WE SHOULD BE FIRST

THE BOOM IN STEEL AND IRON AN EARNEST OF AMERICA'S PRIMACY.

Our Recent Production In Comparison With the Output of Other Countries. Manufacturers Should Strike Out For a Fair Share of Export Trade.

The object lesson now presented by the iron and steel industries is a most cheering indication of the prosperity in store for American manufactures and labor. Despite all the fears and predictions of calamity howlers, the production of iron in this country is now on a scale of unexampled magnitude. For some weeks the output, as shown by reports of the furnaces, has been at the rate of 10,500,000 tons a year, and estimates have been freely made that it will soon reach 220,000 tons a week—a rate equal to nearly 11,500,000 tons per annum.

The significance of such enormous figures cannot be realized even in part unless compared with the output of iron furnaces in other countries. Before the late worldwide depression—i. e., during the year 1892—the total output of pig iron in Sweden was 478,696 metric tons (527,523 American tons), or .55 per cent of the present monthly production in the United States. During the same year the total production in Germany was only 4,937,461 metric tons (5,443,550 American tons), or half of the amount which at the rate our furnaces are now working will be produced here. In 1892 the production in the British islands was 6,709,000 long tons, and but little more in 1893, up to which time the maximum British production was 8,322,824 long tons (9,321,563 American tons), reported in 1889, and **never, we believe, exceeded in the United Kingdom. But as long ago as in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, the pig iron produced in the United States amounted to 10,307,028 tons, and in 1892 about the same.**

It is not remarkable that some timid people, ignorant of the real conditions of the iron trade, have been crying out against this enormous production of iron as unwise. But if the rude journals are correct in their estimates of **the future home demand** for these products of our iron and steel mills, the present boom is not likely to subside very soon. The increase in production of Bessemer pig iron, for example, has been recently checked, it is said. But the mills are still full of work and can probably sustain themselves fairly well for a while. How long the present activity of the industry can be maintained by the home demand for iron and steel at current prices it is impossible for any one to say.

But if the boom is to continue and the prosperity of the iron and steel industries is to be expanded, earnest efforts must at once be put forth to extend the export trade in these products and in all the finished products into which iron or steel enters as the chief component. There is much now to encourage manufacturers to strike out boldly for a large share in the world's iron trade. In August last there was a decided increase in the exports of American iron and steel and manufactures thereof, the total amounting to $3,410,695, or at the rate of an annual export of $40,928,340. This is a considerably higher export than has been usual with us. But it is very far below what we could do even now, and much below the export of nations that we have distanced in iron production. England, though inferior to the United States in the production of iron, exports annually more than $100,000,000 worth of iron and steel and manufactures thereof.

By reason of her well sustained and now increasing supremacy in the production of all iron and steel wares, as well as her unequaled facilities and resources for augmenting that production indefinitely, the United States is already fully prepared to assert her primacy in supplying the world's markets with all manufactures of iron and steel and almost every other manufacture of which iron or steel is the chief component. Why, then, postpone the day when an enormous wealth will accrue to our leading industries by the expansion of our foreign commerce in their products? Let our manufacturers hasten to carry their commercial war "into Africa" energetically and systematically at the earliest possible moment and thus enlarge their conquests beyond the seas.

The present vast output in this country of iron and steel, the basic elements of all manufactures, is an earnest of their ability to do this without delay. When our iron and steel products once gain a firm foothold in foreign markets, they will soon be followed by troops of other American manufactures, and the United States will take its destined place as the commercial head of the nations.—New York Herald.

BILL NYE'S FARCE.

Collaborating With Paul Potter—Playwriting In Prisons.

Bill Nye is going to try again to utilize his humor in a farce. His first attempt was an utter failure. He talked the other day about the second, which has taken the form of "A Stag Party" and is in rehearsal for early production. It is a collaboration with Paul Potter. "Sometimes I fancy," said Mr. Nye, "that Potter looks upon humor as a sort of literary varnish that can be applied with a brush whenever and wherever it may be deemed necessary. I know he has a pleasant habit of handing me the manuscript of a scene and saying, 'Here, old man, just put a little repartee in that, will you?'

