SUPPLEMENT.

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# NO FALTERING UNDER THE NATION'S DUTY.

## Silver and Expansion Are the Paramount Issues.

### M. E. Ingalls, a Life-Long Sound Money Democrat, Writes of the Necessity for Assuming a Larger National Life.

One of the most successful, distinguished and popular railway presidents in the United States is the Hon. Melville E. Ingalls of Cincinnati. From the very ground of railroad construction he has worked his way up to the presidency of the Chesapeake and Ohio and Big Four railway systems, among the most prosperous of our great trunk lines. Mr. Ingalls is one of the people, and is practical in every idea. He is a lifelong Democrat, and from the September issue of the North American Review the following extracts are made from Mr. Ingalls' Advice to Gold Democrats:

What has happened since November, 1896, to warrant a reversal of the judgment which the American people then pronounced at the polls? Under what conditions have we entered on the present presidential campaign, and what, in this regard, is the duty of patriotic citizens, independent of partisan affiliation? To the Democrat who voted for Palmer and Buckner, as well as to the Democrat who voted for McKinley four years ago, the situation to-day presents peculiar embarrassments. Preferring to act with his party, when possible, the patriotic Democrat must, nevertheless, answer the call of duty, no matter in what direction it leads him.

The second and supreme trial of the great financial issue, which never should have been dragged into partisan politics, will be made at the polls in November, 1900. This test will, I believe, be conclusive. What are the conditions under which it is to be made?

There is in the United States at the present day unparalleled prosperity, in which every citizen has a right to share. If any citizen is prevented from sharing in that prosperity, he is the victim of conditions which cannot be righted by the election of Bryan, strongly as he may be tempted to trust in that remedy. Under the gold standard we have become the leading creditor nation, and we are financing the world. We have produced three great crops in succession, and we are feeding Europe. We have had three years of unexcelled manufacturing industry, and we are finding a prompt and generous market all over the world. The American farmer, the American laborer and the American business man were never as prosperous as they are to-day. It is by their suffrages that this presidential election must be decided. In what direction do their interests lie?

The American farmer is selling for 37½ cents a bushel corn which it costs him 15 cents to produce. His wheat and cotton, his beef and pork are selling at profitable prices. He is spending his money in luxuries and enjoying himself. He is riding in railroad trains, and, as he looks from the car windows over the bountiful harvests, he is taking a new view not only of his native land, which was never fairer or happier, but is also thinking of his new markets and new "possessions" across the seas.

The laborer is to-day receiving more wages than he ever received before, and he is receiving them in a currency that is good all over the world. In many instances, undoubtedly, there must be a readjustment of wages, and the sporadic strikes now reported in various manufacturing centers point probably to the beginning of this readjustment. In my opinion, these and kindred difficulties will be safely and speedily settled. * * * Now, can any sane man tell me how the laborer will help his condition, or the solution of the problems so vital to him, by voting to debase our standard of value and thereby reducing his own wages?

What has labor to hope from Bryan, ostensibly the friend of the dissatisfied, the champion of the aggrieved, and the chosen candidate of all the long-haired reformers in the United States? Does not the supreme salvation of labor depend, after all, upon preserving our standard of value, upon the non-partisan regulation of trusts, and upon the application to those great commercial aggregations, which are so peculiarly a product of this age, of a system of license and taxation? Is it not idle to denounce the trust as an evil, a menace to the national welfare? Is not the trust a natural and essential development of our time? A quarter of a century ago the word "corporation" implied an inherent reproach in the minds of exactly those citizens who to-day regard the trust, which is the incorporation of corporations, with the same disfavor. Yet it is to the solution of the trust problem that the American business man, as well as the American farmer and laborer, must address himself. And in the solution of that problem he will find the present goal of patriotism.

The business man who does not inquire into the politics of his bookkeeper is asked by the supporters of Mr. Bryan to allow partisan politics to be injected into the circulating medium through which he carries on his business. He refused in 1896, as he will refuse, I believe, in 1900, to impute either Democracy or Republicanism to the dollar. He will say that it is not a political question, and that it should not be made such. Asking himself where he shall seek guidance in the casting of his ballot, he, like the laborer and the farmer, looks out upon prosperity unprecedented. He sees trade following the flag all around the world, and new markets opening to him under new national responsibilities. He realizes, as a business man, that these responsibilities must be grappled with and adjusted on a business basis. No policy of evasion or retreat can commend itself to him. Yet, into the field of partisan discussion he finds these responsibilities dragged, like the dollars from his counting room, by the politicians who seek his vote. And, like the farmer and the laborer, he finds his next national ballot invested with unique importance.

