

RECIPROCITY PERILS,

LIKELY TO LEAD TO INTERNATIONAL CONTROVERSY.

Patching Up the Tariff by Special Trade Treaties Gives to Favorable Nations Advantages to Which Other Nations Are Certain to Claim Themselves.

The Philadelphia Record, an ardent advocate of free trade, has something really sensible to say on the subject of tinkering with tariffs by the negotiation of special trade treaties. It does not believe in this method of "whipping the devil round a stump," and its reasons for opposing that scheme of altering duty schedules are worthy of the thoughtful consideration of that class of protectionists who are shouting for reciprocity on general principles and without a thought what may be involved in the seductive program of buying more from, in order that we may sell more to, foreign countries. Speaking of the French and Argentine treaties, which failed of ratification by the Forty-sixth congress, the Record says:

"In these treaties the protectionists clearly saw an opening for the admission of the knit goods of England and Germany and of the wool of Australia on the same terms. At the same time they could not discern much compensation in the proposed reductions of the tariffs of France and Argentina on American imports, the reductions being of much more concern to the consumers in those countries than to American producers.

"Such is, in fact, the case with all tariffs on reciprocity arrangements. For the American people, consumers and producers alike, a fair and square reduction of excessive rates of duty is infinitely preferable to bargaining for privileges and preferences in reciprocity treaties. Nearly every one of these treaties contained the germ of international controversy. If reductions of duty had been made on French knit goods in a reciprocity treaty, how could the same reduction have been reasonably refused upon the same classes of goods from England and Germany? The duties on the wool of Argentina could not be reduced without making a like reduction on the wools of all other Andean countries, or without inviting reprisals upon American trade."

Of the two propositions—wholesale tariff reduction and free trade in spots by means of special trade treaties—the plan of tariff reduction is by far the fairer. Under that plan the producing interests of the United States at least know "where they are at"; they have ample notice of the proposed tariff changes and are allowed the opportunity of being heard before final action is taken. Under the plan of reciprocity treaties secretly negotiated, secretly considered and secretly ratified by a single branch of the law-making power, the domestic producer discovers too late for effective protest that a game of selfish advantages has been secretly played to his injury and very likely to his ruin. Then follow, perforce, other special treaties with other countries anxious to break into the great American market, and by the time we have run the whole gamut of reciprocity it will be found that we have played such fantastic tricks with our protective duties as to make our tariff system unrecognizable for the purposes of a coroner's inquest. We have parted with the control of the home market and taken bread from the mouths of domestic wage earners and their families, for there can be no increase in the importation of foreign manufactured commodities without a correspondingly decreased use and consumption of domestic manufactured commodities.

For once a free trade argument is sound. If we are going into the business of tariff revision, by all means let it be done openly and above board, and not in dark corners and by the roundabout, uncertain, unfair, and most likely futile device of so-called "reciprocity"; or, if we are to have a try at reciprocal trade treaties, let it be on sound, safe and strictly orthodox lines laid down in the Republican national platform of 1900—namely, by tariff concessions on articles which "we do not ourselves produce." In any case, let the issue be presented fairly and squarely. If the country is tired of protection and is ready for another experiment of "tariff reform" it will have the opportunity of saying so next year at the congressional elections. Then, if the voters so elect, the way will be opened for the installation of a free trade congress and a free trade administration on the 4th of March, 1905. The American Economist does not think that the voters of the country will so elect if the issue of protection or free trade is submitted to them on its merits and stripped of the delusive sham of reciprocity which is not reciprocal.

PROSPEROUS IN SPITE OF HERSELF.
Mr. A. L. Watson of St. Louis is quoted in the New York Times as saying in respect to conditions in his section:

"We have much to be satisfied with, little to complain of, in respect to business conditions. On all sides there are signs of prosperity. Merchants are busy, labor is fully and profitably employed, building operations are on an extensive scale, money is plentiful, the prospects for the crops in our neighborhood are very promising, and the railroads are going on to greater prosperity."

