

AMERICAN INVASION OF EUROPE

FRANK CARPENTER WRITES FROM LONDON TELLING HOW YANKEES HAVE PUT IN THEIR HOOKS

LONDON, England, May 17.—Special correspondence.—I have come across the great Atlantic ferry to tell you what the Yankees are doing in Europe. The subject is attracting more attention here than at home. The Germans call it "The Great American Peril" and it is said that phrase originated with the Emperor himself. The English have dubbed it the "Yankee Invasion," and the London papers are publishing long series of articles upon it. The subject is so important that it has a place in the discussions of the Parliaments of the various countries, and both capitalists and workmen are thoroughly alarmed.

Even the monarchs are worried. It was to win the affection of our Yankee traders that the Kaiser sent his brother to America, and whenever one of the American Princes of our big trusts comes over here the nobility bow down to him as the idolatrous Israelites did to the golden calf. Pierpont Morgan is as well known here as he is at home, and Mr. Schwab, during his recent visit to England and the Continent, was mobbed with Kings, and Edward of England, the most particular of them all in matters of etiquette, gave him an audience in a vain endeavor to learn "how America does it."

But what is all the fuss about? It is about \$2,000,000 a day. Only a little matter of \$35,000 an hour, a bagatelle of \$100 a minute. This in round numbers is about what our trade balance with Europe has been and not far from what it is now. In these letters I will not give exact figures. If you want them you can get them of the statistical bureau of the Treasury Department at Washington, where Mr. O. P. Austin will be glad to oblige you. In round numbers, then, our trade balance with Europe is \$200,000,000 or about \$1,000,000 for every working day from January to December, inclusive. That is, we are selling these people that much more than we buy. The gold is flowing in a great yellow river across the Atlantic, and it bids fair to be the biggest gulf stream known to commerce. Do you wonder that the people are frightened? I don't.

A Tour of Investigation.

Before I begin to describe the situation I want to give a short outline of my proposed tour. I am at this writing in London. I shall remain here for some weeks, after which I shall visit some of the industrial centers of the United Kingdom and then go to the Continent.

In England I want to show you the greatest markets of the world and how our American goods are flowing into them, to look into the enormous electrical possibilities above and below ground and among other things describe the famous Tuppenny Tube Electric line, which is equipped with electrical machinery and which cost about \$2,000,000 a mile. I shall describe the place that America has in these London markets and by pen pictures the greatest city of the world show where and how our position may become greater still.

Outside the English metropolises I shall visit the great industrial centers to tell how some of our raw materials are turned into the manufactures which have made John Bull so wealthy. I want to picture the new American factories now being built on English soil, and to compare the labor of this country with ours. I may get to the coal mines which are so deep that John Bull will from now on have to rely largely on the supplies of Uncle Sam to keep him warm and his factories working.

Leaving England I shall visit our biggest customers on the Continent. I want to spend a while in Russia. At St. Petersburg I shall give a letter on the young Czar and tell of the vast industrial improvements he is making on the greatest empire of the globe. I shall visit Moscow and other great manufacturing centers and show how it is from the Russians that we have much to fear in our trade competition of the future. Russia is the granary of Europe. It has the largest farm population in the whole world and the extent to which we are selling its farm machinery will be interesting.

Germany will be next visited. This country is the giant of modern times. It is one of the best manufacturers and the shrewdest trader of all the European countries and it is doing more in comparison with what God has given it than any other. The Berlin of 1902, the technical schools, how Germany is capturing the oceans, the mighty ports, the American hog and

how it goes into sausage for German stomachs and American trade on the Rhine will be among the subjects of my investigation.

From Germany I will go to Holland and Belgium and then to France. Each of these countries will be treated along the same and other lines, the only aim being to get news matter interesting to Americans.

On an American Cruiser.

