MANUFACTURERS' MATERIALS.

For First Time in Our History They Form More Than Half of Imports of This Country.

Manufacturers' materials formed more than half of the imports into the United States in the month of February. This is the first time in the history of our importations that manufacturers' materials have constituted more than half of the total imports. In 1882 manufacturers' materials formed 33 per cent. of the total imports; in 1892, 34.2 per cent.; in 1902, 46.1 per cent.; in the eight months ending with February, 1903, 46.98 per cent., and in February, 1903, 51.3 per cent. of the total imports into the United States. Meantime importations as a whole have greatly increased and seem likely in the fiscal year which ends three months hence, to reach, for the first time, the billion-dollar line. Yet the growth in manufacturers' materials has been even more rapid than the general growth of imports, as is indicated by the above figures, which show that the percentage which manufacturers' materials form of this increased total has grown from 33.9 per cent. in 1882 to 51.3 per cent. in February, 1903.

These facts are disclosed by the advance sheets from the Monthly Summary of Commerce and Finance, just issued by the treasury bureau of statistics. It further shows, regarding this increase of manufacturers' materials, that the total value of manufacturers' materials imported in the eight months ending with February, 1903, exceeded by $50,000,000 that of the corresponding period of the preceding year. In the month of February alone, the importation of manufacturers' materials was $42,000,000, against $32,000,000 in February of last year, an increase of nearly one-third. For the last fiscal year, ending with June 30, 1902, the importations of manufacturers' materials for the first time passed the $400,000,000 line, having grown from $243,000,000 in 1882 to $278,000,000 in 1892, and $415,000,000 in 1902. The figures for the eight months of the fiscal year justify the assertion that for the 12 months ending June 30, 1903, the total value of manufacturers' materials imported will exceed $450,000,000 and will far surpass that of any preceding year in the history of our import trade.

ROOSEVELT USES WORD SPIT.

Advocates of "Expectorate" in New York Ordinances Silenced by Letter of Man Now President.

In a statement just given out by Commissioner Lederle, of the board of health of New York city, it is set forth that letters have been received objecting to the use of the word "spit" in the board of health ordinances, and asking that the word "expectorate" be substituted. In this connection Commissioner Lederle makes public a letter received by the health department from Theodore Roosevelt, when the latter was police commissioner, asking that the word "spit" be used instead of the word "expectorate."

The letter follows:

"Police Headquarters, New York, March 21, 1896. The Hon. Charles E. Wilson, president health board—Dear President Wilson: Can't you have our form of notice changed so as to read 'spit,' instead of 'expectorate?' Expectorate is a vile word and the health board ought to use good English.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

FIND FOR ARCHÆOLOGISTS.

Burying Ground of Prehistoric People Is Found by Prof. Warren Morehead in Kentucky.

Prof. Warren Morehead, curator of the department of archaology of Phillips academy, Andover, Mass., has discovered on a farm east of Hopkinsville, Ky., what he says was the burying ground of a prehistoric people. Prof. Morehead exhumed ten skeletons, several being in a fair state of preservation. He is making a preliminary investigation in this region and likely will be followed by a party of archaeologists from Yale college.

The bones found he pronounces to be those of an extinct race of mound-builders. All the skeletons were in receptacles built of flat stones. Stone cups were found in several graves and a stone knife was found in one.

Prof. Morehead will continue his investigations for several days.

Another Munchausen Story.

A German physician who has spent some years in Togoland informs the Revue Encyclopedique that babies in that part of Africa are born the same color as Europeans, that they turn lilac color in two or three months, then to a rich chestnut ten days later, and at the end of three or four months they settle down for keeps to their customary black. The doctor, says the Chicago Chronicle, evidently thinks that the French will believe any Munchausen who can tell a good one.

The Popular Strong Man.

Sandow, the strong man, says every one ought to eat six meals a day. Hurrah for Sandow, exclaims the Chicago Record-Herald, and the glorious time when everybody who works shall have three lunch hours between eight and four.

Will Make Lively Reading.

Emperor William's speeches have been brought out in book form for the American trade. Why, asks the Chicago Record-Herald, should anyone be troubled with ennui after this?

Better Than the Injunction.

King Alexander of Servia has dissolved the skupshtina, and, says the Chicago Record-Herald, he did it merely by issuing a proclamation, too.