PROSPERITY AT THE BANKS.
Owing to the great increase of deposits, extra help is required at the windows of the receiving tellers.

paing for the party and the policy to which all her prosperity is due, she is sharing with the rest of the country in the good times which Dingley law protection has brought to the American people. There is time yet for a change of heart; and perhaps four more years of such prosperity as Missouri is having will bring the state into line in support of the policy which looks out for and gives protection to American interests.

A MONOPOLY SMASHED BY PROTECTION.

Now it is announced from London that "the Welsh tin plate industry, which has already been stricken by American competition, is menaced by early extinction, owing to the failure of the employers to agree on a scale of wages."

When these Welsh makers monopolized the market, as they did before the McKinley tariff, they had a hard and fast trust of their own which dictated prices to the helpless Yankees, and wages to the helpless workmen. But American rivalry has changed all this. Our mills, with improved machinery and better paid labor, have not only gained the American market, but are cutting into the markets of the Welsh "combine" abroad.

The comic side of it all is that the protective duty of the McKinley tariff was vociferously opposed by the professional foes of monopoly. As a practical result it has smashed monopoly, and in the long run it is certain to give the mastery in one more branch of the great iron and steel trade to the United States, where it legitimately belongs.—Boston Journal.



Owing to the great increase of deposits, extra help is required at the windows of the receiving tellers.

A HINT TO MR. BABCOCK.

The advocates of the proposition to remove the duties now levied on iron and steel must advance some other argument besides the democratic war cry. "The tariff breeds trusts!" There is neither logic nor common sense in such a statement. The principle of a protective tariff advocated by the republican party is as sound today as it was in 1896, and its maintenance as an essential factor of the administrative policy is as necessary now as it was then. However rapidly changes may come in the experience of governments they do not tread upon each other's heels at such a rate as to call for a complete revolution, or the utter abandonment of an economic policy the adoption of which has resulted in such a marvelous improvement in our industrial condition during the past four years.

No doubt Mr. Babcock will keep these facts in mind while preparing his program for the next session of congress. Protection, and not free trade, was endorsed by the voters at the elections of 1896 and 1900.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

IT MEANS BUSINESS.

Two thousand freight cars ordered during the space of two weeks is the record made by the railroads of the country. That means business, both now and in the future. It presents evidence of the fact that not only are the railroads crowded with business beyond their capacity to handle, but also that the officials of the railroads are confident that the rush of business is going to continue. They are looking to the future in their extension of the equipment of their roads, and are getting ready for the continual increase in the demand for transportation facilities which the ever-growing business prosperity of the country will bring about. The demand for freight cars is the other end of the industrial chain, which has its beginning in the crowded order books of the commercial travelers, all of whom report that business was never so active or orders so numerous and so heavy as now.

Make Haste Slowly.

The Telegram would suggest that if there is to be any tinkering with the tariff it be done by the friends of protection, not its enemies. It will be best to make haste slowly. We have had some experiences with democratic revision of tariffs and we are hardly prepared to repeat them.—Youngstown (O.) Telegram.

Knew How He Felt.

Reuben Hay—I kin appreciate what a bitter blow Bryan's presidential defeat wuz t' him now.

Jonathan Straw—How kin y'?

Reuben Hay—Waal, I know how bad I felt when I wuz defeated fer town marshal las' Monday.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

MAKING IRON NAILS.

GREAT SKILL AND ENDURANCE REQUIRED OF WORKMEN.

Work of the Puddlers—A Glimpse of the "Squeezer" and the "Muck Rolls"—Iron at Welling Heat Is Passed to the "Plate Rolls."