"Sometimes I have fancied from his manner that he expected me to do it while he waited, just as if he were having his hat blocked. I have found out already that there is a great deal of difference between a joke that is intended for the stage and one that is intended for publication in a magazine or newspaper. In the theater you have no time to roll a good bit of humor under your tongue, or to hear it over again, whereas if you come across something funny in a book you can go back and read it over again and study its subtleties and enjoy it at your leisure. Dr. Holmes, whose humor, by the way, was of the kind that will bear the closest sort of study, said that a lecture was never thoroughly successful until it had been delivered about 100 times and had been shorn of all the things that the man who wrote the lecture and delivered it considered clever and enriched with all the cheap and obvious jokes that he could pick up in the course of his travels.

"Well, I have conscientiously tried to put some original jokes into my work, although it has been a sore temptation to get even with the farce comedies and comic operas which have been using my stuff for the last 10 or 15 years. Potter and I have worked together very harmoniously, although we have been separated from one another during the period of our collaboration by a great many hundred miles of space. He does the trunk and branches of the dramatic tree and I put on the foliage. You must really see Potter and get some of his ideas on dramatic construction. **He claims** that every man can become his own dramatist if he will only study the Potter rules of instruction. I must say, too, that he is always willing to let other people profit by his experience, and his latest scheme is to teach in Cooper Union."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, he has a very praiseworthy and charitable plan for helping the city's poor. A great many intelligent young men are either out of employment or else working for very meager wages, and Potter purposes to open a class at **the night school and teach them the** trade of play writing. He tells me that at the end of the winter he will have several dozen strong and healthy young men hard at work writing plays for Palmer and the Frohmans and making excellent wages, and that in the course of a few years there will be a chair of dramatic instruction in every trade school in the land. Now, I like his idea very much, but there is one thing that fills me with grave apprehension. I am afraid that in the course of time playwriting will be introduced into the prisons, and that managers in need of new comedies or farces will go to the prison contractors for them, and they will send up to Sing Sing, where they can be made more cheaply than by workmen who are free and obliged to pay board bills. As a humorist I have never suffered from this sort of competition, and I hope that I shall not be if I become a dramatist."—New York Sun.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

Secretary Carlisle's Four Aces—A True Poker Story.

One of the best poker stories I know has the unusual merit of being true. Most poker stories are fictions. This one deals with facts. During the first Cleveland administration there was a little game at the house of Mr. Whitney. Sitting in were Grover Cleveland, John G. Carlisle, W. L. Scott, Henry Watterson and the host—just a nice five handed game, and a company of royal good fellows, as every one will admit. They play was strictly senatorial—$5 ante by the ant dealer, $5 limit. Chorley Farwell straights around the corner, Billy Mahone blazes and everything going. Of course Mr. Whitney sets an elegant luncheon, with all proper trimmings, and about midnight there was a good deal of bluffing over the cards and no end of bantering across the table. Finally came the deal which makes the story, and which may have an important bearing on the history of the country. Grover Cleveland skinned the cards which were dealt him by John Carlisle and remarked they were worth a little raise before the draw. W. L. Scott staid in; Henry Watterson, belligerent, as usual, added another raise, which was met by William C. Whitney; John G. Carlisle trailed in. Mr. Cleveland now tilted Watterson, and the others staid, except that Watterson again jerked two blue chips instead of one to the middle of the table. There were several more raises backward and forward between Cleveland and Watterson, and the pace became so hot between these two that the others discreetly dropped out with their single pairs—all except Carlisle, who continued to trail in.

Finally Cleveland stopped meeting the frisky Watterson's ultimatums, and cards were drawn. Cleveland took one, and everybody knew he had either three of a kind or two big pair. Watterson stood pat, and Cleveland sized him up for a bluff. To the great astonishment of every one, Dealer Carlisle helped himself to four cards. All hands were much amused at this display of poker innocence, and the players winked at one another behind their cards. Watterson said something to the effect that Carlisle had been so long away from Kentucky he must have forgotten most that he ever knew. But when Cleveland had merely chipped against Watterson's pat, and Watterson had rushed in with another blue, there was more astonishment. Carlisle quietly shoved in two blues. Cleveland responded with another raise. Watterson held his cards close to the end of his nose and returned to the charge, and the other Kentuckian tilted them again. After the center of the table had been piled high with blue chips, the man with the four card draw making the last raise, there was a show down. Cleveland had filled two pairs, Watterson had a pat straight, but Carlisle spread out four aces. As he shoved the blue pile toward the lean Kentuckian Mr. Cleveland exclaimed: "Drew four cards to an ace and got the other three, by thunder! That's genius; that's financiering! Carlisle, if I come back for a second time, you're the man I want for my secretary of the treasury."