What will be the reply of the American patriot, who is now asked to believe that his home and his pocketbook are staked on the next turn of the ballot, that a wrong decision spells ruin, and that he must decide issues of such moment as were never before submitted to the American electorate?

* * * Bryan's election appears to me impossible. * * * Good citizens, irrespective of party, should vote for McKinley in November. That it is the duty of patriots to do so I have no doubt.

The safety of the American republic is not menaced by a bogey, crowned with an imperial diadem of straw. The cry of imperialism is simply a pretext of the Democratic leaders to save themselves from the fatal blunder they made in 1896, the blunder of dragging the dollar to the polls and endeavoring to degrade it. Imperialism is not the paramount issue, despite all efforts to make it so.

Now, as in 1896, the real issue is the Silver Danger. That is the peril threatening this country, not the imaginary evils attendant on the acquisition of new territory, which was the inevitable result of a war for which the shriekers against imperialism were largely responsible. The only peril now threatening the United States is ruin and retrogression under silver, the turning back of the wheels of progress and prosperity to the standards of China and Mexico, and the abandonment of our position as the greatest country in the civilized world.

Shall we go forward or shall we turn back? That is the question for the voters in November. Under McKinley we go forward, under Bryan we turn back.

The coming test of the silver question at the polls must, in all human probability, be the final one. The will of the voters twice registered will not be the third time disputed. Each year that we preserve our present money standard gives it additional security. The American people do not like experiments with their currency, their school houses, their churches or their savings banks. A reversal of the popular verdict of 1896 would mean a reversal of all the achievements that make up our national prosperity. Bryan's election would mean that the sovereign people had decreed that our laborers shall be paid in silver, while our foreign debts must still be paid in gold.

Convinced as I am that the financial question is the paramount issue in November, 1900, as it was in November, 1896, it is worth while for Democrats who supported McKinley, as I did, four years ago, to ask what are the issues upon which our party could have appealed to the American people with fair prospects of success, and what we can contend for in future contests, after this economic and financial question is finally settled. To my mind these define themselves as reform in governmental administration, economy in governmental expenditure, the taxation and regulation of oppressive trusts and combinations, and the immediate enactment of a just and honest scheme of colonial government. These would have been issues upon which every patriot could have been honestly asked to vote. Why should we not set fairly about a reform in our old system of taxation, and, at the same time, initiate a departure which might well result in throwing the cost of government upon those who can best afford it? * * * The silver problem solved once for all, as it will be in November, the colonial problem at once becomes paramount. We must either give up Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines, haul down our flag, and shamefully abandon the righteous fruits of our prowess by land and sea, or we must prepare to govern these distant additions to our country fairly and honestly and capably. * * * A perpetual, constitutional barrier must be erected against the statehood of all our non-contiguous possessions. That supremely important problem is to be met and overcome, not by cowardly evasion or disgraceful retreat, for the American people will tolerate no such course. We must institute honestly and wisely and administer economically an American colonial system, worthy alike of our new possessions and of their mother country. We are not incapable of governing them. We are, as a nation, incapable of nothing.

I fully believe in the future of the American republic, and that we are wise and brave enough to bear the burdens and fulfill the task Providence has allotted us. Let us not falter at the threshold.

M. E. INGALLS.

# THE PATENT LAWS BREED MONOPOLIES.

## A Drummer Continues His Chats on Trade Changes.

### Reorganization of Employing Companies Affords Larger Opportunities to the Men — Expansion Gives Drummers New Fields.

(Concluded from last week.)

Monopolies in this country are due more to the patent system than any other cause; the average trust could not monopolize its product, and it will not try. If it does, there is the same old remedy which we free American citizens, who are supposed to have something to say in the election of our State legislatures, can apply. We can pass State laws for the regulation of those monopolies. And, by the way, speaking of politics, the Republican national platform declares against monopolies and would propose national legislation against them.

Gov. Roosevelt, a singularly clear-headed public man on civic questions, let me tell you, sees the point. He would legislate against monopolies. I firmly believe that this legislation will come, and with it other laws intended to regulate industrial corporations, a good deal as railroads and banks are regulated now. Why not? When the trusts really get to going so that they themselves know what they can do, and so that they won't be ashamed to show in what a cheap, primitive, experimental stage most of their methods now are, then, like the banks and the railroads, they ought to be made to "show down," and they will be.