One of the most important industries in Central Pennsylvania, both as regards excellence of product and number of persons employed is the Williamsport (Pa.) Iron and Nail Works, on the South Side. The market for the output is the world. The visitor to the Williamsport nail works sees tons upon tons of steel and pig iron piled about outside the buildings. The first stage of the process in the manufacture of iron nails is the taking of some of these pieces of pig iron and throwing them into several puddling furnaces, in which great fires burn. The fires are produced by gas and they are always burning excepting when a furnace needs repairing. Above the furnaces is an arrangement which converts the gas that goes up through the pipe into power for running the machinery of the works. In one of these furnaces the pig iron is melted to a liquid, when the impurities run off, leaving only the pure iron, which is supposed to be without fleck or flaw. The puddler who tends a furnace has a job which requires great skill and endurance. With a long iron bar which he inserts through the doorway of the furnace he separates pieces of metal as they become lumpy, and composes them into lumps of the size required for the next process. This man, just as the others who manipulate the heated metal, is lightly clothed, but the sweat pours from his body in streams, and the great muscles in his arms and chest swell and recede with the laboriousness of his task. Yet these men are all excellent specimens of strength and health. The most remarkable thing about the work is that it does not destroy or even impair the eyesight of the employees. The process of melting iron in a furnace corresponds closely to the boiling of taffy on a kitchen stove, and when it gets lumpy the taffy process is carried out still farther, and only the pulling is done while the iron is red hot. One of the lumps, weighing about 200 pounds, is dumped out into a truck and taken quickly to the "squeezer," a corrugated cylinder revolving within a drum, which shapes the metal into cylindrical form about three feet long and one foot in diameter. Then the piece of iron, still red hot, is grasped by a pair of tongs suspended from the ceiling and shifted over to the "muck rolls," a series of rolls of different distances apart, which gradually roll the iron as it is passed through them into a long, slender stick of wrought iron, called a muck bar. The muck bars are passed on and are cut by a great pair of shears, propelled by machinery, into proper lengths for piling. The lengths, now cold, are tied into piles in the form of cubes, which in turn are thrown into the great heating furnace to be heated to a welding heat and prepared for the "plate rolls." The muck rolls transformed the crude iron into a bar; now the plate rolls will transform the pile made up of pieces of the bar into long, thin plates. The process is the same as making the muck bar, except that the rolls here are broader. With a pair of tongs suspended from the ceiling and manipulated by a skillful pair of hands one of the piles is taken from the furnace when it has been heated to the proper consistency and run through the various rolls, until it emerges at the other side, squirming and undulating like a flaming serpent. It is now the thickness of the nail for which it is intended, about 14 inches wide and 12 or 13 feet long. The plate hardens quickly and is passed on immediately to an automatic plate shears, where it is cut into proper widths, corresponding with the various lengths of nails. After being weighed the pieces are taken in wheelbarrows out to the nail factory proper, where they are cut into nails from three-fourths of an inch up to nine inches in length and proportionate thicknesses. Before being put through the nail cutting machines the pieces are heated in another furnace which makes them yield more easily to the strong steel knives which cut them up into nails at the rate of anywhere from 60 to 150 a minute, according to the size of the nail. These machines are operated by men and boys, but they require little tending, as, excepting for the very large nails, they are self-feeding and almost entirely automatic. After being cut the nails are placed in a revolving metal drum, called a "bluer," which is heated red, and by this simple means they are given a fresh blue color.—Pennsylvania Grit.

Has Discovered a Cheap Gas.

Dr. Ludwig Mond, whose discovery of a cheap gas promises to effect a revolution in the production, is a native of Cassel, who, although he went to England nearly forty years ago, still retains a trace of his German accent. He has invented many wonderful chemical processes and has thereby acquired wealth sufficient to indulge in his fancy for Italian works of art. He keeps up a palace in Rome, a town and country house in England and is a member of five London clubs.

Six Feet Three in His Socks.

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar who entered the British army nearly sixty years ago, is one of the tallest princes in the world. He stands 6 feet 3 inches "in his socks," and in addition is a man of great bulk and weight.

THE STARS AND THE WEATHER.

Science Says There is No Connection Between Them.

