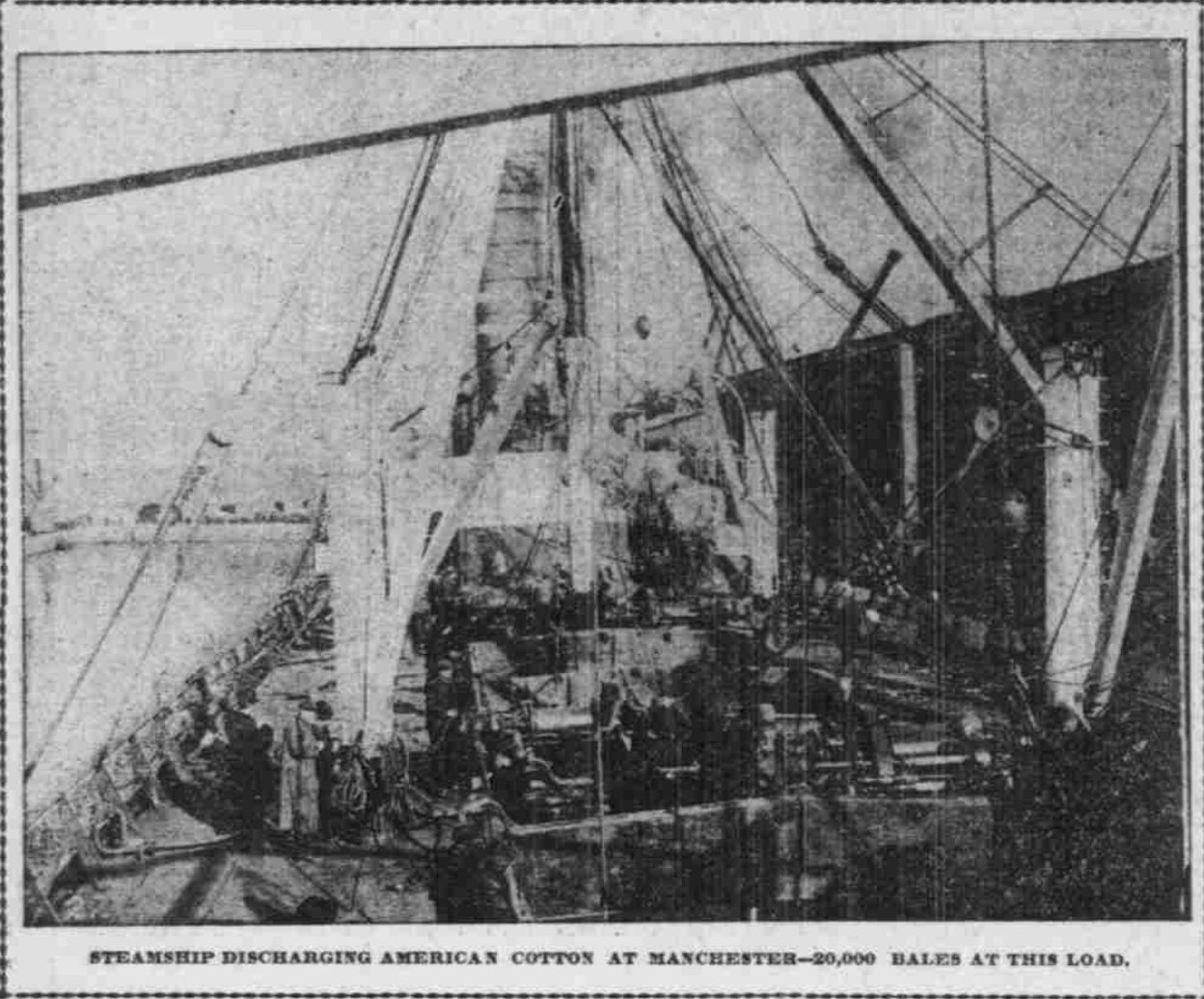
