

FIGHTING PROTECTION

DEMOCRATS WILL MAKE THE TARIFF AN ISSUE.

Its Repeal or Modification Demanded on the Pretext That in This Way Alone Can the Trust Problem Be Successfully Solved.

Will the tariff be made a conspicuous issue among the questions to be submitted to public adjudication in the presidential campaign of 1900? Opinion varies widely on this point. By many the belief is expressed that in "the light of the splendid prosperity that has followed the restoration of the protective policy, and in view of the enormous extension of our foreign trade that has taken place concurrently with the unrestricted operation of that policy, the Democratic party in its next national platform will not have the hardihood to reopen the tariff question, but will discreetly refrain from any agitation thereof. Among those who hold to this belief we find the New York Sun very positive and emphatic. After pointing to the splendid showing made in the statistics of our exports of domestic manufactures—wherefrom it appears that, after deducting the exports of mineral oil and copper from the unexampled total of \$338,667,794 for the last fiscal year, the net exports of products in which labor cost forms a higher percentage than in these relatively crude articles reached in 1899 the sum of \$252,000,000, a gain of \$165,400,000 in ten years—the Sun announces this conclusion:

"The prosperity of our manufactures, indicated by these statistics, removes the tiresome and mischievous tariff controversy from the field of politics, for the time being at least, and delegates it to the purely academic discussion where only it has always belonged in this country. It did not appear in the campaign of 1896, and it will not appear in the campaign of 1900. The ridiculous and disastrous result of it after the campaign of 1892 has warned the Democratic party to let it alone."

Almost at the identical moment when the Sun writer was engaged in recording the conviction that the facts of trade and commerce and the disasters which resulted from the campaign of 1892 would compel the removal of "the tiresome and mischievous tariff controversy from the field of politics, for the time being at least," and would "relegate it to the purely academic discussion where only it has always belonged in this country," a body of orthodox Democrats were holding their state convention in Iowa. In the platform adopted by this body of orthodox Democrats, without a dissenting vote or voice, we find the following:

"We view with alarm the multiplication of those combinations of capital commonly known as trusts, that are concentrating and monopolizing industry, crushing out independent producers of limited means, destroying competition, restricting opportunities for labor, artificially limiting production and raising prices, and creating an industrial condition different from state socialism only in the respect that under socialism the benefits of production would go to all, while under the trust system they go to increase the fortune of these institutions. These trusts and combinations are the direct outgrowth of the policy of the Republican party, which has not only favored these institutions, but has accepted their support and solicited their contributions to aid that party in retaining power which has placed a burden of taxation upon those who labor and produce in time of peace and who fight our battles in time of war, while the wealth of the country is exempted from these burdens.

"We condemn this policy, and it is our solemn conviction that the trusts must be destroyed or they will destroy free government, and we demand that they be suppressed by the repeal of the protective tariff and other privilege-conferring legislation responsible for them and by the enactment of such legislation, state and national, as will aid in their destruction."

Does this look as though the tariff controversy was going to be lifted out of politics and relegated to academic discussion? The Iowa Democratic state convention did not think so. We would gladly share the confidence of the New York Sun as to the disappearance of the tariff from among the live issues of the campaign of next year, but the facts and probabilities wholly fail to justify that agreeable anticipation. On the contrary, the facts and probabilities point unerringly toward a savage and determined attack on the tariff all along the Democratic line. At the present writing nothing appears more certain than that from this time on every Democratic state convention will present the Iowa declaration in some form or other, and that the repeal or modification of the Dingley tariff will be demanded in the national Democratic platform.

Hard Times for One Class.

The effects of a protective tariff are probably felt nowhere in the country more than in Pittsburg. Consequently the following statistics, compiled by the New York World, are of more than passing interest: Area of Pittsburg's industrial Klondike, 180 square miles; number of industries being operated on full time, 118; number of men employed in these, embracing all classes, 270,000; average wages per day, \$2.15; range of wages, \$1.75 to \$7 per day; number of idle men, none, except from sickness; number of mills and factories unable to run full time by reason of scarcity of labor, 60; railroads unable to move freight promptly because

the traffic is 30 per cent larger than all the freight cars in service; gross daily value of trade in industrial Klondike, \$6,000,000.

