

GERMANY IS ANXIOUS

WORRIED BECAUSE OF AMERICAN TRADE RIVALRY.

Gradual Loss of the Big United States Market and Our Successful Competition in the Markets of the World Begin to Attract Attention.

The German chambers of commerce are manifesting deep concern on the subject of the outlook for trade with the United States. Our vice-consul-general at Frankfurt, Mr. Hanauer, has transmitted to the state department several reports of these commercial bodies which betray not a little anxiety at the prospect of losing the biggest of all markets for German products. The Frankfurt chamber of commerce draws attention to the fact that—

"Today the United States looms up as the greatest producer of breadstuffs, and with all the factors of gigantic development in metal production. It has already attained such a position in all branches of industrial power as to enable it to boldly take up the gauntlet of competition in the international arena. Germany has no special treaty with the United States; the most-favored-nation clause is the basis of the mutual trade, but this presupposes that both nations maintain toward each other such tariffs as not to make the exchange of goods prohibitory. The Dingley tariff has affected German exports inimically. Germany's imports from the United States in 1898 exceeded those of the previous year in twenty-five leading lines, whereas she exported to the United States considerably less in twenty important lines than in 1897. The question arises, is the most-favored-nation clause without a tariff reduction on the part of the United States of any value to us?"

The Dresden chamber of commerce notes the fact that, owing to the advantages enjoyed in specializing and subdividing the manufacture of articles, in the immense capital employed in every branch of trade, and in the cleverness of American consular officials, "the United States is enabled to sell at lower prices, though paying higher wages than its European rivals," and adds:

"The opinion is prevalent in various quarters that if the present tariff continues we must familiarize ourselves with the thought that our export to the United States will some day cease altogether, and that if we want to do business with that country we must establish branch factories there."

The chamber of commerce of Hagen, a center of iron and steel manufacturing, puts forth a dismal wall regarding the strained conditions which exist in the wire and wire-tack trade, all because of the competition of the United States:

"The iron trade there has developed in a stupefying manner, making the country a productive power of the first class. The condition of this trade in Germany has, during the last year, grown more and more unfavorable, because the Americans have steadily taken possession of the markets in Japan, China and Australia, which heretofore had been supplied mainly by German products. The prices abroad have at the close of the year declined so low that even German works that produce rolled wire have to give up taking contracts, on account of the cost of the raw material. Nor is the outlook for the lately established wire-tack trust at all auspicious, as it must submit to heavy sacrifices in order to snatch at least a few orders from the claws of American competition."

Sollingen's complaint is that its cutlery industry is in a bad way, "because, owing to the closing of the American market, the competition at home has become so intense as to undermine prices, diminish profits and produce a decline in the quality of the goods made. The manufacture of scythes, it is noted, was sufficiently active; but in the future this branch is threatened by the increasing import of American grass mowers."

Thus we find that in many lines of industrial activity German producers suffer seriously because of the competition of the United States—first, in the invasion of the German home market; second, in the invasion of competing markets upon which Germany has heretofore had a firm hold; and, third, in the diminished demand for many of Germany's products in the valuable American market. It is a condition not likely to be improved by any reciprocal treaties which the United States will be willing to make, and still less prospect of relief is apparent in the direction of tariff modifications. The United States some time ago ceased making tariffs for the benefit of foreign competitors. There is, however, one possible help for Germany—that suggested in the report of the Dresden chamber of commerce—viz., to establish branch factories in the United States. Many European manufacturers have already yielded to this necessity, and more are coming.

INSTRUCTIVE COMPARISON.

What the Fear of a Democratic Administration and a Cheap Dollar Will Do. A comparison of the present prosperous times with 1896 will show what the fear of a Democratic administration and a cheap dollar will do for a prosperous country. Then everything was in doubt; business was at a standstill; no one engaged in a new enterprise (unless it was some charitable association in some of the large cities started a new soup house to feed the starving); capital sought places of safety and was afraid of investment; labor was thrown out of employment, and the industries of the country were idle or running on half time. Why all this stagnation in business? What made these hard times in 1896? There

was a possibility of electing Bryan and changing the monetary system from the gold to the silver standard. Not a bank would loan a dollar on ninety days' time one or two months before the election, it made no difference what the security was. Why? Because every bank knew that if the change came it meant a panic and "runs" would be made on all banks and that the worst panic that ever swept over this country would follow quickly the news of Bryan's election, and bankruptcy would be general. Having passed through these distressing times and having seen the sudden change for the better on the announcement of McKinley's election; having seen these banks open their doors within a week after the election and make extensive loans that they had but recently refused; having seen the times grow gradually better until today the whole country is happy, prosperous and contented; isn't it strange to see a party clamoring for the same man and the same policy that produced so much alarm, distress and hard times in 1896? Of course there is no one alarmed now, because it would be hard to find a well-posted person that believes that Bryan has a ghost of a chance to be elected to the presidency in 1900; but we want to remark right here that if from any reason it should appear in the fall of 1900 that Democracy and free silver had a chance of success you would see the same close times you saw in the fall of 1896.—Benton (Ill.) Republican.

