OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. JNO. F. CARROLL

[illegible] (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

[illegible] AN EYE ON THE GARBAGE GRAB.

[illegible]HOULD be a large attendance at the meet-[illegible] the city council next Wednesday afternoon at [illegible] when the report of the committee on pub-[illegible] reference to the garbage ordinance will be [illegible] is now understood that this matter has [illegible]efully nursed for the past six months. The [illegible] who stand back of the corporations which [illegible] the franchise are now somewhat generally [illegible] include men who have had wide experience [illegible] through political deals and who have not in [illegible] either delicate or scrupulous in the methods [illegible] employed. It is understood that they had as-[illegible] them some of the political powers and that [illegible] of the council itself had a weighty con-[illegible] in the outcome. Indeed there have been [illegible] rumors afloat for some days to the effect that [illegible] of the council were "fixed" to send the [illegible] through at the first meeting in October. [illegible] such as these have been exceedingly bitter in [illegible] of The Journal which they do not at-[illegible] has through its attacks upon the garbage [illegible] the most promising grafting scheme that [illegible] developed since public gambling went by the [illegible] who took a pencil in hand promptly [illegible] that it was "a good thing;" many of those who [illegible] for "good things," without any regard to the [illegible] of them, besieged the interested ones with [illegible] of good cold cash to be let in on the ground floor. [illegible] the whole thing had been arranged and had it not [illegible] the publicity given it in The Journal an ordinance [illegible] been passed at the next meeting.

[illegible] The Journal wants to impress upon the public is [illegible] report of the committee recommending an in-[illegible] postponement of the ordinance does not neces-[illegible] that the council will take no action on it next [illegible]. The way to be entirely sure that the ordi-[illegible] defeated is for a large body of interested citizens [illegible] the meeting and by their presence make plain [illegible] grab will be tolerated.

POSSIBLY A SEA LEVEL CANAL.

[illegible] of the Panama canal commission, who [illegible] been making a personal investigation of the [illegible] canal route, are seriously debating the [illegible] of building a sea-level canal, which proposition is [illegible] with much favor in and outside that body. [illegible] to be no doubt of the practicability of the [illegible] only important objection being the increased [illegible] commission at first favored a canal with a sum-[illegible] feet above the sea, provided with a sufficient [illegible] locks to lift ships over this summit. Under [illegible] cost was estimated at $140,000,000, while the [illegible] sea-level canal is estimated at $240,000,000. One [illegible] million dollars is considerable money, but not [illegible] be a very formidable objection to a sea-level [illegible] of one with many locks. The former would [illegible] enable ships to pass through more easily and [illegible] but would much decrease the expense of operat-[illegible] maintaining the canal. Of course the commission [illegible] change the plan of the canal without a further [illegible] from congress, which it is presumed will be [illegible] next year if the commission should unani-[illegible] report on a sea-level canal, such as the Suez canal [illegible]. It is also the plan to dig this canal so that it will [illegible] depth of 35 feet of water, instead of 30 feet, as was [illegible] by the French engineers. The Suez canal was [illegible] too shallow, and so others have been, and the [illegible] and congress are profiting by these mistakes. [illegible] American people not only want the canal (since they [illegible] euchred out of the Nicaragua canal), but they want [illegible] one, the best one that can be dug, and are willing to pay for it. It begins to look now like a sea-level canal, and what a delightful money-making proposition for some influential combination it is. Presidencies have turned on slighter issues.

BENEFITS BUT COMPARATIVELY FEW.

THE PRESENT TARIFF law, as a writer in the New York World points out, is not a general but a special law. Its schedules are made by those who are to be benefited by it, at the expense of others. These beneficiaries are few as compared with the many who are thus compelled, with no compensating benefits, to pay them a fraction of their earnings. The laborer in manufactories is not protected in the least, for considering the amount and quality of his work his labor is cheaper than European labor. Protecting workingmen by the tariff is wholly humbuggery. The farmer is not protected at all, nor can he be, by the tariff, but it taxes him for the benefit of those who in no way reciprocate. It has been ascertained that there are about 600,000 persons engaged in gainful pursuits in this country who are benefited by protection, while about 28,000,000 workers are not appreciably benefited at all, but are taxed in this indirect and seductive way for the benefit of those protected, and their agents and tools in office.

