

Supplement

TO
CORVALLIS GAZETTE.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1900.

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 is 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 debauch our standard of value and thereby reducing his own wages?

What has labor to hope from Bryan, ostensibly the friend of the disatisfied and 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 of 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, growing out of imperialist diabolism. The cry of imperialism is simply a pretext of the Democratic leaders to save themselves from the 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 subscribers 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 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 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 the paramount one. Shall we 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 COMING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs
Incased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us strides in state
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

That brow where mighty thought will
In solemn, secret state;
Where fierce ambition's restless strength
Shall war with future fate;
Where science from now hidden caves
New treasures shall outpour—
'Tis knit now with a troubled doubt,
Are two, or three cents, more?

Those lips that in the coming years
Will plead, or pray, or teach;
Where whispered worlds on lightning
Flash
From world to world may reach;
That, sternly grave, may speak command,
Or, smiling, win control—
Are cooing now for gingerbread
With all a baby's soul!

Those hands—those little busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may lie
Within their future grasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they clasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man,"
—Elmira Telegram.

PERCY.

I was at work.
I had been furnishing—my wife
and I. We thought we had done it
cheaply, but a few charming things in
the bric-a-brac line, added at the last
moment, had so overbalanced our
account that I felt it imperative to make
up a better check than usual that week
on the daily paper upon which I earned
my daily bread.

So I was hard at work.
But my wife had been hard at work,
too. She had been to Paul Jones' sale—
it was "remnant day"—and she had got
a few little things which dear baby
absolutely had to have, besides a few
more quite indispensable trifles for
herself—all of them "dirt cheap." She had
been forced to confess, however, that
the week's housekeeping money had
been severely encroached upon, and I
am afraid I was not enthusiastic over
the Jones sale.

In fact I took some credit to myself
for my silence both over the interruption
and over the advisability of the
purchases; I did not even endeavor to
stop her when she had quickly gathered
up all her little soft parcels and had
deprived me of her presence.

Instead of chasing the passing cloud
from her sweet eyes—as I knew how to
do—I had even heaved a sigh of relief
as the door slammed after her. But,
there, the bills were hanging over my
head, and I had written one paragraph.

So I was hard at work, and within
sight of the end at last, when a voice
on the stairs, shouting, "I know my
way," made me swear a gentle oath
under my breath before the door opened
and one Percy Falmouth stood before
me.

He was a college friend—one of those
who always prevent one from working,
but to whom one is never able to say
no.

I smiled a sickly smile of welcome
and pushed the cigarettes toward him,
but even as I did so I forgot his offense
in sudden alarm at his appearance.

His face, that was wont to be fresh,
was sallow and gray, and his eye, that
was always merry, was dull and down-
cast.

"What's the matter, old man?" said
I. "You're down on your luck."
It took him some time to bring the
trouble out, even to me. But at last he
managed it. He was in love.

"Is that all?" cried I cheerily. "Well,
don't be alarmed. I assure you, when
you have got over the beginning it
isn't bad at all."
"It isn't that," said my friend gloomily,
after a pause.
"Isn't what?" I asked.
"It isn't that I mind being in love,"
he explained, "but how am I to keep
a wife?"

My chair spun around again of itself.
"You!" I cried, almost fiercely. "Why,
haven't you got \$2,500 a year of your
own?" and a vision of the weekly
books and the monthly bills swam
before my eyes and made me run my
fingers wildly through my hair. "You're
a nice one to talk!"

Percy smiled sarcastically.
"Two thousand five hundred dollars,"
echoed he. "Why, it wouldn't keep her
in frilled underwear and short silk
petticoats!"
I looked grave instantly. "Oh!" I mur-
mured.
"And it wouldn't keep any of them,"
said my friend, rising and throwing
his cigarette away as he warmed to his
subject. "And one wouldn't wish that
it should. What man cares to see his
wife looking a frump, and dowdier
than other women? And it isn't only
the clothes; it's the house, and the fur-
niture, and the servants, and every-
thing. Dignity is out of date. People
don't cover up their carpets with
washing druggot now, or let their
wives go about in linsey-wolsey gowns
and dust the knick-knacks, or give

their friends herring and mutton chops
for dinner. Can't see fast plus, and you
know it."

