

# COBDENITE DIATRIBE

## FREE-TRADERS OBJECT TO EXISTING CONDITIONS.

They Demand "A Sweeping Tariff Enactment That Shall Drive Every Vestige of Protection Out of Our Fiscal System."

The Boston Herald finds in the pending reciprocity treaties and in the proposition to bring Porto Rico into the American tariff system a convenient occasion for venting its free-trade spleen. Lapsing into Cobdenite diatribe, this irreconcilable protestant against the facts of history and the logic of events savagely assails the whole system of protection to American labor and industry as the product of logrolling and lobbying. Thus:

"A used his influence to secure favors of B, C, D and E, on the understanding that these latter were to use their influence to help him pull certain chestnuts out of the congressional fire, but under these reciprocal trade treaties A and B think that they are likely to lose a part of their ill-gotten spoils, and hence they call upon C, D and E, and the whole remaining alphabet of interests as well, to assist them in defending themselves against this invasion. As there has to be loyalty between logrollers as well as honor among thieves, the others are likely to respond to this appeal by doing what they can to defeat the objectionable proposition."

There you have the typical free trade conception of an economic system whose results are the marvel of the civilized world. The men who supplied the information which enabled congress to frame successful tariff laws are characterized as selfish conspirators against the general good, and by indirection are stamped as "thieves." Of course the Boston Herald has a remedy to propose. It is to abolish protection absolutely and get back to the platform of free trade pure and simple:

"We are thus in our policy, both international and national, the slaves of these industrial tyrants which the Protective system has built up. Apparently, the only way that we are to relieve ourselves of these 'old men of the sea' is to hurl them from our shoulders by a sweeping Tariff enactment which shall drive every vestige of protection out of our fiscal system, and impose taxes only upon those commodities from which we hope to obtain a revenue, and on those at such a point, high or low, as seems best calculated to bring about the desired result."

Congressman Hopkins was right in contending in his Forum article that the Tariff is still a live issue. It is true that there are not at present a very large number of Free Trade propagandists who are so frank and so foolhardy as the Boston Herald writer above quoted. There are, however, many who believe as he does, but are restrained by considerations of prudence from saying so in plain words.

### Fulfillment Exceeds Promises.

The country's experience with the unfulfilled promises of the Free-Traders and with the unpromised fulfillment of the Protectionists affords a modern exemplification of the Scriptural parable of the two sons, one of whom said, "I go, sir," and went not; the other, of whom said, "I go not," and went. The Wilson law supporters promised to give us the markets of the world through their Tariff changes in the direction of Free Trade. Instead they gave our markets to the foreigners and struck a death blow to American industries. The supporters of the Protective Tariff policy have never made many promises in respect to the securing of foreign markets. They have advocated Protection chiefly as a means of preserving to us our home market. They have kept their promises, but they have gone far beyond any promises. Under Protection American manufacturers have kept for themselves the American market, with its marvelous consuming capacity, and they have won much beyond that. They have a large and constantly growing share in the markets of the world.

One of the most recent evidences of the entrance of American manufacturers into foreign fields is the announcement that the Baldwin Locomotive Works has recently had, in addition to many other foreign orders, an order for ten Atlantic type passenger engines for the state railroad of France. It is also reported that the Jackson and Sharpe company have received a large order for tramway cars from Alexandria, Egypt. These things, among thousands of others like them, were never guaranteed nor promised, but they have come to pass under the benign regime of McKinley and Protection.

### Tariff and Trusts.

The Philadelphia Ledger does not believe that Congress can do anything directly to overcome the trusts. It says: "There is one method, however, of coping with monopolistic trusts without attempting specific legislation pronouncing them unlawful. It would effectually cripple the power of oppression exercised by the practical monopolies which are the beneficiaries of an excessive tariff. Should congress lower the rate of duties on all products that are the subjects of monopoly in the home market the competition of Europe would compel extortionate trusts to deal justly by the American consumer. This is an eminently practical plan, which is in complete accord with the protective tariff principle as defined by the last national convention

of the Republican party, which condemned equally foreign control and domestic monopoly."

The next thing, in the evolution favored by the Ledger, would be to remove the tariff altogether from certain articles, and we should soon have, not only the international trust, which could defy tariffs, but the whole tariff and revenue problem would be newly complicated. It is rather surprising that Republican papers should recommend any such course. They professedly have really deep-seated indignation against the trusts is. But let the country honestly try direct and specific penal legislation before invoking free trade as an anti-trust ally.—Pittsburg Press.

