

LOEB, REFORMER OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE

Former White House Secretary, Now Collector of Port of New York, Who Made the Sugar Trust Pay \$2,000,000 in Duties of Which the Government Had Been Defrauded.

Brainy Hustler Who Worked His Way Up by Ability, Discretion and Tact—A Good Judge of Men, Quiet, Kindly and Always on the Job. :: :: :: ::

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

WHEN a man has been stenographer to an Episcopal bishop, secretary of a Republican county committee, reporter of a state assembly, private secretary to a speaker of the house of a state legislature, private secretary to a president pro tem. of a state senate and afterward holding the same capacity when this man was a candidate for governor, private secretary to a lieutenant governor, stenographer for a district attorney and grand jury, doing confidential work for one governor and later being private secretary to another, then becoming private secretary to the vice president and afterward assistant secretary and next secretary to the president of the United States and finally collector of the port of New York, and all before he is forty-three years old, the inevitable conclusion is that that man has brains, tact and energy—the three chief requisites of success. There is no use trying to conceal longer who the man is. His name is Loeb—William Loeb, Jr.—fondly called in the old days Loebertino, Loeb-ster, Loeb the Goat and Loeb the Poor Indian. Loeb has held all these positions and more, possesses all these qualities and more and has been handed all these names and more—oh, many more! If the full list

sumers. Those newspaper roasts came at just the psychological moment to affect congress. Of course Loeb had no designs in the matter, yet the thing could not have been better timed. Loeb is most innocent, yet rather effective, when it comes to matters of publicity. The upshot of the whole matter was that the trust paid over \$2,000,000 without further parley. It could stand off the courts, but it could not stand off the press.

Controls Nineteen Hundred Men.

The new collector of the port did not stop at making the sugar trust disgorge. He found a system of frauds in short weight entries, and as a consequence several subordinate officials have been shifted, others discharged, and a wholesale shaking up is now going forward in the New York custom house. It should be mentioned in passing that politically the collectorship of the port of New York is one of the most important places in the government. From it Chester A. Arthur worked his way to the presidency, and other men have pretty effectively controlled New York state politics with it as a leverage. It controls an army of 1,900 federal employees and has charge of the three chief government buildings in the metropolis. The collector takes in something like \$220,000,000 annually, passes on the bulk of imports into the United States and con-

THE UNKNOWN GUEST

By ANDREW C. EWING.
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

It was in the early days in California, when Fremont, "the Pathfinder," became a hero from crossing those mountains which now may be traversed in a parlor car. But the route from Mexico was open, and numbers of Mexicans, including those newly emigrated from Spain, were moving northward and building homes in what was destined to become the Golden State. One of the Spaniards, Don Emilio Estillo, built himself a fine house in Santa Barbara. It was designed after a Roman villa, with a court and a fountain in the center.

California at that period partook of the olden time. Though a new country, it was inhabited by refined people of Spanish blood. At the same time it was infested by bandits, such as have existed in Spain for centuries. The leader of one of these gangs was Manuel Corello, a veritable Robin Hood. Like Robin, who is supposed to have been a nobleman, Corello was a gentleman, and, though he robbed the rich, he gave largely to the poor.

When Don Estillo's house was finished he opened it with a grand entertainment, at which all the distinguished families for miles around were present. It was a brilliant scene. In the patio, or court, within a circle of tropical plants, was a band of performers, who sang and played while the guests, heated by the dance, were seeking the cool air. Spanish social customs for the amusement of the guests have been adopted by the blue-bloods of California. Don Estillo's guests were provided with eggshells filled with silver or gold tinsel or perfumery, which were broken over the heads of ladies whom the men wished to favor.

Among the men was one who attracted universal attention. He was young, very handsome and dressed in the picturesque Spanish costume. The guests asked one another who he was, but no one seemed to know. One of them asked the host, but Don Estillo said that he did not know the stranger and supposed he must have come with one of the guests. No one suggested that he had not come in accordance with the customs regulating invitations, for he was evidently a polished gentleman.

Since the stranger knew no one he was obliged to find partners in the dances by some pretext. He was very adroit, and the girls, instead of requiring introductions, were glad to receive his attentions without them. Donna Inez, daughter of the host, was the most favored and after one of the dances went out with the handsome stranger into the patio, where they took seats on a bench behind a gigantic palm. There they remained so long that the hostess, requiring her daughter's presence for some especial entertainment of her guests, sought her and led her away.