When it is remembered that the foregoing statements are published by a journal that has lost no opportunity for denouncing and ridiculing the Dingley tariff bill, they form pretty good evidence that there is more comfort in the present situation for industrial toilers than for free-trade theorists. And it should also be remembered that most industries throughout the country are nearly if not quite as active as those of Pittsburg. These are hard times only for those who are hunting anti-tariff arguments.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

The McKinley Policy.

It is American first, last and all the time. It never halts, never hesitates, whether the question be the defense of American industries or the defense of American dignity. McKinleyism and Americanism are synonymous terms. The one involves the other. Listen to what the president of the United States said in his address before the Catholic summer school at Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug. 13, 1899:

"The flag symbolizes our purposes and our aspirations; it represents what we believe and what we mean to maintain, and wherever it floats it is the flag of the free, the hope of the oppressed; and wherever it is assailed, at any sacrifice it will be carried to a triumphant peace."

This utterance was greeted with ringing cheers all the reports agree in saying. Its lofty purport appealed instantly to the intelligent minds to which it was addressed. It appeals to every true American throughout the country consecrated to freedom and progress. It ought to make the small coterie of "fire-in-the-rear" anti-Americans feel smaller and smaller.

They Will Be Regulated.

The family of trusts doubtless needs regulation. Provision has already been made to control pools and combinations in restriction of trade and the like, but the problem still to be solved is: What interference can the government interpose against large capitalizations—against the outright purchase of many small concerns for the purpose of concentrating and simplifying management, cheapening production and enlarging trade? Meanwhile the parentage of trusts is still in doubt, even though the protective tariff has been cleared of responsibility for the progeny, but there is reason to believe that trusts are simply the outgrowth of business enterprise.—Kansas City (Kan.) Journal.

Cause for Chastened Satisfaction.



John Bull—We don't worry about merchandise balances so long as our deficit is made good by returns on foreign investments and profits on our ocean carrying trade.

Uncle Sam—Well, if you're satisfied we are; but what is to become of British industries if your American debtors keep on increasing their payments to you in the shape of manufactured goods, in place of raw materials?

Beyond the Argumentative Stage.

Mr. Havemeyer's emphatic assertion that a high protective tariff is the mother of trusts will be seized upon by the Democratic free traders as a choice morsel of wisdom and the other features of his rather noteworthy testimony ignored by them. His view of protection is distinctively Democratic and might have been written by the author of the famous Wilson bill. The value and effectiveness of a protective tariff to the country has got beyond the argumentative stage with the people, who look to results more than to theories, and what Mr. Havemeyer thinks or says upon the subject will have little or no weight with them.—Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.

Benefits the Workingman.

It would be as foolish to blame parents who have reared a child in the best possible manner for his turning to evil ways after he has grown to manhood, as to blame the tariff for building up a splendid American industry, giving employment to 30,000 American workmen, because avaricious men secure control of it and enter into a wicked combination. Combination or not, the tin plate trust can make no money without employing the workmen and paying them for their labor.—Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

The Deep, Full Breath.

The year 1899 may be considered as the time of our "second wind." Last year we took a deep breath of protection prosperity and eclipsed all previous records. This year there was nothing to do but to eclipse 1898, and we proceeded to do it. We have taken in the full, deep breath which always carries the runner in a race to victory. Our commercial rivals may as well drop out, for the close of 1899 will see the United States the winner by a good margin in the industrial contest.

The Mother of Industry.

If Mr. Havemeyer had called the protective tariff the "mother of industry" instead of the "mother of trusts," he would have been stating a truth instead of putting forth a lie. The number of factories which have been reopened after years of idleness, the number of plants which have been extended, the number of mills which have been enlarged in the brief time during which the Dingley law has been in operation are beyond computation. The number of new mills opened, of new business enterprises started and of new industries established can only be estimated. The full number will never be accurately counted. And the showing of this short time has been but a brilliant repetition of the history of the two short years during which the McKinley law was in full force and effect.