### BOON TO AMERICAN LABOR.

Foundation of Prosperity That Cannot Be Undermined.

The London Globe, commenting on the present industrial condition in Lancashire, says, as quoted in the cable dispatches: "The high tariff on American manufactures virtually monopolizes the home market and is thus able to reap large profits in spite of labor being comparatively dearer in England."

The wording of the above is a little obscure, but the evident meaning is that by reason of the tariff protection American manufacturers are enabled to monopolize their home markets, thus shutting out the English manufacturers—which enables the American manufacturer to reap large profits, notwithstanding that they pay their workmen higher wages than the English manufacturers pay their workmen. Consequently English industry languishes while American industry flourishes.

We may commiserate the unfortunate condition of the English manufacturers and laborers, but at the same time we must recognize the fact that it is the business of each country to legislate for the interests of its own industries and people. The American Congress looks after the welfare of American industries and may with a good conscience leave the British parliament to look after British industries. If Parliament refuses protection to English manufacturers, that is its own lookout; and if Congress chooses to protect American manufacturers and thereby enables them to pay higher wages to their workmen, it cannot be held responsible if the policy has a paralyzing effect upon British industry.

The Globe's brief acknowledgment is an effective vindication of the American tariff policy as it affects American interests. By securing the American manufacturer his home market, the tariff furnishes him with a foundation of prosperity that cannot be undermined by foreign competitors—and working from this vantage point the American manufacturer is often able to undersell the foreign manufacturer in his own market.—Minneapolis Tribune.

### Unusual Cause for Worryment.



Mary—"You look worried, John; what's the trouble?"

John—"Why, you see, it's like this: Four years ago I was troubled about getting a job; now, so many jobs are offered that I don't know which one to take."

### Wool Growers Aroused.

At a meeting in Columbus, January 11, the Ohio Wool Growers' association adopted a protest against the proposed treaty of reciprocity with the Argentine Republic, wherein a reduction of 20 per cent in the duty on wool exported to the United States is provided for. The president of the association, Hon. J. H. Brigham, assistant secretary of agriculture; J. L. Lewis and C. S. Chapman were appointed a committee to go to Washington and work against the ratification of the treaty. A resolution was adopted indorsing United States Senator Warren of Wyoming for president of the National Wool Growers' association.

### Forced to Accept Prosperity.

Gen. John B. Golden, commenting upon the wave of Southern prosperity, says that the North and East will have to keep a sharp lookout or else the manufacturing interests of the South will overtake and catch them. That is all right; but isn't it about time for the South to help the North and East? If the South could have her way she would vote her own manufactures out of existence. Her prosperity has been forced upon her by the voters of the "North and East."—Benton (Ill.) Republican.

### Conspiracy.

That wages are being raised all over the country is doubtless due to a conspiracy among certain persons who want to give the Republican campaign material in order to defeat Mr. Bryan next year.—Cleveland Leader.

### HUNTING FOR GRIEVANCES.

Democrats Unhappy Because of Too Much Prosperity.

The great wave of prosperity that promptly followed the inauguration of a Republican national administration in 1897, a significant contrast with the preceding four years of industrial and financial depression, promoted by Democratic legislative and executive follies, a successful, brilliant and popular war, in the interests of humanity, which has immeasurably exalted the prestige of American arms, added to the domain of the nation some of the fairest and most valuable island areas of the eastern and western seas, secured for the Republic a commanding place among the nations of earth, and won respect for its flag wherever it greets the winds; an administration of public affairs so broad and sagacious that it restored brotherhood to the Union on fields of war, and in its settlements of peace accomplished in a twelvemonth the industrial and commercial work of half a century. For these gratifying results full credit is assuredly due the Republican party. It was Republican legislation that put in motion our existing rusting wheels of industry, thus furnishing employment to millions of idle hands, and while the Democratic rank and file manfully contributed to the successes of our war with Spain, their leaders are now clamoring for a relinquishment of all the fruits of their victories.

