

THEY WANT A CHANGE

FREE-TRADERS UNRECONCILED TO THE AMERICAN POLICY.

"Protection Must Go, They Say, Having Outlived Its Usefulness and Being a Hindrance to the Expansion of Industries."

"They Lag Superfluously," is the caption of an article in which a free trade writer on the editorial staff of the New York Times pays his respects to last week's annual meeting of the American Protective Tariff League. The Times man professes to be unable to understand why the league should persist in existing. He is firmly convinced that protection is doomed to extinction as an American fiscal policy; that "President McKinley and the wisest and most influential leaders of the Republicans are feeling their way along toward free trade," and "are converting the Republican organization into a low tariff party."

Having argued himself into this frame of mind, the Cobdenite hot gossamer of the Times readily reaches the conclusion that

"They [the Republican leaders] must abandon the prohibitive tariff policy or the manufacturers will abandon them. Protection has had its day, has outlived all the usefulness it ever had, and is now a hindrance to the expansion of the industries of the country. It must go."

"Why doesn't the American Protective Tariff League go? Its vocation is gone, its influence is shattered, it is pulling the wrong way. It has \$1,133,222 in its treasury. We advise the league to turn over this unexpended balance to the Society for the Relief of the Aged and Destitute and then tranquilly disband."

On the day that the free trade convictions of the New York Times were recorded as above quoted, there appeared in many newspapers of the United States, some of them free trade newspapers, Washington dispatches, date of Jan. 19, 1900, containing statements based upon figures just issued by the treasury bureau of statistics to the effect that in the year just closed the foreign commerce of the United States under the full operation of the Dingley tariff law—a hindrance to the expansion of the industries of the country," according to the Times—amounted to more than \$2,000,000,000, and of this enormous sum more than three-fifths was exports and less than two-fifths imports. The exact figures are:

"Imports, \$799,834,620; exports, \$1,275,486,641; excess of exports over imports, \$475,652,021. The excess of exports is larger than in any preceding year except 1898. Of the exports, manufactures form a larger proportion than ever before, while of the imports raw materials for use of manufacturers form a larger proportion than ever before. Of the exports, more than 30 per cent are manufactures, against 26 per cent in 1895, 29 per cent in 1885, 16 per cent in 1879, and 12 per cent in 1860. Of the imports 33 per cent are articles in a crude condition which enter into the various processes of domestic industry, against 26 per cent in 1895, 24 per cent in 1892, 23 per cent in 1889 and 20 per cent in 1895."

Does this look as though protection is operating as "a hindrance to the expansion of the industries of the country," and therefore "must go"?

Does this look as though the leaders of the Republican party would be compelled to abandon protection, "or the manufacturers will abandon them"?

Does this look as though the industrial captains of the United States were dissatisfied with the workings of protection and were anxious to see free trade take its place?

Does this look as though the American Protective Tariff League had no further reason for existence and ought to disband forthwith?

There are many manufacturers who would like to see protection displaced and free trade installed as the American policy; but they are not American manufacturers. The manufacturers who hanker for free trade are foreign manufacturers for the most part, with here and there a "manufacturer" of free trade sentiment like the New York Times.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

The South Awakening to the Advantages of the Protective Policy.

As a matter of record and as illustrating the march of ideas in a section of the country which for more than seventy years has stood for the doctrine of selling in the dearest market and buying in the cheapest market, but which now seems to be on the point of seeing a new light on the question of protection vs. free trade, we append the following draft of a memorial to the congress of the United States, introduced by Mr. Dickerson in the Georgia state senate and by that body adopted:

"Memorial to our senators and representatives in congress in reference to a duty on Egyptian and long stapled cotton, or on the importation thereof:

"Whereas, The present price of long-stapled or sea island cotton is now far below the cost of production, causing a large area of our state to languish and a once profitable industry to waver and die; and

"Whereas, The low price referred to is not due to overproduction, as is demonstrated by the fact that for a crop of 104,557 bales in 1896 and 1897 the average price for the grade of "fine" was 11 cents, while for the last crop, 75,000 bales only, or 2 1/2 per cent less than the year previous, the average

price for the grade "fine" was two cents less, or nine cents per pound; and,

"Whereas, The indisputable cause for our low prices, financial depression and agricultural discontent is found in the annually increasing importation of Egyptian cotton, the product of pauper labor; and,

"Whereas, The Democratic party and people have not deemed it derogatory to their principles and interest to have a duty placed on wool, rice, hides and tobacco; and,

"Whereas, The placing of said duty on the above mentioned articles has proven a direct benefit to our people, and with which protection they would not part without a struggle; and,

"Whereas, There are but two ways whereby the money necessary to maintain the national government can be raised, and since the funds derived from internal revenue are insufficient, even when made enormous and burdensome, as they now are; and,

"Whereas, we are forced from the nature of things to depend on a tax laid upon goods and products imported into this country from foreign countries to raise funds to assist in the support of the government; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this legislature that a tariff should be laid for revenue only and arranged so that if it shall prove a burden all may equally bear it, and if a benefit, it may be equally shared.