Some have even supposed that commercial panics occurred every eleven years, to correspond to the spots on the sun. The most eminent authority on the subject in recent times is Sir Norman Lockyer, who has maintained that the weather in India varies with the number of spots on the sun. None of these doctrines have, however, been proved correct by more mature experience. If the spots on the sun affected the weather in any one region, as India, they would affect it in other places on the earth. It might be supposed that the sun gives a little less heat when the spots are most numerous, especially as it is now known that they are somewhat cooler than the rest of the sun. But the extremely accurate observations of temperature made at Greenwich for fifty years do not show the slightest change with these spots. We must, therefore, conclude that no effect of the sun spots on the weather has been proved. The same is true of the planets. The planets have so little heat that it is impossible to conceive of them as affecting the weather in any way. The fact is that the extraordinary changes in the weather which we experience are produced almost entirely by the accidental meeting of currents of hot, cold or moist air. High above the earth the air is in constant motion—currents or streams moving with great swiftness around the earth, in some latitudes or seasons in a westerly and in others in an easterly direction. Through the heat of the sun water is constantly evaporated from the ocean, and, to a less extent, from the land. The vapor rising up mixes in with the air currents and condenses into clouds which are carried along with the winds. The currents vary from time to time, and when a cold and a wet current come together we have rain. The sun shining on the earth heats it up, and the warm earth heats the air in contact with it and thus expands it; the expanded hot air tends to rise, and, as it does so, the air from around flows down and in and takes its place. By this change electricity is developed, and thus we may have a thunderstorm.—Prof. Simon Newcomb in Leslie's Weekly.

WE SUPPORT SOVEREIGNS.

What We Contribute to Royalty Amounts to Vast Sum.

The United States contributes a vast sum of money regularly to the support of foreign sovereigns. The money is not paid as a tribute, but in the form of interest upon many millions of dollars invested by these potentates. It is generally supposed that several royal personages own real estate in New York. As a matter of fact their holdings consist of railroad and industrial stocks and United States bonds. Queen Victoria is believed to have derived an income of \$700,000 annually from her American investments. She has been generally credited with owning a large interest in the Bowling Green building, though as a matter of fact her money was nearly all invested in stocks. Her holdings included American sugar, American Steel and Wire Tennessee Coal and Iron and one or two railroad stocks unknown.

King Edward, when Prince of Wales, enjoyed a considerable income from American railroad holdings. The property has since been transferred to his son George. The emperor of Germany has holdings in the Union and Southern Pacific, Illinois Central and Atchison railroad bonds. His wife has, beside, about half a million in American railroad holdings, and it is believed that several other members of the royal family are interested to considerable amounts. The czar of All the Russias is said to be the best informed of all European sovereigns on American railroad interests. The czar's investments are very conservative.—Philadelphia Times.

Moy Ying Fook is Saving.

Moy Ying Fook is Boston's first Chinese newsboy. He visited one of the newspaper offices the other day and submitted to an interview. Here is his statement: "I sell pape evly day. When I come from school I buy fifteen pape—twenty pape sometime. I go home and eat supper. Then I sell pape on Hah-son-avnoo. I sell maybe tee, maybe four, to Chinamen, in store. Then I sell on street to evly one. Melican boy call me name sometime. I don't say I hear Melican boy. Melican boy bad sometime. He play gamble, penny sometime, dice sometime. He play in Chinese restaurant. Men chase um away, but Melican boy come back. I no play gamble. I save money, maybe tee cent, maybe 10 cent, evly day."

Can Be Carved Readily.

H. J. N.—A material which can be carved readily is prepared by treating peeled white potatoes for thirty-six hours with a solution of eight parts of sulphuric acid in one hundred parts of water. The mass is then dried between blotting paper and pressed. Pipes closely resembling meerschaum and other articles, can be manufactured from it. By the employment of great pressure a close imitation of ivory billiard balls has been made of this material.—Golden Days.

Lord Roberts as Hunter.

Lord Roberts is a fearless rider and usually well in at the death in a fox hunt, but his eminence as a hunting man depends on his splendid eye for country and his unrivaled knowledge of horseflesh and not on mere dexterity. Lord Roberts has had his share of "croppers," but, thanks to his light, steel-built frame, he has never come to any serious harm in the hunting field.