Self-Dependent.

American agricultural implements occupy the whole field in the Australian trade. If any one had predicted this a century ago, when this country was struggling to make its independence of Great Britain industrial as well as political, or even fifty years ago, when the free trade Walker tariff had the country in its crippling grasp, the prophet would have found no believers.

A century ago the supporters of the policy of free trade, the very few persons who then believed in that fallacy, were content to have the United States continue indefinitely to be an agricultural nation. Fifty years ago the supporters of the Walker tariff were content to have the United States stand still so far as manufacturing was concerned, and to remain a practically non-manufacturing nation. They were beginning to argue along the line so much in evidence during recent years—viz., that of "buying where you can buy the cheapest." Had their policy triumphed, we would still be industrially dependent on England. It is to the policy of a protective tariff that we owe it that other nations are dependent on us industrially, and that we are dependent on no one but ourselves.

Anxious Germans.



Reports of the German chambers of commerce disclose a condition of general anxiety regarding the successful competition of the United States in the world's markets.

The International Trust.

Without the interposition of protective laws, there would be such a struggle for mastery that international combinations would inevitably result. That there would be no special difficulty in the way of owners of large masses of capital living in different countries and carrying on an industrial rivalry reaching an agreement has already been demonstrated. The success of the Standard Oil company abroad is notorious. The facility with which it induced the English house of commons to refuse the necessary legislation has been the burden of recent review articles, and all the Orient knows of the perfect understanding that exists between the Russian oil producers and those who control the American trade. It has been possible in England for the steel rail manufacturers to agree on a price; does any one fancy for a moment that if they were approached by an American combine with a proposition to divide and respect territory they would not eagerly accept it?—San Francisco Chronicle.

Will Not Be Fooled Again.

The country is experiencing even greater prosperity than it did the first years of the McKinley tariff, and it is evident that the Democracy will make a poorer showing in next year's campaign than it did in 1896. There will be absolutely nothing for it to stand upon in its appeals to workmen. Laboring men of all kinds are in demand and wages are high and advancing. The country is being scoured for skilled help, and common everyday laborers are sought for without the demand being supplied. The coke regions want 15,000 men; every shipyard is straining its resources to keep up with contracts; cars sufficient to carry coal from the bituminous regions cannot be obtained; the iron companies are rushed beyond all reason, and shops of all kinds and railroads are crowded with business. Workmen were fooled in 1892 by a clamor for a change, but they will not be in 1900.—Ottawa (Ill.) Republican Times.

CAMPAIGN ISSUES.

Secretary Hay's Letter to Chairman Dick of the Ohio Republican Committee.

Our opponents this year are in an unfortunate position. They have lost, for all practical purposes, their political stock in trade of recent years. Their money hobby has collapsed under them. Their orators still shout 16 to 1 from time to time from the force of habit, but they are like wisdom crying in the streets, in one respect at least, because "no man regardeth them." With our vaults full of gold, with a sufficiency of money to meet the demands of a volume of business unprecedentedly vast and profitable, with labor generally employed at fair wages, with our commerce overspreading the world, with every dollar the government issues as good as any other dollar, with our finances as firm as a rock and our credit the best ever known, it is no time for financial mountebanks to cry their nostrums in the market place, with any chance of being heard.

It is equally hopeless to try to resuscitate the corpse of free trade. The Dingley tariff, the legitimate successor of the McKinley bill—that name of good augury—has justified itself by its works. It is not only true that our domestic trade has reached a proportion never before attained, but the American policy of protection—the policy of all our most illustrious statesmen, of Washington and Hamilton, Lincoln, Grant and McKinley—has been triumphantly vindicated by the proof that it is as efficacious in extending our foreign commerce as in fostering and stimulating our home industries.

Our exports of domestic manufactures reached in this fiscal year the unexampled total of \$360,000,000, an amount more than \$200,000,000 in excess of our exports ten years ago. These figures sing the knell of those specious arguments which have been the reliance of our opponents for so many years, and which are only fruitful in times of leanness and disaster.

What is left, then, in the way of a platform? The reign of trusts, which the Republicans themselves manage, having all the requisite experience both of legislation and business; and finally, the war, which, it seems, was too efficiently carried on, and has been too beneficial to the nation to suit the Democratic leaders. We have been able to give in our time some novel ideas to the rest of the world, and none more novel than this, that a great party should complain that the results of a war were too advantageous.