I came to England on an American cruiser. England and Germany have the bulk of the shipping of the Atlantic, so much so that it is estimated that we pay England alone about \$75,000,000 a year for carrying our freight, although we are beginning to acquire lines of our own. It was only last year that Pierpont Morgan and his associates bought the Leyland line for between \$3,000,000 and \$3,500,000, and the International Navigation Company, which is Simon-pure American, has a fleet of big steamers which are keeping the Atlantic hot between America and Europe. It was on the St. Louis of their line that I crossed. The ship is one of 11,620 tons; it is one of the best on the Atlantic and one of the fastest on record, and it was built by an American. It came from Cramp's shipyard in Philadelphia, and like the rest of the boats of its line it is now doing more business than English ships of the same class and tonnage.

The St. Louis is run on the American plan and in one respect on a plan that has much to do with making Americans successful in their present invasion. I mean that the boat is pushed as far as is consistent with safety. It makes almost one-third more trips a year than English boats of the same class. The English method is to go slow and let the ships rest between times, with the belief that in this way they will last longer. The American plan is to work them for what they are worth and as soon as they begin to fall to sell them as freighters or throw them on the scrap heap.

Modern Yankee Steamship Methods.

Said a leading steamship man to me lately: "The world moves too fast to attempt to keep up with it with any but the very best and newest machinery. There are new inventions every month, and the ship that doesn't have them will have to take the skim milk of freight and passengers. It is better to buy new ships and get the cream. This is one trouble with England's shipping of the world today. Take the P. & O., one of their famous lines to the Orient. A generation ago it had no competitors to speak of; today the Germans are getting the most of its trade. The Germans have the fastest and the best of the Atlantic steamers, and they are building bigger ones and better ones every year."

The fastest ship now on the ocean is the Deutschland, of the Hamburg-American Line. It registers 10,000 tons, and its record speed in crossing the Atlantic was just about 2 1/2 nautical miles an hour. It went from Sandy Hook to Plymouth in five days, seven hours and 33 minutes. The record speed of the St. Paul, a sister ship of the St. Louis, for its fastest voyage averaged 21 miles and eight minutes to the hour, an average only surpassed by the Deutschland, the Kronprinz Wilhelm, of the North German Lloyd, and the Lucania, of the Cunard Line.

A Sample Company of Invaders.

I had as fellow-passengers a fair sample of the Americans who are leading our commercial army to lands beyond the sea. Several were capitalists after investments in England and the Continent. One was a partner in a great electrical construction company going abroad to get contracts for the new roads that England proposes to build, and another was a Yankee railway manager, who was going over to show the British electric railway trust how to operate its undertakings after the American fashion. There were also the representatives of some of the biggest agricultural implement makers of the United States, two men from the Milwaukee Harvester Company, going to establish agencies in England and Continental Europe, and a Paterson, N. J., man, who intends to coat Europe red with his cold water paint. He tells me he sells it already from the Baltic to the Mediterranean and that the openings for all such things are good.

Eyeglasses and Doll Babies.

Then we had Lubin, the Philadelphia optician and motion picture man, who told me that vast quantities of American spectacles and eyeglasses are now sold in Russia, Germany, France and England, and Collins, another Philadelphian, an agent for the sale of photographic cardboard and mounts. We had also Levy, of New York, an exporter and importer of



SCENE ON LONDON BRIDGE—THE BARRELS CONTAIN AMERICAN BRANDIES AND THE BALES COTTON.



THE STRAND—THE BUSES ARE PLASTERED WITH ADVERTISEMENTS OF YANKEE GOODS.



PICCADILLY CIRCUS, WHERE MR. CARPENTER FOUND BRANDIED PEACHES, CANDY AND COCKTAILS MADE IN AMERICA.

toys, who informs me that all toys made by machinery in America are now having a heavy sale in Europe. Even in Germany, the great toy-making country of the world, our iron and wooden toys are sold in quantities. They are prettier and better than the hands-made German article and can be sold for half the price. Mr. Levy is going over to buy dolls for the American market. He says 3000 different varieties of dolls are made in Germany and that the latest fashions in American dresses are sent to the doll-makers in order that our children may have dolls with dresses as up-to-date as their mothers.

Another German-American passenger was on his way to open up an office for American typewriters in Berlin, while a mining engineer from California was en route for the South African gold fields, and a young Indian was on his way to Southampton and Buenos Ayres to pave the streets of the Argentine capital with Trinidad asphalt.