In all these triumphs they refuse to see anything but national peril, and even interpret as an omen of evil the glow of prosperity that rests upon the land like a vast benediction. Their last catalogue of minor grievances, recited in the House by Lentz of Ohio, during the recent discussion on the currency bill, was a remarkable exposition of party rancor. He is a blatant anti-expansionist, and, enraged at the certainty of coming defeat, recklessly charged the administration with crimes enough to make the angels weep. Like a rattlesnake in the dog days, he was blinded by his own venom, striking wildly at everything Republican, pointing to every political pain that is racking the Democratic anatomy, and making the exposure all the more amusing to his opponents because of his inability to devise a remedy for any of them. Could he be goaded into another intemperate harangue, we might be able to find out what is the matter with him and his faction besides the old chronic disorder of State rights.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Will Come in Good Time.

The Dingley law seems to have gotten in good work in South Carolina along its specialty of promoting the establishment of new industries. The report of the Secretary of State of South Carolina shows that there were twenty-six new cotton mills chartered and commissioned in that State during the year 1899. Prosperity of this sort speaks for itself. Those twenty-six new mills represent the employment of many thousands of workmen, the payment in wages of many thousands of dollars, and the expenditure by the workmen employed of large sums of money for food and clothing and for all the requirements of life. As a result the South Carolina agriculturist sells more of his food products, and the South Carolina trader sees his sales and his surplus grow. The sale of the products manufactured by the new mills brings money into the state from the other States of the country and from abroad, money which becomes distributed among the people of the State generally, in exchange for what they have to sell, whether it be labor or property. The situation could hardly be improved upon except by having more of the same kind; and the Dingley law will see to it that that comes in good time.

### Brave But Injudicious.

History records the existence of a billy goat, dear to the heart of his master, but generally objected to by the community on account of his bucking proclivities. Nothing was exempt from his attack, and success only made him more and more aggressive. One day he felt unusually pugnacious, and in this frame of mind he wandered down on the railroad. Just then an express train came in sight. It was drawn by the most powerful engine in the country, called General Prosperity. Billy saw it and prepared for the battle of his life. As it approached he got himself in position and bucked. The result was disastrous. Billy lay bleeding and dead by the roadside, and General Prosperity, with its train, passed on. Hearing of Billy's death, his owner strolled down to where he lay and thus soliloquized: "Oh, Billy, why did you try it? Billy, you were a nice goat; you were not afraid of anything Billy, you were the bravest goat I ever saw; but, Billy, damn your judgment!"—Freeport (Ill.) Journal.

### A Hint Too Hard for Bryan.

It has been hinted that even should Mr. Bryan come east, perhaps he could not stem the tide of increases in wages which seems to be affecting all lines of industry like a panic. One of the last advances reported is the announcement that January 1 the cotton manufacturers of Augusta, Ga., will raise the wages of their employes, and it is predicted that other southern manufacturers will follow suit. It is estimated that when the first of January has come, there will be in the northern states about 140,000 cotton mill operatives working under increased wages, and that the advance in the south will bring the total number of employes in that branch of industry who are receiving higher wages up to more than 160,000.—Oswego (N. Y.) Times.

# STEPHEN JUDSON'S PRICE.

To Miss Martha Bascom church going was as much a matter of habit as the weekly mending, and neither to be more neglected than her daily meals. But Jennie was not so orthodox, and many a solemn word of warning did her aunt deliver in the little dressmaking shop where they served alone. "I say 'alone,' because being only a dress model I am not taken into account. But though made of wood and supposed to be inanimate, little escapes my observation, and I marked a sudden change in Jennie's religious observations. It came with the advent of the new preacher. 'Goin' to meetin' tonight, Janey?' her aunt invariably asked, and she went occasionally—later, always. Once I heard a visitor whisper to Miss Martha: 'Is it the man or the preacher she goes to see, eh, Miss Bascom?' But the other shook her head. 'No matter, praise the Lord, she goes,' and everybody went. The new evangelist drew crowds of town and country folk and customers in the shop talked of little else. He had his detractors, to be sure; those who called him crank, fanatic, and said his exciting methods, his furious invectives against sin, and magnificent pictures of rewards to the godly smacked of the blasphemy of Islam. But in most of the pious folk he was a saint, a prophet out of whose mouth was ordained praise.

