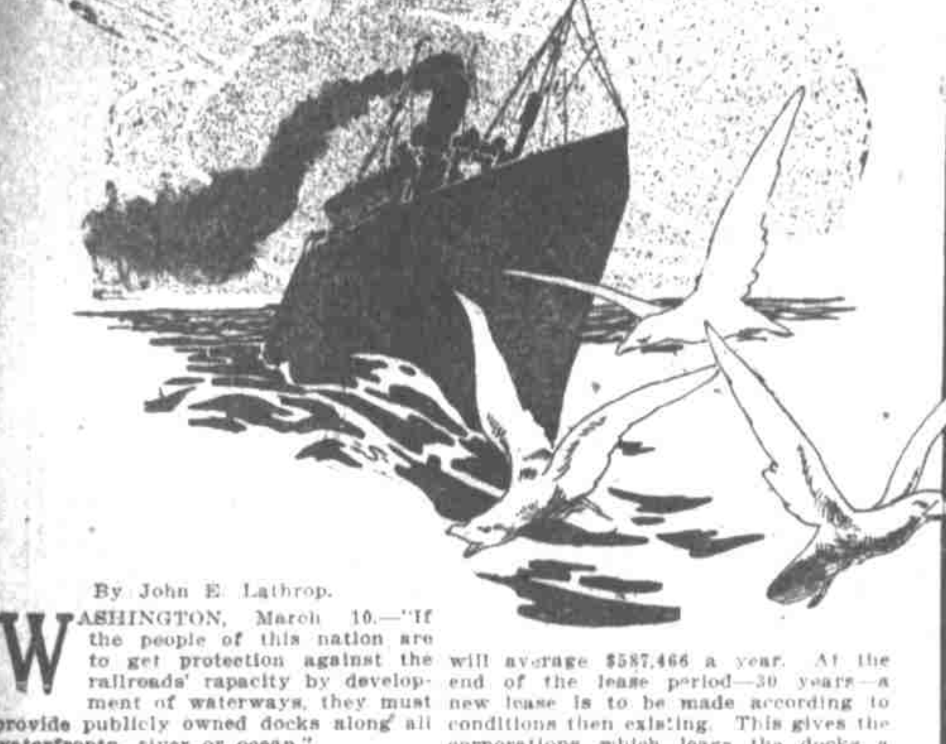
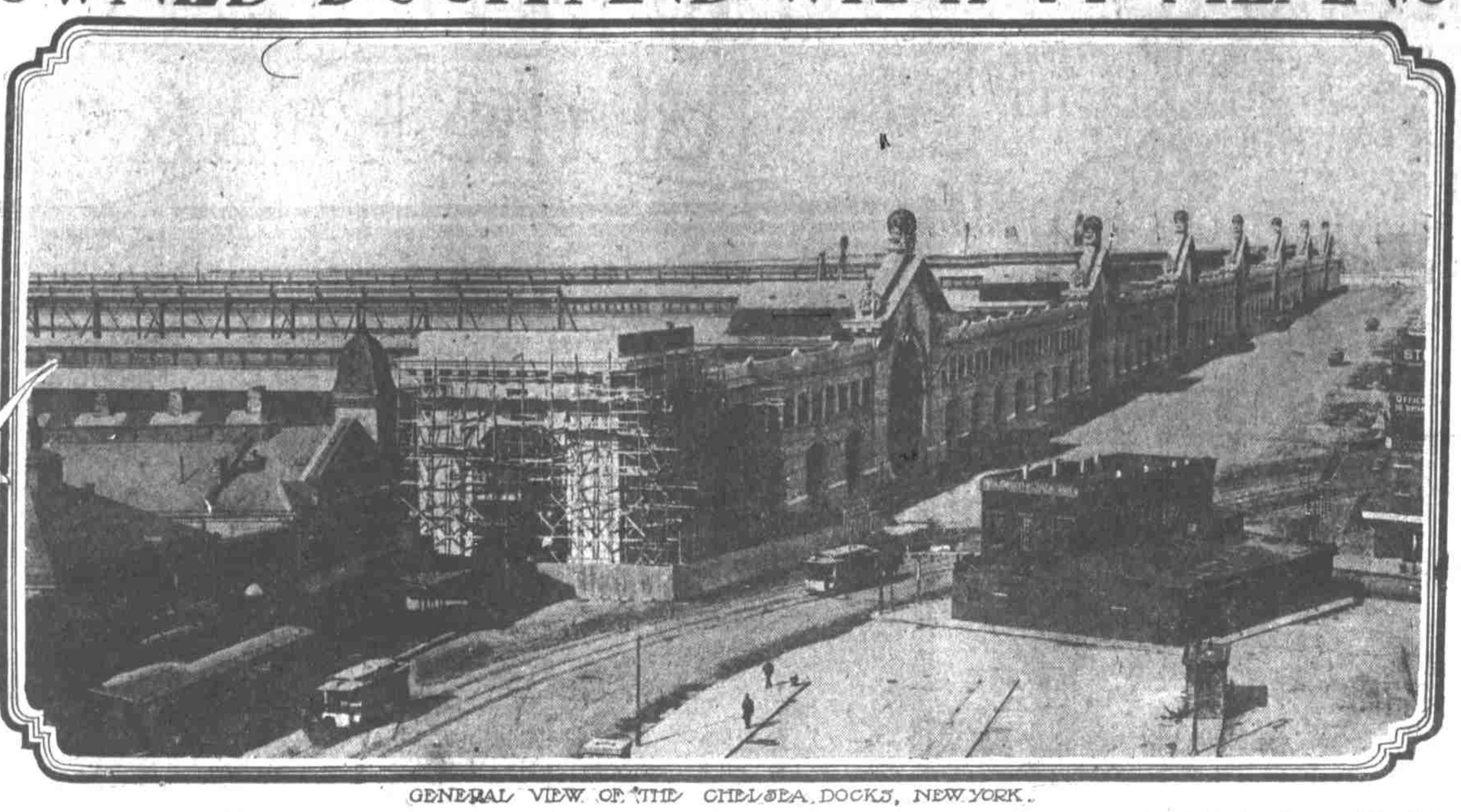
THE PUBLICLY OWNED DOCK AND WHAT IT MEANS