STUDENTS BALK AT GERMS.

They Refuse to Use Microbe-Infested Volumes in Brookline (Mass.) School.

"Those books are in a filthy, mutilated condition and are not fit to use. It is an outrage on health and decency that Brookline, Mass., the richest town in the world, should not be able to afford decent books for its school children.

"Is this economy? Economy is all right in its place, but should it be thought of when health and cleanliness are at stake? Some one is to blame. Who is it? It does no good to complain to the head master. We are told that for economy's sake the superintendent has decided not to buy any more books for school use before next September."

The speaker was a member of the class of 1903, in the Brookline high school, and has been using one of the books which have caused so much criticism and comment throughout the town. The books referred to are Burke's "Conciliation," the "Immensee," by Strom, both of which have been distributed to members of the sophomore and senior classes.

The fact that millions of germ breeding microbes might be hidden among the pages has brought about a storm of censure. Immediate action will be taken to investigate, and undoubtedly the books will be collected from the pupils. Pupils are quite indignant, but refuse to allow their names to be used in connection with the controversy.

Superintendent of Schools George I. Aldrich was surprised that such a state of affairs existed, and knew nothing of the matter. He said that he had no knowledge that the books were in the condition described, and asked whether it was fair to presume that Brookline would father such a state of affairs when money is spent so generously for the schools.

SOCIETY GIRL WORKS FARM.

Illinois Young Woman Working a Quarter Section of Land in North Dakota.

Miss Bertha Edessa Nilsson, one of the leading society women of Sycamore, Ill., and a vocalist of merit, has gone to North Dakota to put in a crop of wheat and flax on her quarter section of land.

Two years ago Miss Nilsson took a trip through that country and was so well pleased with it that she said she believed she would take up some land and go to farming. Her friends laughed at her, but in the fall she returned to North Dakota and filed her claim. Harvey was the city to which she went and her land is near that place.

Miss Nilsson's crop last year was about 250 bushels of flaxseed. Last fall when she returned to her claim she was accompanied by Miss Jennie Beardsley, of Genoa, and the two lived in a "shack" and had some thrilling experiences neither desires to go through again.

Being miles from town, the women hardly expected to be molested, but one night they were awakened by some men prowling around. The men were asked to leave, which they refused to do. The young women in their fright resorted to revolvers they had and succeeded in driving away the intruders.

Miss Nilsson will take a piano out to her "shack" this summer and keep up her musical work while there. She is the leader of the choir of the First Baptist church at Sycamore.

AGAINST AMERICAN GOODS.

German Agrarians to Attempt to Revive a Continental Customs Union.

The German agrarians intend to revive the scheme for a continental customs union against American goods at the international agricultural congress, which will be held at Rome. Count Von Schwerin Loewitz, a leading member of the reichstag and president of the German agricultural council, will move that the continental state make new commercial treaties among themselves, giving special favors to European goods against American goods and also British goods, which fall under the ban because of the action of Canada and the South African colonies in favoring British goods. The count's motion will provide that the importer must prove that goods are of European origin, whereupon a lower duty will be collected than would be the case were they of non-European origin. The papers at Berlin express much curiosity regarding the manner in which the congress will treat the motion.

EMPEROR AND PROFESSOR.

Meeting Between His Majesty and Delitzsch, the Assyriologist, with Whom He Took Issue.

Emperor William met Prof. Delitzsch, the Assyriologist, for the first time since his majesty wrote his recent letter to Admiral von Hollmann, councillor of the German Oriental society, replying to the professor's lecture on the Babylonian origin of the Bible, at a dinner Chancellor von Buelow gave before his departure for Italy. The professor is hard of hearing and the emperor's part of the dialogue was consequently in a rather high voice.

His majesty greeted him with:

"Well, professor, we have broken a lance together since I saw you."

"Only one lance, your majesty," responded the professor, referring to the fact that he had never replied to the emperor.

Advice to Sir Lipton.

Speak softly, Sir Thomas Lipton, advises the Chicago Tribune, and carry a big stick in your yacht.

SLAVERY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

It Is Unrecognized Officially, But Perfectly Well-Known to Exist in the Islands.