In his life of Thomas H. Benton, Theodore Roosevelt wrote: "Political economists have pretty generally agreed that protection is vicious in theory and harmful in practice;" and though he ironically added, "but if the majority of the people in interest wish it, and it affects only themselves, there is no earthly reason why they should not be allowed to try the experiment to their hearts' content," he no doubt agreed with the political economists until he was converted, since his election as vice-president, by the big beneficiaries of the tariff and their attorneys in congress.

ITALIAN EMIGRATION.

INVESTIGATIONS by Italian officials show that in 1881, 1,032,392 Italians were living abroad, in 1891 the number was 1,983,206, and in 1901, 3,439,014, showing a very heavy emigration from that country in 20 years, and it may be assumed that the number now approaches 5,000,000. Of the number abroad in 1901, 654,000 were scattered over Europe, 168,000 were in Africa, 1,852,000 were in South America, and 745,000 were in North America, 729,000 of them in the United States.

Later statistics show that the emigration to this country has lately far exceeded that to South and Central America, and that the percentage remaining here is much greater. In 1902, 191,767 Italians came to the United States, 27 per cent of them returning, while 54,359 went to South and Central America, and a far larger number returned to Italy from those countries. In 1903, 214,157 Italians came to the United States, 37 per cent of them having returned, while about 50,000 went to the Latin-American countries, and over 180,000 went back from them to their native land. The Italian law does not permit an emigrant to depart directly from one foreign port to another, except that Italians are permitted to sail from Havre to New York. Italy, however, unlike Japan, encourages emigration, for this is its only safety valve, its territory and capital not being sufficient to sustain its rapidly increasing population.

In this country all Italians are easily self-sustaining. They generally content themselves with humble manual employment, and are exceedingly economical. They already comprise a considerable fraction of the population in most of our cities, and bid fair to become a larger one.

It would be well to make greater efforts to get more of their children into our public schools, and otherwise encourage and aid them to become American citizens in a broader sense than many of them now are.

Small Change

No Indian in this second summer.

Senator Spooner's silence is not of the eloquent sort.

Judge Parker appears to be a success as a harmonizer.

Only non-residents of that city pronounce it Saint Looey.

Don't become discouraged; there will be plenty of football weather after a while.

John L. Sullivan has sworn off again. Must be trying to get control of another saloon.

Even Rockefeller would not turn up his nose at a garbage contract like that proposed.

Candidate Swallow is supposed to be greatly surprised at General Miles' support of Parker.

September behaved very well; October may furnish some variety in the way of weather.

The senators may make a slate for legislative officers, but who will insure it against being broken?

General Stoessel seems to regard Port Arthur as a pretty good winter resort; he will be kept warm there.

"Always stand up for your party," advises an organ. So as to be ready to reach for the pie counter.

Since Corbin's order became public, a lot of girls want to marry officers just to show their opinion of him.

The Wisconsin "stalwarts" are as mad as hornets whose house has been destroyed at Steffins—for telling the truth.

There are yet some people who can enjoy fine autumn weather and other good things without going out to kill something.

Nobody will ever find the Oregonian opposing a big graft, unless it hasn't been guaranteed a large percentage of the profits.

The promoter who could work that garbage graft through should be able to retire from business and take the world easy thereafter.

Any foreign diplomatic flunkey can run down and maim or kill as many people as he chooses, and we have to apologize to him for so many people getting out of his way.

The Populist leaders in Oregon claim to think that their party will get 15,000 votes in Oregon. If they bring their vote up to that number minus the last naught they will do well.

Governor-Chairman Odell wants $750,000 of Cortelyou, besides all he can raise himself, to save the New York state Republican ticket. He is either really or affectedly scared.

Senator Beveridge says the Democrats have no fixed tariff policy. The Republicans have a fixed policy to tax the masses for the benefit of a comparatively few, and to repay with big usury campaign contributions to the trusts.

One dollar is enough for a Lewis and Clark dollar coin. A dollar is a dollar, and anything extra is the inflation of a fad.—Albany Democrat. It is Albany; with its papers taking such narrow views, that is the only Oregon town of importance not taking any active interest in the development of Oregon. By selling the dollar coins for $2 each, which purchasers won't miss, the fair can obtain $100,000 more money to help make it a big success. But nobody is going to compel the Democrat man to ruin himself by spending $2 for a souvenir dollar.