"Resolved further, That we are unalterably opposed to the free importations of per pound on all long-stapled cotton.

"Resolved, That we favor an import duty of 50 per cent ad valorem and 5 cents per pound on all long-stapled cotton imported into the United States, and that a copy of these resolutions be furnished the senators and representatives in congress."

Who will say after this that the world does not move, and that the South is not progressing? One can excuse the curious inconsistency of the declaration which in one breath calls for a tariff for revenue only and in the next breath stipulates that the duty on long-stapled foreign cotton shall be prohibitive. It must be remembered that the Georgia Democrats, having in their veins the blood of three generations of free traders, are not very well up in the logic of latter-day economists, and hence do not know that a tariff for revenue only and a protective tariff are elements as incompatible as oil and water, as inter-repugnant, inter-destructive, and contradictory. But there is hope for them. They are surely ascending in the scale of intelligence and practical common sense, and to become full-fledged protectionists all they need is time and just a little more intelligence.

HOW HE LOST HIS REASON.



"That man looks like a lunatic." "He is crazy—became so by trying to prove that free trade was the proper policy, and that under protection this country could not possibly prosper."

Why More Railroads Were Built.
The Railroad Gazette reports that, according to estimates and facts already at hand, it appears that during the year ending Dec. 31 more than 4,500 miles of railroad were built in the United States. There have been no figures like these since before the free trade blight fell upon the country through the election of Grover Cleveland to the presidency in 1892. During the free trade period the average number of miles of new railroad built per year did not reach half this amount. Free trade is as preventive of the further development of the country and of a greater opening up of its resources as it is destructive to business already established. Every one of those 4,500 and more miles of new railroad was built in response to the demands of some new industry, or to the increased demand for transportation facilities made by those industries already in existence, and to which new life was given by the enactment of the Dingley law. Altogether, as the Gazette puts it, "the exhibit is a remarkable evidence of the widespread prosperity that has at last overtaken the country."

Foot Comfort.
Mr. W. L. Terhune, publisher of the Boot and Shoe Record, says: "The boot and shoe trade is closing the most prosperous year since 1892." In spite of the apparent fears of the free-traders, therefore, it appears that the people have not suffered for foot comfort. Increase of work and wages has taken care of the shoe question. And it further appears that the much talked of tariff on hides, so loudly denounced by the free-traders, has laid no burdens on buyers of shoes. In Mr. Terhune's opinion, the tariff on hides has had "no detrimental influence" on the boot and shoe business. He states, in fact, that scarcely any hides are imported for boots and shoes.

Why They Are Closed.
Four years ago Mr. McKinley said it would be better to open the mills than the mines. Now the only mills which are closed are those which cannot get material to run with.—Burlington Hawk-Eye.

THE SHIPPING BILL.

Widespread Demand for the Restoration of the American Merchant Marine.

The bill now before congress for the promotion of American shipping in the foreign carrying trade is a bill upon which almost all of those engaged in shipbuilding and shipowning in the United States have united in advocacy. It confirms to the recommendations of the president in his last annual message to congress, and it is in accord with the recommendations in the last annual report of the secretary of the treasury. It is also in line with the suggestions made in the last report of the commissioner of navigation, as endorsed by Senator Frye, the president pro tem. of the United States senate, and who is also chairman of the senate committee on commerce. It has been introduced in the house by the Republican leader upon the floor, Hon. Seno E. Payne, chairman of the way and means committee.

The shipping bill has been indorsed by some two hundred commercial and agricultural organizations, in all parts of the country, many of which are of great national strength and influence. Several state legislatures have petitioned congress in behalf of its passage. It has been before the people for over a year, has been widely discussed in the press, and the trend of comment is largely favorable, many Democratic newspapers, especially in the south, warmly commending its provisions and advocating its passage.

This shipping bill provides compensation for American vessels, engaging in the foreign carrying trade just about sufficient in amount to enable them to compete with the foreign ships which now monopolize all but 8 per cent of American foreign carrying. These foreign ships earn, it is conservatively estimated, between \$175,000,000 and \$200,000,000 a year in freight and passenger charges, which sum, or its equivalent in the products of the United States, must be shipped abroad to defray the cost of our ocean transportation.