Then the Wall street investor—for whom we don't care anything in particular—will be protected from making bad investments, and the unwary investors, the widows and the orphans, whom certain sand-bagging plutocrats like to tell us about with so many tears, will be doubly protected. Moreover, the employes of the trusts, the clerks in the offices and the hands in the mills, can buy trust stocks, and they will want to.

I spoke about the Wall street investor. He hasn't been making so very much money in industrial stocks of late. He got caught lots of times. Perhaps you recall the case of the bicycle trust. The promoters of that scheme went to certain bankers in New York on an eighty million dollar basis. It wouldn't go. It wasn't worth the money. There wasn't the property in plants, good will, etc. About a year later the promoters, the same promoters, no doubt, who had learned a good deal in the meantime, came back with the bicycle trust proposition on a forty million dollar basis, and it went at that; could earn dividends on the forty millions. It is probably true that the American Bicycle Company is not fully satisfied with every single one of the million details of its business, but doubtless it will get there. Other manufacturers, and big manufacturers, in the bicycle business will also get there; and other big trusts in the bicycle business are bound to get there, too. You can't keep a good man down—or a good proposition. You can't corner all the capital and brains in the country. Remember that.

But I was speaking about the investor, the wary one, not the widow or the orphan. He has suffered on account of the stock-watering evil along with the trust "magnate" and the promoter. He is getting down on the earth again. Some of the trusts in which he invested have even gone to pieces. They were badly conceived and badly managed. They couldn't hold together. They didn't "do business" on a business basis.

There was no reason why they should expect to hold together. Perhaps there were too many purely ornamental persons in the offices with high salaries. Perhaps there were too many sons and nephews of "the president," who sat around looking handsome—and thinking that there was no other task of importance connected with their job. Whatever the cause, the badly organized and badly managed trust has gone to pieces—or is going. Nothing can help it, if it can't help itself. So, too, the people are realizing that the problem is economic after all, that no person, nor any party, is to blame for this condition of things; nor, in fact, that any person, or party, or policy can prevent the good ones from succeeding, can prevent the bad ones from failing.

That suggests another thing. I spoke of the more or less handsome nephew of "the president." He has got to be up to his job or he can't stay. It isn't enough for him to succeed in his new position in doing the same old things that he used to do in the old one. There is new study for him, new problems; buying, handling the labor situation, selling the product at a profit, studying the world's markets.

All this he has got to do because it has got to be done; and if he hasn't the inclination or the brains to do it, you can wager your last dollar at the risk of walking from Kokomo to Kankakee that neither the "President" nor any one else will keep him in. That is why it is the worst kind of fol-de-rol, unworthy of anybody as intelligent as the Great American Traveler, to pretend that there are no opportunities in manufacturing and trade now, and especially none for young men.

Fudge!

There was never so good a chance for brains, and good health, and sobriety, and acumen, and vitality. Have these things and capital must have you. And if it must have you it must pay you. The larger the corporation, the more important in it is the man. There are just as many large corporations now as there were small ones before. As many big men are required as there were small ones required before. What these so-called magnates want is somebody who can do the work. Price is no object if they can depend upon you. You can't strike a $10,000 position all at once. You have got to show that you are worth $1,000, or $2,000, or $3,000. It is the same old climb as it always has been; there is the same old ladder to go up by, and the same old persimmon when you get to the top round—and the same old persimmons, too, all the way up at all the rounds.

All this seems pretty long unless it also seems to have some bearing upon the drummer question. I don't know whether you ever thought of it or not, but many different causes have been operating in the last few years to throw commercial travelers out of work. Manufacturers have sought to eliminate commission men, who must have laid off a good many of their travelers. The catalogue houses, so-called, those doing business direct with the consumer by means of catalogues and other printed matter, have grown enormously. They have laid off drummers—if they ever had them; and one of the reasons why they can sell so cheaply to the consumer is that one element of selling expense, the drumming, is eliminated. Any house that corresponds extensively, that takes care with its correspondence, by just so much makes the selling easy; and if the process were kept up long enough, this would cause drummers to lose their places.

Then consider that millions and millions of dollars are spent in this country for advertising purposes, not merely in the newspapers and the magazines, but on the fences and the bill boards, in signs, in distributions of printed matter, and what not.

What is all this money spent for?

To sell goods.

And the study of hundreds of the brightest men in the country is devoted to making advertising more and more effective, so that a given expenditure will result in greater and greater sales at a lower and lower expense. Why do the advertisers want to sell more and more cheaply? So that they can beat their competitors—by giving the consumer better things for the same money, or just as good things for less money. All this effort to sell things cheaper means that drummers are going to be laid off if they by their methods have been selling things more expensively.