MR. ASTOR OF LONDON

(By Arthur McEwen.)

"I see," said Col. Ike Edgarton, the [illegible] mining man, "that William Waldorf Astor of London is with us again, [illegible] the teeth of his former countrymen, bared to receive him. It is [illegible] to the heart of the patriot to [illegible] how universally disliked Astor is. We can forgive him for being rich, we can forgive him for preferring to live in England, but we can't forgive him for giving up his American citizenship and becoming a British subject. We hold him guilty of a kind of treason to the republic of his birth in doing that.

"And," pursued the colonel, addressing the whole cafe, "I have to admit that that's rather curious, too, considering. I'm betting that if a mass meeting should be called at Madison Square garden tomorrow night, not to welcome Astor, but to denounce him for swearing fealty to King Edward, more than half the enthusiastic audience would be naturalized citizens, men who themselves have done exactly what he has—transferred their loyalty from the land of their birth to the land of their adoption."

"There's a difference," murmured Professor Jenkins of Pennsylvania.

"Yes," agreed Colonel Edgarton, "two differences. The first is that republican government is an advance on monarchical; and the second is that our naturalized citizens left home because home wasn't kind to them, and they could do better for themselves and their children here. They left nothing behind but poverty and no prospects on the passage, whereas America piled riches on Astor. So he figures as an ingrate in giving the cold shake to a country that was so good to him.

"Being a hard headed business man, as well as a sane, safe and conservative supporter of established institutions," continued the colonel, "nobody, [illegible], would suspect me of having any sympathy with so wild and visionary a theory as that of the single tax. Yet, all the same, if anything could make me lean that way it would be the sight of this denationalized American living in London and drawing rent on about a hundred million dollars' worth of real estate in little old New York. Think of it, gentlemen. There are thousands upon thousands of good Americans, native and naturalized, regularly paying William Waldorf Astor of England large sums for the privilege of living or doing business on Manhattan island, which he has deserted as not being up to his aristocratic taste. It's the worst case of absentee landlordism I ever heard of."

"There is certainly a basis of justice," said Professor Jenks, "in the popular prejudice in favor of a man spending his money where he makes it."

"There is, professor. I am conscious of sharing that prejudice to the full. Nevertheless, when I reflect, I [illegible] long as I have to pay rent [illegible] for permission to occupy a [illegible] this planet onto which we are all born naked and penniless, I can't see that it makes much practical difference to me whether the fellow that gets it hangs out near me or far away. Naturally, there's a sentimental satisfaction in thinking that the toll-taker is your countryman and neighbor, so to speak, though you may never lay eyes on him. We're not to blame for desiring that small and unsubstantial gratification. Which is why I say that all the swell hotels and restaurants should have their dining rooms on the ground floor and keep the curtains raised."

"What on earth has such an idea as that to do with absentee landlordism?" demanded Professor Jenks, puzzled.

"Much, sir, much. Fancy yourself a tenant of the Astor estate—high up in one room, perhaps, and taking an evening walk in cold weather without an overcoat, to think out the problem of how you are going to raise the money to pay the rent on the first of the month. Well, sir, the thought that William Waldorf, your landlord, is over in London rolling in luxury, hobnobbing with royalty and the nobility, and with no right to your coin except the clamp the law gives him on the earth you inhabit—that thought, I say, is apt to rile you, and put radical and revolutionary notions on the land question into your worried head.

"But, sir," went on the colonel, "if in passing Martin's, say, you should see William Waldorf sitting there—not as a mere visitor from dear old England, but as a good American and permanent resident—consuming his lobster, his bottle and the fat of the land in general in ease and elegance, it would comfort you as you drew your belt tighter and rubbed the end of your blue nose to keep it from freezing, wouldn't it? 'There,' you'd say to yourself, as you stared in at his feast with hungry eyes, 'there's my landlord, and I'm helping to pay for that gorgeous feed, not because he's really done anything for me, but because his grandfather got here first and bought land against the coming of others, and held on to it while the growth of the community gave it all the value it possesses above what it had when there was nobody here except the Indians, who sold the whole island for $25. There's my blooming landlord wolfing the best the market affords at my expense. I'm proud of him, and grateful to him, for he's a fellow citizen of mine. Thank God, he's no foreigner.' And, professor, if under those elating circumstances you had a mouth organ about your threadbare clothes, I haven't a doubt you'd out with it and play the 'Star Spangled Banner,' so that William Waldorf might have music while he fed."