The dancing had ceased, and to strains of music the guests marched in to supper. They did not stand about eating the viands as in these days. Each one was seated. Just as they had all taken their seats a party of belated guests from Los Angeles arrived, among them Judge Antonio Bestamente. They came into the supper room, and the judge was assigned a seat opposite to the young stranger who had attracted so much attention and who had secured for his supper companion Donna Inez Estillo. No sooner did the judge look straight before him than his eyes became riveted on Donna Inez's cavalier. It was evident that Bestamente was moved by some powerful emotion. Rising, he called to the host seated at the head of the table and said:

"Will you honor me with an introduction to my vis-a-vis?"

Don Estillo, not knowing the man's name, looked confused.

The stranger rose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, far be it from me to compromise so charming a host as Don Estillo. He is not responsible for my presence here, for I came on my own invitation. He cannot introduce me, for he does not know my name. I am Manuel Corello."

As he uttered the last word he began to back toward the door. The moment he spoke his name many a face whitened and every man present rose to his feet. But all were excited, none of them armed, and there was no leader. Corello, as imperturbable as if he were dancing a minuet, drew a pistol and motioned all to be seated. Not one remained standing. "I ask pardon of the ladies," he said, "for displaying a weapon in their company, but it is unavoidable. There is \$10,000 on my head, and I'm sure you will excuse the only means I have of keeping it."

By this time he had backed to the door. As he slipped out Donna Inez, with hot cheeks and flashing eyes, threw something at him that struck the wall and rebounding, rattled on the floor. One of the guests picked it up and held it aloft. It was an immense diamond set in a circle of gold.

Some of the men rushed out after the bandit, but those upstairs heard the clatter of horse's hoofs and knew that he had gone free. Then each guest began to fumble for his or her valuables, but no one missed anything. The diamond thrown at Corello by Donna Inez had been slipped on her finger in the patio behind the palm and did not belong to any one of those present. The outlaw had doubtless intended it as a return for his entertainment. As soon as the excitement had quieted down the assemblage began to laugh at the indignant girl, who, finding she had been wooed by a bandit, could not refrain from displaying her irritation.

WHERE SHERMAN STANDS.

Approves Legislation to Improve the Conditions of Labor.
(From Sherman's Speech of Acceptance.)

The Republican party believes in the equality of all men before the law; believes in granting labor's every request that does not seek to accord rights to one man denied to another. Fair-minded labor asks no more, no less, and approves the record of the Republican party because of that party's acts.

I have helped to make my party's record in the enactment of the Eight-Hour law, the Employers' Liability act, the statutes to minimize the hazard of railroad employees, the Child Labor law for the District of Columbia and other enactments designed especially to improve the conditions of labor. I cannot hope to better state my position on injunctions than by a specific endorsement of Mr. Taft's Cincinnati declaration on that subject. That endorsement I make.

Giant Cranes' Minuet.

Australia, the land of oddities, animal, vegetable and mineral, has few more curious creatures than the giant cranes—often five and six feet in height, with beautiful blue gray plumage, which are called native companions. These huge birds mate for life and as mates are singularly and touchingly devoted to one another. Among their practices that of dancing together is the most remarkable. To and fro and up and down, beneath a scraggy tree near a creek or water hole, a pair of these curious birds may be seen in the hour of dawn footing it gravely in a sort of grotesque minuet. There is a strange sort of angularity about all their movements, but withal a certain grace, bizarre and notable. Curious stories are told of the wonderful human-like devotion one to another which is sometimes shown by these great cranes.—St. James' Gazette.

HYDRAULIC WELL DRILLING

Powerful and rapid well machine run by gasoline engine.

Wind mill pump repairing, and drove wells a specialty.

Place your orders now before the season's rush-work is on.
A. N. HARLAN
Box 526 Corvallis, Oregon

The Best Paint

There is no better paint made for appearance and durability than

Acme Quality Paint

Specially prepared for exterior and interior use.
"FLOOR VARNISH THAT WEARS"

A. L. Miner
WALL PAPER AND PAINT STORE
Second Street, Near Palace Theater

WOODS BROTHERS GENERAL REPAIR SHOP

Prompt attention given to repairing all kinds of gasoline engines, autos, bicycles. Plows and axes sharpened. Saws filed. All work guaranteed satisfactory and done on short notice. Give us a call. We can please you. Located back of Beal Bros' blacksmith shop on Second street. Phone No. 3145 Ind.

Woods Brothers CORVALLIS, OREGON

Occidental Lumber Co.

Successors to:
Corvallis Lumber Co.

