

Fight of American and British Tobacco Trusts



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LIGHTED WITH AMERICAN ELECTRIC LAMPS.

Copyright, 1902, by Frank G. Carpenter. LONDON, June 19.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—A merry war is going on between the British Imperial Tobacco combination and the American Tobacco trust.

For years the Britishers have monopolized the tobacco sales of the United Kingdom. They have made the greater part of the cigars, cigarettes and tobacco used, and there are today about 500 tobacco factories in operation in different parts of the country. The American Tobacco Trust made its first invasion some years ago. It began by attempting to purchase the biggest of the British tobacco firms, but failed, so it took the second. This was known as Ogden's, a tobacco combination, with stock selling at a market value of a little over \$3,000,000. The trust paid a premium of \$900,000 to get control of the business and at once began to push the sales of Yankee-made tobacco after American methods. It was making rapid inroads upon the business of the Britishers when the Imperial Tobacco company was formed to oppose it. This company now consists of a trust comprising thirteen of the chief firms in the British tobacco trade and covering all parts of the country.

The two trusts are now fighting each other for all they are worth and the contest excites great interest among all classes. The newspapers are full of it. They publish daily articles concerning Mr. Duke, the American tobacco king, and his plans, and the best displayed advertisements are those of the rival companies. Yesterday it was said that stores would be established in every village of the United Kingdom for the sale of American-made tobacco and today it is reported that the American syndicate has offered \$85,000,000 a year to the French government for the monopoly of the tobacco business of France, which is now run by the state. The end may be that the Americans will establish enormous factories here under British names and make their cigarettes and cigars with British labor.

Down with Yankee Monopolies.

The British tobaccoists are much excited over this feature of the invasion. They publish requests for the people to down the Yankee monopolies and buy English tobacco, and over their stores you may see signs urging all patriotic Englishmen to smoke cigarettes and cigars made at home. I paid a shilling for a poster which I saw in a cigar shop near London bridge this morning. It is a cigar advertisement backed with a British flag and addressed to the British public. It reads:

"Americans whose markets are closed by prohibitive tariffs against British goods have declared their intention of monopolizing the Tobacco Trade of this Country. It is for the British public to decide whether British Labor, Capital and Trade are to be subordinated to the American system of Trust Monopoly and all that is implied therein.

"The Imperial Tobacco company is an amalgamation of British manufacturers who have closed their ranks with the determination to hold the British Trade for the British People.

"Its aim is to provide the vast smoking

public with Cigarettes and Tobacco made solely by means of British Labor and Capital," etc., etc.

It seems to me there are more cigar shops than grocery stores in London. You find them on every corner and in every block. They are different from our American establishments. The shops are small and the most of the goods are in the windows. Little taste is shown in display and box after box of cigars and cigarettes, with the covers off and the tobacco showing, are piled one on top of the other until the window is full.

Every tobaccoist sells pipes and tobacco pouches. There are different brands of fine cut and plug and all sorts of smoking tobaccos. More smoking is done by means of pipes than cigars, and every other man you meet has a short briarwood pipe in his mouth. This is especially so of the poorer classes. The British are great smokers. They consumed \$25,000,000 worth of tobacco last year and nine-tenths of the product came from the United States.

Bit of Tobacco History.

They have always gotten the most of their tobacco from us. The weed was first imported by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1585, and later on it became one of the chief articles of trade between the colonies and Great Britain. Some tobacco was planted in England during the time of James I. Tobacco smoking had become general among the upper classes, and both ladies and gentlemen smoked. King James denounced the custom. He prohibited its cultivation in England. Cromwell did the same and ordered his soldiers to tramp down the tobacco crops wherever they found them.

Charles II tried to restrict our tobacco trade to England. He forbade the colonies to ship the product elsewhere, and the result was the ruination of the Virginia tobacco industry and the rebellion of the Virginia planters in 1676, which was in reality the commencement of the struggle which culminated in the American revolution and our independence. In those days the English had the monopoly and the profits. Now the Americans are coming to the front, and the probability is that our trust will even up the exactions of the past.