From this brief summary of facts, of large importance in connection with the efforts that have been for nearly forty years so unsuccessfully made to secure adequate protection for American ships in competition with foreign ships in the carrying of American foreign commerce; and considering, also, that the interests most immediately and directly affected are a practical unit in its advocacy; besides which it commands such widespread indorsement from commercial and agricultural interests and the press, and the advocacy of those members of congress whose support is essential to the passage of any legislation helpful to American shipping interests in the foreign carrying trade—in view of all these considerations it would seem that the pending bill should receive the support of all who are sincerely desirous of bringing about the restoration of the American merchant marine.

We must bear in mind that the shipping of foreign nations that is in competition with American shipping, in the foreign trade, receives from foreign governments, as subsidies, subventions, naval reserve retainers, bounties and the like, a sum exceeding \$26,000,000 annually, and against the competition thus enormously sustained unaided American shipping cannot compete, with the result that the United States loses the protection it requires upon the sea in the reinforcement of merchant ships and seamen, as well as the loss of between \$175,000,000 and \$200,000,000 in ocean transportation charges, which latter is an enormous drain upon the industrial and financial resources of the nation.

The shipping bill is now in the hands of the house committee on merchant marine and fisheries, of which Gen. C. H. Grosvenor of Ohio is chairman, and it is also in the hands of the senate committee on commerce. Each of these committees has been holding numerous public hearings upon the bill, at which its friends and its few opponents have appeared, and, it is believed, will soon be favorably reported by each committee to its respective branch of congress. Its adoption before the close of the present session of congress seems assured, with the result that the long expected revival of the American merchant marine seems now to be measurably in sight.

No Limit Can Be Set.

The industries of Ohio are feeling no let-up from the prosperity which came to them with the passage of the Dingley law. On this point Mr. J. O. Mass, president of the National bank of Sandusky, says: "I do not remember when Ohio was in better condition financially and otherwise. The situation could not be better, and so far as I can see, the outlook has in it nothing but what is encouraging. . . The railroads have been making much money, and I know in the systems in which I am interested—the Central Ohio, the Midland and the Sandusky—our business is simply limited by our capacity. . . Manufacturers are rushed to fill orders, and there is profitable employment for the workmen."

The only statement in this which might be questioned is that "the situation could not be better." That has been said so many times in the past three years, and yet the industrial situation keeps right on growing better and better, and prosperity continues to become more extensive and stupendous all the time. He is a daring man who would, in view of our experience so far, attempt to place any limits to the prosperity which will ultimately be reached under the stimulating influence of protection.

SIX NINETY-SIX, MAIN

"It's strange," said a blue-eyed "central" to a "central" with gray-green eyes, "that no one ever calls up 696 on this circuit. The 'phone has been in three or four months now, and I test the wire regularly every morning, but there is no further communication with the house day in and day out."

"Who answers when you call?" inquired the girl with the gray-green eyes.

"A man. His voice sounds as though he were old. I suppose it is Mr. Rumford himself."

"Rumford, you say?" "George Whitman Rumford. That's his whole name. I looked him up in the city directory. No place of business is given. There is no occupation mentioned in connection with his name."

"My goodness, he is a mystery!" cried the girl with the gray-green eyes. Have you tested the wires yet this morning?" "No."

"Let me try it then."

She rang up briskly. A voice answered: "Good morning."

"Testing the wire," responded "Central" cheerfully.

"The wire responds," said the voice. The gray-eyed "Central" turned to the blue-eyed "Central."

"No one ever answered me that way before," she observed. "He said: 'The wire responds.'"

"Yes, he always says that. It seems a sensible thing to say, but it sounds curious. I think he doesn't know what people are in the habit of saying over the telephone."

The weeks went by. From time to time the girl with gray eyes would say to Lida Nelson, the girl with blue eyes:

"Has 696 been called yet?" "Never," said Miss Nelson, "but the wire still responds."

One day Miss Nelson, against all rules and regulations, attempted a diversion.

"It is an electrical sort of a morning," she observed. "It makes the voice sound unnatural over the wire."

"There was an accent of eagerness in the voice that replied.

"It does, indeed," observed 696; "but don't you think voice always sounds a little strange in the telephone?"

Miss Nelson was quite aware that she had no right to continue the conversation, but she had held her curiosity in check for months in the face of a mystery, and she could endure it no longer.

"You do not use your 'phone much," she said politely.

"No, no," responded the voice, somewhat sadly, "I'm not acquainted in the city. I haven't much use for a telephone, it is true. But it's a great invention. I enjoy it very much when you call me up in the morning. I can see what a great convenience it would be if I wanted to ask anything of anybody."