As for Jennie, she rarely mentioned his name, but I had my private theory as to the state of affairs between them. It was one day unexpectedly confirmed. The two women were sewing in the

shop, when the door was dashed open and a neighbor's lad entered, carrying a parcel. This he set carefully upon the floor, then shrank to the elder woman's side, his frail body trembling, his face ashen. "Leave it there! Don't touch it!" "Good gracious! Dynamite?" But the laughter on Jennie's lips died when the lad faltered: "It's the head of John the Baptist! Don't you remember the preacher said 'the disciples took up the body and buried it?' He didn't tell what became of the head, but I found it in our house. There it is." He pointed to the bundle, his lips apart in a grin of frenzy. Miss Martha was horrified into helpless silence. Jennie glanced into the window. "There is the preacher now," and she rushed to the door and called, "Brother Judson! Stephen!" He came hurriedly in and Jennie explained. "This little creature has always been half-witted and he seems entirely daft now," and she told him all. Miss Martha added sternly, "You have turned the poor child's wits inside out. See if you can turn them back." At the preacher's command the boy, gasping, livid, untied the parcel. Papers, typewritten documents fell to the floor. "There, child, see! are you not ashamed to blaspheme with such unholy theories?" And he carried the sobbing boy to the lounge and soothed him in low and gracious words. Pity for the witless sufferer made Miss Martha severe with her favorite. "Your talk has robbed the poor thing of the little sense he had! The child has listened to you all summer, and I must say, Brother Judson, the result ain't to your credit." And she left the room abruptly. Jennie tiptoed to the preacher's side and nestling her hand upon his shoulder looked

down at him with worshiping affection. But he rose, pushing her away almost roughly, a set, stern expression clouding his dark Puritan face. The girl followed him to the door, chagrin and amazement on her pretty, pale features. "What is it, Stephen? What have I done?" "Nothing, child, nothing, the sin is mine. I thought to follow him who cast out devils, and see, this stricken lad possessed of them, through me, through me. The Lord is wroth with his servant, and why? Ah, Jane, the answer is not far to seek. Because I have dared to hunger and thirst for the sake of righteousness. 'The flesh worrieth against the spirit.'" Without another word he left her. That evening Jennie remained at home alone. About 9 o'clock she stooped to arrange a chest of drawers just back of me. While she was thus engaged Miss Martha entered and after her the preacher.



horror that my words should have so perverted an effect, and the iron enters deep into my guilty soul with the sense that the Lord repudiates my brow and words. Sweat bathed his brow and his tongue was thick. "Guilty soul, brother?" "Guilty in allowing my thoughts—until now devoted to the master's work—to dwell upon a woman; guilty because her image fills my mind—her face obscures my Bible." There was an agony of repressed love and longing in his voice which broke at the last words, and he dropped to his knees and buried his face in his hands. Jennie slipped from her place of hiding and sank into the chair beside him, while her tears fell on his bowed head. He raised his mournful eyes. "Now you know the sin of which I hold myself guilty, and this child, innocent as a lamb, or sacrifice. But she will forget me, and I—I can live without her as without all else if the spirit return to dwell within me. It is written, 'I have somewhat against thee because thou hast left thy first love.'" Poor Miss Martha was dismayed at the man's distress, and beyond all the suffering she saw for her Janey foreshadowed in the heart broken glance riveted upon her lover. She ventured timidly, "Brother, if you and Janey love each other, why not do the Lord's work together?" "Nay, sister. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand,' and my feeble powers are wholly consecrated to the work of salvation. Remember the words, 'they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle.'" There was a fanatical light of renunciation in his eyes. Miss Martha's own were full of tears as she stroked the girl's brown hair with all of a mother's fondness. "I little thought to see the day when I'd argue to get rid of my little girl, but I believe it would be for yours. I—I have a little bank account which will all be Janey's when she marries. Now, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to guide her in the use of it? Together you might be of great help to—missions or something," and the good soul concluded lamely. Sternly the man replied: "I hear you with shame, Sister Bascom. 'Every man has his price,' perhaps, but think not thus to tempt one who may have lost much, but has yet to leave his God for mammon." Then Miss Martha folded her arms as she always did when she lost her temper. "You twist all the sense out of my words, but in one thing you hit my meaning exactly. That about 'every man's price.' It's true, and it doesn't always mean a low price, either. Whatever yours is I only hope it will be

offered before it's too late." Here Jennie interposed. "He is right, Aunt Martha, and I glory in his strength." Her voice broke and she turned away sobbing. Then, for a moment the man shook off the trammels of the priest, and holding her close he kissed her brow and lips. "Help me to bear it; pray for me," he murmured, then went out with never a backward look. Another week passed and neither woman went to meeting. But one night the girl begged, "Go tonight, auntie, and if you see him tell him I did pray and am going to help him in the only way I know how." As Miss Martha passed me on her way out I heard her mutter, "I'll bring him home with me, or—the throat was lost in the bang of the door. By this time I knew that Miss Martha was wroth with the preacher—"The crank who has turned everybody's head"—she said once, but her listener, a pious soul, rolled up her eyes. "He's of the stuff of the blessed martyrs," she said devoutly. This night her aunt had no sooner gone than Jennie took her Bible and went upstairs. In an hour she returned, carrying a small bottle and glass.