There is another thing that we owe it to ourselves to look fairly in the face. Many drummers in the past have considered that the business that they helped their houses to do belonged to them and not to the houses. Others, surely all the houses, used to take a contrary view; and of late years they have resorted to the various more or less direct methods of selling in order to get their business back into their own hands. No doubt about it! No doubt about it!

One of the things which a trust aims to do is to reduce its selling expense. If four manufacturers making the same article are drumming Indiana, and their four able and persuasive representatives light into Indianapolis some day, they all go around among the trade doing little except neutralize one another. About four times the talk, nerve force and money are spent to sell only as many goods as Indianapolis wants that day, as needs be spent. This is one of the many things that the trusts have found out—that they knew before they started in.

Now, it is inevitable in the very economics, in the very natural law of the situation, that some of those drummers must go some time; they may be sent into new territory, they may be recalled to work in the office at home, or they may be dismissed entirely. Just so much of their work as has been unnecessary will surely be dispensed with in time. Competition does that, and we couldn't have any better illustration of the fact that competition is always active. Here it is potent, actually. In the case of the glucose trust that was afraid to encourage too much competition (of other capital and brains) by making more than seven per cent, it was active potentially.

It is preposterous to say that fifty thousand commercial travelers, or thirty-five thousand, have been thrown out of work by the trusts. There are probably not sixty thousand of them in the whole country. Besides, if ten per cent of them have been thrown out of work by the various changes in producing and distributing that have come about in the last few years, other causes have probably contributed equally with the combination movement. Even so, and putting the case at its very worst, the general improvement in business, the wide expansion of trade at home and abroad, which all of our producers, manufacturers and traders have helped to bring about, and by which they have all inevitably profited—this has put all of those commercial travelers back into places just as good, or better, or will do so. It is inevitable.

More people were employed after machinery was introduced—simply because the wants of the human race became greater and wider every year, and these wants had to be supplied, and could be, because things were so much cheaper.

We have taken over Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, and have some interest in Cuba; and I venture to say that the increased and increasing business in those distant islands has already more than absorbed the work of all the drummers in the country who have lost their positions through industrial combinations. If that is true, and I believe it is, consider what a chance there is for ten per cent of our commercial travelers, or for fifty per cent of them, in time in foreign lands or at home here, helping their new employers, or their old ones, to meet all the numberless new and increasing demands of our prosperous and proud American men, women, sweethearts, wives, cousins, aunts and children, and all the countless millions, who, as we can be certain, are going to want our American products more and more because the counted millions that we know of have begun to take them now almost faster than we can supply them.

That is expansion.

You cannot stop it in a million years! It has been going on since the world began, and it will continue to go on, faster than ever, I guess, to the end of time. It happens when a people fairly bursts its manufacturing and commercial bounds. There must be an outlet for the products of our farms and factories, for the capital and talents of our business men and hustlers.

Sometimes this expansion of new strength, which amounts to an explosion of new strength, must be preceded by a battleship, even by a part of a standing army, or a permanent garrison, as in Porto Rico or the Philippines. At other times the battleship and the standing army, or a part of it, just enough to hold our own and make no doubt of it, must follow.

The missionaries (who typify in a way the advance of civilization into heathen lands, as we call them) are best of all the daring forerunners of the commerce and the progress that have to get there too. The human race, especially the Anglo-Saxons, are always wanting more and better things; they are climbing, climbing, climbing, always upon a higher plane of living. These things they work for, and fight for, and die for. So long as that restless, world-conquering sentiment exists, there will be expansion. So long, too, the races of the earth which have found themselves, and are still finding themselves, unequal to the trading, and selling, and fighting, and civilizing capacity of the Anglo-Saxons, must step aside; they must learn to fight and to trade, and to trade and to fight, much better; that is all.

I try to say these things thoughtfully, as a drummer, notorious as he is for talking, may sometimes do. This expansion that I speak of is what we optimists mean by destiny; we are not afraid of it, we welcome it. We have done in the last three years a hundred years of work—which, however, we couldn't have done, if we hadn't been prepared, if we hadn't been that kind of people.