To go further back than that, practically every industry in the country owes its existence to the policy of protection. When the colonies separated from Great Britain there was not a single industry of any consequence on this side of the ocean, thanks to the policy pursued by the ruling country. There never would have been any industries established if early American statesmen had been of the stripe of Bryan, or Cleveland, or other free traders. American enterprise would have had no show at all against the well-established and powerful industries of England. But through the adoption of the policy of a protective tariff American industries were established; through that same policy they have been developed to their present unrivaled proportions; and through it American industries are today being extended and increased, and the United States is fast increasing the lead which it already has in commercial affairs over all the other nations of the world.

Northwestern Harvest Hands.

The farmers of the Northwest are kicking again, but it is a different kind of a kick from that of three years ago. In those days of '96, when lamentations for the crime of '73 filled the air of the Northwest, the burden of complaint was scarcity of work, scarcity of dollars and the too large purchasing capacity of the dollar when acquired because of the cheapness of everything. This year the times are out of joint for the farmers because of the scarcity of men to work in the harvest fields. Wages are offered ranging from \$2.50 a day and board for common harvest hands to \$6 a day for threshing machine engineers, and even at these figures it is well nigh impossible to get men enough to do the work. Everybody able to work seems to be having something else to do that is more congenial or more profitable than harvest field work. If Brother Bryan would make a tour of the Northwest at this time he could expound 16 to 1—16 jobs looking for every idle man, and his explanation of the phenomenon would be interesting in view of the doctrines he preached in the last campaign year.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.

A Transient Commercial Craze.

If we believed that the creation of trusts would be a permanent feature of our economic system, we might share in the alarm expressed by some timid persons. We do not; we regard them as a merely transient commercial craze, which will die of exhaustion. The commerce of this country is altogether too great to be kept under control by any one set of men acting upon a single industry. The trade of the United States has passed that stage just as it has passed the stage when the wheat product of this country can be cornered.—Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.

Work Seeks the Man.

The following advertisement appears conspicuously in a leading northwestern newspaper of recent date: "Wanted—Laborers are needed in the harvest fields of Minnesota and especially in the Dakotas. Harvest will soon begin, to be followed by threshing. Good wages are offered and low rates of transportation are offered by the railroads. Here is an opportunity for all that are unemployed.—St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer-Press."

This is a time when work seeks the man, and no man need search for work. It is a time of McKinley and prosperity.

Two of a Kind.

The devil rebuking sin and Mr. Havemeyer, the president of the sugar trust, rebuking trusts, are two of a kind. When the devil is recognized as authority in ethics Mr. Havemeyer may be recognized as authority on trusts. Not until then will intelligent American voters be influenced against a protective tariff by the railing against trusts by the president of one of the greatest trusts on the American continent.—Freeport (Ill.) Journal.

Well Done!

The Iowa Republicans took no backward step when they endorsed in decided fashion the administration of President McKinley and the colonial policy. Sound money was placed in the foreground, the Dingley tariff approved, and the trusts denounced. When the roll of all the states has been called, it will be a unanimous "well done" which he will have received.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.

A Typical Contortionist.

The free trader is a nimble insect. He formerly told us that "if you have a protective tariff you can't sell to foreign countries." He now says: "The fact that we are selling so many manufactured goods abroad proves that we do not need a protective tariff." Some circus ought to have this contortionist.—Benton (Ill.) Republican.

SAYS EARTH IS ROUND

AND HE MAY BE THROWN INTO PRISON.

Sad Condition of Affairs in England—Sir John Gorst Accused of Intention to Teach False Precepts—City of Portsmouth Exulted.