Our trade is taking that vast development for which we have been preparing through many years of wise American policy, of sturdy American industry, of thoughtful invention and experiment by trained American intelligence. We have gone far toward solving the problem which has so long vexed the economists of the world—of raising wages and at the same time lowering the cost of production—something which no other people have ever accomplished in an equal degree. We pay the highest wages which are paid in the world; we sell our goods to such advantage that we are beginning to furnish them to every quarter of the globe.

We are building locomotives for railways in Europe, Asia, and Africa; our bridges can be built in America, ferried across the Atlantic, transported up the Nile and flung across a river in the Soudan in less time than any European nation, with a start of four thousand miles, can do the work. We sell iron wire in Birmingham, carpets in Kidderminster, we pipe the sewers of Scotch cities, our bicycles distance all competitors on the continent; Ohio sends watch cases to Geneva.

All this is to the advantage of all parties; there is no sentiment in it; they buy our wares because we make them better and at lower cost than other people. We are enabled to do this through wise laws and the American genius for economy. Our working people prosper because we are all working people; our idle class is too meager to count. All the energies of the nation are devoted to this mighty task—to insure to labor its adequate reward and so to cheapen production as to bring the product within the reach of the greatest number for least money.

Loyal Black Men.

The sentiments entertained toward the administration of President McKinley by the colored people of the United States are indicated by the resolutions adopted by the Iowa Conference of the African Methodist church, in session at Chicago, September 11. With much enthusiasm the conference placed on record its indorsement of the government's policy regarding the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico. On the subject of economic policy the resolutions declare:

We would congratulate the country upon the fact that the present wise and economical administration of national affairs has brought a return of prosperity.

Millions of wheels of industry, which two years ago were idle and still, are now rapidly revolving, the stream of commerce is once more flowing throughout the land, and future prospects are bright for increased prosperity in all lines of industry.

Free traders, mugwumps and copperheads are scarce articles among the colored men of this country.

Bad for Calamity Croakers.

Scarcity of workmen and high prices for common labor now characterize the industrial situation throughout the Northwest. Such conditions are not conducive to the agitation of calamity theories. Prosperity is silencing many political demagogues.—Minneapolis (Minn.) Progress.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE HORNET'S MISSION LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Seventh Chapter and Eighth Verse of Deuteronomy as Follows: "The Lord Thy God Will Send the Hornet."

(Copyright 1899 by Louis Klopsch.) It seems as if the insectile world were determined to extirpate the human race. It bombards the grain fields and the orchards and the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato-beetle, seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzed out of Noah's Ark as the door was opened.

In my text, the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree-branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering, we were struck with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captains over hundreds, and twenty of them alighting on one man will produce certain death.

The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assailed by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up, and the besieged city was rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. "The Lord sent the hornet."

My friends, when we are assailed by great Behemoths of trouble, we become chivalric, and we assault them; we get on the high-mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and, if God be with us, we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But, alas for these insectile annoyances of life—these foes too small to shoot—these things without any avoidable weight—the gnats and the midges and the flies and the wasps and the hornets! In other words, it is the small stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best-conditioned life, for some grand and glorious purpose God has sent the hornet.

I remark, in the first place, that these small stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a nervous organization. People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy; but who pities anybody that is nervous? The doctors say, and the family say, and everybody says, "Oh, she's only a little nervous; that's all!" The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, a want of harmony between the shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of ten thousand annoyances, opens the door for the hornet. The fact is, that the vast majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he was in such poor physical health he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons, of whom I speak, have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text or in the context—they have a very thin covering, and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hornet."

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin, and retail it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh, too—outside.

These people are brought to our attention in the Bible, in the book of Ruth. Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest of worldly prospects, into another land, but after a while she came back widowed and sick and poor. What did her friends do when she came to the city? They all went out, and instead of giving her common-sense consolation, what did they do? Read the book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said, "Is this Naomi?" as much as to say, "How awful bad you do look!" When I entered the ministry I looked very pale for years, and every year, for four or five years, many times a year I was asked if I had not consumption, and passing through the room I would sometimes hear people sigh and say, "A-ah! not long for this world!" I resolved in those times, that I never, in any conversation, would say anything depressing, and by the help of God I have kept the resolution. These people of whom I speak reap and bind in the great harvest-field of discouragement. Some day you greet them with a hilarious "good-morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing information. "The Lord sent the hornet."

There was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town, and threatened the lives of the population, and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him—followed him to the banks of the Weser, and then he blew a blast and they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course, this is a fable, but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life, and play them down into the depths forever.

How many touches did Mr. Church give to his picture of "Cotopaxi," or his "Heart of the Andes"? I suppose about fifty thousand touches. I hear the canvas saying, "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No," says Mr. Church, "I know how to make a painting; it will take fifty thousand of these touches." And I want you, my friends, to understand that it is these ten thousand annoyances which, under God, are making up the picture of your life, to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven, fit for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture.