We are here to supply your needs in the Lumber line. Please call on J. B. IRVING for information and prices. And take notice that if we have not got exactly what you want we will get it for you.

G. O. BASSETT, Local Mgr.

Benton County Lumber Co.

Manufacturers of all kinds of

Fir Lumber, Mouldings, Cedar Posts, Sawed and Split. Cedar Shakes

Dealers in

Doors, Windows, Lime, Brick Cement, Shingles, etc



WILLIAM LOEB, JR., COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK

of endearing epithets that have been applied to him were set down in order, this article would occupy a whole page, and then there would be no room for rhetoric or trimmings.

We all remember—how can we forget?—the departed and sizzling years when Loeb was scapgoat extraordinary and buffer plenipotentiary for about everything that went amiss in this nation. If anything unpleasant happened at the White House, as many unpleasant things did happen every fifteen minutes of every day, it was "Loeb did it." For one individual to have accomplished all the mistakes, inadvertencies and downright cruelties then ascribed to Loeb would have proved him the most industrious man that ever lived.

Made the Sugar Trust Pay Up.

Well, Loeb is still doing things, and as we all took a shy at him in those troublous times for what it was said he did in the name of another it is but fair that we now give him a boost for what he is doing in his own name. The story of the way Loeb made the sugar trust pay \$2,000,000 in duties of which it had defrauded the government is still being chucked over both in New York and Washington. Loeb found that suits had been entered to force the trust to disgorge, but the trust lawyers had interposed technicalities and dilatory motions, so that there was no hope of reaching the cases for years. Then the new collector of the port got busy, and what he did to the sugar trust was plenty. Calling in the newspaper men, he asked them if they would print a story on the matter. Would they? Are newspaper men overlooking first page scare head stories, especially in the dull season? The way the papers played up that case was in the most approved yellow style.

Now, at that particular time it was not just convenient for the trust to be dragged into the limelight in this fashion. A tariff bill was being framed, and the benevolent gentlemen running the corporation wanted a little higher duties so they could take a few more millions out of the pockets of the con-

sumers. Those newspaper roasts came at just the psychological moment to affect congress. Of course Loeb had no designs in the matter, yet the thing could not have been better timed. Loeb is most innocent, yet rather effective, when it comes to matters of publicity. The upshot of the whole matter was that the trust paid over \$2,000,000 without further parley. It could stand off the courts, but it could not stand off the press.

It is refreshing that a man of Loeb's character can come into such a position, for he is not a creature of the political machine, but worked his way up by ability, discretion and tact. He is under no obligations to anybody but ex-President Roosevelt and President Taft, with both of whom he has had and still has the closest relations. His propinquity to Roosevelt is sufficiently indicated by the fact that Loeb was called "assistant president," and, as for Taft, it is generally understood in Washington that behind the scenes Loeb was the real manager of the big man's campaign for the nomination. But outside of these two William Loeb, Jr., is a very independent citizen, of which fact he has given gratifying evidence during the brief time he has been in an office in his own right.

Breadwinner at Eleven.

Loeb was born in Albany, and his father still keeps a small shop in that city. The boy was a breadwinner from the time he was eleven. He was deprived of a college education, but managed to work his way through high school. Then he took a course in stenography and persevered until he was known as the best reporter in Albany. He is a good judge of men, is quiet, hard working and always on the job. Despite the chaffing he received when Roosevelt's secretary, he was most popular, especially with the newspaper men, who are keen judges of character. One of his most notable characteristics is kindness, his motto being "to have a friend, be a friend." There were innumerable instances in which he did favors for people in a quiet way. He was ever a cutter of red tape and often straightened out tangles by a line or a phone message to some department, thus adjusting difficulties that would have taken months to unravel in the ordinary routine. Mr. Loeb married Miss Katherine Dorr of Buffalo, whom he had met in Albany, the ceremony taking place at the time he was assistant secretary to the president.

PLAN YOUR VACATION NOW at our expense

A CHOICE OF FOUR

FREE TRIPS

IS OFFERED YOU

SEATTLE DURING ALASKA-YUKON EXPOSITION

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

YOSEMITE VALLEY

LAKE TAHOE

ALL YOUR EXPENSES PAID

IF YOU HAVE FRIENDS IN THE EAST WHO WANT TO VISIT THE PACIFIC COAST WE CAN ARRANGE IT

This is your Opportunity

For complete information address **Sunset Travel Club** Room 16, Flood Bld'g San Francisco

THE DAILY GAZETTE

ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME