

ucts and to carry away such products as we need and which they have, our great statesmen are helpless to set in motion the needed remedy.

After Mr. Wilson was nominated for the presidency, he declared that if the people would trust him and the party behind him, they would, without bounties or subsidies, restore our prestige on the world's oceans.

What is his and his party's position on that question today?

When they went into power they drew from a dishonored grave the old confederate constitution, disinfected and galvanized it and made it their creed. It does not provide for a merchant marine.

### A Most Commendable Work

IN THE panic of 1907 the work on the superb structures, the Newhouse and Boston buildings never ceased. That work was a great boon to the men who needed and did the work.

We learn from what we do not doubt is a reliable source that the money for all the buildings for which ground is being broken east of the Newhouse and Boston buildings is from the private fortune of Mr. Newhouse.

It seems to us that this is a most praiseworthy undertaking. At a time when so many men are locking up their surplus funds, waiting to see which way the tide is going to turn and when business generally is so much depressed, the act of Mr. Newhouse is not only a great help to men who need the work, but it is an inspiration to all kinds of business and comes just when it is most needed.

As the building of the Newhouse and Boston caused men to lift their eyes above six and seven-story brick and stone buildings and changed the fashion here to steel buildings, so the present act of Mr. Newhouse is an inspiration to men to look up and around them and to impress upon them the fact that, after all, Salt Lake is a pretty good place; that business cannot long be depressed and when it returns in full volume Salt Lake, because of its place and advantages, will have its fair proportion of it.

### A Dirty Trick

THE weather clerk is disgracing Utah this year. Never before did he ever play so mean a trick upon us as he did last week, Friday night. From a temperature of 90 degrees to knock off about one-half was but imitating the clerk in charge in Chicago or Kansas City. There was not a hint of the need of having coal laid in, or getting overcoats from one's uncle, or of starting smudges under the trees in the orchards; not a hint to the young ladies who in not too much flimsy dressings went to the roof gardens that they would need their furs to go home in; there was no attention paid to the ordinance that forbids freeze-out and similar games in this city. It was as though an advance Zeppelin of old Winter had received orders to drop a few bombs on Salt Lake to let the people know that he and his legions were on the march this way. All and all it was a dirty trick.

John Sloan, the painter, was lecturing on "Models" before an art class in New York.

"Then there is the frivolous model," said Mr. Sloan. "She, unless very beautiful, is to be avoided.

"A frivolous model besought a friend of mine to employ her.

"No, no," he said. "I only do still life—flowers and fruit."

"Well," said the model, looking up at him, reproachfully out of limpid blue eyes, "well, ain't I a peach?"—Chicago Herald.

### OLD MASTERS—James B. Haggin

By C. C. G.

IT IS only a week since he died, but James B. Haggin was one of the old masters. The dispatch gives his age as 87, we believe he was 92. It is sixty-five years since 1849. Mr. Haggin was more than twenty-two years of age when he went to Sacramento. He was a finished scholar and accomplished lawyer and could not have been less than twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. He was contemporary with Hall McAllister, John B. Felton, Calhoun Benham, Colonel E. D. Baker, Justice Stephen J. Field, and the others of the early California bar. His father was an American, it has always been understood that his mother was a high-caste Turkish lady and that he was born in Constantinople. He was a successful lawyer, but from early life he had a longing for the soil. With his first little fortune in California he bought a large tract of land in Sacramento county. Later he bought an immense tract of land in Kern county, and commenced its cultivation on a princely scale. He was the first one to apply irrigation on a large scale to cultivation in California. A dispatch tells us that it was he who fought the old riparian law to a finish. That fight had been won long before in California so far as mining was concerned.

That law compelled men using water from a stream to return it untainted and undiminished in volume.

The supreme court of California early set that aside as necessary to the promotion of the paramount industry of the state, which at the time was placer mining. We think Mr. Haggin's great suit over the Kern county tract was to make valid his title to the ground.

We believe that behind his farming enterprise in California was a desire to give the people of that state an object lesson to show them that the salvation of farming was to be through irrigation that, while preserving the fertility of the soil double crops could be realized. The American River farm in Sacramento county, and the immense Kern county plantation are still monuments to his sagacity.