Mildred Trevanion
BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued.)

"Do, doctor," he implored, earnestly; "I feel I shall never progress toward recovery so long as you compel me to remain in this room."

"And where, may I ask, do you want to go?" demanded Dr. Stubber, irritably.

He had grown wonderfully fond of his patient during the past few weeks, and could not bear to deny him anything but what was impossible.

"To the library," said Denzil; "they can wheel the sofa up to the fire, and I promise you faithfully I will not try to walk. Give me your permission, and then my mother and Lady Caroline can say nothing. I want to go down to-morrow."

"Well, well, we will see about it," answered the doctor.

This reply, Denzil knew, was equivalent to a promise. And accordingly the following day saw him installed in state in the library, with books and early spring flowers around him and all the family at his beck and call.

It so fell out that about three o'clock he was alone. Mrs. Younge having been called off for some reason by Mabel, with an assurance that she would let her go back again in less than five minutes.

Almost as they closed the one door in making their exit the other, situated at the top of the room, opened, and Mildred Trevanion came in. Seeing Denzil so unexpectedly alone, she hesitated slightly for a moment, and then came forward, looking rather shy and conscious, he thought.

She was remembering her last interview with him in his own room, and was feeling terribly embarrassed in consequence, while he was dwelling upon the same scene, but was viewing it very differently—not as a reality, but merely in the light of a happy dream.

"I am very glad to see you," she said, rather awkwardly, standing beside his lounge, and looking down upon him.

"You might have seen me long ago if you had cared to do so," he rejoined, reproachfully. "You are the only one of all the household who never came near me during my illness."

Mildred glanced at him suspiciously. Had he really forgotten all about it? His face was supremely innocent, and she drew a deep breath of relief, which yet was mingled with a little pain that he should so entirely have let her visit slip his memory.

"You had so many to see after you—I was scarcely wanted," she said; "and of course all day I heard reports of your well being."

"Still you might have come, if only for a few minutes," he persisted. "Not that I expected you would. There was no reason why you, of all people, should trouble yourself about me."

"If I had thought you wished me—"

"Mildred!" he exclaimed, angrily; and then she ceased speaking altogether, knowing she had vexed him by the open hypocrisy of her last remark.

"If she had thought!"—when she knew, in her inmost heart, how he had been waiting, hoping, longing for some sign of her presence.

"So you have broken off your engagement with Lyndon?" he asked, presently, regarding her attentively.

"Yes," she answered, quietly; "or, rather, he broke it off with me."

"He!" repeated Denzil, with amazement. "Then it was his doing—not yours? How could that be?" Then, jealously—"And you would perhaps have wished it to continue? You have been unhappy and miserable ever since?"

"I have not been unhappy exactly, or miserable; but I certainly would not have been the one to end it."

"What was the reason?" he asked, unthinkingly; then—"I beg your pardon. Of course I should not have asked that."

"There were many reasons," returned she, calmly. "Perhaps—with a little bitter laugh—"you were right after all. Do you remember telling me that you thought no good man would ever care to marry me? Well, your words are coming true, I think."

"Will you never forget that I said that?" Denzil's voice was full of pain as he spoke. "You know I did not mean it. How could I, when I think you far above all women? You know what I think of you—how I have loved you and always shall love you until my death."

"Oh, hush!" implored Mildred, tremulously, suddenly growing very pale. Then, hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, she asked him hurriedly—"Are you getting stronger now—really better? I should like to hear that from yourself."

"Would you?" he said, looking pleased and radiant, and possessing himself of one of the small slender hands that fell at her side. "Do you really care to know? Have you any interest at all in me? Say you will come and see me, then, here to-morrow at this hour. Think how lonely it is to lie still all day." He pressed her hand entreatingly and kissed it.

"If nothing prevents me," promised Miss Trevanion, with faint hesitation; and then the door opened and Mrs. Younge, Lady Caroline and old Blount came in.