PENN-YAN BILL.

(By Eugene Field.)

In gallus old Kentucky, where the grass is very blue,
Where the liquor is the smoothest and the girls are fair and true,
Where the crop of be-gawd gentlemen is full of heart and hand,
And the stock of four time winners is the finest in the land,
Where the Democratic party in bourbon hardihood
For more than half a century unterrified has stood,
Where nod the black eyed Susans to the prattle of the rill—
There—there befell the wooing of Penn-Yan Bill.

Down yonder in the cottage that is nestling in the shade
Of the walnut trees that seem to love that quiet little glade
Abides a pretty maiden by the bonny name of Sue—
As pretty as the black eyed flowers and quite as modest too.
And lovers came there by the score, of every age and kind,
But not one (the story goes) was quite to Susie's mind.
Their sighs, their protestations and their pleadings made her ill—
Till all at once upon the scene hove Penn-Yan Bill.

He came from old Montana, and he rode a broncho mare;
He had a rather howd'y'do and rough and tumble air;
His trousers were of buckskin and his coat of furry stuff;
His hat was drab of color, and its rim was wide enough;
Upon each leg a stalwart boot reached just above the knee,
And in the belt about his waist his weapon carried he;
A rather strapping lover for our little Susie—still
She was his choice, and he was hers, was Penn-Yan Bill.

We wonder that the ivy seeks out the oaken tree
And twines her tendrils round him, though scarred and gnarled he be;
We wonder that a gentle girl, unused to worldly cares,
Should choose a man whose life has been a constant scrap with bears.
Ah, 'tis the nature of the vine, and of the maiden, too—
So when the bold Montana boy came from his lair to woo
The fair Kentucky blossom felt all her heart strings thrill
Responsive to the purring of Penn-Yan Bill.

He told her of his cabin in the mountain far away,
Of the catamount that howls by night, the wolf that yawps by day;
He told her of the grizzly with the automatic jaw,
He told her of the Injun who devours his victims raw;
Of the jawhawk with his tawdry crest and whiskers in his throat,
Of the great gosh-awful serpent and the Rocky mountain goat.
A book as big as Shakespeare's or as Webster's you could fill
With the yarns that emanated from Penn-Yan Bill!

Lo, as these mightily prodigies the westerner reliates,
Her pretty mouth falls wide agape—her eyes get big as plates;
And when he speaks of varmints that in the Rockies grow,
She shudders and she clings to him and limpidly cries "Oh!"
And then says he, "Dear Susie, I'll tell you what to do—
You be my wife and none of these few things dare pester you."
And she! She answers, clinging close and trembling yet, "I will!"
And then he gives her one big hug, does Penn-Yan Bill.

Avaunt, ye poet lovers, with your wishy-washy love!
Avaunt, ye sleepy pedants, with your musty, bookish wage!
Avaunt, ye smirking dandies, who air your etiquette
Upon the gold your fathers worked so long and hard to get!
How empty is your nothingness beside the sturdy tales
Which mountaineers delight to tell of border lines and vales!
Of snakes that crawl, of beasts that yowl, of birds that flap and trill
In the wild, religious attitude of Penn-Yan Bill.

Why, over all those mountain peaks his honed feet have trod
So high above the rest of us he seemed to walk with God.
He's breathed the breath of heaven, as it floated, pure and free,
From the everlasting snow caps to the mighty western sea;
And he's heard that awful silence which thunders in the ear,
"There is a great Jehovah, and his biding place is here!"
These—these the solemn voices and these the sights that thrill
In the faraway Montana of Penn-Yan Bill.

Of course she had to love him, for it was her nature to,
And she'll wed him in the summer, if all we hear be true.
The blue grass will be waving in that cool Kentucky glade
Where the black eyed Susans cluster in the pleasant walnut shade,
Where the doves make mournful music and the lowest trills a song
To the brook that through the pasture scampers merrily along;
And speechless pride and rapture ineffable shall fill
The beatific bosom of Penn-Yan Bill.

Some Odd Weapons.