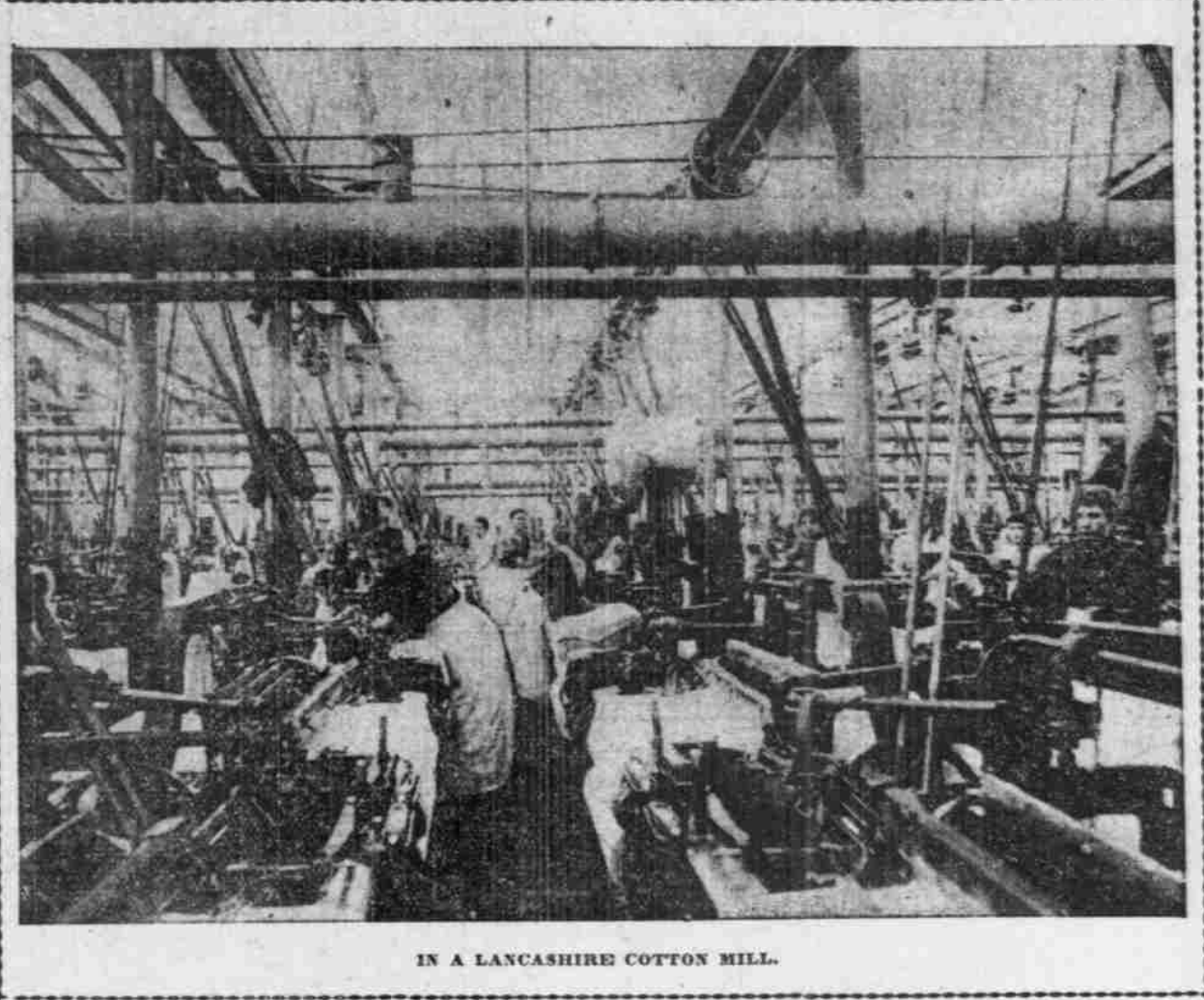


