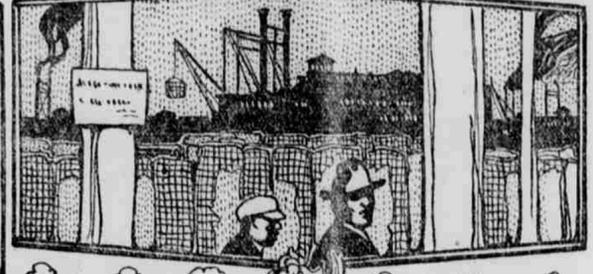


KING COTTONS IMPOVERISHED RETINUE

BY DANIEL J. SULLY

Editor's Note.—Daniel J. Sully, the author of this article depicting the possibilities of cotton, the pitiful vassalage of the planter and the destiny awaiting the United States and the cotton grower, when we take advantage of our opportunity, has had a remarkable career in the record and romance of cotton. It was his unparalleled market campaign that caused cotton to rise to 17 3/4 cents a pound in 1903, the highest point reached since the civil war. During this actual reign of cotton, when Sully was its premier, \$450,000,000 in gold was brought to this country and formed the substructure of the enormous bull market which culminated in the spring of 1907. Then the south and the whole nation realized for the first time that the success of cotton and the advancement of civilization go hand in hand.



In mind, that cotton cloth, the cloth of the civilized masses, without which they would become barbarians, is the product of a plant. Cloth grown from the soil! If by some botanical necromancy we could grow finished garments in the fields, and if these garments could be produced in like quantities in no other part of the earth, every man would instantly realize that America possessed a monopoly which would make all other nations our petitioners. Yet we have that monopoly as assured as it would be if we harvested clothing ready to wear, for if we ourselves produced the garments that we by our toil in the south enable Europe and Japan to manufacture, we would possess almost an exclusive supply of the cloth and clothing already needed by at least one-half of the human race.

American cotton-planters, proprietors of the greatest gold-producing staple in the world, are poor. They are in practical servitude. It is a tragedy of contemporary life that they who produce for the world the commodity without which modern civilization and industrial life could not proceed are themselves absolutely subservient and the poorest paid toilers in the United States. Intellectually the cotton-growers are surrounded and coerced by factors which have no other purpose than to keep them in this debilitated vassalage. From this condition influences of a new American spirit must liberate them.



TYPICAL COTTON-PICKING SCENE

We smile at the Celestial shivering in the midst of coal-fields larger than the state of Pennsylvania. America's attitude toward cotton is almost equally grotesque. On the southern rim of the United States, within an area of practically 14 states, is grown 89 per cent. of the world's supply of cotton. The remaining 20 per cent., grown in South America, India, and the far east, is of an inferior quality and cannot compete with the cotton grown in the United States. Notwithstanding this enormous advantage, the fact still remains that his heaven-sent boon, paradoxical though it may seem, does not enrich, but rather impoverishes, the southland.

This is a tale of commercial ineptitude. Our greatest asset is our greatest humiliation. Cotton is king, but it is a badly served monarch. Other nations, by farsighted policy, intense activity, and commercial alertness, have overcome the tremendous advantage we have, and by beating down the price of the raw product, and with cheap labor on looms and machinery for the manufacture of the finished product, now control the markets of the world. In the Orient, where we once had our share of trade, the market, to say the least, is slipping from us. It seems almost a travesty on American business methods that English and German manufacturers can go on the docks at Galveston and take our raw cotton, carry it to Europe in subsidized ships, weave it with cheap labor, retransport it to the United States, pay the customs duty, and undersell our home manufacturers. There is something wrong here, isn't there?

Cotton is the clothing of the uncounted multitudes, and even those born to the purple depend upon cotton for much of their apparel. King Cotton's dominion is mankind. America, therefore, producing practically alone, a commodity vital to civilized life and progress, has in that harvest the secret of incomparable wealth and power. It is not steel or lumber, kerosene or corn, that insures enduring leadership for the United States. Vast capital and dynamic genius have gone into the development of steel, yet this is transitory. The scepter of steel must ultimately slip from our grasp. The iron-ore beds of the Lake Superior region are doomed. Experts have numbered their years as less than a generation. Lumber cannot furnish a permanent foundation for our industrial pre-eminence. The forests are fast vanishing. Oil has contributed one of the leading items to our export trade, and has multiplied incredibly the fortunes of its managers; but the oil-wells cannot disgorge their illuminant forever. Besides the Baku fields are ready to compete. Our corn and wheat before the end of many decades will be consumed at home. Argentina, central Europe and Manchuria produce these cereals in prodigious abundance. Even if our corn and wheat were the world's sole sufficient supply, as in the case of our cotton, the overseas nations could dispense with these staples, as some of them now do. Millions upon millions of Mongolians have not yet developed an appetite for anything save rice. But all of them are clad in cotton goods. An additional inch on the shirts worn by the Mongolians would mean one million bales of cotton, and this is the market that is slipping from us.

