"

"Law, yes," replied the woman in the sunbonnet. "But the heat is like the folks around the house. It lets him go right on complainin' and don't pay no attention."

A ROAST.



The Manager of the Burlesque Company—Yes, sir, she's a "burlesque beauty."

Critic—That describes her style exactly.

A Mystery.

"My boy Josh has been talkin' to me about scientific farmin'," said Mr. Cornstossel.

"He seems to have interested you."

"Yes. What I'd like to find out now is how a man that knows as little about farmin' as I do ever managed to make the place pay."

Her Advantages.

"Yes, she's the best swimmer in our set."

"That seems a useful accomplishment."

"No, it isn't. Every summer it takes at least a dozen young men to teach her the simplest rudiments."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sure Cure.

Patience—According to an Italian physician love causes an intoxication of the nervous centers, producing a disease that, if not cured, may lead to neurasthenia and even insanity.

Patrice—That's the reason so many timid ones get married, I suppose.

DEFINITION OF GENTLE HINT

Uncle Cal Told Unwelcome Visitor to Quit Coming Around Because He Ate Too Much.

George W. Perkins said in Chicago, apropos of the "gentle hints" that the government has given to big business: "These gentle hints, these loving hints, remind me of old Uncle Calhoun Clay."

"Uncle Cal's daughter, Lil, had a sweetheart, one Washington White, and Washington had the habit of beginning his evening calls very early—at supper time, in fact. Uncle Cal was the soul of hospitality, but, not being a rich man, he found it difficult to feed Wash five or six times a week, and so he told his wife and daughter he'd have to give the young man a hint, just a gentle hint, about how the land lay."

"So the next time young Washington White turned up for supper, old Uncle Cal from the head of the table first asked the blessing; and then looked at the unwelcome guest over his glasses and said:

"Look-a-heah, Misto Wash. Ah has too wuk mighty hard fo' ter make a livin' fo' dish-yeah fambly, and Ah 'specks yo' better quit comin' round so often. De fact is, yo' eat too much!"—Minneapolis Journal.

THEY'RE ALL CIGAR SHAPED.



The Inventor—My airship is at least a novelty.

The Capitalist—In what way?

The Inventor—It isn't cigar shaped.

The Last Straw.

"My candidate for the nerviest man contest," observed Bennie Beanbrough, "is none other than old man Umson."

"What's Umson been doing?" inquired Bennie's father.

"He came over here last evening and borrowed my tennis racket."

"That's not so bad—"

"And when I went after it, half an hour later, I found him using it for a carpet beater."—Judge.

Hard Luck.

"He always was more lucky than I was. He had his plans all made for a trip around the world when the European war broke out."

"I don't see where you call that lucky?"

"Course it's lucky. If I'd known the war was going to be pulled off I could have planned an all-the-world trip, also."

Expanding an Excuse.

"My grandmother's funeral—" began the office boy.

"Yes, yes," replied the good-natured man. "But is there any excuse for your mistaking the ball park for a cemetery?"

"No. But she put it in her will that I was to forfeit my inheritance if I ever missed a chance to root for the home team."

The Country Church.

The Deacon—Aren't you going away for a vacation, parson?

The Parson—No.

"But you believe in days of rest, parson?"

"Oh, yes, but I don't need any rest."

"Perhaps not, parson, but perhaps the congregation does."

The Ant's Season.

Bacon—This paper says that sanitarians in tropical countries are beginning to understand that ants are among the insects which transmit diseases.

Egbert—Why on earth do they want to start trouble like that right in the midst of the picnic season?

Too Much.

Yeast—The verdict of a jury in a criminal case in Arkansas has been set aside because the jury consumed nine quarts of whisky in reaching a conclusion.

Crimsonbeak—Well, I wonder what the maximum quantity allowed a jury down there is?

How to Tell.

Bacon—I see a Danish nerve specialist places his convalescent patients on top of a piano, that they may be benefited by the vibrations as it is played.

Egbert—When the patient kicks a big hole in the piano, he's supposed to be cured, probably.

It Never Happened.