It is safe to presume that the present interest in the Philippine islands among Americans in the United States is equaled only by the universal ignorance in regard to many of the problems existing in our eastern possessions, writes a Calamba, P. I., correspondent of the New York Sun.

Why should not the people of the United States be properly informed regarding a subject which should be close to the hearts of all true Americans?

For over three centuries this custom has obtained throughout these islands: A poor Filipino finds himself in debt and without the means to meet his creditors. He forthwith borrows from a rich neighbor the required amount, often not more than thirty pesos—two pesos are equal to about 80 cents of our money—pays his debts, and becomes from that moment, together with his entire family, a slave to the man who had lent him the money, to remain his slave until this money is paid back. This poor native and his family work for the rich native, and in return receive clothes and food of the cheapest quality, but, of course, never any money. They also get a house to live in, but for this house the man is supposed to pay rent. As he has no money and has placed himself and family where not one of them can earn any, this rent cannot be paid and is added year by year to the original sum borrowed. The man dies without ever paying the debt and dies like a slave, leaving his family in like bondage. If anyone else pays the sum to the original owner of these slaves, he in turn becomes their master.

There is much wealth in the Philippines and it is customary for well-to-do Filipinos to own anywhere from fifty to 500 slaves. I visited the other day the house of the richest woman in the Philippines outside of Manila. She lives in a town called Lipa and is worth her millions. I was able to observe for myself the number of her slaves.

A certain army officer, living in the same town as Gen. Mulvar—originally general-in-chief of the Philippine army after Aguinaldo—desired to find a competent native boy to work for him. Gen. Mulvar offered to let him have one of his slave boys, suggesting that if the officer would pay the amount owed to the general by the boy's father, the boy would belong to the officer. This officer would not enter into this agreement, knowing full well that if he bought the boy and gave him his freedom, as soon as he was ordered to the United States Gen. Mulvar would, on some pretext or other, get the boy back into his power. I was told this little story, which is simply illustrative, by the officer himself.

Of course, there is another side to this question of slavery as it exists here. The low class natives are woefully lazy, brainless and generally worthless, and this system secures to them homes, clothes and food, for comparatively little labor, as long as they live. This is a very comfortable way to look at it, but the fact remains that the condition of these people is slavery pure and simple, and slavery on American territory. This fact is unendurable and should awaken the people of the United States to some sort of action.

Originally the Spanish friars were responsible for this condition of affairs, or at any rate responsible for its continuance. These friars all owned slaves, and if any powerful Filipino had undertaken to inform the Spanish government—which, like our government, could not act on what it was in ignorance of, which therefore it chose to be blind to—it would have availed nothing. And these Filipinos would besides have made untold trouble for themselves, for the friars, to shield their own position, would have proved to the home government that the report was false, and would have oppressed the Filipinos more cruelly than before.

The virtual government and cruel oppression of the Spanish friars is still another problem, and one which has been little studied or understood. They are no longer in power, but properly to understand the Philippine character, and political and moral conditions existing here for years, it is necessary fully to comprehend the complex nature of the dominion held for centuries by the Spanish friars in these islands. They have left their mark on all classes, and we cannot deal intelligently with our new subjects without giving this matter conscientious study.

That slavery has existed in these islands so long after Spain abolished slavery in her West India possessions—which was in 1870—is due simply to the absolute ascendency of the friars, an ascendency almost inconceivable in its supreme power for evil, unauthorized, and yet uncontrolled by the Spanish government. That this same slavery is allowed to exist under American government is a menace and a reproach to American civilization.

Wanted the Dinners.

Freddy—Papa, may I study elocution?

Proud Father—Indeed you may, my boy, if you wish! You desire to become a great orator, do you?

"Yes, that's it."

"And some day, perhaps, have your voice ringing in the vaulted chamber of the first legislative assembly in the world?"

"I shouldn't care for that. I want to be an after-dinner speaker."

"Ah, you are ambitious for social distinction, then?"

"No—I want the dinners!"—Stray Stories.

BURGLAR ON THE TELEPHONE.

Answered Call of Owner of House He Was Ransacking and Detained Him.

"Yes, the telephone's all right sometimes," said the man who had boarded the car at Edgewater and taken a seat beside his friend from Rogers Park, reports the Chicago Inter Ocean, "but it has its drawbacks. If I didn't have a telephone in my house I would be ahead about $90 worth of valuables which a burglar carried away with him last week. The whole affair was rather peculiar. I caught the burglar over the 'phone and had a little talk with him, but he knew he was in no danger of arrest.