"Indeed I should do nothing of the kind," protested the indignant Pennsylvania educator.

"Oh, yes you would," Colonel Edgarton calmly assured him, "or something equally sensible and self-respecting, if you had no more gumption than the vast majority of those who take it out of Astor with pen and tongue for being what he is and don't in the least know where to hit him. Why, confound you, Jenks, William Waldorf is simply an institution. He's unearned increment personified."

"I actually believe, Edgarton," cried the startled professor, "that you're no better than a single taxer at heart—an enemy of private ownership of land."

"That's nonsense, of course," retorted the colonel, dismissing the injurious charge with an airy wave of his hand—the one showing the diamond ring—"but to come back to the point. Do you honestly think that if Astor made his home here instead of in London it would mean a cent less in rent for his New York tenants?"

"This," said Professor Jenks, rising and seizing his hat, "this is madness. You will excuse me. I must catch my train for Philadelphia, where tomorrow I give my regular weekly lecture on political economy to the senior class."

PEARY AT THE POLE IN 1906.

Automobile, Airship and Wireless Should Make Journey Pleasant.

From the New York American.

Peary is going after the North Pole once more. He will start in the summer of 1905. If Peary does not hurry some one may beat him in the race. The North Pole is no longer far away.

An Italian duke holds the record of farthest north. He reached the latitude of 86 degrees 33 minutes. In 1895 Nansen reached 86 degrees 14 minutes. The Duke of Abruzzi was only about 207 miles from the pole. If the North Pole were New York, the Duke of Abruzzi got as close as Washington City. Science in two years has given Peary a great advantage. If Peary goes as far north as Abruzzi in a ship he will be in a splendid position for a 200-mile dash. He can take with him two automobiles. If the ice is smooth he can make a dash in one of these machines, followed by another bearing food and fuel. The trip over the 200 miles and back should not take longer than four days.

Science this year will give Peary another great vehicle of travel. The flying machine has already covered a distance of 100 miles. It is being so rapidly perfected that before next summer it should be equal to a journey of 300 or 400 miles. Peary may utilize the airship when he reaches the limit of the journey of the sea ship.

Science will again help Peary and will keep him from getting lost. It will permit him at all times to talk with the crew on his ship. A wireless telegraph outfit can be installed on his ship. Another outfit can be taken with the automobile party or with the airship crew. This will enable Peary to keep in touch with his base.

What with the automobile, the airship and the wireless telegraph, Peary should cover the 200 or 300 miles overland or over frozen ice with little trouble.

Thus the progress of invention will open to man the secret of the frozen zone.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Senator Beveridge.

Portland, Sept. 29.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Senator Beveridge, as reported in the dispatches of this morning, in his speech delivered on the 28th inst., at Indianapolis, says:

"The way to keep the gold standard out of danger is to keep it in the hands of those who put it out of danger. Eighteen hundred and ninety-six was no more a time for silence and hiding than 1861 was a time for cowardice and evasion. It was only a political struggle, but on both sides it was a moral struggle. On both sides men who had for years trimmed and compromised threw aside expediency and spoke and acted on principles. Was Grover Cleveland silent? Did he, by his vote, condone what he declared with his voice would be a crime? Were Senator Teller and the band of lifelong Republicans who marched out of the St. Louis convention silent then? Did they condone by their votes what their tongues proclaimed would be a crime? Were John M. Palmer and General Buckner and the host of Gold Democrats silent then? Thousands of lifelong Republicans left their party; thousands of lifelong Democrats left their party."

Is it possible that Republicans of prominence, leaders of the party, are driven to such miserable straits as this? Had Judge Parker of the appelate court of New York in 1896, or any other time while on the bench, not observed the "silence" which his position entailed upon him and had indulged in partisan speeches, that would now be thrown at him in terms of righteous condemnation.

Judge Parker did exactly what he should have done in this regard and Mr. Beveridge and every one else knows it. Beveridge must take the common people for fools that he can throw out such rot as argument to bolster up a cause with. Judge Parker resigned his high office when he might have held on to it, as a means of avoiding any sacrifice of judicial dignity and duty, so as to take active part in partisan politics.

