

COTTON GOODS IN CHINA

Have Attained Great Popularity by Reason of Worth.

POOR TRANSPORTATION

Expansion in Trade in Recent Years Led Unscrupulous Manufacturers to Export Inferior Products—Methods of the Piece Goods Guild—Whims of Chinese Studied.

"American cotton piece goods control the markets of Northern China," says Special Agent Burrell in a report to the Department of Commerce and Labor, "not only because of their superiority in quality and greater adaptability to the climatic conditions of this part of the Empire, but for the reason that the Chinese now fully appreciate that they practice real economy in buying pure, unsize cotton goods manufactured without the use of any foreign matter whatsoever. It is through the realization of the natives of the north that heavily sized piece goods, weight for weight, are inferior in every respect to the pure article that the importations of Englishmen have steadily decreased, while succeeding years show more than a proportionate increase in the demand for American goods. The goods sold themselves after they were properly introduced and firmly established on this market through the untiring efforts and business-like methods of the dealers in American piece goods in Shanghai.

"In China several important factors enter into the difficulties encountered by merchants handling foreign goods in their efforts to extend trade. Among these may be mentioned the lack of transportation facilities over large sections of the country. These conditions are, however, gradually being improved through the opening up of new channels of steam traffic along the coast and in the interior. With the advent of the railroad, a movement that is constantly gathering momentum, the Shanghai importers will be able to keep in closer touch with their markets and remove many obstacles that now operate against satisfactory business transactions with the natives of outlying provinces.

"Among the Chinese there are large quantities of American made cotton goods that have attained great popularity, and justly so, by reason of their great worth. The points of evenness of make, cleanliness and smoothness of finish are closely examined into by the native buyer, and values are assigned to the various makes accordingly. Years ago the goods were principally marketed by their shops, or trade marks, by which they became known in the distant consuming market. Certain shops met the requirements of the Chinese, became well known, and, in consequence, dominated the market.

"Of late years, however, the great expansion in manufacturing for export especially throughout the Southern States of America has resulted in throwing on this market a variety of new goods under new trade marks. Several of these, it must be admitted, were of indifferent quality with regard to the standard previously established and to which the Chinese were accustomed.

"In order to be fully in touch with the market, take advantage of exchange and for other business reasons which make their presence desirable at the center of importation, Chinese agents are maintained in Shanghai by the various guilds of the territory which draws its supplies from Shanghai. The piece goods guild, as an illustration, has its representative constantly on the ground, and when there is a demand for certain shops in his home city he is communicated with and makes his purchase from the Shanghai dealer, or what may more properly be termed the Shanghai piece goods jobber.

"The guild is the dominating influence in all commercial transactions in China, and in maintaining an agent here the native merchants of other cities, who are always members of these organizations, are able at all times to secure at the latest market quotation and at the same time make it practically an impossibility for any one Chinese dealer doing business in an outpost to obtain and have stock shipped to him at a price which will permit of his underselling the local market.

The outside native merchant seldom comes in contact with the Shanghai piece goods merchants, as the business is usually transacted through the jobber, who also assumes the title of 'intermediate broker.' It seems a cumbersome and roundabout way of transacting business, but it is the Chinese way and cannot be said to work any hardship on the foreign merchant, whatever may be the effect on the consumer when the goods reach him loaded down with the profits of the native middlemen and dealers who handle them.

English as Written.
An English druggist gives the following list of blunders made by his poorer customers: "Catch an eel," for cockinal; "prosperous paste" for phosphorus paste; "grease it" for grease; "fishy water" for Vichy water; "sigatarr" for catarrh; "ever-hating" for effervescing.

The World's Stock of Money.
The total stock of money, in gold, silver and unconverted paper in the whole world amounts, in round figures, to \$1,000,000,000. In the United States the total stock of money amounts to about \$2,000,000,000.

PERSONALITY OF A LEADER.

Timothy D. Sullivan Expresses His Views on the Subject.

"Any one may be a leader of men. There is no secret to the job and no trick of nature's doing. It only needs work, and lots of it."

So says Timothy D. Sullivan, a leader of men, a Tammany Hall district leader, a leader in financial affairs of large importance, a leader in legislation that affects millions of people, a leader in sport of more or less varied nature, a leader in public movements when the interests of his constituents or his associates are affected, a leader in many other things and altogether he stands out as conspicuously as a leader of men as any man who could be picked out of the public men of the present moment.

