

FROM SIX CENTS TO \$25,000. A DAY.

The Rise of Alvarado, Mexico's Mining King, to Luxury that Makes Him Uncomfortable



Alvarado and His Children.

Like a babe with a golden rattle, Pedro Alvarado, uneducated, untraveled and unfamiliar with the ways of the world, stands dazed, bewildered by his wealth. Not realizing its possibilities or its limits, he squanders it in strange, bizarre ways.

A month or so ago, upon announcing his intention to visit the City of Mexico—his first trip from his native hills—he renewed his offer to pay off the national debt of \$250,000,000, and became indignant when told the law prohibited this. On his trip, the "poor millionaire" distributed thousands of dollars worth of gold to the poor of the city, who bless his name.

At a cost of \$100,000, Alvarado has begun the erection of a monument of solid silver and Italian marble to his dead wife. This will be placed over her grave, enclosed in a steel cage, and he has just bought a house in the city to house the monument.

He recently announced his intention of buying plantations for 10,000 poor Mexicans, making them independent, and of educating 10,000 poor children.

In the days of his poverty Alvarado was one of those who believe that faith without works is dead. He was one of those who would have extruded little pieces of some one told a mountain to move from its place, and it moved.

If Alvarado had been different he would have given up the Pamillo mine probably long before he "struck gold"—and silver, for no one, except himself, believed that it could ever be made to yield much more than the \$40 annual tax required by the government.

The story of how he struck paying metal in 1901, how he installed modern electrical mining apparatus, and since then has been bringing from the mine a magical stream of wealth, is generally known. Alvarado knew mining; it was all he knew. But he knew how to shift his working shafts and sell his metal. In his business no one proved keener.

Some time ago the American Smelting and Refining company sent an expert to Parral to examine the mine and make an offer to Alvarado. He was instructed to buy it at almost any figure.

"But I do not wish to sell my mine," said Alvarado.

"At any rate, I would like to examine the property and place a valuation upon it," persisted the expert. "I am sure we will give you a figure which will induce you to sell."

"I will not let you examine the mine," replied the Mexican, his dark eyes flashing.

"Well," asked the representative of the American company, "what if you name a price for us to consider?"

Alvarado fingered a huge diamond in his cravat. "I will not sell the mine," he repeated. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. You tell the company to put a reasonable price on all the mines and smelters in Mexico and I'll buy them all."

From his splendid palace in the mountain town of Hidalgo de Parral Alvarado looks out upon the world and little understands the vastness of it—and the progress of civilization. Only twice in his life has he left his

home—once to go to Chihuahua to have his teeth fixed and recently to Mexico city.

No expert has ever entered his mine. All the silver and gold dug is stored in safes in the mine and in his palace and is guarded by armed natives. Alvarado has no faith in banks.

Alvarado persists in getting what he wants. During the lifetime of his wife, Donna Virginia, Pedro often had trouble in following out his desires. Once he bought a \$27,000 silver service, and, with great elation, took it to the palace and showed it to his wife.

"What!" she screamed, "\$27,000! Take it away! Take it away!"

Pedro persisted, pleaded, but Donna Virginia was obdurate. Pedro, sorrowing, stored the service in his guarded bank in the mine.

Some time later he ordered a \$3,000 mechanical organ for the chapel, which is in one of the upstairs rooms of the palace. Donna Virginia again went into a tantrum. Pedro pleaded again, but Donna Virginia, despite the assurance that the organ could rumble louder than any in the biggest cathedrals of Mexico, declared she would have no organ in the chapel. So the organ company took back the great instrument.

Three years ago Donna Virginia died and almost while the tears were still wet on Pedro's cheek he impatiently dispatched men to his mine and installed the \$27,000 silver service in his dining room. He sent messengers to Mexico and ordered the organ.

Today one can hardly move about in Pedro's chapel. With the organ on one side of the room, which is entirely too small for the great volume of sound produced, a great black catalogue in the center in memory of the wife, with an immense bishop's chair in front of the glittering altar, and scores of religious statues crowded in every corner, it is almost impossible to approach the altar.

Pedro Alvarado is only thirty-six years of age. Visitors describe him as small in stature, with bright little eyes, resembling black beads. A thin, rather pointed mouth is partly hidden by a small mustache. He is partially bald, and his complexion is sallow.