We had also silk men, machinery men and grain men. The list is too long to be given, and I cannot mention the variety of freight, for the purser showed me that the different articles ran into the hundreds. I will only say that we had a big cargo of machinery, flour and fresh meat, and that among the fruits there were 400 boxes and 100 barrels of ripe apples.

The Invaders in London.

Landing at Southampton, I came directly to London. There was a special train for the passengers waiting at the wharf. The trip took less than two hours, and it was about the middle of the afternoon when I reached my hotel. This gave me a couple of hours before dark for a stroll, during which I noted some of the evidences of the American invasion. Suppose you take the walk with me. We start at the Hotel Cecil, in the busiest part of the Strand. The street is full of hansoms, four-wheeled and great two-story busses, which are

going on the trot back and forth between the city and the West End. The busses are heavy two-story affairs, with a dozen seats on the roof, as well as a dozen seats within. Their sides, fronts and tops are plastered with advertisements. See that one going by now! It has a black crowd holding up an American liver pill ad on the steps, and one of our best-known typewriters displayed just above. Along the top is an advertisement of "Bon-Hur," by General Lew Water, which is now being played at one of the theaters, and on the next bus an announcement that Charles Frohman will soon present "Aurora."

But see the omnibus coming down the Strand! Notice that great yellow board advising you to buy Bryant & May's matches and support home labor. The bus behind it has a similar sign and there by hangs a tale. For many years Bryant & May's matches were the chief ones in England. Their monopoly was apparently as safe as that of the Standard Oil Company, and they expected to continue paying dividends out of sulphur until the judgment day required all of the raw material for other purposes. They thought the same when they were told that the American Diamond Match Company had appeared on the scene and proposed to compete for the trade. They soon changed their minds, however, and this is what happened. The English were using old machinery. The American company had the best and the newest of patents. They established factories and easily outworked the English competition. They got to the front and kept there. The Bryant & May people sent agents all over the world seeking for machinery to withstand the Americans, but they were not to be found. The result was that they threw their hands and were absorbed by the Diamond Match Company, though their old name was still held.

American Shoes and Rubbers.

But suppose we start out on our walk. Look now at the stores. Here is one advertising American shoes of the latest and most popular makes. You will find them scattered here and there all over London. The English can make a good shoe—they call shoes boots—but there is no style about it and mighty little comfort. The leather looks as though it was chopped out with a hatchet and the heels are sharp. Their shoes cost more to make than ours, and the result is we are selling them more than \$1,000,000 worth of shoes every year.

In this store window in which we are looking in an advertisement of American rubbers—in the ordinary shop they call rubbers "gums," which makes me think of the English who were asked if her sister was in, and replied, "No; but she will be ere right soon. She is hout cleaning her gums on the mat." Speaking of American rubbers, there is one out to be a good market for them here, if we can educate the people to their use. As far as I can see, no rubbers at all are worn, and still it rains here the greater part of the time and the streets are muddy, notwithstanding the excellent cleaning arrangements. Men and women trot along through the mire, the ladies holding their dresses much higher than is common in our American townships.

We have left the Strand and are walking along Piccadilly. This is in the swell parts of London, where the finest shops are. Let us look into one of them, which has all sorts of fancy canned fruits and jellies in the window. The English are noted for their preserves of all kinds, and London makes marmalade and jams which are sold all the world over. Here is one place where we are sure to find no American goods! But let us ask the shop keeper. He is a fat beefsteak in a white apron, and he smiles as I tell him he has a beautiful store.

"American goods! Of course I have!" is the reply to my question. "Here is a fine thing in brandy peaches just in from New York. There are about a dozen peaches in that jar, and we sell it for eight shillings, or \$2. We have all sorts of American pickles, canned corn and tomatoes and oatmeal. Here is some tobacco sauce which came from Louisiana. I have one customer who calls it 'liquid ell,' and so it is," concluded the grocer, reflectively. "But wouldn't you like to walk below and see my wine cellar? I do a great trade in wines."

"No, I believe not," say I, "but have you also American wines?"