JAMES H. MURPHY.

A WOMAN ADMIRAL.

From the Kansas City Journal.

Queen Olga of Greece is the only woman admiral in the world, having been appointed to that honor in the Russian navy by the late czar. She is devoted to life on the sea. On a recent inspection she made such a thorough examination of the battleship as to amaze the naval experts of her country and win their admiration. She is the eldest daughter of a Russian grand duke and the niece of the late czar, and since her marriage to King George she has done much to unite the interests of Russia and Greece. She is the founder, friend and patroness of the Seamen's home, and on certain days of each month visits the old sailors and talks to them of life at sea.

A PEN PICTURE OF "GAS" ADDICKS

From Everybody's Magazine for October.

This financial guerilla was J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, votary of rotten finance, perpetual candidate for the United States senate, wholesale debaucher of American citizenship and all-round corrupter of man—J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, a corporation political trickster, who has done more to hold up American laws, American elective franchises and American corporations to the scorn of the civilized world than any other man of this or any previous age.

J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks was born in Philadelphia in 1841, and was in the '60s plodding along the ordinary uneventful path of a seller of flour to the people of that city which since the death of William Penn holds the record for the highest and densest percentage of sleep per capita of any English-speaking community.

In the '80s two things happened that changed the whole course of J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks' life. Some one invented water-gas and "let in" Addicks on the invention; and the Philadelphia branch of the "Standard Oil," represented by Widener, Elkins and Dolan, "trustified" the gas companies of the city of Chicago, which enabled Addicks to "hold up" the "trustification" until Dolan and his associates paid him the sum of $300,000 for the instrument with which he had done the holding up, $10,000 worth of stock of one of the necessary Chicago companies.

The law of compensation, which gets in its deadly work on all the prettiest plans of man, has decreed that what goes up must come down when it ceases going up. It has a shrewd trick of grafting sorrows on our joys, and of handicapping success with discomfiting conditions. The favorite of fortune whose feet have fallen in pleasant places, sooner or later stubs his toe.

Addicks' first "made dollars" certainly came easy—so easy, indeed, that those who watched his early career marvelled at his success, but nowhere on God's footstool is there today a more terrible illustration of the inevitable workings of the law of compensation than the present status of J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks.

The thief whose first excursion into a wayfarer's pocket is rewarded with the equivalent of days and nights of honest labor will surely be convinced thereafter of the superiority of theft over toil as a means of money-getting. So it is with the manufacturer of "made dollars." After his first coup he forsakes forever the cold arithmetic of commerce for the rule of guess, dream, hope and "I will," which constitutes the mathematics of high finance. Addicks' first "made dollars" came with such magical ease that there awoke in his slumbering substitute for a soul a disgust for those prosaic pursuits at which one could never, try how one might, make more than four by the addition of two and two. He probably argued to himself: "Why should I work in the flour business when I know a way of getting overnight more than I can make out of flour in a lifetime? If people are so simple in guarding their savings that I can by a trick take away from them enormous wealth without the slightest danger to my own safety or my profit, even if detected, why should I not devote my life to such healthful and profitable occupation?" The logic of the proposition was convincing. Accepting its conclusions, J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks of Philadelphia embarked on his career. Soon afterward he discovered gas in Boston.

This was in 1887. Equipped with his "made dollars" for capital, his impressive name, sublime effrontery and a pedigree free from anything suggestive of his new purpose of life, the ex-flour merchant "lit" into our everything-figured-out-ahead-and-every-promise-made-taken-at-par town of Boston. To appreciate the lights and shadows of this event, one must know Boston and, at the same time, Addicks. Every country boy will remember Tom Hood's poem beginning:

I remember, I remember, the house
where I was born,
With the little lattice window where the
sun came peeping in at morn,

and can recall milking-time in July or August when, sitting on a rail-fence surrounding the barn-yard, he watched the pigeons snipping up grain, the old hen scratching up worms for the chicks, the ducks and the drakes and the geese and the ganders proudly waddling back and forth among and around the fluffy ducklings and goslings, and the bull pup sound asleep by the side of the tortoise-shell cat. Probably he will think of some particular milking-time when the calm, contented serenity of the barn-yard was suddenly disturbed by the unexpected descent in the midst of a neighboring peacock, who, apparently unconscious of the consternation produced by his entry, proceeded proudly to spread his dazzling plumage to convince everyone from Uncle Cy, on the milking-stool, and mild-eyed Bess, down to the white fan-tailed dove, that he was—It.