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE GREAT CHELSEA DOCKS JUST OPENED IN NEW YORK





GENERAL VIEW OF THE CHELSEA DOCKS, NEW YORK.

By John E. Lathrop.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—"If the people of this nation are to get protection against the railroads' rapacity by development of waterways, they must provide publicly owned docks along all waterfronts, river or ocean."

This was the dictum of the December national convention of the Rivers and Harbors association. There are so many "paramount" issues now pressing the American people, that this statement has not received its full measure of attention; it is especially important to Portland and all Oregon towns which line either ocean or river waterways.

New York recognized it several years ago, when the city authorized the construction of more than three-fifths of a mile of steel and concrete docks at Chelsea, projecting into the North river between Bloomfield and Twenty-second streets, 3729 feet costing $23,000,000. These docks were opened to use Sunday, February 20, when the liner, The Oceanic, swung up to the new piers, and tied up to discharge her freight, mail, express and passengers. There was no ceremony over the event; and yet it was of immense import, and supplies the concrete illustration of what should be done, firstly to provide publicly owned docks, controlled by the city, yet operated by private persons; and secondly, to assure substantial revenue to the city rather than to private corporations, from rentals for the use of the docks.

New York's Venture.

New York has leased these docks to the White Star Steamship company and other users of ocean docks. For 30 years, and the revenue for that period will average $587,466 a year. At the end of the lease period—30 years—a new lease is to be made according to conditions then existing. This gives the corporations which lease the docks a remunerative contract, and at the same time safeguards the people of the city against private monopoly of waterfront facilities, and assures that no argument of "vested rights" shall be produced to prevent reforms consistent with developing conditions.