"It came about in this way. My wife and I went away and left the maid alone. She told us she would soon leave the house, and we instructed her to lock the doors and windows before she left. After we had been gone about an hour and had arrived at the house of a friend in Evanston my wife remembered that she wanted to tell the maid something. She told me to call up the house, thinking perhaps the maid had not yet left. I called for the number, and, what do you think, a man's voice answered.

"'Hello,' he said, 'who is this?'

"I told him what my name was, and he laughed. I then suggested that I had the wrong number, but he laughed again and said: 'Oh, no; you have got the right number.'

"'Who are you, then?' I demanded. 'What right have you got in my house when all of us are gone?'

"'Well, I'll tell you,' he said, with exasperating coolness and another laugh. 'I called up your number, and, finding that there was no one at home, I thought I would come up to the house and look around. It's a way I have of doing. The windows were not locked and I had no trouble getting in. If anyone had answered the 'phone, I should not have come but I made a good guess, didn't I?'

"I was up in the air, so to speak. I didn't know what to do. I waited a minute and then asked the fellow what he was doing in my house.

"'I am what my friends call a gentleman of leisure, but what you might be rude enough to call a burglar,' he said. 'I hope you will not—'

"I broke off his speech at this point and yelled that I would have him arrested and hanged, and everything else, but he only laughed again and said he would not be around by the time the police could get there.

"I knew it was useless to telephone for the police to hurry to the house. My wife and I hurried home, and sure enough one of the windows was open and the rooms ransacked. I don't know so well about the telephone's being a good thing."

WOMEN STOCK-GAMBLERS.

Members of the Fashionable Set Lie Abed and Make Their Deals by Telephone.

Stock gambling, of course, as yet attracts fewer of these fashionable women with the gambling fad. It calls for study, for a long and tedious education; and women of fashion have too many drafts upon their time already, says a New York exchange. There are some who intrust money to men friends to bet for them, but that is not gambling for the woman. The "gamble" is altogether for the trusted man, who would hardly be so ungallant and even cruel, not to say imprudent, for that would sound cynical, as to let a confiding and helpless woman lose though his lack of wit. The real stock gambling woman of fashion, doing the gambling herself, using her own judgment reinforced or confused by "tips" gathered at random, staking her own income or her father's or husband's allowance to her, is as yet a rarity. But she is an interesting rarity, as she lies abed with her telephone at her indolent elbow, and with smiles or frowns—in great crises in the street, tears—upon her petulant face. Thanks to the telephone, she gambles at her ease, in the seclusion of her home, of her bedroom. And apparently she is the heralding swallow of the oncoming flock. There are still few husbands with tales of how scantily they are fed because "my wife came a cropper on steel last month, and dropped her house money as well as her personal allowance." But those few, unless all signs fail, also are heralds of a flock—a mournful flock.

This gambling craze is the latest phase and extreme of an extraordinary, incredible development—the transformation of New York from a rich, rather sober city into a world capital, within less than 15 years.

Birds Plant Trees.

An old Arizona woodchopper says the bluejays have planted thousands of the trees now growing all over Arizona. He says these birds have a habit of burying small seeds in the ground with their beaks, and that they frequent pinon trees and bury large numbers of the small pine nuts in the ground, many of which sprout and grow. He was walking through the pines with an eastern gentleman a short time ago, when one of these birds flew from a tree to the ground, stuck his bill in the earth and quickly flew away. When told what had happened the eastern man was sceptical; but the two went to the spot and with a knife-blade dug out a sound pine nut from a depth of about an inch and a half. Thus it will be seen that nature has her own plan for forest perpetuation.—Indianapolis News.

Voracity of the Stoat.

The record of voracity belongs of right to a stoat recently caught. During the night the bloodthirsty little creature had killed eleven turkeys, thirty ducks and twenty chickens.—Nature.

THE KING'S OWN FIGHT.

Quiet Bout at Fisticuffs Between Edward VII. and One of His Humble Subjects.