Born in poverty, schooled indifferently, at work as a newsboy, then in charge of a big newspaper delivery system, then an owner of many newspapers, into politics, first a district captain, then a deputy leader, then a district leader, then an Assemblyman, then a State Senator, and next a Congressman.

All the time tending to growing personal business, and to-day worth anywhere from \$1,000 to \$1,000,000 (no one really knows).

Sullivan could at a pinch, according to a man who knows the pulse of New York, produce 15,000 people who would vote any ticket he asked them to vote without looking at it, and he could in twelve hours get 5,000 men to follow him on almost any proposition he were to advance.

Timothy D. Sullivan.

"When you ask me to what particular thing I owe any of the friends I've got I'll say it's work. All this talk about psychological power and personal magnetism over men is fine business for pretty writing, but when you get down to brass tacks it's the work that does the business. What would Croker's personal magnetism have amounted to if he hadn't worked early and late? I know faro dealers that have more magnetism than all the leaders you ever knew, and they go on hustling for a living at \$6 a shift, and not always working steady at that, mostly because they don't know how, or won't work except at the thing that comes easiest to them.

"If a man sets out to do something or get somewhere he can bet that the only way to get there is to do it himself, and no one else can do it for him.

"Most men are lazy and do only what they have to do for their immediate comfort, lots of men are unfortunately born without the ability to think for themselves, and other men for no known reason in the world, have to have some one to look to as a leader for them. Now, then, you start out with the idea that you'd like to be of some use in the world and begin by helping the fellow beside you, who is in trouble. That fellow may not be grateful to you, because he doesn't know how, but he'll remember you and when he's got to confide in some one, he'll probably turn to you, there you have some knowledge, then you repeat the operation several times a day and before you know it you are getting the habit of being concerned about people's troubles. Most people are grateful and when you have shown a lot of people that it's no trouble to help them, they'll be pretty sure to want to help you.

"Then you see that a lot of people have a complaint against something, may be it's something you can fix. Well, if you're not too lazy to go and fix it and do, somebody's going to say that it was a smart thing to do, it wasn't smart, it was only because other people were willing to do the work and other people weren't."

"If a man asks you to do something, and you can't do it, don't lie to him, but laugh him out of it if you can, and if you can't do that, tell him why you can't and then take the trouble to prove it to him; he will be just as good a friend as ever, unless he's a natural born kicker.

"Some of the men in my district who never asked me for a thing in their lives have told me they would never desert me as long as I was willing to listen to a 'klick,' and it's that way I find out what the most people want.

"The man who doesn't ask you for personal favors can afford to tell you the truth, and he usually does. The people who give me their support don't do it because I have any wonderful magnetism, they do it because I am willing to try to do the things they want—not for one campaign, or one administration—but every day of every year, with the holidays included.

"And so after all there isn't much to it to be a leader.

"It's just plenty of work, keep your temper or throw it away, be on the level and don't put on airs, because God and the people hate a cheery man."

ELECTRICITY FROM COAL

New Source of Energy After Years of Painsaking Effort.

NAMED A "DYNELECTRO"

Mechanism of the Machine—Possibility of Furnishing Lighting Power of Houses Direct from Heat—Its Introduction Means a Complete Revolution in Electric.

Three years ago Edison said that the greatest problem of the time was one method of extracting electricity from coal direct. Even then he judged himself to the solution of the problem.

Edison has worked a lifetime to accomplish this wonder, and has not yet arrived. His new storage battery, which holds condensed horse-owners in square inches, comes near a true solution, but not quite say, New York World.

A man has given to the world this new marvel. His name is J. H. Reid of New York. The device is called a dynelectro.

Mr. Reid sometimes speaks of his device as a gas battery, for the only constructive chemical reactions which take place in it are the evolution of oxygen and hydrogen. The metal elements which are corroded and condensed in the ordinary battery are in no way injured in the dynelectro. In fact, all that is consumed is the fuel under the battery and water, which a hydrogen and oxygen combined and air, which is nitrogen and oxygen and a change is slowly brought about in the original caustic potash solution with which the jars are filled.