He did not take much to mining until the Comstock was made a success by the giants in charge, of whom William Sharon was for ten years the chief. However, he made a great stake from those mines at last. In the meantime he became associated with the late Senator George Hearst, and through him became largely interested in the Eureka, Nev., mines; purchased the Ontario in Utah and the Homestake in the Black Hills. In the meantime he had become acquainted with the late Marcus Daly. It was Daly who recommended the Ontario to the late R. C. Chambers and Chambers sent to Hearst for help to purchase and develop it.

So when Daly secured the bonds on the Anaconda, he made a report upon it and appealed to Haggin for help. It was at once granted. Never were expectations more fully realized than on those three mines. There was an element of luck, too, about them. The Ontario was purchased for \$30,000 and the owners tried for three years to sell it for \$300,000, but could not. It gave up first and last about \$50,000,000. In the case of the Homestake a good many fine experts turned it down, but Hearst had an intention that it was a big mine, and finally sent to "Billie" Farish to come and see it.

Farish looked over the ground for a week and then said to Hearst: "Have you the nerve to spend \$500,000 on this property before receiving any returns?"

The reply was: "Yes, if I can have any reasonable assurance of ever getting back the money."

"Well," said Farish, "you had better buy it." Then placing the tips of his fingers together and holding his wrists wide apart, he continued: "The mine is this way. It is a wedge and only the sharp edge of it has been pushed up to the surface."

It has been paying strong dividends since about 1875.

But all those mines had their dark days. The Anaconda, especially, had a long period of trial. The ore became reduced greatly in richness and at the same time the price of copper fell 50 per cent in value. How to keep the mine on a paying basis was a serious question. Mr. Daly never faltered. His imperious and compelling nature would not brook the thought of failure, and, though Lloyd Tevis, Haggin's senior partner and brother-in-law squealed under the load, declaring that it meant ruin to continue, Haggin met every draft on sight.

When the Cornish pump was being set on the Ontario and more than twenty steam pumps were fighting the floods of water which all the adjacent ground was giving up as if to drown out the works of man, it is said that as a new draft for more money to buy more steam pumps came in, Haggin, while writing the cheque grimly remarked: "That is a desert district up there, what amount of money would be needed to mine in a wet country?"

Perhaps his greatest mining undertaking was in conjunction with Mr. A. W. McCune in Peru.

That involved the building of a railroad over the crest of the Andes, the opening of a vast mine, including of course the purchase and installing of vast and most costly machinery in a barbarous and far-off country. But its promise now is to be as much a controlling force in the copper world as the Calumet and Hecla has been during the past forty years.

In addition to his California farms Haggin bought a stock farm of some 10,000 acres in Kentucky. Only last spring the papers had full accounts of a visit he was making to it. He was always in accord with blood horses. He owned millions worth of property, had millions in cash and stocks and bonds, but between him and his thoroughbreds there was a close comradeship—they could always work him as a pet grandchild can work a hypnotized old grandfather. When he sent them east they went in especially designed palace horse cars which were attached to passenger trains.

But the splendor of J. B. Haggin's character was in his modesty and the entire absence of that attribute which we may call "the arrogance of wealth." Not one of the west coast millionaires compared with him in this except John W. Mackay. His character in this respect was duplicated by the magnificent woman who was his first wife. More than fifty years ago a lady said to her: "Mrs. Haggin, you are so rich, why do you not have a footman when you go out in your carriage and have the coachman and footman in livery?" The reply was: "The secret of perfect dress is not to attract attention. Were I in New York, or London, or Paris I probably would have a coachman and footman in livery and a coat-of-arms on the blinders of the horses and on the doors of my carriage. Here they would be as incongruous as a stovepipe hat is in a mining camp. My husband insists upon my having as beautiful horses as can be found, and, happily, they turn attention away from me."

So noiselessly and unostentatiously J. B. Haggin lived and his death was like his life. No one knew that he had a momentous deal on hand until it was closed. May it bring him everlasting dividends.