Conjure up the picture—the peacock at milking-time in the farm-yard; thus Addicks came to Boston.

It is far from my intention to identify the bucolic background I have drawn with the Hub of the Universe. Boston, up to that time, had been singularly free from the mushroom variety of millionaire which had sprung up overnight in such numbers in New York and Philadelphia. Proudly defiant of a product so alien to all her traditions, her citizens would have sworn that no votary of modern high finance could exist over one curfew toll within her portals. For Boston had her own financial eminence, and it was of a character in keeping with those chill conditions of conservatism and rectitude appropriate in the metropolis of the New England conscience. She had her stock exchange, her numerous great corporations, her scores of single and multi-millionaires, and it was her boast that her capital had played the greatest legitimate part in the country's growth. She had furnished a large percentage of the money which had created our vast western railway system; she had found and made the superb copper mines of Michigan and Montana, and in all parts of the land branches of her sturdy institutions were vitally assisting the miracle of America's development. Notwithstanding that these wide-flung enterprises imply of commercial push and audacity, Boston, at the time Addicks discovered gas there, was one of the most trusting wealth-investing communities in the world. She had her simple rules of business conduct which years of usage had consecrated into all-powerful precedent, but her brokers and capitalists, however, fearful of all things quick or tricky, had never previously figured as candidates for what in western parlance are described as "come-ons."

The "system" has all kinds of votaries. About J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks there is nothing that remotely suggests co-workers of the types of Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller. A description that left him in any part a duplicate of either would do him and them a grievous wrong. Henry H. Rogers and William Rockefeller have two sides, their social side and their business side. Socially they are good men; in business they work evil. J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks is a bad man socially, in business, in every way.

The term "bad man" is used advisedly. My idea of a "bad man" is that like a bad dollar, he is a counterfeit. A counterfeit has all the appearances of reality, and is yet devoid of its properties and virtues. So with Addicks. It is easy to find men who will declare by all that is sacred that Henry H. Rogers is one of the best fellows in the world, though as many more will as earnestly proclaim him the fiend incarnate. About Addicks, among those who know the man, there is but one opinion. I have yet to meet the man, woman or child who would say aught of Addicks, after a month's acquaintance, other than, "Don't mention him! He is the limit." And it is said with the calm of dispassionate conviction, as one might speak of a stuffed tiger in a dime museum jungle.

Here we have a man without a heart, without a soul, and, I believe, absolutely without conscience—the kind of a man who even his associates feel is likely to bring in after their deaths queer bills against their estates as an offset for what he owes them; the type of man whose promise is just as good as his bond, and whose bond is so near his promise as to make it absolutely immaterial to him which you take. He is rather a curious piece of mechanism than a human being. Exhibited in the sideshow of one of the greatest circuses some years ago was a strange creature which, for lack of a better name, its owner and the public dubbed "A What Is It?" This freak had the semblance of humanity, and yet was not human. All its functions and feelings reversed the normal. Tickle it and it would cry bitterly; pinch or torture it and it would grin rapturously; when starved it repelled food, and when overfed it was ravenous for more. It had heart-beats but no heart. The public gave it up. The public would long ago have given up J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks if he would have let them.

During the Addicks gas campaign in Boston one of his lieutenants demanded a large amount of money, which he claimed Addicks was withholding from him, as his share of the deal. Addicks refused to pay. His friends and associates urged him to settle. While yet refusing, he agreed to meet this man at one of the leading hotels in the presence of counsel and lieutenants. The confab was a hot one, but Addicks surprised all by his absolute fearlessness in the face of a savage attack, which culminated in the man who claimed he was being cheated producing a document signed by certain Massachusetts legislators, wherein they receipted for the bribe money Addicks had paid for their votes, and threatening that it would be laid before the grand jury the following day. All present but accuser and accused were dumfounded at the situation and in concert begged Addicks to hush the matter up by paying what was claimed. "Gentlemen," said this great financier, "my honor, my business and my personal honor, has been assailed, and rather than submit to this outrage I would die! I now ask you all to bear witness that under no circumstances will I pay to this man a single dollar!" And he indignantly left the meeting.