There is not a true American man in these United States that is not better off, in his patriotism or his pecuniary prospects, for the tasks of war and of statesmanship that have been undertaken and discharged in the last three years. You are better off, whoever you are; and I am better off. Even if I had not been necessary to my employer in the field and had not been kept on the pay-roll, then there would have been ten times the freedom of opportunity, which is all any good man can want. There is freedom of opportunity for everybody; but opportunity won't come looking for us. We must go running for it, watching every opening, looking for improvement, looking for the way which our employer must find if we do not make his capital and his efforts pay him a little better. In that way our efforts, which are our capital, will pay us better and better.

A DRUMMER.

# SIMON GREY'S FAMILY.

## A Story of Country Life.

BY ALMA L. PARKER, GUIDE ROCK, NEB.

### CHAPTER III.

Simon's Fight for His Honor.

Election day arrived. Boonsville was early filled with voters, passing up and down the streets, electioneering for their favorite candidates, the center of attraction being the place where they were to vote.

Political Simon seemed everywhere at once, with a smile of satisfaction on his face. It seemed to him that he had a great deal to be thankful for. Ezra had visited at his place for over a month, and yet no one in Boonsville had ever learned his politics, which Simon considered a blessing to the Grey family. Now the time of danger had passed, for Ezra had gone back to his home in Pennsylvania.

Simon flitted from person to person, informing everybody of the way they should vote. Everyone that was rumored to be "doubtful," Simon Grey would corner, and address as follows, in a familiar way: "My good fellow, I hope you are on the right side. I trust that you will cast your ballot in such a way that you may claim a share of the honor of Bryan's victory. Here is a cigar, my good fellow. Smoke it in remembrance of my daughter Vinnie, who is running for County Superintendent. You know her educational qualities; not bragging at all, but really she is as smart a gal as there is in Warble County. Glen Harrington, though Professor of the High School here in Boonsville, hasn't near the talent Vinnie has for school teaching or the managing of the schools in the county. Then he's Republican and that's agin his character. He's a softhead or he'd know better than that. If he does know better, and still votes that infernal ticket, he's a scoundrel, and for such hypocritical men, I have great contempt."

Then somebody remarked: "You'd better be careful, Simon, how you ridicule your future son-in-law."

"Son-in-law!" Simon drawled out. "He'll never be a son-in-law of mine till he leaves that d— party and joins the Farmers' Alliance. I have this much to say, though, in Glen Harrington's favor. He's young yet, and he may reform. But one thing is sure: I shall never allow a daughter of mine to marry a Republican."

One of the men, to whom Simon was giving advice, asked him what his brother's politics were.

"O, Ezra's gone home," replied Simon, rather uneasily. "I told him to go home, where he could vote, for we didn't want to miss a single Free Silver vote."

"He's a Populist, then, is he?"

Simon hesitated. Should he tell a lie to protect the honor of the Grey family? Certainly, if it were necessary.

"Well, I guess so," he said, earnestly. "I'd be ashamed if there was a Grey outside of the Populist party."

"Your brother isn't as much of a politician as you are, is he? No one seems to have heard him talk politics."

"No, he is not. I wanted him to give a series of lectures in favor of Free Silver while he was in Boonsville, but he wouldn't exert himself that much."

"Wonder, Simon," the fellow said, chuckling, "why he had a McKinley button on the lapel of his coat the morning he went away."

"Great heavens, man!" exclaimed Simon, with a horrified expression on his face. "He wouldn't be caught dead with a McKinley button on! Are you crazy?"

"No, sir, I'm not crazy. It is an actual fact, for I saw it myself when he was standing in the depot awaiting the train. What's more, I wasn't the only one that noticed it. Uncle Joe Harrington and Bill White remarked to me concerning it."

"Hold your tongue, young fellow!" interrupted Simon. "It can't be possible. I shall never allow such an outlandish lie to circulate! I am here to protect my rights, and I swear to protect the honor of the Grey family as long as there is breath in my body and mind in my cranium!" And Simon Grey, of political fame, straightened up to his full six feet, and threw his shoulders back. He looked powerful indeed, compared with the small man he was addressing. As the small man walked away, smiling to himself at irascible Simon, our hero clenched his teeth in rage.

"I've got you spotted," he muttered to himself. "If that fellow, or Joe Harrington, or Bill White tells in Boonsville to-day that Ezra wore a McKinley button, I'll down 'em. No doubt but what it's true, though it is strange I failed to notice it, but supposin' it is the truth?" Simon argued to himself. "It's none of their business if he wore a dozen McKinley buttons. Darn Ezra! If he did do such a thing as that, after promising me that he wouldn't tell my neighbors that he was Republican, he has disgraced my family; that is, if the people of Boonsville hear it, but they—shall—not—know—it!" he slowly muttered.