I sighed. Yes, I did know it—more or
less.
"If I were to marry on \$2,500 a year,"
continued Percy emphatically, "I should
be in debt two months, and my wife
and I would have quarreled forever."

Why didn't I smile? I had been mar-
ried more than two months, and,
though I had certainly been in debt
most of the time, my wife and I had
not quarreled—yet.

But a vision of pouting mouth and
tear-dimmed blue eyes rose uncomfort-
ably before me; instead of smiling it
was I now who sighed.

Perhaps my wife had not brought
home small, soft parcels enough from
Jones' sale instead of—as I had meanly
supposed that morning—too many.

"But a man can work," said I, as
bravely as I could, drawing my papers
toward me.

"Work!" echoed Percy, bitterly.
"That's all very well if you've got
brains. I have no qualifications for
earning money, and love in a cottage
isn't good enough nowadays."

Somehow this speech restored me to
my balance.
He smoked another cigarette, and then
took up his hat, and I breathed a sigh
of relief.

"It's a devil of a mess for a fellow to
be in," he said, gloomily.
"Yes," said I, "I'm afraid you'll have
to find a wife who can work on her
own account. There are a good many
of them about nowadays."

He looked at me doubtfully. "O, I
hate that sort," he said. "A girl with
money's better, but that won't help me
just now."

"So I supposed," said I. And I let
him out. I had sworn at his entrance,
but he had brought me luck.

The words literally flew from my
pen when I sat down again; there was
something spurring me on—there was a
goal in sight that I knew of.

And when I had put my name to the
last sheet and was free I sought it.
Upstairs in the nursery my wife sat
beside the cradle; she had our child in
her arms and was lulling him to sleep.
Her eyes shone as she looked up at me,
her face was fresh, and she was as
dainty as any man could wish in a
plain, white frock—ready to welcome
me to dinner after my work. As I bent
down to kiss her I said gayly: "I've
made up a splendid week, darling; so
you needn't worry about the pur-
chases."

And she laughed, saying: "There
weren't so many after all, you know.
Only a few dollars' worth. But I
shouldn't have interrupted you while
you were making them!"

And then we went together to the
dainty meal of her frugal ordering, and
I was sorry that I had not been able
to explain to Percy what it was that
made it "good enough."—Exchange.

ARTIFICIAL TREE INDUSTRY.

Factory-Made Palms of Life-Like
Formation Are Now Numerous.

This is the age of things artificial. A
palm manufactory has recently opened
a salesroom on Upper Broadway, and
a huge sign lower down on the same
thoroughfare notifies the mob that an-
other store of the same sort will soon
be ready for business. The artificial
tree industry is comparatively new and
it must be profitable. All over town
one sees counterfeits. Many of the
large stores, and most of the more
prominent hotels of this city, includ-
ing some of those that are most taste-
ful in their decorations, now have huge
palms in their halls or entrances, and
even in private houses it is not uncom-
mon to find plants with removable
leaves.

The prepared palms, such as are used
to-day, are infinitely more real in ap-
pearance than the old artificial plants
of a few years ago. Many are so close
in their resemblance to the live plant
that it is hard to detect them as imita-
tions without close scrutiny. The leaves
are real leaves, and not constructed out
of enameled tin, like the old kind, and
the fiber on the trunk is real fiber. It
is only on approaching them and ex-
amining them that the leaves are seen
to be painted and the stalks inserted
into, but not growing out of, the stem.

The price of the manufactured article
varies from 50 cents to \$25 for the or-
dinary specimens, but some of the
larger and finer ones amount to \$50,
or even \$100. A small fern palm sprig
of some fifteen inches high is sold at
half a dollar; a tree, such as those that
are seen in the halls of hotels, measur-
ing, say, nine feet high, and with about
eighteen removable leaves, will cost
\$17. The sago palm is a more expen-
sive variety, a tree of five feet selling
for as much as \$20. We may rail
against humbug to our hearts' content,
but, somehow or other, the laugh is sel-
dom on the fellow who fools us.—Pitts-
burg Dispatch.