"Speaking of the dignity which doth hedge a king," says a Chicago physician, Dr. J. B. Message, according to the Inter Ocean, "the man who wrote that phrase ought to come in touch with Edward VII. of England for about half an hour. He'd probably alter his opinions. Edward is a good deal of a king, too, in my estimation, but he isn't the style of king we read about in our youth days, nor the kind of king we are accustomed to see upon the stage.

"About a year ago there was a big masonic conclave in London, and, as I have kept up my connection with the English lodges ever since coming to this country, I was urgently invited to be present. I went to London, and had an active and enjoyable part in some of the biggest and liveliest masonic doings I ever encountered. Talk about a time—well, that's neither here nor there. I was talking about the king.

"'Edward VII., as all masons know, is pretty nearly the head and front and the whole thing in British masonic circles. He was present at this big conclave, and after the strenuous work of the chapters and degrees was over he laid aside the kingliness and became one among us. He lunched, drank, smoked, and told good stories. He was a good talker and a great listener. He showed himself, during those few days of masonry, one of the finest specimens of all-around good fellow it was ever my fortune to meet, and there wasn't a mason in the crowd who didn't adore his king before the conclave ended.

"Just as the cigars were going round on the second afternoon the king grew reminiscent. We had heard enough from him to feel certain that something good was coming, and there was a general updrawing of chairs as his majesty told us one of his adventures.

"'Last summer,' said the king, 'I managed to spend a few days at a little watering place upon the coast. Nobody seemed to know me, outside of my own suite, and it was really a pleasure to have things that way for even a little while. Well, one morning I was strolling alone on the beach, when I came across an old fellow who was industriously shoveling sand.

"'I couldn't imagine what he might be at, and so I asked him. He turned his head in a grim sort of way, and told me it was none of my business. Naturally that nettled me. "I say," said I, "don't be so crusty about it, you know. What are you digging for?"

"'"You'll jolly soon find out if you don't go on about your business and leave us alone," said the old fellow. Now, on my word I was good and angry.

"'"Rather an impertinent old codger, aren't you?" said I impatiently. He looked at me in an ugly way. "Go on, now," said he; "go on and leave honest folk alone, or you'll get a blooming good punch on the nose," says he.

"'I looked him over. He was about my age—50 or so—and we were about of a size and weight. I felt a jolly good impulse, do you know, to go in and fight him. "Maybe you'd like to punch my nose?" I asked very politely.

"'"That I would," said he, "and that I'll do in about three minutes if you don't run along."

"'I looked about, and saw a bridge spanning a bit of ravine about 200 feet away. "If you'll go under that bridge," said I, "we'll jolly quick find out about that, and may the best man win."

"'Well, he dropped his spade, and away we trotted for the bridge. Once under the bridge and out of sight from the general public, we set to with a will. But, do you know, I was too fat and in no condition, and he was as strong as a bull. So after about five rounds I was so winded, and my face so well battered up, you know, that I gasped out: "Enough!" and we called it quits, and came out from under the bridge.'"

Scientific Phonography.

An attempt is being made by the Academy of Sciences of Vienna to turn the phonograph to account as an important registering instrument for science. One intended application is in the study of various languages and dialects which are now in the course of development or of extinction. Three scientific expeditions recently sent out by the academy have been equipped with especially designed phonographs intended for the investigation of languages, and other phenomena depending upon sound-waves. In order to secure permanent records the academy has devised a method of metal-plating the wax records so that they will serve as phonotypes from which fresh wax plates may be cast at any time. Similar efforts to utilize the phonograph for scientific purposes have been made elsewhere, but the Vienna scheme is on a larger scale.—Youth's Companion.

Nice Hard Luck Story.

"Yes, lady, I have seen better days."

"No doubt. You were once a proud and successful business man. You held your head as high as the highest. Then came the defalcation of a trusted cashier and the elopement of your only child with a bogus count. You were crushed, you took to drink. You became a vagabond. You have nothing to live for—save to find the man who wronged your trusting child. And you ask me to help you on your weary way."

"Madam, you make me weep. Will you please say that over again? I want to learn it by heart—it's so much better than the story I was about to tell you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A MEXICAN TRAGEDY.

From Which a Well-Known Street in the City of Mexico Takes Its Name.