AMERICAN COTTON IN ENGLAND

HOW IT IS SOLD AND MADE INTO CLOTH FOR THE WORLD



STEAMSHIP DISCHARGING AMERICAN COTTON AT MANCHESTER—20,000 BALES AT THIS LOAD.



IN A LANCASTHIRE COTTON MILL.

MANCHESTER, England, July 19.—(Special correspondence.)—I have spent the greater part of today in one of the largest cotton mills of Manchester. This city is the center of the cotton-spinning of the world and the place where more than half of all the raw cotton we sell is handled. The product is brought to Liverpool or up the ship canal to Manchester, and from there distributed over this little cotton district of West England. The district is only 70 miles long and from 10 to 40 miles wide, but it is so spotted with mills that it might be called one vast cotton factory. Not only in Manchester, but in the hundreds of villages and towns near by, the spinning, dyeing and weaving goes on. The very air is filled with the smoke and the streams are so discolored by the dyes that they seem to flow ink. In the town of Oldham there is a point where you can count 600 factory chimneys moving. Blackburn, where Hargreaves set up the first spinning jenny, still makes cotton, calico and muslin, and at Bolton, where Crompton invented the spinning mule, there are enormous cotton mills and bleaching and dye works. The first cotton mill was put up at Rochdale in 1736 and now there are 23,000 looms and 2,750,000 spindles at work there.

This region was noted for its woolen manufacturers before cotton making by machinery began, and it got its start through its natives being the inventors of foundation tools for cotton weaving and spinning. The business grew more, however, through the advantages of the climate. The mill men here tell me that there is no place in the world where the conditions are so favorable to the making of cotton cloth. The air has just the right amount of moisture, and the water is excellent for dyeing and the colors are fast. As a result the cotton industry has steadily grown, and it is today bigger than ever. The increase of the trade of 1900 over that of 1899 amounts to more than \$60,000,000 in value, and new mills are still being built.

Where John Bull Beats Uncle Sam.
It is in the cotton trade that John Bull has the advantage of Uncle Sam. How long he will hold it remains to be seen, but so far his grip has not loosened. He is now producing about 800,000,000 worth of cotton manufactures yearly, and more than two-thirds of this product is exported. As far as the world's trade in cotton manufactures is concerned we are not in it, although we grow nine-tenths of the world's cotton and are now putting up our factories right in the cotton fields. England is thousands of miles from any place where cotton is grown,

but it supplies its own cotton goods and has 66 per cent of the world's exports, while we have only about 5 per cent. Great Britain pays us \$20,000,000 and upward for raw materials, but in return she exports to us at least three times the amount it pays us, so that it really makes about twice as much out of that part of our crop as we do.

In the Cotton Exchanges.
The most of our cotton now comes to Liverpool, although the shipments via the Manchester canal are increasing, and it is at Liverpool where the bulk of the American product is sold. The sales are in the Cotton Exchange, where every day there are hundreds of buyers and sellers. The cotton is taken from the ships to the warehouses of the various brokers, each of whom has a sample room with exhibits of the grades of cotton on hand. The samples are rolled up in sheets of brown paper about a yard wide, so that they look for all the world like rolls of cotton batting. Each roll contains several pounds of cotton taken from the various bales, labeled according to the grades of the market.

The cotton is bought and sold by samples, the spinners sending their orders to the brokers. I saw scores of boys moving about the streets of Liverpool with such samples under their arms. I stopped one who was carrying two bunches from one broker to another and photographed him. This was on the flag of the exchange, where, later on, I saw the brokers out in the open air buying and selling.

The Flags of Liverpool.
It used to be that all of the cotton business of Liverpool was done out of doors. There is a court in the Exchange known as the "Flags" and the bulk of the cotton is bought and sold on the flags instead of under cover, which through the Exchange with its secretary. He informed me that Liverpool has little fear of Manchester taking its cotton business away from it, and that the natural landing place of American cotton is and always will be at Liverpool docks.

The cotton business of Liverpool is very great. It is, I am told, the largest cotton market in the world. I can easily believe this from the business I saw going on at the huge cotton warehouses, and from the six and eight ton loads of cotton bales, each hauled by two of Liverpool's famous horses, in a steady procession along the wharves and through the busiest streets leading up from the docks.