New York owns other docks; it will own still more, and will in time control practically all wharfage facilities, and the public will be protected against domination of the commerce of that great port by private interests.

Why the Awakening?

What caused New Yorkers to permit this expenditure of $23,000,000 for docks? The discovery that the commerce of the port was being injured by private rapacity. In Norfolk, Va., in 1907, and again last year, citizens told me that the hope of that port was largely based on New York's rapidly increasing dock charges and monopolization of waterfront privileges through private ownership.

"Commerce will be forced to come here," they said. "We will get shipping which refuses to pay New York's excessive charges."

In Boston, during the summer of 1907, I was told that the prosperity of that port depended on certain reforms of commerce—publicly owned docks being the chief thing demanded.

"Boston must own her docks," the captain of the steamer Cape Cod said to me. "The railroads are monopolizing all of the dockage facilities."

But in Norfolk, with New York and Boston supplying them with concrete illustrations of what dock monopoly will do to a port, the people are asleep. The railroads are rapidly getting a foothold and approaching a monopoly of the developed facilities.

Conditions Same Elsewhere.

Baltimore is little better off. Chicago suffers the carrying of the burden of the Illinois Central attempted monopoly of waterfrontage, and has had to fight in the courts to prevent absorption of everything in sight by the Illinois Central and other roads.

In Duluth, Minn., and Superior, Wis., the head of the Great lakes, a like condition obtains. Along the entire chain of the lakes at Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Milwaukee, everywhere, the same menace is found. Since coming to Washington as the representative of The Journal, I have traveled these routes and to these cities, and have heard from men, wise in shipping, the warnings against railroad monopolization of waterfront facilities.

What was the one fact which appeared above all others when the president and a hundred members of the congress rode down the Mississippi river last summer? Railroad monopolization of waterfronts. Railroad interests have bought up the frontage at virtually all towns which line the father of waters. Privately owned docks supply no encouragement to development of independent steamship lines.

In Alaska Too.

Close inquiry into conditions in Alaska, in the light of facts at hand for years and those uncovered lately, demonstrates that he Guggenheim-Morgan syndicate there controls quite as much through ownership of docks and lighters as through other powerful agencies. Private ships have been warped away from Guggenheim docks, only to lighter cargoes at immense losses to the owners.

When the national Rivers and Harbors convention met here last December, J. N. Teal of Portland made a fight for recognition of the principles herein set forth; and the convention embodied in its platform a warning to the nation to address itself to the problem, if it would enjoy benefits from waterway development.

A Humanitarian Feature.

But these immense steel and concrete docks such as the Chelsea structure are not alone for "those who go down to the sea in ships." Of course, their primal use is for ships. However, the poor people of Gotham will have a playground 175 feet wide and 3729 feet long, with benches set the entire distance, so that when Old Sol transforms New York city into a sizzling furnace, to burn up the bodies of the denizens of the tenement districts, close by, these people may pour forth in their unnumbered hordes and enjoy the breezes from the cooler waters and for the time being get relief from the suffocating heat of their squalid homes.

Who has walked New York streets in mid summer—not Fifth avenue, but below Thirtieth street—and not seen facts and truths rather than mere sights, and accordingly will appreciate what this great playground will mean to the prisoners of poverty on Manhattan island.

Early in the '80's, Henry George walked those streets, having failed in maintaining a correspondence bureau for a San Francisco newspaper. It was a glorious failure; for it gave the world "Progress and Poverty"—he got his inspiration to write the world revolutionizing work down there at the lower end of Manhattan.

Lesson for Portland.

It is obvious that Portland is going to be a replica on a smaller model of New York city; that is, it is going to grow rapidly, and base its stability in part to shipping, which must come to it under the most advantageous conditions. It, too, will have many poor folks; they seem to be a concomitant of ocean shipping. It would seem that before that wonderful growth takes place, when things are in embryo, the experience of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Norfolk, Detroit, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Duluth and Superior, in this country, and Liverpool, Glasgow, Antwerp and all European ports might supply the Oregon metropolis with motives to forestall such hampers on commerce.