"I will keep my eyes open and see that no report as that circulates. I hate to fight, but my honor must be defended."

While Simon was entertaining such thoughts as these, Cynthia, alone at home, wondered as the hours wore away what would be the result of election. It was a dreary day for her. She tried to knit, read or sew, to pass the hours away, but it seemed as though she could not get interested in her work. Noon-hour arrived and Simon had not come home, as he had promised. Cynthia was disappointed. One o'clock arrived, and still he did not appear. Two o'clock and Cynthia could endure her lonely anxiety no longer; so, putting on her bonnet, went over to her neighbor's (Mrs. Blank) to spend the afternoon.

It was getting late in the afternoon, when their conversation was interrupted by a knock at the kitchen door. Mrs. Blank, excusing herself from Cynthia's presence, went to open the door.

Cynthia could not see the caller, but recognized the voice of Mrs. Bogg, another neighbor.

"O Mrs. Blank," she said, "have you heard about the awful fight down in Boonsville?"

"No, Mrs. Bogg. Who's had a fight?"

"Simon and Uncle Joe Harrington, and I guess Harrington most killed Simon."

"What's that?" said Cynthia, as she hastily entered the kitchen.

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Grey," said Sarah Bogg. "I didn't know you were here."

"I thought I heard you say," said Cynthia, "that Simon has had a fight with Joe Harrington."

"Yes, that's what I said. I just heard about it."

"O my! What shall I do? Where is Simon?"

"Oh, I guess he's all right now, Mrs. Grey. Some men standing near by took Harrington off of him, and some of 'em's goin' to bring him home right away. I guess he'll live."

"Oh, oh! Was he hurt so bad? I do wonder what caused the trouble."

"I heard that Joe Harrington told around Boonsville that Mr. Ezra Grey was Republican, and when Simon heard it he got ravin' mad, and told Uncle Joe that he lied. That was the beginning of the trouble."

Just then the sound of carriage wheels were heard, and Cynthia, looking up the road leading to Boonsville, saw a carriage coming occupied by two gentlemen. One was driving and the other sat with his head all bandaged with a white cloth.

"It's Simon," said Cynthia with a sigh.

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The election was now over; the polls had closed, and the counting of votes began.

Political Simon was not, however, present to witness the counting. With his scalp sewed up and his head well bandaged, the doctor said he thought he would get along all right if he lay quietly in bed for a few days.

It was a sad, anxious night for the Greys. All but Mary were humiliated because of the fight. Mary said if she was pa she'd get even with old man Harrington yet, and if Vinnie ever was friends with Glen again pa ought to disown her. Vinnie did not say much, but it was plain to see by her pale face that she was much affected. She loved Glen Harrington, yet it seemed that fate was against her.

Many unpleasant thoughts surged through her troubled brain, disturbing her slumber, and when morning came her pillow was damp with tears.

When she walked from her room Jimmie said he believed she was powdered. "Gee whiz! Ain't she white?"

Just then a weak voice was heard in the adjoining room.

"Is Vinnie out there?" came in feeble accents.

"Yes, pa," said Jimmie.

"Then tell her to come here, please."

(To be continued.)

## RAW MATERIAL IMPORTS.

### Manufacturers Buy More Freely and Make More Finished Goods.

One of the most interesting portions of the annual report of the treasury bureau for 1900 concerns the importation of manufacturers' materials.

Crude and raw materials were more largely imported than ever before, and formed a large share of the total imports. Those included unmanufactured fibers, raw silk, wool, crude India rubber, hides, skins, pig tin, and chemicals. The importations of these articles amounted to the sum of $302,264,106, which was 40 per cent greater than in any preceding year. Then there were "articles wholly or partially manufactured, for use as materials in manufacturing," which included wood, leather, furs, cement, yarns, oils, dyes, dye woods and certain chemicals, amounting to $88,433,549. Taken together, these materials for use in our manufactures show an increase of $107,375,698 over those of the year 1899.

All these imports were taken by our manufacturers to be worked over and resold, and the returns indicate in the clearest manner the prosperity of the manufacturing business. Some of these articles were free from customs duty, while others were dutiable, showing how the wise discrimination of the Dingley tariff law promoted both the interests of the manufacturers and the interests of the people. The share which articles in the raw form for manufacturing purposes have in the imports is constantly increasing, and in the year just ended make by far the largest total in the history of our foreign commerce. All of this means the better employment of American labor.