The Biggest Exchange of the World.
Quite as interesting as the Liverpool Exchange is that of Manchester, which is said to be the largest exchange building of the world. It is a magnificent structure in the very heart of the city, built in the classical style out of massive stones, now blackened by the smoke of the cotton mills of the region. It was yesterday that I entered the great hall with

spend their time here looking into the products of this region and buying them for their customers. There are many Syrians and East Indians, men from Australia and South America and from the United States and all parts of Europe. The business of China is chiefly done through the English firms, which have their direct connection with Manchester. I found the brokers however a little apprehensive that our cotton might crowd them out of the Chinese market. We are already shipping the most of the cotton for North China, and with a better class of goods we might capture the trade of the Yangtze-Kiang and the south.

In a Big English Cotton Factory.
But let me tell you something about the cotton mill of Richard Haworth & Co., which I have just visited. It is one of the largest in England. It employs 2000 hands, pays out half a million dollars in wages every year and weaves 200 miles of cloth every week. It has 3000 looms and 12,000 spindles, and its floor space is more than twelve acres. The mill is situated in Salford within a stone's throw of the great docks that Manchester has built at the end of her mighty ship canal, so that vessels from New Orleans and Galveston can bring the raw cotton almost from the plantation to the mill.

We started in at the boiler-room, where eleven great furnaces eat up nearly 300 tons of coal per week, went by the engines working away with a power equal to that of 400 horses and then entered the yard where men were unloading great bales of Texas cotton into the mill.

We next followed the bales and saw the various processes by which they are turned into cloth. The work is done much as in the United States, and a description of it would not be far different from that of any of the great cotton mills of Massachusetts or the South. The cotton is first broken up, the fiber being rolled over and over through blowing and cleansing machinery until it comes out at last in ropes of white fleecy yarn, as soft as wool and as thick as a broom handle. This yarn is twisted by machinery until it is as slender as the finest thread that ever went through the eye of a needle. Other threads similarly made are twisted with it until the strength and thickness required for the thread of the cloth is obtained. Then the threads are wound on bobbins and by the mule spinner and other wonderful machinery are made into the most beautiful of cloths. I saw cottons of all patterns, shades and colors being produced. Some looked like the finest of outing flannels, and others had all the sheen and softness of silk. I shall not attempt a description of the processes, only saying that I was impressed with the newness and excellence of machinery, a part of which was American. Some of the rooms seemed a vast thicket of white moving threads, working their way in and out among the iron wheels and bands; others were a maze of many colored cloths, and

others so noisy with the flying shuttles and the spinning reels that it was impossible to speak to the guide and be heard.

Among the English Spinning Girls.
Most of the hands of the cotton mills are women, and it was a wonder to me how hundreds of girls could work together in one room and not talk. I mentioned this thought to the guide later on. He replied: "Why, bless you, man! Those girls are the greatest talkers on earth. They were talking right along while we were in the mill, but they listen with the lips and not with the ears. They have learned the lip language, and they can

talk perfectly what anyone says by watching the movement of his lips."

The factory girls impressed me as by no means bad looking. They make fairly good wages for England, and when you see them out for a holiday you would hardly know that they belonged to the mills. While at work they wear a costume which has been in use here for generations. It consists of a calico dress and short sleeves and a very short skirt and of stockings and clogs. The clogs are peculiar to this region. They have leather uppers with soles of wood, on which bands of iron are tacked. This makes a great clatter as they move about, and when the run out at meal time it made me think of the clatter which you hear in Japanese railroad stations when the passengers in their wooden shoes run over the platforms.

Most of the factory girls pay much attention to their personal appearance. They are bareheaded while at work, and I saw hundreds who had their hair in crimping pins so tight that the skin of their foreheads were stretched like so many drum-heads. They keep their hair in pins all the week and take it out only for Saturdays and Sundays.