Some queer weapons with which a Georgia company, from Screven, was armed at the beginning of the rebellion have just been discovered. Governor Brown of Georgia ordered a lot of pikes for Georgia soldiers, and these give the idea for the weapons fashioned for the Screven company. They were made by a blacksmith. The weapon was practically a bowie knife, almost a foot long, set in a handle a little more than a foot in length. Attached to the handle was a piece of very strong elastic 8 or 10 feet long. The idea was that the weapon could be hurled at an opponent and would rebound into the hands of the owner. It could thus be used several times, and at long range. The blades were made from long files and were ground to a long, sharp point. How effective the odd weapons proved is not stated.—New York Sun.

Females In the Majority.

Secretary of State Kelsey of New Jersey and his extra clerks have just finished compiling the state census, taken last July. It shows some remarkable facts.

According to the figures, there are 1,672,942 persons in New Jersey, the females exceeding the males by 2,828. The population has increased 238,000 since 1890. There are 273,755 dwellings in the state, accommodating 357,373 families. The foreign population is 357,172, of which 93,433 are Irish, 118,823 Germans and 144,916 of other nations.

FICTION AND MORALS.

HALL CAINE POINTS THE MORAL WAY IN THE NOVEL.

A Plea For the "Moral Nude in Fiction." Hugo, Tolstoi and Scott the Greatest Novelists of This Century—The Writer's Aim the Great Test.

Before the Nineteenth Century club, in New York, the other evening, Hall Caine, the novelist, delivered a literary sermon. His subject was "Moral Responsibility in the Novel and the Drama," and his treatment of it was a plea for liberty of conscience in fiction.

The audience saw before them a man apparently about 40 years old, of medium height, rather slender and with something of a stoop in the shoulders that suggested years of sedentary occupation. The tawny hair and beard were the first things noticed about the face; then the tremendous domelike forehead asserted its pre-eminence. So broad is the novelist's forehead that the whole face seems to slope away from it sharply. The eyes are well set and expressive, and the face, as a whole, one of extreme sensitiveness and nervous power. This impression of nervousness is borne out by the hands, which are long, fine and instinct with constant expressiveness, although inak-

HALL CAINE.

ing but few gestures. His voice was low, but clear, except at the end of the evening, when it became a trifle husky. Mr. Caine read his address. He said in part:

"There are writers who tell us that such light forms of literature as the novel and the drama ought to have no moral responsibility whatever. These writers are of two classes. First, there are those who think of a novel as Johnson defined it in his dictionary, 'A smooth tale, generally of love.' The second class are those who think too meanly of all forms of imaginative writing to allow either novel or drama a place among the works that have anything to do with serious thought or the real facts of life. But there are other writers who are so far from wanting the novel and drama to be a sugar candy kind of literature that they are forever asking the remorseless German question, 'To what end?' Then there are those who say the duty of a story teller is to tell stories, not to preach sermons. The novel should be no more moral than a story in 'The Arabian Nights.' Art and morality have nothing to do with each other. When the novelist or dramatist presents his characters, he should stand aside from them; he should disappear; he should annihilate himself. This is the attitude of many of the French authors at the present moment.

"The general practice of nearly all the great masters is against this view. Against the array of genius on the side of conscious moral intention we can mention two names only, but perhaps they are the greatest names in literature—Shakespeare and Scott. Taine calls them 'the great impartial artists,' meaning that they are the two great speakers who were unconscious of an aim in speaking. And seeing this, that our highest literary man of the sixteenth century, as well as our highest literary man of the nineteenth century, who both immeasurably beyond all others commanded the world's ear, had either nothing to say or preferred to be unencumbered by an ulterior aim, the greater part of writers and readers have concluded that in a novel or drama it is best to say nothing. Carlyle does not take this view. The John Knox in Carlyle sees only the Rob Roy in Scott, and Scott descends as a consequence from the rank of a great man.

"But there is a greater thing in a novel or drama than subject, or scene, or character, and that is motive. It is here that the master shows his highest mastery. Motive is to the novel or drama what the text is to the sermon. When I speak of motive, I do not mean moral purpose. Motive is the silver thread that holds in line the beads of art. Modern novelists and dramatists seem to find it hard to combine quality of purpose with freedom of intention. The author of 'Notre Dame' shows mastery over motive, and so does the author of 'Anna Karenina.' These two and these alone seem to me to realize George Eliot's ideal of the intensest realism of presentation with the highest idealism of conception, and by virtue of this mastery, and not because of any special superiority in delineating character or depicting scene, I claim for Victor Hugo and Count Tolstoi that, with Walter Scott, they will in the time to come be recognized as the three greatest novelists of the nineteenth century.