"No," said the grocer, "but we have plenty of American brandies and cocktails in bottles. The English like your cocktails, and we sell a lot of them."

All Sorts of American Goods.

Going on with our walk American goods meet us at every turn. Here in Regent street they are selling American candy, and there is a store where you can buy American tools and hardware. The chemist shops which we know as drug stores are full of our novelties for the liver and stomach, and the dry goods stores, which they call "draper shops," contain in their wicker baskets in Massachusetts and cottons from the Southern States. The invasion which has been represented in our country as one of heavy arms, such as meat, grains, steel, iron and heavy machinery, embraces all sorts of little things which are rapidly coming into common use. A good idea of it was given one of his able letters on this subject to the London Mail, which has been published in a little book entitled "The American Invaders." It shows:

How the Londoners Learn on the Yankee.

Says Mr. McKentzie:

"In the domestic life we have got to this: The average Londoner rises in the morning from his New England sheets, he shaves with an American soap and a Yankee safety razor, pulls on his Boston boots over his socks from North Carolina, fastens his Connecticut braces, slips his Waltham or Waterbury watch in his pocket and sits down to breakfast.

"There he congratulates his wife on the way her Illinois straight-front corset sets off her Massachusetts blouse, and he tucks his breakfast. He eats bread made from prairie flour (possibly doctored at the special establishments on the lakes), tinned oysters from Baltimore, his wife's breakfast. He eats a slice of Chicago ox-tongue. The children are given 'Quaker' oats.

"At the same time he reads his morning paper printed on American machines on American paper with American ink, and possibly edited by a smart journalist from New York City.

"He rushes out, catches the electric tram (New York) to Shepherd's Bush, where he gets in a Yankee elevator to take him on to the American-fitted electric railway to the city.

"At his office, of course, everything is American. He sits on a Nebraska swivel chair, before a Michigan roll-top desk, writes his letters on a Syracuse typewriter, signing them with a New York fountain pen and drying them with a blotting sheet from New England.

"The letter copies are put away in files manufactured in Grand Rapids.

"At lunch time he hastily swallows some cold roast beef that comes from the mid-west cow, and favors it with Pittsburg pickles, followed by a few Delaware tinned peaches and then soothes his mind with a couple of Virginia cigarettes.

"To follow his course all day would be wearisome. But when evening comes he seeks relaxation at the latest American musical comedy, drinks a cocktail or some California wine, and finishes up with a couple of 'little liver pills' made in America."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.
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FOUR GENERATIONS ON BOTH SIDES LIVING

INTERESTING FAMILY WHICH INCLUDES AN UNBROKEN LINE OF SOLDIERS & MILITARY FERVOR EXTENDS FROM REVOLUTIONARY WAR TO THE PRESENT PHILIPPINE TROUBLE

SEATTLE, May 30.—In this day four generations on either the male or female side of the family is not unusual, but it is perhaps rare to find a family in which the four generations are represented in both the male and female branches, with an unbroken record on the male side, as well, in the military line. Indeed, the military record of the family runs back five generations. The present head of this interesting group is Colonel W. W. Robinson, now a fairly active and comparatively hale man of 51, who is passing the evening of his life with his consort, who is somewhat more robust and vigorous of mind. Their home, a beautiful place near Fort Lawton, contains many souvenirs of their extensive travels, including some very rare articles presented to Colonel Robinson by the Queen of Madagascar, when he was acting as United States Consul to that island.

Colonel and Mrs. Robinson have three children, the oldest, Mrs. Hollen Richardson, and her two daughters, living with them. There are two sons, Major William W. Robinson, now acting as Chief Quartermaster in Manila, and Herbert F., of this city. A son of Major Robinson, Edward W., is First Lieutenant in a regiment now stationed in Manila, and a noble message received a short time ago announced that his wife had given birth to a son, making the four generations on the male side complete. On the female side of the house there is the wife of Colonel Robinson, aged 52; her daughter, Mrs. Hollen Richardson; Mrs. E. H. Victor, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Richardson, and Miss Margery Victor, aged 12, the eldest of six children in the Victor family.