While his counsel and associates were appalled at what might be the outcome, they admired his manly pluck, and asked themselves if they had not, after all, been mistaken in their estimates of his courage and principle. In the middle of the same night, the man with the document was surprised by a telegram reading: "Meet me at Jersey City tomorrow sure with paper; keep absolutely secret." Next day in Jersey they met, and Addicks simply said: "There is the full amount. Give me the paper."

At the time Addicks "lit" in Boston she numbered among her proudest possessions several extremely rich gas companies, and they were owned by her "best people." To do business with Boston's "best people" is no easy task, and up to the advent of Addicks, to do business with her "best people" without doing it through others of her "best people" who could absolutely vouch for you was an unheard-of thing. The manner in which the ex-flour merchant of Philadelphia managed to slip by the barriers and into the heart of our blue-blooded citadel constituted the most unparalleled example of audacity I know about.

The campaign of arrangement for the "lighting" of Addicks in Boston was more elaborate, more astute and expensive than was ever organized for the exploitation of prima donna or great pianist. For months an advance agent had been preparing the way for his chief's arrival in a blaze of glory. There was talk in the papers and among the financiers about the wonderful water-gas process which enormously enhanced the profits of gas making, and which rumor was always linked with the name of the brilliant Philadelphia gas king, for so the press had already dubbed him. A wonder and magic immensely provocative of curiosity were woven about the identity of this J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, who, it was said, might be persuaded to come to Boston to work marvels with the stocks that had been in the family long before the present generation could remember. The advance agent in cautious preliminary interviews with gas stockholders and bankers, gathering information, dropped hints as to the aristocratic O'Sullivan connection and the privilege it would be for Boston to entertain so distinguished a gentleman as his chief.

When it was sure that the great man was really coming the agent sought the advice of Boston's best in selecting quarters for him. In the Tudor, a beautiful family hotel adjoining the Somerset club on Beacon Hill, a magnificent suite of apartments was taken, and though the great man could remain in Boston but a brief space, the furniture, the hangings, and even the carpets were all changed for him.

It was a winter's day when Addicks "lit" in Boston, and circumstances had arisen, the suave agent told various of Boston's best whom he had consulted, that would make his chief's stay much briefer than either had anticipated. So when the great man arrived at the club just before dinner, quite a group of important people were congregated there.

So well had the astute advance agent done his work that a little dinner was arranged on the spot, and Addicks made such rapid progress with these reserved and conservative Bostonians that, by the time coffee was served, the conversation had got to the stage where it came natural for him to send the waiter to the coat room for his bunch of gas papers. The emissary returned bringing the fur overcoat with which Addicks always enveloped himself in chilly weather. Addicks searched the pockets, and, apparently to his surprise, discovered that they did not contain the required documents, but where they should have been he found a small bale of 1,000-dollar government bonds, that one of the party said afterward contained at least 100 certificates. "How careless of my secretary," said Addicks, nonchalantly replacing the packet in the pocket and motioning the waiter to take the garment back to the coat room.

After dinner, Addicks at once "got down to business": "Gentlemen, my project is as simple as it is feasible and conservative, for I will touch nothing but conservative enterprises. Gentlemen, you have three great gas companies supplying this great city with light, the Boston, Roxbury and South Boston. They are worth at the present time about $5,000,000. I am going to buy them and spend three or four millions more for a new company, and then consolidate them all and turn them from coal into water-gas companies, selling gas to your people at less than they now pay, and thus make a lot of money for you and for myself. What do you say?"

This was certainly quick action. Boston's best was breathless for a minute. Then someone said: "This is a weighty proposition, Mr. Addicks. I think our solicitors should pass on it first before we go further, and then, after their investigations are finished, why, we will consult with our families, who own the stock, and, if they all agree, perhaps we shall be able to decide on a proper basis on which to dispose of our holdings."

Addicks' genius was equal to the occasion. "I regret, gentlemen, any seeming haste, but this is the situation: I am going to invest 15 or 20 millions, or perhaps 30 or 40, in city gas properties, and as the project will require quite a bit of financing, I have got to round it up at once, in time to slip over to London to lay it before my associates, ———, ———, and ———" (naming some of the great English lords of finance), "whom, you, gentlemen, are probably well acquainted with. I think you will, after you have given the matter a little thought, agree with me that it would be a misfortune to postpone converting these magnificent Boston plants to the water-gas system until after other cities I have in mind are reconstructed. You see we can turn over but one city at a time, the system being new and competent engineers and builders few."

The painful thought took shape in the minds of the distinguished little gathering that if they were not careful, Monte Cristo might actually slip out of their town without lightening any of that golden load.

"Just what is your idea, Mr. Addicks, of how this gigantic piece of business could be done?" one asked.

"Simple, simple"—the great Colonel Sellers of eye-water fame never looked more cool and unconcerned when calling attention to the facts, "100,000,000 of people, two eyes each, a bottle of my patent eye-wash for each at $1 a bottle, and eye-wash made at a net cost of a dime a barrel"—"simple, simple; you name your price, I pay it, and the thing is done."

"But, Mr. Addicks, do you know we value our gas properties very high? Take the Boston, for instance; the par value of each share is $500, and we don't believe you could buy it at less than—than eight or nine hundred dollars"—this from one of the prominent holders.

"Of course, of course; I am not buying gas companies that are not well thought of by their present owners," returned Addicks. "I think you underestimate the value of the Boston company's stock when you say $800. Of course, as a conservative business man I wish to buy as reasonably as possible, and as I know what the future of your company will be under the water-gas change, I consider $1,000 a share cheap; and if you say so, will take it all now—majority, minority and all—at that price."

This was strong talk. In spite of conditions, Boston's best began to get fidgety.

"Yes," went on the Monte Cristo from Philadelphia, "I'll do better than that. On second thought I will give you $1,200 a share. Think it over and we'll have another sit-down tomorrow."

It took Addicks but a few days to trade, for at each sitting the staging was more enticing and the call from his associates in London more insistent. Minor difficulties were magnificently waved away. A number of scions of Boston's best families had good paying positions in the different companies. What would Mr. Addicks do with these people?

"Simple, simple," he replied; "double the time of contract and the salary; no favor to them or you; good men are very hard to get, you know."

Addicks got what he came to Boston for—the Boston, Roxbury and South Boston Gas companies. He did what he said he would, built a new one, the Bay State of Massachusetts, and turned them all into the Bay State of Delaware, and the Bay State of Delaware turned them out on the public to the extent of $19,000,000 in the form of bonds and stocks, and Addicks, to use his own language, "cleaned up around $7,000,000," and turned to new fields, fields for his peculiar genius.

Oregon Sidelights

About a dozen Rogue river farmers and dairymen have filled their silos for winter use, mostly with cornstalks, but some use alfalfa.

Benton county will send to the Lewis and Clark fair a hazel "bush" 60 feet long, 6 inches in diameter and 15 feet from the butt to the first limb.

Countless stacks of hay are to be seen in the Missouri Flat section, on the east side of Powder river, a section that only grew sagebrush a season or two ago.

The biggest black bear known of in western Oregon for years, that has terrorized a portion of Lane county west of Cottage Grove for six years, has been killed by Curtis Veatch of that town.

Prisoners in the Pendleton jail complained of rats and petitioned for cats. Boys brought cats, and while they were being passed in one prisoner dodged out and escaped. He didn't like cats, either.

A Pendleton man who has been away for six weeks says there has been more improvement there in that time than in Covington, Ind., where he visited, in the four and one-half years he had been away.

Fossil Journal: If the state of Oregon had but a hundred men like Henry Hahn and A. H. Devers, she would be bounding ahead at a rate that would force a jackrabbit to move to one side to keep from being run over.

Two drunken young Indians attempted to assault a young girl and stole a dollar she had, but her screams brought help before she was seriously injured, and one of the Indians was captured. It is rather surprising that he was safely conveyed to jail.

Mitchell Sentinel: Last Friday night on the headwaters of West Branch, about 10 miles from Mitchell, a band of sheep was fired into that belonged to Thomas Fitzgerald, and about 50 head of them were killed, besides quite a number being wounded.

For renting a column to the local-optionists in the late campaign, The Dalles Chronicle lost all the saloon business, and now a local-option subscriber has ordered his paper discontinued because once more a saloon "ad." appeared in the Chronicle. The poor newspaper man is up against somewhing, whatever he does.