Cotton Makes America Supreme Among Nations.

Thus it is cotton, and cotton alone, that can make America permanently unique and supreme among the nations. This fact makes grotesque the record of our unsuccess in selling finished cotton products across the sea. The only foreign customer that counted at all importantly in the totals of our export trade was China, and our market there has pitifully declined. England, Germany, and Japan are forcing our ships from the Pacific, just as they crowded them off the paths of the Atlantic. We should be carrying cargoes of cotton goods to all the ports of the earth. Instead of that the nations send here for 80 per cent. of their raw supply, manufacture it into all forms of commodities, outsell us in all the world's markets, and even successfully ship the manufac-

tured goods back to the Americans who produce the raw supply. Switzerland, for example, which grows no cotton, whose mountains yield no coal for its factories, a country that has not an inch of seacoast or a plank afloat, sends to us, in the ships of other nations, more finished cotton goods than we export to all the countries of continental Europe combined.

America's future, when she realizes her heritage and opportunity in cotton, will eclipse anything that has been foretold for this republic. It is only within the last hundred years that cotton has conquered the world. The career of this plant has scarcely begun. The remarkable pace in its progress to power is revealed by the quaint fact that in 1784 eight bags of American cotton were seized by the customs authorities at Liverpool, the sage British verdict being that the importation was fraudulent, as so much cotton could not possibly be produced in one year in America! In Napoleon's campaigns thousands of the wounded could have been saved had there been an adequate supply of cotton for bandages.

Before Eli Whitney's time it took a man in his home two years to separate one bale of cotton from the seed. The yield of cotton thus handicapped on its way to the wearer was unimportant. There had been cotton from remote antiquity. The mummies of Peru were wrapped in it. The ancient Hindus wove it, and by some forgotten art the weaving was 5,000 times finer than is to be found in any of the fabrics of modern times. Cotton was a sacred thread among the Brahmans, and the theft of it a serious crime. In the gardens of Chinese temples at the present day a special variety of cotton-plant is found which is nowhere else grown. From its yield the vestments of the Confucian priests are made.

Great Britain has made an organized and scientific effort to raise a supply that would make her independent of America, for the statesmen of that empire foresaw the possibilities of the day when America, rising to a recognition of her right, will manufacture her own cotton and sell it to the world. But Great Britain, with her grip upon all available areas, after many years of unsuccessful effort, has had to and must come continually to America for her supply.

The Standard Oil Company has made it possible to illumine millions of homes that otherwise would be in darkness, but this has been made practicable only through the cotton wick. When you are born they wrap you in



ELI WHITNEY. THE INVENTOR OF THE COTTON-GIN

Cotton has within itself, under the guiding hand of the country which produces it, the power to bring about ultimate world-peace. The United States, by prohibiting the exportation of raw cotton cargoes to England, Germany, France, Italy and Switzerland, could inflict hopeless industrial paralysis and financial panic upon those lands. The balance of power is in our hands to a most remarkable degree, but we treat it with indifference.

One word from America that it would withhold supplies of cotton would bring all Europe to terms of amity.

In the meantime, and until we reach the realization of the potency of cotton, if nations continue to waste their substance (and their purchasing power), in war, cotton will continue to be found indispensable in conflict. It is gun-cotton that hurls destruction through the ranks, and it is cotton that binds up the wounds of the fallen. The Japanese in their recent war, through an unrivaled system of surgery and hospital service, reduced the death-rate of the wounded to an unprecedented minimum. Without cotton that would have been impossible. And it is in cotton khaki that the armies march. And they make their bivouacs under cotton tents.

Cotton is indeed first in war, as it is first in peace!

Now we are entering a new age, the age of aerial flight, and the aeroplane is a cotton chariot! On these wings of cotton we have begun to fly through the heavens at 30 and 40 miles an hour, and the end is not yet.