There was something so wistful in the voice that Miss Nelson made an apology to herself for the tears that came in her eyes.

It was a monotonous life that she led. It had not much happiness in it, and no romance. So it was not surprising that she endeavored to probe this, her first mystery. She took the pains one Sunday afternoon when she was at leisure to call at the house of George Whitman Rumford to make an inquiry about a fictitious address. The house was new, and of red sandstone, elegant, and plain, and the yard, the walk, and the steps were in a condition of scrupulous neatness. A young colored man answered the door. Miss Nelson, blushing at her deceit, made her inquiry in a loud tone of voice. As she had hoped and expected, this brought an elderly gentleman out of the library.

step in a moment and look at it? I take great pleasure out of it. The postman kindly stepped in the other day and looked at it, and he admired it much."

Miss Nelson hesitated between prudence and amiability, and then, casting selfish caution to the winds, she went in. A prim, expensive, exquisitely neat, and altogether unhomelike interior met her view.

"I had to do it quite alone," explained Mr. Rumford. "I dare say a lady can discover many deficiencies in it, and I should be glad of suggestions."

"You must find it pleasant living on the boulevard," said Miss Nelson.

"Oh, very, very! So many people go by. I would like to ask some of them in, at times, but they might think it strange. I'm much obliged to you for coming in. It has made a very agreeable break in the day. I'm a little solitary, you know. If it were not for John I should be quite dull."

Miss Nelson was moved to shake hands in saying farewell, and the hand that took hers was unexpectedly hard with ancient callouses. She could not make the man out. He was more of a mystery than ever.

She got in the way, after this, of adding some little word over the 'phone, after the daily test of the wires, and finally she confessed that it was she who had called. Mr. George Whitman Rumford was greatly pleased at this. He laughed and chatted about it till Miss Nelson was obliged to ring off. He wanted to send her a little gift, but she refused—very gently—to receive it. He asked to take her to church Sunday evening, but she felt it to be best to refuse that courtesy, too. He inquired whether he might not call for her and escort her home. But she did not accord him the permission. He took these rebuffs sadly. One morning there was no response when she rang the bell, and after many trials she made out that John was making futile attempts to be heard. It was John who mumbled over the wires for four successive mornings.

Miss Nelson grew anxious, and called personally at the house. John came to the door, weeping.

"Mistah Rumford he pass 'way dia noh'nin', ma'am. He ask me ovah and ovah las' night, did you tes' the wahs yet. He mighty fon' ob answering the 'phone, Mistah Rumford."

Lida Nelson suffered a pang such as she had never felt before. It was remorse.

She went into the room where the undertaker and his assistants were, having just finished their sorry task, and she looked with penitence at the white face of the loneliest man she had ever known.

"I ought to have had less propriety and more humanity," she said to herself.

It was Miss Nelson, John, two or three of the neighbors, and Mr. Rumford's man of business who followed the black coffin to the place of the dead.

And the next week Miss Nelson had all the mystery solved. The man of business brought her a manuscript. It was written for her by the dead man, and it contained a simple story of a man whose money had brought him only isolation. With the manuscript was a gift.

"When you receive this," the donor had written, "I shall be where you cannot return it to me."

"My contemptible, selfish propriety!" sobbed Lida Nelson. "My cowardly discretion! It's the biggest chance I ever had for giving happiness, and I missed it. I let it go."

She was glad when her circuit was changed, so that she would have no further occasion to ring up Six-ninety-six, Main.—Chicago Tribune.

The Ideal Woman.

"Mold first her physical frame, and then, as the strength she gains will permit you, fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice and refine its natural taste of love. All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one, but it is of the utmost that she should be able to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with this science or that; that it is of the highest that she should be trained in accurate thought. It is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows—it is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary—but it is deeply important that she be taught to extend the limits of sympathy and to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves bows to the world in which God lives and loves.—John Ruskin.

Why Called "Croquette."

A little Memphis girl who is constantly surprising her elders with her sage remarks was invited out to luncheon one day, and while she was at table she was helped to a croquette.

"What is this you gave me?" she queried with the frank inquisitiveness of childhood. She was told that it was a croquette. "Well, what is it made of?" she insisted. "Of chicken," her amused hostess replied. "Oh, I suppose that is the reason it is called a croquette," she naively remarked.

MORPHINE BEAT THE DEAL BOX

Young Gambler Persuaded to Stop While He Was a Winner.