Col. W.W. Robinson. Major Wm W. Robinson. Lieut. Edward W. Robinson.

Civil War. He was promoted to Captain for distinguished service in Mexico. In 1852 he went to California across the plains, operating there in contracting and gold-digging. He afterwards engaged in farming in Minnesota, and founded the Town of Milton, in that state. He was made Colonel of state militia during his residence in Minnesota, and removed to Sparta, Wis., in 1857. When the railroads were required of Wisconsin came the Governor appointed him Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventh Wisconsin, and he went to the front in September, 1862. He made the fruitless march to the Spring of 1862, under McClellan, towards Manassas, went through the first campaign of the Rappahannock, and engaged in small affairs up to Thornburg and Fredericksburg. He was in the movement to Fredericks Hall Station, and went to Cedar Mountain in time to retreat with Pope and to skirmish at Beverly Ford. He was in the first terrible action in which Wisconsin troops were engaged, where, at Gainesville, four regiments of the famous Iron Brigade held their ground against 22 regiments of Confederate. In the Fall of 1861 he was promoted from Lieutenant-Colonel to Colonel. In the action at Gainesville his horse was shot from under him, and he received a bullet in the leg. He was sent to the hospital in Washington, but rejoined his regiment a few days prior to the battle of Fredericksburg. In January, 1862, Colonel Robinson helped pull Burnside out of the mud. He was with the Iron Brigade in its various fights and skirmishes until the battle of the Wilderness, when he was in command of the Seventh Wisconsin. He was at Gettysburg, Laurel Hill and Spotsylvania. For 30 days at one time he did not remove his clothing, although suffering from many wounds.

After the war Colonel Robinson engaged in farming, and in 1875 was appointed Consul to Madagascar, where he resided for 12 years. When the Madagascar Ambassadors were about to visit the United States and Europe, in 1882, the Queen made a special request of the President that Colonel Robinson be allowed to accompany them, which he did. He returned to the United States, and for some time afterward lived in Wisconsin. He has been for several years a resident of the Pacific Coast.

During his service as a soldier, Colonel Robinson was offered the alternative of a commission as Brigadier or a scholarship at West Point for his son, and he chose

the latter, his son entering the military academy in 1883.

The career of the son has covered a good deal of service on the frontier against the Indians, he being attached to the Third Cavalry. He was Quartermaster in Texas and four years ago was sent to Seattle as Constructing Quartermaster. While here he superintended the building of Fort Lawton, and made it an ideal place. He greatly endeared himself to the people of Seattle, who gave him a banquet on the eve of his departure for Honolulu, a year ago. On his arrival in Manila a year ago he was made Chief Quartermaster. Major Robinson was also in charge of the work of fitting out the transports here during the Philippine War. His son, Edward, served in the war with Spain as Captain of volunteers, and when he returned from Cuba was given a Lieutenantcy and went to Manila with a detachment of the Regular Army. Lieutenant Robinson won his spurs as a soldier when only 12 years old, in the campaign of 1861, against the Indians near Pine Ridge, L. S., and at the engagement near Wounded Knee, and Drexel Mission, S. D. He was at the side of his father, and growing excited he finally secured a carbine and voluntarily took his place on the skirmish line with the soldiers and behaved with great bravery.

The military spirit of this family also cropped out in another grandson of Colonel Robinson, a young man now 21, a son of Herbert Robinson. He was 17 when the war with Spain broke out, and despite the objections of his parents wrote to the Secretary of War, requesting the record of his grandfather, and uncle, and obtained the privilege of going as a volunteer. After the Cuban strife he was admitted to West Point, and recently passed an extremely hard examination, being one of seven of his class to get through.

General Richardson, Colonel Robinson's son-in-law, now a practicing lawyer here, was thrice brevetted for bravery during the Civil War.

The Boundary Line.

A well-known Judge on a Virginia circuit was recently reminded very forcibly of his approaching baldness by one of his rural acquaintances. "Judge," drawled the farmer, "it won't be so very long 'fo' you'll hev to tie a string around yer head to tell how fer up to wash yer face."