"UNCLE WALT" MASON *The Poet Philosopher*

By Brock Pemberton.

A THICK set, pudgy man, dressed chiefly in a pair of blue serge trousers and a vest that might have been mistaken at a distance for a comic supplement, sat pegging away at a typewriter in a room that little more than held the bulges of his rotund person. A perpetual halo of blue smoke, fed from a bulldog pipe cast in the heroic mold of the man himself, hung about his head, and now and then the fingers ceased to poke the keys and fell in repose across the amplitude of the owner's waistline or darted through a mass of black, slightly curly hair, while deep-set, beady little black eyes with an incessant twinkle peered into space over gold-bowed spectacles. The man was Walt Mason, the room his tiny den in the office of the Emporia, Kan., Gazette, and the day most any one in the year. He was grinding out one of his prose poems, which a week later would be read and enjoyed by millions of people in all parts of the country, including the readers of The Oregon Journal, who have learned to look for "Uncle Walt's" daily prose poem as a daily feature of the editorial page.

"Uncle Walt" Mason, the Poet Philosopher.

Capacity for Work.

The most remarkable thing about this man, who perhaps writes for a larger reading public than any other writer, beyond his ability to write as he does, is his ability to write as much as he does. He has an inordinate capacity for work. He does not have to wait for his divine afflatus to come to him, for it is always with him. An event of the day demands a prose poem, and a few minutes' work at the machine, no longer than it would take an ordinary mortal to set down his most ordinary thoughts, produces it, without need of revision, and such accurate and clean copy as to delight the editor's eye.

Nothing will give a better idea of this capacity than following the poet-philosopher through an ordinary day. At work before 8 in the morning, he devours the exchanges, grinds out smoking editorials by the yard, and before 11 o'clock has got up an editorial page that is quoted the country over. He returns shortly after noon and edits the telegraph, writing heads that are often classics for brevity and condensation. In the intervals between sheets of the telegraph he turns to his typewriter and makes verses or humorous sketches in prose that have a ready market among the magazines. A ride behind his charger—for he is passionately fond of horses—usually follows his work at the office, which is over by 3:30, and after supper he is at work again, grinding out rhymes and sketches to fill the many orders always on hand.

Loves to Please.

Beyond being able to do the things he does, the fact that people like to have him do them pleases "The Fat One," as he calls himself. Since he was a boy 14 years old he has written verse in all parts of the country with varying success. Some of his early stuff is still in circulation, though long ago it ceased to be credited to him. And while he never failed to make a local reputation that extended through several states wherever he went, and was widely known among newspaper men, it was not till he came to Emporia two years ago that he struck his real gait and began to number his readers by the millions. Scarcely a day passes but he receives letters from all parts of the continent. The letters are from statesmen and men famous in other walks of life, and from men and women of the crowd, and all bring the same message—how the writer is pleased with the daily prose poem and reads it the first thing upon picking up the paper. Sometimes the letters come from foreign countries or foreign papers are received containing something that has been copied. And, being only human, "The Fat One" is pleased by these expressions of appreciation and is encouraged to keep up the gait. A peculiar thing about many of the letters is a touch of intimacy, engendered no doubt by the breezy tone of the poems, which causes many of the letters to be addressed simply to "Uncle Walt, Emporia," or "The Fat One, Emporia."

A Jovial Party.

And though few of the correspondents have ever seen him, they have caught the essence of the man, for he is as he writes—jovial, genial, kind and with a sense of humor so broad that it catches the silver lining where others would fail to find it. Meet him in his office and he will jolly a while, talking in hyperbole, and after he has talked and joked a few minutes he will turn to his work, and you will feel that you really know "Uncle Walt."