"I see gambling is running wide open in Colorado again," said Walter Harris, a cattleman of Topeka to a Denver Republican reporter. "I don't suppose, though, it is as wide open now as it was in the late '80s. I was in Manitou every summer at that time and the high games that used to run at some of the clubs would be an eye-opener to the gamblers of the present day. Cattlemen were making money then, as were the miners, and they used to meet in Manitou and try for each other's pocketbooks, with the result that the professional gamblers got the money. I remember how one young fellow was made to quit winner against his will. His name was Rich. He was a nephew of one of the big reaper men and his folks kept him supplied with money, a regular allowance. He had been gambling every cent of it, letting bills pile up for hotel and livery and everything else. His people sent word that they wouldn't send any more money, and said if he got into trouble he'd have to get out himself. His creditors were just about ready to jump onto him, when one night he made a big winning. He was playing faro in the club that's torn down now. It used to stand over from the depot and was the place for high play. I suppose he had \$1,000 or \$5,000 in front of him when his friends began trying to persuade him to quit. He was just like all the rest of them, going to break the bank and all that sort of thing, and he wouldn't quit. It was a red hot night for Manitou, and with the excitement and all Rich had pulled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. There was a doctor among his friends, and though he hadn't said anything to Rich, I suppose he felt a responsibility, because the young fellow had come out here for his health and had been referred to the Manitou doctor by the doctor he had at home. I was watching the play, though I didn't know any of the people. I saw the doctor turn his back to the crowd for a minute and fiddle with something he had taken out of his pocket. Then he walked over to Rich and put his hand on his bare arm. 'You need a sedative,' he said. Quick as a flash he took the hypodermic syringe he had in his hand and fired a charge into Rich's arm. Rich said 'ouch,' and grabbed at the place where he had been pricked, but the deal was going on, and he turned to that again. Before half the cards were out his head settled on the table, he commenced to draw good long breaths and was asleep. The doctor took the chips, cashed them in, then he took and wrote a receipt for the money and gave it to another friend of Rich's to keep. Then he took Rich, loaded him into a carriage, took him out to his office, and watched over him until he came around the next day. Rich paid his bills, but he did no more gambling in Manitou. They wouldn't let him play again."

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GIRLS USE COLLEGE SLANG.

Some of Their Expressions Would Tally Upset Their Elders.

Miss Mary Charlotte Crothers, 1901, Crothers, Pa., read a paper on "College Slang" recently, says the Baltimore Sun, in which she said: "Any one who has been to Annapolis has heard the remark that a certain cadet 'bliged' because he gauged; and who would guess the sentence translated runs 'the cadet was expelled because he cheated.' You would be puzzled if told that Cadet Brown was 'ratey,' and so could go out in town after the 'femme' he was to 'drag' to the hop; but it means only that he has privileges which enable him to go out of the yard for the girl he is to escort to the ball. At West Point a modest little maiden was greatly startled by a cadet's asking her to 'spoon' with him the next day at 4:30. She drew herself up haughtily and was about to administer a rebuke when the youth hastened to explain that at West Point 'to spoon' meant to take a girl walking. At Wesleyan the boys call the co-ed's 'quall,' and their dormitory the 'quall-roost.' But if we have no slang peculiar to our own college, we cannot flatter ourselves that we are free from the evil, for any one who spends a half day within our sacred portals will hear an appalling amount of the jargon issuing from the lips of our stately upper classmen. I don't think a girl has much right to set down as rough and 'unpolished' a poor little freshman's English when her own vocabulary consists in the main of such expressions as 'bone,' 'dig,' 'pull,' 'eram,' 'grind,' 'lacky,' 'waddy,' 'wooly,' 'simply great,' 'perfectly gorgeous,' 'prond to death,' 'I care for that,' 'forget it,' 'how ghastly,' 'fustie,' 'fendish,' 'ferce,' and 'that girl looks like a peanut.' The freshman soon adds to her list all our slangish abbreviations as 'sym,' 'chem,' 'psych,' 'soch,' 'quiz,' 'lab,' and 'math.' These belong strictly to a college, and until she is fully versed in the lora, she doesn't feel able to converse on equal ground with an upper classman."

Great Salt Lake Drying Up. According to the Irrigation Age, the waters of the Great Salt Lake in Utah have receded a mile in the past year, and some persons think that within the coming century this wonderful body of water may be completely dried up. The cause of the lowering of the water is ascribed to the rapid extension of irrigation ditches, which draw their supply from the streams emptying into the lake. There is now a "salt desert" not far from the lake, which was once covered with water. The salt deposit on the floor of the lake itself is believed to be of great thickness.

Puzzling. Daisy Medders (sentimentally)—Toll me, Abner, why do you love me so much? Abner (practically)—Darned if I know.