The elements which in your telephone or bell battery are carbon and zinc in the dynelectro are carbon and steel iron, the fluid which in one is a weak solution of some acid or alkali in the dynelectro a very concentrated solution of caustic potash which does not become fluid until heated above 300 degrees Fahrenheit, to which is added two per cent of iron oxide. The outside jar containing receptacle is of cast iron.

Heat and air have to be added to the dynelectro battery as described before it will generate electricity. It must be heated up to 390 degrees Fahrenheit and air must be pumped through the carbon at two pounds pressure. The heat may vary fifty degrees in either direction without seriously interfering with the generation of the electrical current, but the instant the air supply is cut off it dies like a living creature would deprived of oxygen.

What we have then is a simple iron pot in a convenient rectangular shape, around which plays the gentle heat of a flame. Inside the pot hanging in a solution of caustic potash and iron oxide is a hollow iron slab twelve inches deep, eight inches wide and one inch thick, from each side of which protrude like the bunches of a bundle of a huge tooth-brush hollow carbon pencils similar to those used in electric arc lamps.

An air pipe is connected to the top of the iron slab, and it will be seen by the illustration that air forced into the hollow slab has no way to escape except through the porous carbon pencils.

Over the horizontally projecting series of carbons are slipped thin sheet-iron plates, which look almost like eaves so filled with round holes are they. Through each hole a carbon passes, and the holes are sufficiently large to keep it insulated or to prevent the iron sheet from making contact with the carbon pencils at any point.

Sheet after sheet of this thin iron is put over the pencils, with slight intervals of space between them, until the layers look like the blades of some new form of meat chopper when they are in final position.

We have now the carbon pencil element carefully insulated or separated from the vertically hanging sheets of iron. From the carbons one wire is taken, and from the iron the other, exactly as the wires are taken from the two poles of a battery. Add caustic potash for the liquid solution, heat it to 390 degrees and pump air down into the carbon, so that it comes bubbling and spluttering up through the hot alkaline fluid and you have an active battery, giving off 100 amperes of current at 2-1/2 volt.

This difficulty of low voltage is overcome in two ways by connecting up the batteries in series—carbon pole of one cell to the iron pole of the next, and so on until all are joined and the two wires which lead away from the entire series are the conductors of the electrical current, which has gained in voltage, according to electrical laws, just as many times as there are cells. The amperage remains the same.

The experimental dynelectro has twelve cells in the series and therefore gives a current of 10.8 volts and 100 amperes.

This will and does light sixteen incandescent lamps of sixteen candle power each. To keep from being forced to use large conductors to the outside circuit rotary "step-up" generators are used which means putting the current into a rotary electric motor which induces a current of much higher voltage in coils of fine wire. But as this is not an electrical treatise, suffice it to say that the original small current can be "stepped up" to several hundred or even thousands of volts with very little loss of the original current, and thus conducted economically on small wires long distances for distribution and consumption.

HERO OF "BLOODY SUNDAY."

Personality of the Man Who Led the Russian Workmen to Death.

The history of tyranny adds to the list of heroes and leaders of men—George Gapon, a Russian priest, who led the workmen of St. Petersburg to torture and death in a vain attempt to petition personally Nicholas II, their Czar and Little Father. Gapon comes from a large village called Biliki, in the province of Poltava, South Russia. His father, who is now 70, although a peasant, is said to possess an immense amount of knowledge of everything concerned with peasant life, and a simple, concrete way of looking at things. Gapon adds, "This father has held several small local official positions. Gapon's mother is a typical mawkish woman of 60.

At the Ecclesiastical School in Poltava, where Gapon was first sent, he found himself quite isolated, for his



Father Gapon.

schoolmates were all sons of priests or deacons. At the age of 15 the boy read Tolstol and became more contented with his lot. But he himself confesses that an early age he showed an unruly spirit, particularly in the theological discussion.

When he preached he drew his ideas from the Bible and not from the fathers of Russia, either political or ecclesiastical. His sermons were not popular. His congregations would not understand him; but the Government did, and soon he was on his way to the Crimea for his health.