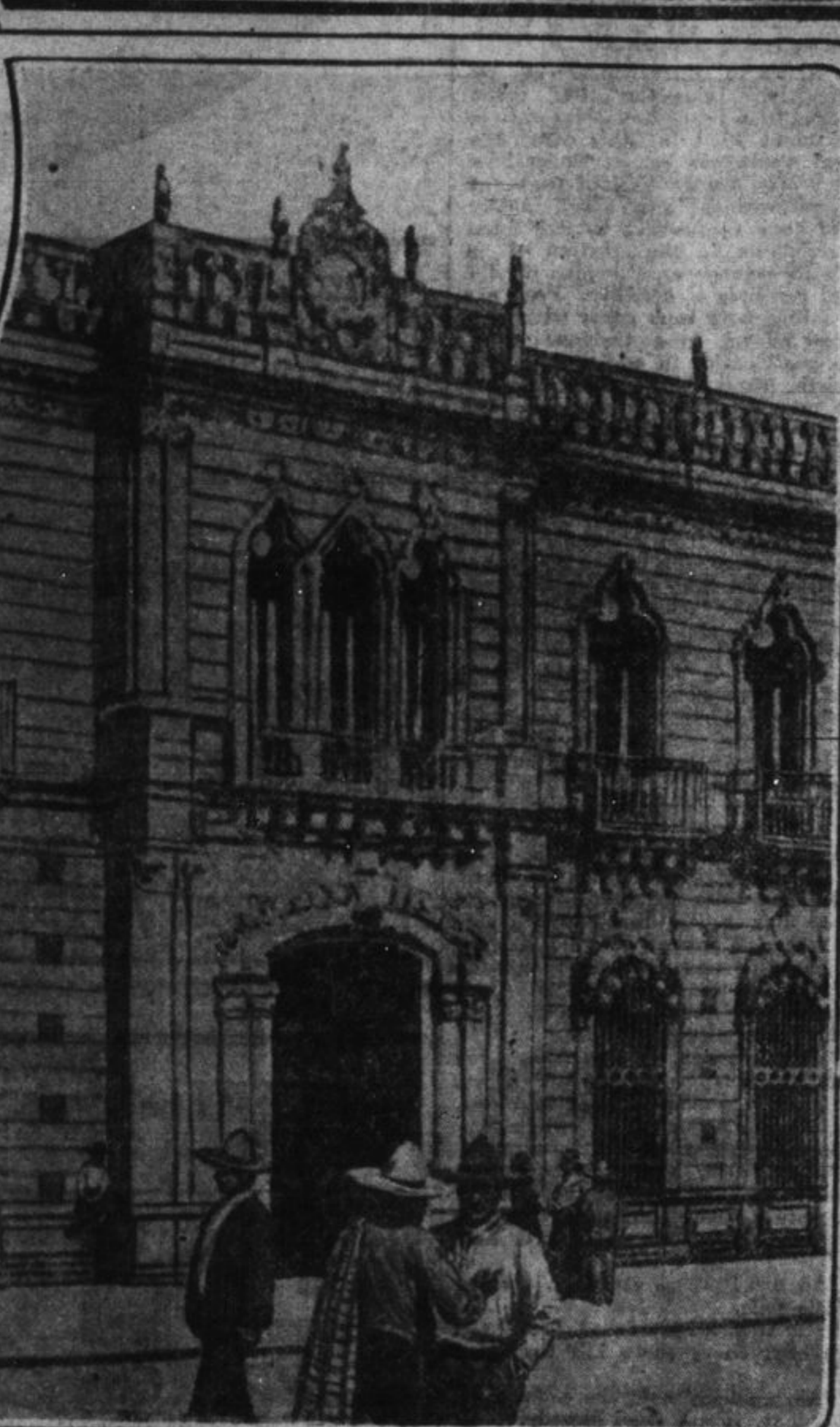
The millionaire peon has considerable difficulty in expressing himself. His manner is hesitating and awkward. He loves the coarse things of his, prefers palque, that ill-tasting Mexican liquor, to champagne, and goes into raptures over hickencored art. For his companions Alvarado has chosen the miners of his laboring days.

Of Alvarado's wonderful palace strange reports have come—of pianos tinkling in a number of rooms, of the 1,000 parrots making day and night hideous with sermons and squawks.

Walking through the dirty streets of Parral, with the eye seeing only dilapidated abode houses and the nose



Beggars Before His Home Awaiting Alms



Entrance to Mine from which Wealth Comes



Gallery of Alvarado's New Palace

sailed by bad odors, the visitors will suddenly be confronted by a great palace, its white stone glistening in the sun.

Rising amid the dirty streets it strikes one as an enchanted place, its facade of white limestone exquisitely carved and its fairy-like windows of Moorish design fringed by gilded bars.