It is painful to read that Sir John Gorst, the head of the British educational department, is in serious trouble and has been threatened by Mr. Ebenezer Breach and other taxpayers of the city of Portsmouth, in the kingdom of England, with prosecution under the "imposters' act." It seems that the schools of Portsmouth have been teaching the damnable and heretical doctrine that the earth is a sphere. Sir John's attention has been called to this dissemination of seditious and treasonable doctrine, but he has refused to correct the abuse. Ebenezer and his friends know, of course, that the earth is as flat as a pancake. They have been patient with Sir John, and day after day have allowed the false teaching regarding the shape of the earth to go on, but can stand it no longer, they say, to see their children corrupted with this most "heretical doctrine," as the complainants call it in this protest. Sir John Gorst has many political enemies, and even his political friends do not always agree with him; but the depth of his depravity was not known until he was unmasked by Mr. Ebenezer Breach and his friends. Sir John may cavort about parliament and deceive some people, but when he runs up against a body of respectable British taxpayers, the bulwarks of the throne and the guardians of the constitution, it is another matter. Such new-fangled ideas as that of the earth being a sphere he may impose upon the frivolous persons who riot in the ungodly city of London, but not upon the taxpayers of Southampton. Ebenezer and his friends mean business, and have served formal notice upon the Portsmouth school board that the teaching that the earth is a sphere "cannot be allowed to continue under any circumstances, plea or explanation whatever," and that it must be abandoned under pain of the "punishment for schism by the law provided." After having stamped out the dastardly doctrine in the schools of Southampton, the committee announce that they will next go up to London and bring the London school board before the courts, being well advised and informed that the same doctrine regarding the shape of the earth is also taught in the London schools. Sir John, meantime, is to be brought to court and prosecuted under the "imposters' act" aforesaid. Now, the "imposters' act" is a part of the British constitution, probably—no one knows what is, and what is not a part of that nebulous thing—and provides certain pains and penalties, such as forfeiture of estate and burning at the stake, if recalcitrant. Ebenezer and his friends are worthy and reputable citizens and mean business. If necessary they will light the fires of Smithfield again for the wicked Sir John. At last accounts Sir John was still at large, and so was Ebenezer.

Women of the Orient.

A recent visitor to the Philippines says that some of the women of the island are remarkably pretty, having big, languishing eyes and an abundance of long hair. This they fasten up with a big gold pin and then adorn with flowers. They do not wear hats, but use sunshades, and do so very coquettishly; they wear very dainty shoes, but do not wear stockings. They are distinguished by grace of figure and movement, though according to our ideas not especially by refinement of habits, for both women and children smoke huge cigars and indulge in betel chewing. It is their custom to keep the thumb nail of the right hand very long, as this assists them in playing their favorite instrument, the guitar. The use of the fan originated in China and sprang from the following incident: A royal princess, very beautiful, was assisting at the feast of lanterns, her face covered with a mask, as usual. The excessive heat compelled her to remove it, and in order to guard her features from the common gaze she moved it quickly to and fro in front of her face, thus simultaneously hiding her charms and cooling her brow. The idea was at once adopted throughout the kingdom.

How to Get Beer in Wales.

The well-known attorney, J. Willis Glead of Topeka, is going to Wales on business, and Howell Jones has been instructing Mr. Glead "how to ask for two glasses of beer in Welsh." This is the proper version: "Byddwch mor garedig i dyfod a dau wydrïad o diod oreu sydd genych."—Kansas City Journal.

A Plagiarism.

Dusty Roads (his eyes fixed on a party of golfers)—Weary, if you and I only had some swell clothes and a bundle of sticks apiece they wouldn't call us tramps any longer. Weary Wagglers—Yes, I've often thought them golfers were a plagiarizing our profesh.—Boston Transcript.

No Trouble at All.

Grimes—I should think it would be awfully hard to write a sea tale. Tinson—Not at all. You only want to speak of a cloud no bigger than a man's hand and to say that the boat was as far off as you could toss a biscuit.—Boston Transcript.

Kept Her Word.

Ida—"Belle said the man she marries must have a fashionable name." May—"The idea! And then engaged herself to an Italian."

A MUMMY MYSTERY.

Remains Found of Woman of Gigantic Proportions.