The jewel from which this well-known street in Mexico City takes its name was a magnificent bracelet of gold, set with many precious stones. The jewel was made for Isabel de la Garside y Tovar, a beautiful woman belonging to the most exclusive society of the capital of Mexico, both by birth and marriage. But, alas! it was not her husband, Senor Alonso Fernandez de Bobadilla, who presented the bracelet to her, relates Modern Mexico. This gentleman had for a long time been much more unhappy than he appeared. In truth, he was the most miserable of mortals, for he was filled with apprehension that the wife of his bosom, whom he so much loved, did not return his affection and was not true to him. They lived in the greatest luxury in one of the finest homes in the street, and, indeed, in Mexico. Senor Fernandez' offices were on the first floor of the house, and their large and handsomely furnished living apartments were above. One day the senor was sitting in his office, sadly meditating on his lot, when a letter was thrown through the bars of the window and fell directly in front of him. He started as if from a dream, but even before he broke the seal he knew what the letter would reveal. It mentioned no names, but between the lines he read the guilty name of a professional friend, Senor Raoul de Lara. Filled with suspicion, as he had been, the definite revelation of the truth almost stunned him. He thought of that very morning when he had ridden forth with his lovely wife by his side in an equippage that was almost royal in its richness, envied by all who saw him, and richer than any of his acquaintances, but also more unhappy.

His first impulse was to rush up to the living rooms with the letter in one hand and a dagger in the other, to charge Dona Isabel with her unfaithfulness, and, if she could not deny it, to stab her to the heart. But instead he decided upon the cold plan of establishing a watch that he might prove to himself the bitter truth. Accordingly, he went calmly up to his wife and told her that he had made an engagement with the government that would keep him away from home until late at night. Dona Isabel bade him an affectionate farewell, and he departed. A few doors away he secreted himself in the gathering shadows. Night had just fallen, when a man, well wrapped in a long black cloak, which he held over his mouth, as was the custom at night time, and his sombrero shading securely the upper part of his face, passed him hurriedly, and then stopped in front of Senor Fernandez' own door. There was no knock, but Dona Isabel appeared on the upper balcony, greeted him, and then the heavy street door opened silently a little way and the man in the long cloak entered. Senor Fernandez waited no longer. Hastening to his own house, he found his friend just clasping a beautiful and costly bracelet on the arm of Dona Isabel. Another instant and a dagger had pentrated the black cloak and the hidden heart beneath it. Dona Isabel turned to flee, but finding the doors barred she fell on her knees before her husband and begged for pardon, mercy and her life.

"'Tis thus I pardon you," exclaimed the outraged husband, as he plunged the blood dripping dagger into her heart.

The following day the two bodies were found in the house, and on the door, with the dagger stuck through it to hold it there, the bracelet as proof of the crime. Senor Alonso Fernandez de Bobadilla entered a monastery.

SINGING IN THE ARMY.

Custom Inaugurated in Honolulu Barracks of Singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

There is evidently a difference of opinion among army officers as to the value or utility of singing as part of the routine of a soldier's life in time of peace. According to a recent report from Honolulu, where there is a garrison of two companies of artillery, Maj. Davis, formerly in command, inaugurated the custom of having the soldiers sing "The Star-Spangled Banner," with bugle accompaniment, at retreat each evening. When Maj. John McClellan, artillery corps, relieved Maj. Davis of command at Honolulu a few months ago he found this custom in vogue. He was somewhat surprised at first when retreat was sounded to hear the bugles start the refrain of the patriotic air mentioned and the 200 men under arms break out in a chorus of that song and continue it on the march. It was not very good music, and the soldiers did not appear to enjoy the performance any more than the listeners did. Whether it was because of the bad singing or some other reason, Maj. McClellan concluded to discontinue the practice, and issued an order to that effect, so that "retreat" in Honolulu is now conducted in the usual way, without vocal music. It is said that the new order is entirely satisfactory to the soldiers. They objected to singing on the march for several reasons. In the first place, they couldn't sing, and in the second place they thought the performance too much like a school boys' ceremony and beneath the dignity of real soldiers.

Hawaiian Delicacy.

The commission of United States senators in Hawaii accepted an invitation to a native banquet. The principal dish was cooked dog, which the Hawaiians have long considered one of the greatest delicacies. The senators thought they were eating roast pig.—N. Y. Sun.

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