"Did you mail that letter I handed you this morning?" asked the wife.

"No," replied the husband. "I forgot it."

"I'm so glad! I have changed my mind about sending it."

No Model.

"What kind of a model is your new automobile?"

"It isn't any kind of a model," replied Mr. Chuggins, gloomily. "It's a horrible example."

AN EMPTY STOREROOM

By JOHN PHILIP ORTH.

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Harold Winters and May Evans were engaged.

Harold Winters was a portrait painter.

May Evans was a sculptor.

They both had studios in the same building, and they both boarded with the same landlady.

All this would not have attracted as much attention as a raise in the price of dill pickles but for the fact that they were always in a quarrel.

What they quarreled about and what surprised all their friends was a feature of crime—mysterious disappearances. They would read in the papers that a girl was sent to the store or started out to her work, and had been missing for two days. The earth had swallowed her up. She was not dissatisfied with her home life and had had nothing to depress her. Then Miss Evans would deduce:

"Some villain has kidnapped her."

"She has been coaxed into an elopement."

"She went to Coney Island and was drowned while bathing."

"She was killed by an auto."

Mr. Winters would deduce:

"Very likely the girl was advised by other girls to assert her independence."

"She may have been invited to stay at the house of one of them while the two of them ran around together for a good time."

"In two or three days the missing girl will walk into her home with a defiant air."

Once in a while the missing girl was found drowned, but it was so rare, and Mr. Winters was right so often, that there was hardly a peaceful day in the week for them.

One day the owner of a new studio building called to ask them to inspect his new apartments with a view to a change. Both were satisfied to remain where they were, but of course Miss Evans had a curiosity to see the place. Without a word to any one she set off, and after a street car ride of a mile she reached the place. The janitor was out.

She went to the top floor at once, and she was immediately interested. She had looked about for a quarter of an hour when she attempted to open a door which she found locked. It was a spring lock, however, and after a moment she had it open.

There was a large closet at the rear of the suite, and it had no window. She was wondering what it was designed for, and she stepped in as she wondered.

"Bang!"

A puff of wind from an open window closed the door on her, and the spring lock did the rest. She pushed and battered and kicked and shouted, but nothing came of it.

"I deduce that it will be afternoon tomorrow before I am released," said the girl as she sat down on the floor. "I called Harold an idiot this morning, and he will deduce from my absence that I have gone home with Flora Day to stay all night just to bother him. I love Harold, but he does vex me with his deductions."

Although their studios were side by side Mr. Winters and Miss Evans did not always walk home together, and it was only when she did not appear at the dinner table that she was asked after.

"I saw her on a Vine avenue car two hours ago," said a young man.

Mr. Winters went to the club that evening. At midnight he quit his billiards and made a beeline for home. No Miss Evans yet.

"Look here, Winters," said a boarder who had just come in, "you deduce things, don't you?"

"Yes, I have done so."

"Then you'd better get to work on this case. Miss Winters is steady as the clock. Something must have happened her this time."

And Mr. Winters sat down in his room with pipe in mouth and deduced as follows:

"Now, then, what happened during the day? A little row. Mr. Billiard called. Mrs. Davis called. The owner of the new studio called. He wanted us to look them over. We didn't go. Ha! I didn't go, but didn't Miss Evans? The card is at the studio. If she went what could have happened to her?"

At three o'clock in the morning the artist led the way up the stairs of the new studio. When he came to the locked door he paused a moment.

"Only an empty storeroom!" growled the janitor.

Yes, only an empty storeroom with Miss Evans asleep in a corner!

"Your heels are not too long," said Mr. Winters as she sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"Then you are not a fool," she smiled.

An Example.

"Pa, what does 'dolce far niente' mean?"

"It means 'sweet idleness,' my son. A very good example of it is a shoe clerk with a salary of \$12 a week estimating the upkeep of an automobile."

What Ails Jones.

Knicker—What is the matter with Jones?

Bocker—If he takes a vacation they wonder how he can afford it and if he doesn't they wonder if his accounts are straight.—Judge.