There has just come into the possession of the Historical society of Kansas a most interesting and remarkable relic of the days when giants trod the earth. The relic consists of the mummified body of a woman of gigantic proportions, in whose arms are clasped the remains of an infant. The bodies were found in a cave in the Yosemite valley. There was no clue to the age of the mummy, and so far no authority on archaeological subjects has been bold enough to go on record with an opinion regarding the probable time in the earth's history when the mother and babe were living beings. The information so far gathered is somewhat meager, although those most interested in the matter are doing their best to arrive at some plausible theory. Here is the signed statement of the historical society, which throws as much light on the subject as it is possible to obtain at present: "We have no history of the relic, excepting that G. F. Martindale, whose home is at Scranton, Osage county, Kan., left it as a temporary deposit with the Historical society. He reported it as having been found by a party of prospectors in a cave in the Yosemite valley, in California. He says he is endeavoring to trace its history. Our best local authorities on matters of this kind are uncertain as to the probable origin of the relic. The mummy is 6 feet 8 inches in length, 14½ at the shoulders, and 18 inches across from elbow to elbow, appearing very narrow for the height. There is a necklace about the neck, consisting of perhaps a leather cord, in which two or three slender white teeth are inserted. Coarse black hair shows in the wrapping about the neck. The shroud has the appearance of a very thin piece of buckskin, badly worn and frayed about the edges, covering the head like a hood, and enveloping the greater part of the body. It seems to have been divided below the knee and drawn up about the leg and laced at the foot and ankle. The color of the mummy is a dusty gray, much like an old chamolis skin, which has been wet and long exposed to weather and where the flesh is exposed it presents the appearance of old putty."—Pittsburg News.

THE FLAIL.

Its Sound Has Departed from Nearly All the Farms.

The sound of the flail has departed from nearly all the farmsteads and the calling of the thrasher has gone with it, says Notes and Queries. Yet for some time after harvest was over there was no more familiar sound in the country places than the "thud! thud!" of the flails as they fell upon and beat out the grain on the barn-threshing floors. There remain, however, some sayings in which "like the thrasher" occurs, but the use of these grow less and less. A short time ago some friends were in a country place where a part of the thrashing is done with the flail. A couple of the implements were hanging on the barn wall and a heap of straw was on the floor. The use of the flail was explained and demonstrated for the benefit of those who had never seen this "weapon" of husbandry. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the sayings, "Sings like a thrasher" and "Works like a thrasher," came from that occupation, and are "as old as Adam." "It looks easy enough; that can't be very hard work," said one of the company, a remark which led to the flail being put into his hands for a try at the "easy work." One swing was enough for the amateur, for 't'other end" caught him "a friendly whack" which probably he will remember to the end. It also doubtless impressed upon his memory that "working like a thrasher" as he had done had not led to "singing like a thrasher." "You'll get a good flailing." Has any reader seen the flail employed as an effective weapon? When used by an old hand there is no standing against it.

More Magnificent Than Niagara.

A correspondent writing in The Spectator says the Gersoppa falls, on the Sharavatti river, in South Kanara, India, are larger and more magnificent than Niagara. He says: "The river is 250 yards wide; the clear fall is 830 feet. The Gersoppa falls in the rainy season are incomparably finer than Niagara in every respect. The roar of the falling waters is simply terrific; the whole earth shakes, and the thunder is so great that it completely drowns the human voice. When I visited Niagara and told my American friends about Gersoppa they replied with polite incredulity. 'We never heard of Gersoppa,' I replied, 'Make your minds easy; the people at Gersoppa have never heard of Niagara.' If Niagara could see Gersoppa she would wrap her head in a mist."

An Unfair Advantage.

Mrs. Blank found herself in a rather embarrassing situation one day when she was dining for the first time at the home of a minister. Opposite her sat the minister's little boy, a sharp-eyed little fellow of 4 years. While his father was asking a somewhat lengthy blessing the lady elevated her eyelids slightly and caught the eye of the little fellow opposite her. The instant his father said "Amen" the boy pointed an accusing finger toward Mrs. Blank, and cried out, shrilly, "She peeked, papa! She peeked!"—Harper's Bazar.

Slaughter of Birds.

One million five hundred and thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight is the precise number of birds estimated by the British consul in Venezuela to have been killed last year to provide aigrettes for ladies' hats.

JUSTICE IN THE TRANSVAAL.

How Justice Is "Rigged" by Men of Burgher Stock.