I don't know the amount of capital possessed by the Imperial Tobacco company, but it runs high into the tens of millions. The American Tobacco company, incorporated in 1890, had a capital of \$25,000,000, and in 1901 it had so added to its holdings that its outstanding securities aggregated \$70,000,000. The Continental Tobacco company, organized in 1898, has a capital stock and securities of about \$100,000,000, and there are other companies which represent millions more. It is safe to say that the tobacco companies of America altogether have a capital of at least \$150,000,000, and that most of them are more or less interested in this fight.

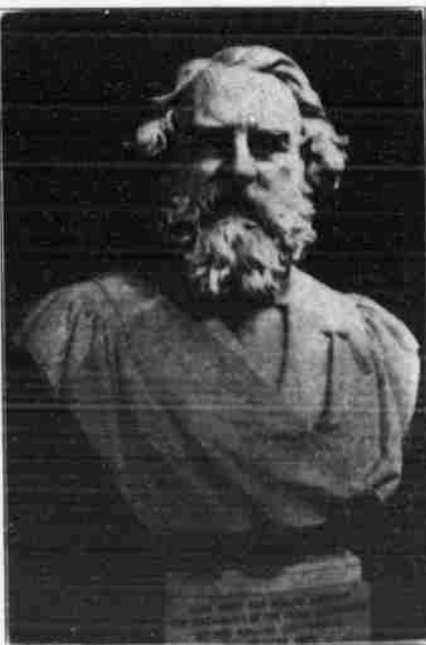
American Tracks on Old Landmarks.

Everywhere I go in London I see the footsteps of the ubiquitous Yankee. He is either on the streets with his carpetbag and samples, in the machine shops with his American tools or in the book stores, supplying England with his share of his literature. Mark Twain, Joel Chandler Harris,

Mary Johnston and other well known American writers are as popular here as at home and their books are sold by the thousands.

I find the American invasion not only in the books, but in the materials of which they are made. I dropped into one of the places immortalized by Dickens the other day to buy a lead pencil and notebook. It was, in fact, the old "Curiosity Shop" about which the great novelist wove the story of "Little Nell." The sign over the door is that of a stationer named Poole. I asked him for his best lead pencils and he showed me two, which were apparently just alike, but one of which cost twice as much as the other. The expensive lead pencil was made in Austria, costing 10 cents, and the other was almost a fac-simile for 5 cents, but on the back of the second I noticed a stamp showing that it was made by the Eagle Pencil company of New York. The stationer told me that much of his paper came from America. This is especially so of the cheap kinds, the most of the newspapers being printed on paper made of American wood pulp.

Speaking of printing, Benjamin Franklin



LONGFELLOW'S BUST IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

did some of his first printing in London. I came upon his old home in one of the houses of Craven street this morning. It is within a stone's throw of Charing Cross and there is a marble slab on the wall upon which are the words "Benjamin Franklin once lived here." I stumbled across a statue of George Peabody, our first charitable millionaire, back of the Bank of England yesterday, and when I entered Westminster Abbey, shortly before it was closed to prepare it for King Edward's coronation, I found on a yellow card laid on one of the tombs a quotation concerning the beauty of the place from Oliver Wendell Holmes. I soon drifted into the poet's corner and there upon the wall just next to a statue of Shakespeare was a most beautiful marble bust of our poet, Longfellow, with an inscription stating that it had been erected by the British admirers of the American poet.

You all know something of the wonders of St. Paul's cathedral. It is one of the largest churches of the world and in many respects the most beautiful. Many of you have visited it, but I doubt if you have seen the vast structure as I saw it the other day, lighted with the wonderful electric lights in the beautiful fixtures presented to the church by an American trust

magnate. Pierpont Morgan has furnished the money which enables the English to see the glories of their greatest church, whether the city in which it stands is shrouded in fog or not.

I can't describe the beauty of the church under the soft lights of these lamps. It looks far better than in the brightest sunshine. The church authorities told Mr. Morgan that they could not afford to put in this electricity and he thereupon offered to do it for them. He took \$45,000 out of his left breeches pocket and plunked it down on the pulpit and told them to go ahead. At any rate, that is what it cost at the start.