"I count him the greatest genius who touches the magnetic and divine chord in humanity which is always waiting to vibrate to the sublime hope of recompense. I count him the greatest man who teaches men that the world is ruled in righteousness."—New York Sun.

Hybrid Vegetables.

Tomato plants have been grafted on potato plants in England, giving a crop of tomatoes above ground and of potatoes below. Potatoes grafted on tomatoes have produced flowers and apples and a few tubers.

EUROPE'S SICK MAN.

THE POWERS SEEM TO HAVE AGREED ON A DIVISION OF TURKEY.

Russia Has Changed Her Policy In Regard to a Mediterranean Outlet—But For the Claims of the Bear and the Lion the Problem Would Be Easy.

The more one reflects on the simultaneous and harmonious utterances of Lord Salisbury and of the French minister for foreign affairs regarding the state of things at Constantinople the stronger becomes the impression that an agreement has been reached between the European powers for the distribution of the sultan's dominions.

Of course the Turk, though mortally sick, is not yet dead, and he is unlikely to lie supine while his assets are divided. But in these days of perfected arms and ammunition one cannot fight long or effectively without money, and of money the Turk has next to none. From sheer lack of funds Abdul Hamid would be unable to call out the reserves or to keep any considerable army in the field. It is not even certain that Moslem fanaticism would be arrayed upon his side, and if it were, fanaticism would prove no match for maxim guns. Threatened at once with internal anarchy and with aggression from without, the present sultan seems to be in as helpless a condition as was that much abler ruler Mahmoud II in the interval between the destruction of the janizaries and the organization of a new military force. Then the Russians under Diebitsch, it will be remembered, won Adrianople with ease, and might have gained possession of the Bosporus but for the jealousy of other Christian nations.

But, while we assume that in the end the European powers can, if thoroughly agreed, deal as they choose with Turkey, **the apparent fact of their ability to arrive at an agreement may well excite astonishment. To Russia the acquisition of Constantinople would be incalculably more useful than to any other power, since only through the Bosporus can the great northern empire gain access to the Mediterranean.**

Hitherto the czars have acted on the theory that it was better for them to leave that coign of vantage under the control of a weak Turkish ruler than to suffer it to fall into any Christian hands but theirs. Let them but have the Bosporus, and by comparison they cared not what became of the rest of the sultan's dominions. Such, we repeat, has been the traditional policy of the Romanoffs. Yet now they have departed from it, if we can rely upon reports emanating from sources usually considered trustworthy. According to these reports, the difficulty of disposing of Constantinople to the satisfaction of all the powers interested has not been definitely surmounted, but postponed by placing under an international commission the city, together, we presume, with a strip of territory on each side of the Bosporus, the sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles.

To induce the successor of Peter the Great to assent to an arrangement which would adjourn, perhaps to the Greek calends, the consummation of his dearest wish, some weighty compensation must have been offered to him in Asiatic Turkey. We find it hard to believe that he would content himself with Turkish Armenia and the headwaters of the Tigris unless he were left at liberty to follow that river throughout its southward course, thus obtaining for Russia an outlet to the Indian ocean. Yet how could England, which broke forth in angry protest at the rumor of a cession of Port Arthur to the czar, reconcile herself to his obtaining a naval station in the Persian gulf, in close proximity to India? Why, too, for her share of the Ottoman inheritance should she accept Syria, which is allotted to her by report, unless she aimed at the control of the projected Euphrates Valley railway, a control which implies the possession of Bassora, at the head of the Persian gulf?

It is the accommodation of English and Russian interests that renders the problem of distributing the Ottoman estate so hard of solution. The claims of other European powers might be adjusted with comparative facility. It has been accounted probable, since by the acquisition of the Herzegovina, of Bosnia and Novi Bazar, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy inserted a deep wedge in the Balkan peninsula, that it would ultimately absorb Macedonia, including the important seaport, Salonica. That Italy would get Tripoli and that Crete would fall to Greece have also been taken for granted. The proposal to give western Asia Minor, including of course Smyrna, to France, is new to the general public, though it may have been mooted in the inner circles of diplomacy. It has been generally supposed, that for historical reasons Syria would have special attractions for France, but that Asia Minor is far more valuable all thinkers is plain enough to those who recall the teeming population and immense wealth of that region during the early centuries of the Roman rule, and indeed down to the Ottoman conquest.