I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way; I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come, and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no; God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men.

You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances, that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One Lucifer match may send destruction through a block of store-houses. Catherine de Medici got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everything.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarranged. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a six-penny nail sometimes produces lockjaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Our national government, when it wanted money, did not think it belittling to put a tax on pins, and a tax on buckles, and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, O Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much, in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle; and if you have the grace of God in your heart you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy.

A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing the ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. The earth has been strewn with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun, or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying, "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish; wait till there comes a general engagement, and then you will see how courageous I am, and what battling I will do!" The general would say to such a man, "If you are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale, you will never be able to apply them on a large scale. If I had my way with you I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have you each one a garden—a river flowing through it, geraniums and shrubs on the sides, and the grass and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbow had fallen. I would have you a house, a splendid mansion, and the beds should be covered with upholstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every hall in your house set with statues and statuettes, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamonds and amethysts. Then you should each one of you have the finest horses, and your pick of the equipages of the world. Then I would have you live a hundred and fifty

years, and you should not have a pain or ache until the last breath.

"Not each one of us?" you say. Yes; each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes; the only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls, and a little extra embroidery on their slippers. But, you say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah! I bethink myself. He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portico or vestibule of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of heaven, that great gallery of the universe towards which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world or we would want no heaven.

Poly carp was condemned to be burned to death. The stake was planted. He was fastened to it. The fagots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Poly carp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the pondard; the flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defense, and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfill to you the blessings and the promises, as he did to Poly carp. "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand, but you shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hornet.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

An Expansion of What Seems Trivial and Insignificant to Children.

An active, healthy imagination is one of the happiest gifts a child can possess. If we watch an intelligent child, 4 or 5 years old, who believes himself unnoticed, we will probably be astonished at the richness and fertility of the fancy which can give life and color to dull, commonplace things, and weave whole stories and dramas around the simple toy that it plainly stands for, says the Woman's Home Companion. But we will perceive that even his wildest romances found themselves upon many facts, for free and frolicsome as imagination may appear, it is subject to its laws. It deals with real things in a playful way; it embroiders, paints, molds, but it must have its material, its basis in actual life. What we call creative ability is really nothing but the power to reconstruct, perhaps to connect several separate plans or patterns into a whole which seems different from the original. The child is an artist who daubs his colors boldly, without any sense of the absurdities he may commit, and so he often produces effects that surprise others as well as himself. Many of the acts that seem so precocious because we suppose them to be the outcome of a well-considered plan are really happy accidents, not devoid of the merit of originality, but neither to be overpraised as work of genius. Childhood is one unbroken succession of experimentings. Play is the proper and natural outlet for a child's thoughts. To restrain his motion is to drive back his living fancy into the recesses of his mind, and this results in his confusion and unhappiness. Some children who are forced to be still and passive when they are longing for action find relief in whispering over stories to themselves; but it is an unsatisfactory substitute for dramatic action. And it is also morally injurious, for the necessity of concealing one's ideas destroys after awhile the ability for fluent expression, and brings about timidity and distrust of our friends.

HONEST PEOPLE

Who Sometimes Wrong the Street Car Conductors by Their Peculiarity.

"Here is your fare, conductor; you overlooked me, I guess." The speaker was a well-dressed man of middle age. His remark was made as he was making his way toward the rear platform of a trolley car to get off, after having ridden ten or twelve squares, and he accompanied it by handing over to the conductor a nickel. "That fellow thinks he is entitled to a gold medal for honesty," growled the conductor, as he pocketed the coin; "but he ought to have a leather medal for durned foolishness instead." "How's that?" queried the Saunterer, to whom the conductor's words were evidently addressed. "Don't you admire honesty?" "Certainly—when it comes in at the right time and place. But his didn't. I'm paid for collecting a fare from every passenger who rides with me. If I don't get the coin I am likely to get the bounce. In order to see that I am getting the coin the company has a small army of spotters riding around with their eyes and their ears wide open. Follow me?" The Saunterer intimated that he ought the drift of what the conductor was saying. "Well," continued the latter, "I overlooked that fellow in the crowd. At least he says I did, and he ought to know. It is impossible to get everybody when the car is jammed from front to back. Now, suppose a spotter is on this car and has overheard what that fellow said, or saw him hand me the fare after having ridden a mile or over? Doesn't it look bad for me? Ain't I likely to get a good calling down, if not a lay-off or the bounce? Certainly I am. And do you wonder that I feel sore at that fellow? If a passenger manages to get past me for half a dozen squares I would rather he or she keep the fare than to poke it at me as a reminder that I haven't kept my eyes sufficiently wide open. And I don't care if you do print it."

In the Sandwich Islands the beauty of women is measured by their weight.