It is easy to forget, or at least to fail to keep

cotton; when you die they bury you in a cotton shroud. Throughout life cotton is most constantly with man. It is his closest companion by day and keeps him comfortable at night. Cotton is spread upon his tables; it is in the



SPINNING-ROOM OF A COTTON-MILL

upholstering of his chairs. If he takes a ride on the Flying Limited it is cotton waste in the wheel-boxes, through which lubricating oil is fed to the running-gear, that insures a continuous trip. This is an electrical age, but without cotton insulation on the wires the might of electricity would be a menace.

Men cannot, if they would, again depend for their clothing upon the skins of wild animals. These beasts have practically vanished. Nor is there enough wilderness on the globe to furnish a range for the rearing of sufficient animals to provide garments of skins for mankind. The world of men and women is clothed to-day as never before. It is only within the last century, with cotton within the reach of the multitude, that the majority have been adequately clothed. The heroes of the revolution were half clad and that half was rags.

And it is one of the interesting ironies of history that during that period, when the problem of clothes was supreme, both in America and abroad, Richard Arkwright, who invented the spinning-frame, and James Hargreaves, who invented the spinning-jenny, creations which were to change the history of the race, had their machines destroyed by the enraged and half-clad populace, who feared the competition of these labor-saving devices.

We smile at the short-sighted folly of that day, and yet the progress in the use and manufacture of cotton will be as tremendous in the coming years as in the past. There is an actual kingship for cotton, not only commercially but political.

We shall awake to our new destiny as a world-power and trading nation when we realize fully that the southern section of our republic is virtually the exclusive source of a commodity absolutely indispensable to the myriads of mankind from New York to Shanghai, from Rome to Montevideo, from London to the Cape. Less than one and a quarter million Americans, in 14 states of this union, hold in their hands the comfort, the luxury, the destiny of mankind. An enormous profit is made somewhere in

THE ONLOOKER
WILBUR D. NESBIT

THAT DOG OF HIS



That dog of his, it whimpers so And warbles lost-like through the place, You'd have to see the brute to know The sad expression on his face. It sits beside his little chair And thumps its tail against the floor— But he is never sitting there; His dog can't find him any more.

The dog peers through the window pane And barks in short, excited calls. Or finds a trail that leads in vain Upstairs and downstairs through the halls. And out of doors and to the street— And there the dog will stop and stand And listen for the little feet.

Or whimpers for the little hand. The dog creeps to the little bed That all unrumpled is to-day And noses at the flowered spread.

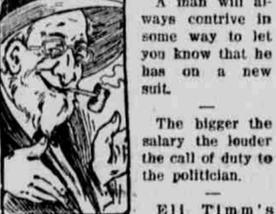
Then whimpers as it turns away; It finds some little battered toy And brings it to its mouth with glee And wags its tail in new-found joy And looks all questioning at me.

It rests its head upon its paws And thinks, and thinks—and does not heed The bone on which it never grows— Then rises with excited speed And races to some play spot; then Comes back and whines and whimpers—

—Yes, And does the same things once again As though a dog could feel distress!

That dog of his—it came to me About a half hour ago And put one front paw on each knee And looked as though I ought to know, As though I—Ah, how sad it is! We two who loved the dog so well—I'm dumb as is that dog of his—I cannot ask, I cannot tell.

OLD MAN GIDDLES OBSERVES.



A man will always contrive in some way to let you know that he has on a new suit.

The bigger the salary the louder the call of duty to the politician.

Eli Timm's daughter thinks she has a great voice, and his son believes he is cut out for a diplomat. Eli says it would cost him just as much to raise them, anyway.

The successful man is the one who doesn't let others learn of his mistakes.



Long hair doesn't make a football player; it's the sand to take the bumps.

What will they do in the next world to the man who figures out how to



make imitation pumpkin pies in this?

The Dull Man.

"I can't imagine what is wrong with our gas supply," says the beautiful young thing when George has been seated in the parlor. "We don't seem able to get more than one-fourth enough for light."

Sure enough, the gas is burning dimly—so dimly, indeed, that George can barely see her where she sits across the room.

Recognizing an opportunity to demonstrate his ability to cope with any set of circumstances, George volunteers to find the trouble. He goes to the basement, and after inspecting the gas meter returns and says: "Oddest thing I ever saw. The cap controlling the gas supply was almost entirely shut off."

The gas is now blazing merrily, but the fair young thing twists a handkerchief about her bruised hand and soon feigns a headache of sufficient strength to make George cut short his call.

The Toiling Author.

"No doubt," we say to the author of the best seller, "you have to work over and over your stories."

"Yes," he responds, wearily. "After the publishers have accepted them I have to re-write them to make them fit the illustrations."

Wilbur Nesbit.