According to the rumored terms of partition, Germany not being a Mediterranean power would get nothing. Her profit would be indirect, derived partly from the strengthening of her allies, Austria and Italy, and partly from the assurance that the development of Asia Minor would be likely to occupy the energies of Frenchmen for generations to come.—New York Sun.

Elder Gillett's Offense.

The cases against several members of the Seventh Day Adventist communion of Graysville the other day were called in Judge Park's court at Dayton. Elder Gillett, who has lived for 11 years at Graysville, and who is respected by people of every denomination and who has never before been accused of anything, is to be tried for setting out a dozen raspberry slips one Sunday morning.—Louisville Courier Journal.

QUAY'S GREAT PLANS.

WOULD LAY OUT $30,000,000 FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

How He Would Have Congress Raise the Money—All For Internal Improvements. More Duties on Certain Goods—Instances of Needed Improvements.

Senator Quay of Pennsylvania, when congress meets, will propose a plan concerning the revenues of the government and the completion of river and harbor improvements which will excite much discussion in congress and interest every section of the country. It will have far-reaching political significance.

He has not yet elaborated his plan, but in essential features it is to raise an additional revenue of $30,000,000 or $40,000,000 a year by increasing the import duties of sugar, woolens, cutlery and other articles that need more protection. Senator Quay does not stop with remedying the present tariff for deficit. He goes farther, by proposing that at least $20,000,000 of this additional revenue be specifically devoted to internal improvements.

When asked about this plan, Senator Quay said to the correspondent that there were several great schemes for public works in this country which ought to be carried to a speedy completion, but which under the present condition must fail from lack of money.

"Here are, for instance," he said, "a few examples—the proposed canal across New Jersey connecting New York harbor with the Delaware; the deepening of the Delaware; the entire system of water communication just within the Atlantic coast from the Gulf of Mexico to New England; the canal

MATTHEW S. QUAY.

connecting Lake Erie with the Ohio; the damming of the Ohio river, and other internal improvements in the Mississippi valley, the far west and on the Pacific coast.

"No one who knows disputes the practicability or the enormous value to the country at large in both peace and war, of these public works, but all of them are languishing from lack of money. Many of them have been agitated before congress and the people for years, until legislators and their constituents from one end of the country to the other are thoroughly familiar with their necessity and advantage.

"But, as I have just said, all these plans, practicable, advantageous and necessary as they are, languish not because the people and congress do not appreciate their worth, but because the government lacks funds necessary to carry them to completion.

"For example, there are required, I believe, numerous dams to make navigable the Ohio river. It has taken under the present slow rate in five years to complete one of these dams.

"So, too, with all the other plans of improvement I have instanced. They drag along slowly, we are at a complete or mortifying standstill, as is the case with the New Jersey and Ohio canals.

"Now my suggestion is that it would be a wise public policy to raise revenue especially for the purpose of pushing these great internal improvements to completion in a period, say, of ten years, and at a total expenditure to be estimated at $30,000,000, while at the same time we would save from ruin, with which they are now threatened under the present tariff, certain of our manufacturing interests.

"I am wholly opposed to any direct taxation on whisky and beer. The advocates of temperance have by this time learned to understand that raising revenue by taxes on spirits and beer does not aid their cause. There is no moral support for increasing these taxes, but our woolen manufacturers are threatened with ruin by the woolen schedule of the present tariff law, which, on the other hand, is supported by a class of immense legal strength. The sugar industry of Louisiana and the best sugar industry [illegible] would be [illegible] Cuba [illegible] Louisiana [illegible] duty [illegible]

"It would also be necessary to amend the 'free list' [illegible] A definite scheme of amending the tariff law could be formed so as to afford needed protection to specified industries, and the additional revenue thus produced could be very exactly calculated and definitely assigned to use for public improvement. In this way the treasury would be relieved of the river and harbor bill, and in ten years the improvements would be completed to inure to the incalculable benefit of coming generations.

"It should be considered, moreover, that nearly all of this sum of $30,000,000 would go into material and manual labor. Employment would be furnished to an army of workingmen in all parts of the country, and the wages of the skilled artisans in our manufacturing industries would be kept up to the American standard instead of being reduced to the European level. I would have these great works done by contract, let under public competition to the lowest responsible bidders, and executed, of course, under government supervision and inspection."—Webb in Boston Journal.