"Ah, Mildred, good child," cried Mrs. Younge, innocently, "you have been taking care of him while I was fearing that he was alone all this time. Denzil, you are a spoiled boy from all the attention you receive. I hope the time did not seem too long, Mildred, dear. I meant to be back directly."

Miss Trevanion blushed, and, making some pretty, graceful answer, escaped from the room, while Lady Caroline glanced covertly at Denzil, who appeared totally unconscious of any undercurrent in the conversation, and old Blount looked mischievous.

"Well," said he, when he had shaken hands with Denzil and wished him joy in his kind hearty way at having recovered his freedom. "I have just been with Sir George, Lady Caroline, and he tells me you are determined to marry off all your family at once, like a sensible mother."

"I don't know about that," returned Lady Caroline, laughing. "One at a time, if you please, will suit us well enough. We do not want to be left without any solace in our old age. But you mean Charlie and Frances, I suppose?"

"Yes," said he, "they have come to a proper understanding at last I hear."

"I think they came to that before Christmas," observed Lady Caroline; "but the question of late has been when to name the wedding day. Frances was very refractory in the beginning, but at last she has given in, and it is actually arranged to take place on the thirteenth of next month; always provided the day is fine—as she says nothing on earth would induce her to be married in rain."

Old Dick laughed.

"She has been such a spoiled pet all her life," he commented, "that I think she will give Charlie something to do to manage her."

"I agree with you," said Lady Caroline; "but she is such a dear girl with it all that one can not help loving her and forgiving her the very trifling faults she possesses."

"And then true love is such a smoother of all difficulties," put in Mrs. Younge, softly, raising her eyes from her knitting.

"It is time for us to be thinking of wedding presents," said Denzil. "I wonder what she would like, Lady Caroline."

"Well, I hardly know," answered her ladyship; "but I can easily find out by putting a few adroit questions. I suppose jewelry is about the best thing a young man can offer."

"And how about Mabel's affair?" asked Blount.

"Oh, the child!" cried Lady Caroline—"surely she can afford to wait; and, besides, she must, as George has decided nothing must be said about it until Roy is in a better position."

"I have just been talking to Sir George about that," said old Blount; "and I think it a pity the young people should be sighing for each other when they might be together. I am an old man now, with more money than I know how to spend; so I have decided that they shall have half, and set up housekeeping without further lay."

"My dear Richard," cried Lady Caroline, greatly touched, "this is too generous. Why should they not wait? Why should you deprive yourself of anything at your years?"

"My dear creature," returned old Blount, "I am not thinking of doing anything of the kind. I am far too selfish to deprive myself of any luxuries to which I have been accustomed. But I literally can not get rid of the money; so they may just as well have it as let it be idle."

"There never was anybody like you, Dick," said Lady Caroline, with tears in her eyes.

"Except Sir George," returned old Blount, mischievously, at which they all laughed.

"And still we have Mildred to dispose of," he said presently, with a sidelong glance at Denzil, who gazed stolidly out of the window.

"Dear, dear—will you leave me no daughter?" expostulated Lady Caroline; and Mrs. Younge, who had grown very intimate with them all during her son's illness, looked up plaintively to say:

"There is really no understanding young people in these days. Now how she could object to that nice Lord Lyndon is beyond my comprehension—quite. He seemed in every way so suited to her."

"And he seemed to me in every way unsuited to her," put in Denzil, impulsively and rather crossly.

"Did he indeed, my dear?" said his mother, with mild surprise. "Well, see how differently people judge."

"Differently, indeed," coincided old Blount. "And now tell us, Denzil, what sort of a person do you think would make her happy?"

There was a sly laugh in the old man's eyes as he asked the question, and Denzil, looking up, caught it; so that presently he laughed too, though rather against his will.

(To be continued.)

Cottage Hospitals for Canada.

Countess Minto, the wife of the governor general of Canada, has offered to become the head of a movement to establish cottage hospitals throughout Canada.

The less we have the more the recording angels places to our credit when we give.