He is fonder of a joke than of anything else, and the people in the Gazette office who work with him are kept busy sidestepping fake telegrams and making trips to the postoffice for bogus registered letters. When W. A. White was touring Europe last summer Mason bundled up a large package of those most uninteresting Congressional Records and sent them post-haste to him. Not long ago he sent a messenger hurrying to the White home carrying the printed speech of some unknown congressman on the tariff schedule on prunes (or on some equally interesting subject), with a note appended that he knew Mr. White would worry if he did not get the speech at once.

His Weaknesses.

Horses, baseball, music and his home are Mason's weaknesses. Almost any afternoon, after he has finished work, he may be seen spinning around behind his charger, which he boasts can pass any automobile in town, with only a wreath of bay leaves needed to make him look like a Messala or a Ben Hur. And always by his side is Mrs. Mason. He is a judge of horses, and says if he ever quits the newspaper business he can make a better living trading horses. David Harum is put to shame by a story he tells of how he started with a $30 horse one time in Nebraska, traded two weeks, making 12 different trades, and wound up with the horse he started with and $80 to boot. Whenever a baseball game is scheduled he is the first on the bleachers, and the fans gravitate about him to hear his remarks on the play. Mrs. Mason is an accomplished pianist, and her music and that of a graphophone, which comes next to his horse in his affections, fill in many hours of the poet-philosopher's life as he sits ensconced in a big chair and puffs at his pipe, and makes plans for his den in a new home, his "igloo" he calls it, he is building on one of the paved streets, which in Emporia are the only caste lines to differentiate the dwellers thereon from those who live on dirt streets.

The Fat One in Caricature.

Chinese Fan Making.

The fan-making industry in China was started centuries ago in the village of Pengshow, at Ampow, about three miles from Swatow. It was formerly confined to women in various households, but for many years past every family in the village has been devoted to the work, all the members of the families being occupied in the manufacture. Only the open fan is manufactured in this district. For the frame the split bamboo is repeatedly rived until each piece is sufficiently slender and flexible. These thread-like pieces of bamboo are arranged in a row, attached to each other by a thread passed crosswise through the middle. This thread is fastened to a semi-circular strip of bamboo, giving the fan its shape. The ribs are then slightly heated and bent at the ends. The fan has now the peculiar and characteristic shell-like shape at the top. Very filmsy silk gauze is then pasted on the face, and a kind of tissue-like paper on the back. After the handle is attached, the border of the fan is black varnished and the gauze is coated with a chalk-and-water mixture. The handles are made of bamboo, various kinds of hard wood, bone and ivory. The hand painting on the fans is cleverly done, in some instances being works of art.

Blue, pink and aquamarine diamonds recently were exhibited in London.

THE YOUNG MAN'S SUPREMACY

By John A. Howland.

PROBABLY never before in history has the young man been more at a premium in the world's work. Consequently never before has there been such a pressure upon men to remain young. For, after all, youthfulness—even in its economic sense—is not always measured by years.

Looking to the cause of this young man's recognition in the times, an important factor is not far to seek. The young man is young at 25 years. He is young at 30 years old. Yet in the 12 or 15 years of their clear remembrance a million obsolete things have been replaced by the new.

In this readjustment of things the youngster has been an interested onlooker. Today the Chicago or New York or San Francisco youngster 15 years old knows more about the mechanism of an automobile than his father knows. Why? Because the average father is more or less resentful of the automobile age. He doesn't own one, can't afford to own one, and therefore is inclined to be intolerant of its existence.

But his 15-year-old boy, having no thought whatever of the possibility of having a machine for himself, interests himself because of pure curiosity and sane interest. How does the thing work? And if he is a bright boy he will learn from the occasional good natured chauffeur waiting at the curbstone.

But if this boy's father be of the type of man who is feeling economically "old," this father is allowing other prejudices against "new" things to sway his judgment and stir his temper. At 50 years old probably he finds himself under direction of a young man of 30 years. In his heart he probably recognizes in this young head of the establishment or of the department a technical understanding of things that are all Greek to him. He has observed, doubtless, that young men do not question him as he remembers questioning the gray haired men of the time when he was a boy. And this is an irritation.