Wages and Work.
The Lancashire factory hands are better off than the laboring people of some of the other parts of England. They make fairly good wages, and as all the members of a family work, the result is that the aggregate income of a home often amounts to \$20 and upwards. Mr. Joynton, of the Manchester ship canal, told me of a family of eight, of whom seven were wage-earners. Said he:

"The family consists of a man, his wife and six children. The father is a skilled workman, receiving about £2 a week. The mother stays at home and tends the house. The four girls go to the cotton factory, and one makes her 25 shillings, while the others each make from 15 to 20 shillings. Then there are two boys, who each make 15 shillings per week, so that, on the whole, the total income is high."

Saving for the Holidays.
The factory hands all save up for the holidays, and every girl takes at least one vacation a year to spend her accumulated wages in a home in the country. In the treasury of which a part of each week's wages is deposited. At the end of the year, usually about July, the savings are drawn out, and a week or two is spent at the seashore or in the country. In some families such savings amount to several hundred dollars a year. I have heard of one where they annually foot up about £300, and this all goes at the end of the year.

Indeed, the factory hands are good spenders. They want the best they can get, and as a rule spend all they make outside the saving for the summer vacation on their clothes, food and drink. I saw crowds of them on Market street in Manchester last Saturday night. There is no work Saturday afternoon in any part of England, and on Saturday night the



LIVERPOOL COTTON EXCHANGE, WHERE OUR COTTON IS SOLD.

UNCLE SAM AS A STORY-TELLER

CURIOUS TALES TOLD BY HIM TO HIS PEOPLE EVERY DAY

YOU remember, no doubt, that Haroun Al Raschid and his Vizier and all the Kings and Princes who used to call on him, were great story tellers, and always ready to narrate some wonderful happening that they had witnessed somewhere in the world. That was away and away back in the dim times that we call romantic and for which we often pine now. Yet even while we are pining, and wishing that our own times were not so prosaic, our very own Uncle Sam is busily telling us stories every day. And he tells them to all who choose to listen, and not only to the few favored ones who used to hear Haroun Al Raschid. For Uncle Sam has his stories printed and sent everywhere. He calls them "Trade Reports" and other dry names like that, and it frightens many good folks who never like to read anything that does not look perfectly easy. So they do not dream what delightful and remarkable tales Uncle Sam tells.

Thus one day last week one of Uncle Sam's employes, a Consul, sent him a little story from away out in Mesopotamia, where Nebuchadnezzar once lived, little thinking that one day a Yankee would be prodding around that way. This Consul told me a German exploration expedition had uncovered what was part of Nebuchadnezzar's great dining hall, the very one where the writing of fire on the wall struck his guests dumb with fear one night.

And he told also how the railroad was progressing that is to connect the Mediterranean Sea with the Persian Gulf. Now here was a story that every child in the United States ought to have read at once with deep pleasure. For that railroad is to run through the land of the "Arabian Nights." It is to run into Basrah—Basrah the ancient, where once all the ships used to come in from the Land of Pepper. There it was that Sindbad set sail for the Land of Fire. It was to Basrah that he returned with his wonderful tales of the great Bird Roc, the valley of diamonds and the Old Man of the Sea.

Isn't it queer to think of a real, glowing, hooding, smoking railroad rushing into that wonderful city of dreams, that

every child knows so well as a place of fairy minarets and spires, peopled with great Arabs and Turks in baggy trousers and with beautiful princesses half veiled, and with princes of ravishing charm and garbed in gorgeous raiment, armed with shining weapons and mounted on noble Arab steeds?

And that railroad will run through Haroun Al Raschid's own town of Bagdad. His tracks may be laid in the very places where the great Commander of the Faithful and his famous Vizier used to stroll on those romantic midnight wanderings of theirs, during which they met such pleasing gentry as the three-eyed devils, the three ladies with the black dogs, the enchanted princess, the poor porter and the woodcutter that found a diamond, and thought that it was but broken glass.

four or six barges holding from 1200 to 1500 tons at a speed that powerful tugboats cannot attain, and at an expense of only about one-third of the fuel required by free running vessels.