These she placed upon a table in front of me. I watched her as she crept softly to Miss Martha's own low chair and rested her cheek against its cushioned arm. Then she knelt and prayed aloud: "Two in the field, the one shall be taken and the other left"—yes, the other left, to do thy work; to do it alone to thine honor and glory. Amen." She rose and came steadily to the table. I heard the clink of the tiny dark bottle against the glass. She placed the vial again on the table. I saw the glass raised to her lips, and then—the crash evidently aroused the neighbors, for there was excited talk in the street. Then the sound of a key in the lock and Brother Judson's voice outside. "Wait a moment, friends. We will find out what has happened." Pious where I had fallen, I could see nothing, but heard Miss Martha's voice in lamentation. "My little girl—my Janey," and the preacher's commands. "Place the cushions lower, so. Now bring me some water. There! she is reviving now. She has only fainted." "What could have happened? She was well when I left." Then Miss Martha lifted me to an upright position, and as she did so shrieked and pointed a shivering finger at the atoms of shattered glass and the tiny brown pool on the floor. Then she burst into hysterical weeping. "I see it all! and she would have—O! you blessed old model! To think you fell in the nick of time! My dearie—my lamb, how could you?" and she crouched by the side of the now conscious girl. The man's head was bowed and his lips moved in prayer. Then he rose, the light of joy transfiguring his face. "I have been blind, blind! Do you remember what you said, sister, about 'every man having his price'? This precious life saved is mine." And Jennie opened her eyes and met the triumphant gleam of his. "The Lord gives you to me, beloved. As in the days of Abraham, he rejects the sacrifice. Will you forgive, as he does?"

And to this day he and Jennie believe that the cause of my sudden tumble was a direct and heavenly interposition; Miss Martha says it was only a strong draft, while I—but nobody cares what I think.—Chicago Tribune.

### Explosives Confined and Unconfined.

There is a widespread misconception in regard to the devastating effect of high explosives. When unconfined the effect even of large charges of them upon structures is comparatively slight. At the naval ordnance proving ground, so long ago as 1881, repeated charges of dynamite, varying from five pounds to 100 pounds in weight, were detonated on the face of a vertical target consisting of eleven one-inch wrought-iron plates bolted to a twenty-inch oak backing, until 440 pounds of dynamite had been so detonated in contact with it, and yet the target remained practically uninjured, while at Braamfontein the accidental explosion of fifty-five tons of blasting gelatin, which was stored in railway vans, excavated but 30,000 tons of soft earth. Thus at Fort Lee, on the Hudson, but two tons of dynamite placed in a chamber in the rock and tamped brought down 100,000 tons of the rock; at Lamberia, Wales, two tons and a half of gelatin dynamite, similarly placed, threw out 180,000 tons of rock, and at the Talcan Mawr, in Wales, seven tons of gunpowder placed in two chambers in the rock dislodged from 125,000 to 200,000 tons of rock.

### Girl's Beautiful Reply.

At a dinner in Paris the other day the conversation naturally turned upon the war. Opinions were much divided, some holding that the English were working for civilization, and others maintaining that the Boers were fighting for independence. "And which side do you take?" said one of the guests to a fair young girl, who had been listening attentively without taking any part in the discussion. She replied: "I am for the wounded."—Kansas City Journal.

### Arrangements in Kentucky.

New Arrival—I should like a room sir. Hotel Clerk—All right; please register. New Arrival—There you are. Now, if anything happens please see that my death notice reads "Innocent bystander," not merely "bystander."—Indianapolis Journal.

### Not Intentional.

Mrs. Catnip—"There, now! What'd you want to go and fall downstairs for?" Little Amos—"I didn't want to, maw; I couldn't help it."—Puck.

The strongest and finest natures have the sharpest contrasts in their characters.