It is on the other side of this growing, deepening gulf that the old man sees the young man taking his man's part in the world. To bridge that gulf the old man would decide as impossible, as on that other side of it he would be a back number, unreconciled to working conditions. As a result the employer of the man, or as easily the business constituency of the fossil, looks him over and relegates him to the list of has-beens.

Business Methods Changed.

So many of these old men in places of the employed rail at the employer who is seeking only the young man for his work. But just as inevitably this old man in business for himself shows his lack of harmony with the times until his well disposed customer is out of patience with him. Methods in business have changed immeasurably within 25 years. Look up the average gray haired butcher or grocer or small dealer in dry goods, make a small purchase of him, and the next morning return the purchase with the most apologetic reasons as to why you would like to effect an exchange.

There are 10 chances to one that you will feel the grudging unwillingness to make the transfer. But, on the other hand, make the same experiment in the new store that has been opened on the other corner by Young & Active, and you are likely to feel a disposition to try it again, just to feel the obliging spirit in which the exchange is made.

There are hard and fast practical reasons for all of this. In the store conducted by the man of the old school, he learned merchandising when the matter of close selection was made impossible through the small, cut and dried stock of materials carried. Today a hundred manufactories may be turning out a standard commodity, each of which has its watermark of the individual manufacturer. This has taught the modern shopper to make close selection. It has tended to a change of opinion of a purchase overnight. Shall the customer be allowed the growing privilege? Or shall the stubborn, dictatorial merchant of the old school stand alone and "buck" the whole line of custom—and customers?

To the young man I have merely the message, Don't be a fossil.

To the old man with the grouch it may not be too late to suggest that he sit down a moment and ask himself: "Am I permanently fossilized myself?"

To secure entry of a pharmaceutical product into Spain it is necessary to deposit the formula at every custom house at which entry is to be made for approval and registration.

ADVICE ON HOW TO INVEST IN MINES

By John Hays Hammond

IN an address before the Finance forum in New York city recently, John Hays Hammond, the mining engineer, than whom there is probably no greater authority on mines and mining, dwelt upon a subject of popular interest—mining investments. The address, as printed in the current number of the Engineering and Mining Journal, contains a valuable analysis of mining investments in general and some suggestive "don'ts" for prospective purchasers of mining stocks.

First and foremost in his talk Mr. Hammond distinguished between "two general classes of mining properties—prospects and mines." Prospects he defined as "ore bodies partially explored or developed," and added:

"Obviously investments in this class of mining are always of a speculative character, and for this reason are often referred to as mining gambles.

"Probably not more than one in six of what would be reasonably regarded by experts as prospects deserving exploration proves ultimately to be a winner," he said further.

Yet it is Mr. Hammond's opinion that "no field of mining investment is more attractive, and at the same time, I venture to say, more safe, than investments in prospects if carried out by men with good judgment and with the requisite experience," though he advises that "this kind of mining should be confined to such capitalists or exploration companies as can afford the risk of several failures before attaining final compensating success."

On investments in prospects Mr. Hammond's warning to the small investor is:

"At the risk of the imputation of 'damnable iteration,' I wish to emphasize the relative degree of hazard in investments of this character, and to urge the public to exercise due discrimination in the investment of money in the classes of mines referred to. Unscrupulous promoters and other financial sharks take advantage of the ignorance of the credulous investor to sell stock in a company, the assets of which are the undemonstrated potentialities of a prospect, and not the reasonably assured income of a developed mine. Caveat emptor! Indeed, the great majority of alluring prospectuses issued to the gullible public, when analyzed by a mining engineer, show that the properties purporting to be mines are in reality only prospects of a highly speculative value."