The palace, according to architects, is the only good thing about it. True, its owner spent millions in furnishing it, but nowhere in the world, perhaps, could an artistic eye meet with such indignities perpetrated in the name of art.

When Alvarado struck wealth he lived in a one-story abode house on the banks of the Rio de Parral. When

La Pamilla yielded its treasures Pedro decided that he would have the finest palace in Mexico. He would surround himself with pictures, bright and gaudy, with tapestries of flaming colors, with ornaments of gold. He would have music and birds, pianos and monkeys.

Fortunately he secured an Italian architect. The palace itself is charmingly carved, containing bunches of artificial flowers.

In the corners are crayon portraits on easels of Alvarado's squint-eyed ancestors. In each corner of the room is a pile of gold ore from the mine, while no matter where one looks, one sees all sorts of cheap trinkets sold by traveling fakirs.

He does not have a piano in every room, as has been reported, but has purchased at least five from a Chicago firm, at a cost of \$8,000. Birds and monkeys are said to be his favorite pets, and throughout the palace in gilded cages are more than 1,000 parrots and many canary birds.

Yet Alvarado has found his palace oppressive, the splendor bores him. His favorite room is his wine cellar. Not that he drinks excessively, but the crude, rough cellar appeals to him, and, there, with his old cronies, he sits on barrels of imported champagne, drinks palque, smokes his pipe, and

talks of the far-away world, to which he is a stranger on request.

The Slater Shoe for ladies is just as superior as the Slater Shoe for men. The same exclusive system of shoe-making is used in their production and they have an artistic finish which only the good shoemaker can produce.

Slater Shoes for men are sold at \$4, \$4.50 and \$5, and some extra fine lines are sold at \$6.

The women's Slater Shoes are sold at \$4 and \$4.50, and anyone wishing to know more about them should write to the Slater Shoe company, Montreal, for a copy of the "Craft of Saint Crispin."

Doctors Differ. A medical man has lifted up his pen against the doctrine of open bedroom windows and fresh air. It is far better, he asserts, that a bedroom should be heavily ventilated than that it should be cold.

During sleep the body requires far less air than when awake and active, but the need for warmth is greater. Animals generally choose close, snug sleeping places (especially in cold weather) without reference to the air supply, which fact—the authority considers—shows that nature does not favor the idea of open windows at night.

Bedrooms, it would thus appear, need to be warm as well as thoroughly ventilated. And, in truth, the cold bed and the cold bedroom have worked havoc amongst people of delicate health.

Read every line of to-day's Whig.

is a regular family doctor. When the stomach gets upset—bowels irregular—appetite fickle—sleep broken—headaches frequent—ABBEY'S SALT is the prescription that cures.

hundred thousand dollars. In the Pamillo mine is a shrine to the Virgin Mary, constantly illumined by a coronal of nine electric lights about the head of the statue. On all saints' days the mine is closed.

Several parties about the mine, conveniences, are gifts of Alvarado.

Alvarado's family consists of three sons, the eldest of whom is twelve and the youngest five. For several years he has received letters from persons threatening to kidnap his children if he did not pay certain sums of money.

These at first greatly frightened him, but, instead of sending money, he sent gendarmes to meet the would-be kidnapers.

Destitute, as a rule, of strangers, Alvarado, however, is most cordial when properly introduced to visitors, and is prodigal with his wine. He greatly admires Americans, and two of his warmest friends are Amer cans, who live with him. Despite his wealth, Alvarado shows no trace of arrogance.

Cold Storage in Japan. Cold storage, an innovation in Japan until within the last two or three years, has now become a recognized necessity there. One merchant firm in Yokohama has within a year past installed cold storage for the preservation of perishable comestibles, among which are Canadian dairy products. A joint stock company also has entered upon the field on the ground of public accommodation, and has made such progress as to assure facilities for the next warm weather.

A joint stock company is being formed at Tokio, also, with a capital of a million yen, the chief line of its prospective business being to supply Tokio with fresh fish more satisfactory than at present. The plan is to have the steamers conveying fish from the northern ports equipped with cold storage, whence the fish products will pass into cold storage upon landing, thus preserving the flavor of the fish.

Stop Having Colds. Colds and the results of colds are unnecessary. Taken in time Wade's Cold Cure Tablets (Laxative) prevent colds. Taken after a cold gets started the remedy cures in twelve hours. Just as effective for La Grippe, Headache and Constipation. A harmless, scientific remedy that can't fail. In boxes, 25 cents. Sold only at Wade's Drug Store. Money back if not satisfactory.

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