The following incident in the administration of justice in the Transvaal speaks far more eloquently than a hundred petitions in denunciation of the entire judicial system. The Belfast tar and feather case will be fresh in the memory of most people. A justice of the peace, who was, of course, a burgher, and several other inhabitants of this little Transvaal dorp—in which, by the way, there seemed to be evidence of the customary state of immorality prevailing—committed an unprovoked assault upon certain persons, including a defenseless woman, who, it is needless to say, was not a Transvaal subject. Tar and feathers were used, and altogether the case, says the Cape Argus, was about as disgraceful as it could possibly be. The culprits were tried by a Landdrost from another town, a man who at any rate made some attempts to meet the justice of the case. Coetzee, the ringleader of these Belfast rowdies, and a justice of the peace, was sentenced to pay a fine of £50 and undergo six months' imprisonment, and the others accused were variously dealt with. In each case the penalties were light enough when the details and character of the offense are considered. But nothing is easier than to "rig" justice in the Transvaal, if only the interested parties are of the beloved burgher flock. The wily Coetzee, doubtless backed in influential quarters, appealed to that excellent institution, the High Court, with the result that his term of imprisonment was reduced from six months to one. But the matter did not end there, as it should have done, and with Coetzee being sent off to do his thirty days, Coetzee tried another racket. He got up a petition to the executive council, and the chief justice, whose name, it will be well to remember, is Gregorowski, consented to suspend the operation of the revised sentence until the executive had decided on this petition. The executive has now entirely quashed the term of imprisonment, and this justice of the peace, who broke the law in a most disgraceful manner, and urged the others on, has not served a single day in jail. The executive has also reduced the penalty in the case of the other offenders. It is this sort of thing that breeds contempt for the very name of justice as administered in the Transvaal. It will soon become impossible to get a Boer punished, no matter what his offense. We venture to think that there would have been precious little clemency had the offenders not been burghers of the state. It is doubtful whether in such a case this distinguished chief justice would have suspended the operation of the judgment of the high court. But the woman's name was O'Neill and the offender's name was Abraham Coetzee, and that makes all the difference. "This government," says Mrs. Schreiner—and it was printed in black type—"is convinced that no ground whatever exists for active interference in the internal concerns of that republic."

HER MOTHER'S STOCKINGS.

Of Course the Bride Thought of Them at Her Marriage.

A good story is being whispered around about one of the beautiful brides of last week. She was married in a big church with the usual accompaniment of flowers and pretty bridesmaids. Every one remarked how perfectly beautiful the bride looked as she walked up the aisle on the arm of her father to meet the bridegroom waiting at the altar. After the wedding breakfast, and just as the bride was preparing to start for the depot to catch the afternoon train for her honeymoon, an old schoolmate friend of her mother came to her, kissed her on both cheeks and said: "My dear child, you were the most perfectly lovely bride that I have seen this winter! As you walked up the aisle to meet the man that was so soon to be your husband, every one could see from the half-frightened yet trustful look upon your face and the firm yet tender smile about your mouth that you were thinking of the serious importance of the step that you were taking. Your very look seemed to say: 'I am leaving my girlhood behind me and going forth upon an untried sea, but so great is my trust in him whom I have chosen that I step forward without fear and in perfect confidence.' Tell me, my dear, just what the thoughts were which brought that lovely expression upon your face this morning." "Very well, I will tell you," said the bride, "exactly what my thoughts were as I walked up the aisle. My mother, who, as you know, is a much smaller woman than I am, for some sentimental reason insisted upon my wearing at the altar the very silken nose in which she was married to my father twenty years ago. They were so tight for me that at each step I kept repeating to myself: 'This time they will surely rip!' And when I reached the altar without accident I was so much relieved that I probably did wear the look of bliss which everybody mentioned."—Washington Times.

The Power of Habit.

"How are you getting on with your automobile?" asked Miss Cayenne. "Well," answered Willie Washington, "I can run the machine all right, but it will be a long time before I can get over saying 'goddup' and 'whoa' to it."—Washington Star.

Teaching Under Difficulties.

Teacher—Who was the man that never told a lie? Scholar—My dad. Teacher—No, no! George Washington. Scholar—Oh, all right, den, I'm going home and tell my dad you said he was a liar.—Judge.