Mining investments, Mr. Hammond pointed out, differ in one very important particular from those of nearly every other kind in the comparatively short life of the investment. "It is, indeed," he said, "because of this feature that the rate of dividends in mining should be higher than in other investments rather than because of the relative rate of risk involved." On this point he said further:

"In many mines the persistency of the ore deposits and, therefore, the reliability of the mines as dividend payers, justifies the investment upon a basis in some instances as low as 8 per cent dividends, to which, of course, must be added a certain percentage to provide for the amortization of the capital. Generally speaking, however, investments in mining securities are not to be regarded as attractive unless they return from 10 to 15 per cent in dividends, in addition to the profits to be set aside for amortization. I wish to impress strongly upon investors the wisdom of clearly realizing the fact that mines have a short life compared with that of other investments, and for this reason to urge the investor to set aside a part of the profits, figuratively speaking, at least, as a sinking fund to provide for the return of the original investment before the mine is worked out. That is to say, 'to realize that one cannot have his cake and eat it too.' What remains to be applied to dividends after providing such a sinking fund is the real touchstone by which the attractiveness of the investment must be determined. It must also be borne in mind that the cost of the plant must likewise be amortized, because mining and milling plants, after the mine has been worked out, have usually very little market value.

The list of "don't" given by Mr. Hammond for the prospective investor, is as follows:

List of Don'ts.

"Don't invest your money in a mining property simply because of the fact that a friend of yours (even if he be a blood relation) became rich through a fortunate investment made in mining stocks.

Don't, on the other hand, be deterred from investing in a mining property because another less fortunate friend became bankrupt through some other mining investment.

"Don't allow any insinuating, slick, dishonest—not to apply the short and uglier word—promoter, or so-called stock broker, to overcome your natural modesty and convince you that because you have been successful in your own line of business you yourself are competent to determine the value of a mine. Many men of business ability in their own lines have made trips of self-deception to see for themselves that which existed only in their imagination. 'Shoemaker, stick to your last!'

"Don't be influenced in your desire to purchase mining stock by the rich specimens that the mines have produced, even though you yourself have seen such fine specimens in the mine. Specimen rock of this kind is no criterion of the average grade of the ore upon which the success of the mine depends. I remember the story of old John Gashweiler, a well known mining capitalist of his day, when he was asked his opinion of the value of a property from which very rich specimens of ore were shown him. 'You might as well show me the hair from the tail of a horse,' said Gashweiler, 'and then ask me how fast the horse can trot.'

"Don't buy stock in a mine because it has produced a profit of millions of dollars in the past, for the mine is obviously so much poorer for the millions already abstracted.

"Don't buy stock in a mine solely because it is in a far off country, even though 'distance lends enchantment to the view.'

"Don't buy stock in a mining company simply because of the fact that it adjoins another mine of great value. That may be interesting, but it is not conclusive as to the value of the mine in question.

"Above all, don't buy shares in a mine unless you have the unqualifiedly favorable report made by a mining expert of integrity, ability and experience, and one who has made a success in the investment of money for his clients. An engineer may have the best obtainable technical training, supplemented by considerable practical experience and yet lack certain qualifications in his professional make up that determine success or failure.

"Don't buy stock in a mine unless you are sure that the board of directors is honest and competent, because good management is just as essential to success in mining as in other enterprises. In the early days of mining in the Transvaal the ignorance of the boards of directors of mining companies was indeed lamentable, though sometimes comical. A well authenticated story is told of certain board of directors in London, to which the manager had cabled telling the necessity of having another mining shaft on the property, as the old one was out of repair and dangerous. The board cabled in reply to the manager to endeavor to find a second hand one.

"In short, don't abandon all your good common sense just because the investment happens to be one in mining and not in some other class of industrial securities."

Despite all these warnings, Mr. Hammond believes in the legitimate development of the great mining industry, and told his audience he wished only "to eliminate, or at least to minimize, that class of unscrupulous promoters and stock brokers who bring so much discredit upon the industry, and at the same time such lamentable disaster to their victims, the great majority of whom can ill afford to bear their losses."