Work's Great Work.
The movement in G. A. R. circles to
erect a monument over the grave of
Henry Clay Work, at Hartford, Conn.,
revives the fact that his father was
once confined in the Missouri peniten-
entiary on the charge of aiding slaves to
escape from the State of Missouri to
Illinois. When the elder Work was re-
leased, one of the conditions of his par-
don being that he should return to the
State of Connecticut, whence he came
originally, and remain there for the
rest of his natural life. The obliga-
tion he faithfully kept. The son, Hen-
ry C. Work, was born at Middletown,
Conn., and saw the end of American
slavery while thousands of soldiers and
citizens sang "Noedemus," "Ring the
Bell, Watchman," and "Marching
Through Georgia."

The Czar's Scepter.
The Russian scepter is of solid gold,
three feet long, and contains among its
ornaments 268 diamonds, 360 rubies
and fifteen emeralds.

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 mono-
polize 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 legislators,
can apply. We can pass State laws for
the regulation of those monopolies. And,
by the way, speaking of politics, the Re-
publican 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 regu-
late 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, primi-
tive, 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 particu-
lar—will be protected from making bad
investments, and the unwary investors,
the widows and the orphans, whom cer-
tain sand-bagging plutocrats like to tell
us about with so many tears, will be
doubly protected. Moreover, the employ-
ees 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 cer-
tain 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 mil-
lion 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 or-
phan. He has suffered on account of the

stock-watering evil along with the trust
"magistrate" and the promoter. He is get-
ting down on the earth again. Some of
the trusts in which he invested have even
gone to pieces. They were badly con-
trolled 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 per-
sons 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 im-
portance connected with their job. What-
ever 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, no 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 mar-
kets.

All this he has got to do because it has
got to be done; and if he hasn't the in-
clination 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 fool-dorol, 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 impor-
tant 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 all 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 op-
erating in the last few years to throw
commercial travelers out of work. Manu-
facturers have sought to eliminate com-
mission men, who must have laid off a
good many of their travelers. The cata-
logue houses, so-called, those doing busi-
ness 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 ele-
ment of selling expense, the drumming,
is eliminated. Any house that corre-
sponds extensively, that takes care with
its correspondence, by just so much
makes the selling easy; and if this
wages were kept up long enough, this

would cause drummers to lose their
places.

Then consider that millions and mil-
lions 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 mat-
ter, 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 bet-
ter 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 consid-
ered 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 care of them; 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 ar-
ticle are drumming Indians, and their
four able and persuasive representatives
light into Indianapolis some day, they
all go around among the trade doing lit-
tle except neutralizing 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 econ-
omics, 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 encou-
rage too much competition (of other cap-
ital and brains) by making more than sev-
en 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 not more
than 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 dis-
tributing 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 im-
provement in business, the wide expan-
sion of trade at home and abroad, which
all our producers, manufacturers and
traders have helped to bring about, and
by which they have all inevitably profited—
this has put all those commercial
travelers back into places just as good,
or better, or will do so. It is inevitable.

More people were employed after ma-
chinery 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, Ha-

wai and the Philippines, and have some
interest in Cuba; and I venture to say
that the increased and increasing busi-
ness 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 com-
binations. 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 in-
creasing demands of our prosperous and
proud American men, women, sweet-
hearts, wives, cousins, aunts and chil-
dren, 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 at
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
drummers 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 ex-
ists, 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 capac-
ity 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 talk-
ing, 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,
we wouldn't have 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 pros-
pects, for the tasks of war and of states-
manship 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 neces-
sary to my employer in the field and
had not been kept on the payroll, 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 opportu-
nity won't come looking for us. We must
go running for it, watching every open-
ing, looking for improvement, looking for
the way which our employer must find if
we do not make his capital and his ef-
forts pay him a little better. In that
way our efforts, which are our capital,
will pay us better and better.

A DRUMMER.