The fixtures are modeled after the original lamps designed by Sir Christopher Wren and they are in perfect harmony with their surroundings. Some of the most beautiful of them are in the choir, just beyond the dome. They are great chandeliers of gold hanging from the roof, which is hundreds of feet higher up. Each chandelier has six lamps, but the rays are filtered through frosted glass and they give the effect of a bright moonlight.

As I sat under these lights in the mighty cathedral my mind went back to its wonderful history and it seemed to me that I could see the ghosts of its architect, Sir Christopher Wren, and of the hundreds of England's dead now buried there hovering about the lamps in amazed curiosity. St. Paul's dates back to the days of the Romans. Some authorities maintain that a temple of Diana stood here in pagan times and Christopher Wren found the ruins of a church built by the Christians in the days of the Romans when he laid the foundation for this structure. There was a Christian church here as far back as 1000 A. D. and there was a cathedral on this spot when the great fire of London came and wiped it out in 1666.

Sir Christopher Wren began his work upon the present structure fifteen years later and he lived to see it completed in 1710. He watched the job for twenty-nine years and in that time received the munificent salary of \$1,000 per annum as his architect fee. Nevertheless the cathedral cost \$3,700,000 to build. Had Sir Christopher received the fee of 5 per cent which our architects now demand he would have gotten \$185,000 for the job, and after looking the building carefully over I am sure it was worth it.

How Americans Made a Million.

Still men of all sorts worked for less in those days than now. Samuel Johnson, whose grave I mourned over in the church—his statue stands not far from that of the duke of Wellington—made almost nothing out of his dictionary, his total receipts for his work being less than \$8,000, the most of which was eaten up by clerical hire. That dictionary then was as great an undertaking in comparison as the Encyclopaedia Britannica is now, and the latter work, which had already run its day in England, made a million dollars for some Americans who brought into Eng and the Yankee system of selling books through the newspapers. When they first proposed the selling of the encyclopaedia in this way to the London journals the publishers laughed at them. At last, however, they interested the London Times and through that paper on the installment plan sold so many books that it is said their profits were £250,000, or \$1,250,000.

None of the great authors of the past made anything to compare with the authors of the present. Oliver Goldsmith died deeply in debt at 46, and during the best part of his life he did not make more than \$2,000 a year. All his literary earnings were hardly as great as the price that Scribners paid Barrie for "Sentimental

Tommy," and still Goldsmith wrote some of the best selling books of the English language. It is said that he was the author of "Goody Two Shoes" and a large part of the original "Mother Goose," which were published by John Newbery, whose shops were just outside St. Paul's churchyard. Newbery was the first publisher of books for children and thereby the father of the enormous business which is now done in such books in the Anglo-Saxon world.

What Morgan Could Not Buy.

Speaking of Pierpont Morgan, he is looked upon here as the Croesus of the twentieth century. The old painting for which he paid \$500,000 is now on view in the national gallery. He will leave it there and give the people a chance to see it before he takes it home. The London papers are full of stories of his wealth and power. He is supposed to have so much that he can buy anything or do anything, but I heard just yesterday of one bargain which he failed to make. It was for the services of a middle-aged Englishman, and a poor one at that. The man is the head porter at one of the leading hotels here. He stands at the front door and greets the travelers as they come in, looks after their baggage and gives them all sorts of information as to how to get about the city and other things. He wears a bright livery, with gold lace on his cap and brass buttons on his coat. He is always ready to accept a fee, and if you don't give him one when you leave he will have his own opinion of you. There are such porters at every hotel. The man whom Morgan coveted had been head butler to one of the best known of English dukes, and, as the story goes, Mr. Morgan wanted him for his American home and offered him the position at a royal salary. To every one's surprise the offer was declined. The porter said he was doing well enough where he was and that he did not care to leave England. It may be that his receipts from fees are so large that he cannot afford to exchange them for the butlership of even so liberal a millionaire as Mr. Morgan.

And this brings me to the iniquitous fee system which is in vogue all over Great Britain. You can't turn without finding someone at your elbow ready for a fee. I have not yet met a man who will not take one, and the more stolid the official puts on the more sure he is of getting his fees. I have lately gauged my gifts according to the yards of gold lace and brass buttons, the average being something like a penny or a sixpence a button, according

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

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