Of course you all have read of the brave Knights of the Order of Malta and how they long garrisoned and held the island of that name lying in the Mediterranean ocean. Many, many years ago there from the height over the harbor and as far as it was visible so far was the sea safe.

Well, from that stronghold of chivalry and romance comes a report to Uncle Sam that what Malta wants just now is not armor or spears or shields, but just plainmen still go on forays, and soon there will be farms and the fierce robber bands will have no wild country in which to dwell, the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia is sitting (possibly even while you are reading this) before an American music box; the poor old Sultan of Turkey, fearful all the time of being assassinated, carries an American revolver as he paces rapidly through his magnificent Oriental palaces; the Shah of Persia has chained his great pet tiger with a chain made in Pennsylvania; the Rajah of Gwalior, who owns a carriage of solid gold and a palace far more splendid than any described in the Arabian Nights, has American harness for his horses; the seal hunters of Siberia carry American shovels and repeating rifles; the very head hunters of Borneo rejoice when they can obtain an American knife.

So you see, Romance is right here now. You must merely "get behind the looking glass," as Alice did. I. W. M. Don't let the song go out of your life; Though it chance sometime to die; In a minor strain, it will blend again With the major tone you know.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

INFORMATION OF MUCH BENEFIT TO THE DISCERNING

LETTERS asking for general information will be answered in these columns. They should be written on one side of the paper, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not for publication, however. All letters without the name of the writer go to the waste-basket.

Cabinet Officers.
Please publish the officers of the President's Cabinet, the names of our Prime Ministers to England, France and Germany, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the Speaker of the House. A. I.

Roosevelt's Cabinet—Secretary of State, John Hay; Secretary of Treasury, Leslie M. Shaw; Secretary of War, Ellihu Root; Attorney-General, P. C. Knox; Postmaster-General, Henry C. Payne; Secretary of Navy, W. H. Moody; Secretary of Interior, E. A. Hitchcock; Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson. Ambassador to Great Britain, Joseph H. Choate; to Germany, Andrew D. White; to France, Horace Porter. Chief Justice, Melville W. Fuller. Speaker of the House, David B. Henderson.

period of 13 years, although it has changed owners twice and A has changed his postoffice address four times without notifying the owners to continue the paper. Can the present owners, through the National Protective Association, collect for these 13 years? B. C.

Divorced Wife's Interest.
A single man gives a married man a deed for real estate in Washington. The married man did not file the deed until after his divorce, the divorced wife not knowing of the deed, and which was still in the single man's name. He now files the deed and wants to know if the divorced wife has any claim on it. A.

Inheritance.
If a married woman dies without making a will, in what manner is her property, real and personal, distributed amongst her heirs, husband and their children? H.

Pronunciation of "Posee."
Please give us the correct pronunciation of "posee." J. H. M.

Jupiter.
Will you kindly settle a doubt. A very bright star which rises in the east in this season of the year, in the evening, is it Venus or Jupiter? L. S.

Is Your Thumb Tied?
The thumb is the most tell-tale member of a human being's body, and it is a well-known device of employers of a large amount of labor to carefully criticize the thumbs of every applicant for a situation before finally engaging him or her for any position in their business. In fact, so far as this thumb ailment disease is carried that many lunatic asylum doctors are now employing it in detecting the numerous frauds who endeavor each year to enter the asylum on the plea of insanity. No matter how carefully the individual may attempt to conceal incipient insanity, the thumb will reveal it, infallibly. It is the one sure test. If the patient in his daily work permits the thumb to stand at a right angle to the other fingers, or to fall listless into the palm, taking no part in his writing, his handling of things, his multifarious duties, but standing listless and sulky, it is an unanswerable confession of mental disease. Specialists in nerve diseases, by an examination of the thumb, can tell if the patient is affected or likely to be affected by paralysis, as the thumb signals this long before it is visible in any other part of the body. If the danger symptoms are evidenced there, an operation is performed on what is known as the "thumb center" of the brain, and the disorder is often removed.