His health being restored for he had attracted some attention in the Crimea he returned to St. Petersburg and began mission work under Sabier, the assistant of Pobiedonosheff. In this way he became acquainted with revolutionists who used the labor missions as a blind, and with the working of the political police. Zubatoff, the head of the Political Section of the Police, excited his wonder. He was a Police Chief who was at heart a liberal, just, and patriotic Russian in the discharge of his duty he was the remorseless pursuer of all those who seemed to try to give expression to what was in his heart.

By him he was sent to Moscow to aid in organizing the Workingmen's Association at that city. Treppoff was then Chief of Police.

Treppoff, it will be recalled, secured the allegiance of the workingmen by making them believe that the Government, like them, was against their plutocrat employers. He promised them even administrative encouragement in strikes provided they would have nothing to do with revolutionists. To see that they kept their side of the bargain, he had them elect leaders of his own choosing. At first the young priest did not understand the apparent benevolence of the Government. Then it was explained to him:

"This Association is a clever trap, constructed by the police in order to separate the working classes from the intellectuals, and in this way to kill the political movement. It is weakening the power of the workers very much. The organizers, with the help of the Secret Police, are doing their best to divert the attention of the people from political ideas. They allow the workmen a limited right of meeting, but during the discussion the agents of the Secret Police are fishing out the cleverer and more intelligent men, whom they arrest afterward."

It was thus that Gapon found himself a Government agent engaged to stimulate organized labor with love for the despotism which, unconscious to it, was crushing out all life and vitality. The priest's heart revolted at the work, but he kept his peace. He kept in touch with the Government, obtained some valuable concessions, but it was hinted to him more than once that, if the working men became refractory, he must use his influence with them—not according to his conscience and convictions, but in accordance with Government orders. Then came the famous strikes of December and January, 1904-5. The long-expected orders followed. Gapon was expected to act as an "agent provocateur." We must believe that Gapon did so act until almost the eve of "Bloody Sunday," when, hypnotized by the revolutionary propaganda, he turned his organized strikers into revolutionists and determined to make the Czar, by force if necessary, listen to the complaints of the strikers, and the Government, meantime, being informed of Gapon's change of mind, took measures forcibly to prevent such a meeting. According to himself, Gapon's conversion to the cause of liberty is of much earlier date.

SIGNALS NATURE HANGS OUT.

Always Gives Warning of Catastrophe That is Coming.

An experienced farmer on the coast of a farm shies at the sight of a fallow covered with the reddish tints of the sorrel. He knows at once that the soil is poor and thin, and will cost more than his crops will ever be worth in fertilizers of various kinds.

Sandwort and thyme proclaim a hungry, sandy soil; myrtle, the peaches and tormentilla tell of peaty and valuable only for summer grazings; sheep's sorrel speaks of iron, the valerian and ranunculus of marsh, while veronica, silene, the hybrid poppy and other similar plants are sure signals of chalk and flint below the surface.

For those who have eyes to see them, kindly Nature hangs out signals of all kinds. She only asks that men will use their eyes, says Pearson's Weekly. If they can, and do so, she will never betray them. She has both good and bad signs, which are as plain in their way as red or green lights to a railway engine-driver.

For instance, what is called the low country of the Northern Transvaal is partly healthy, partly feverish. In one spot you may camp in safety for a month, in another not a mile away the dreaded fever will seize you in a single night.

So, too, in Florida, when a hunter is traversing the immense swamps—"hammocks," as they are called—which cover huge tracts in the southern part of that State, he searches for a spot where pine trees rear their tall heads among the cypresses and gums. There he can camp and sleep in safety, though to spend a night but a few hundred yards away from the pines might mean a bone racking dose of ague.

Many an Australian explorer has been saved from a horrible death by thirst because he has known the water mallee. This tree, though it may stand in the midst of a burning desert, invariably tells of water below the surface. If the traveller be not too far gone to dig, he will find the precious fluid below the mallee's roots.

The old shepherd crossing Dartmoor or one of the Scottish moors travels with dry feet, while the stranger is perfectly certain to tumble knee, perhaps waist, deep into a horrible black compound of mud and water. The shepherd avoids the bogs, because he has learned to read nature's danger signal. He does not walk on places where the sphagnum covers the surface, and so avoids the pitfalls hidden beneath its pale green fronds.

Most of us know something of weather signs, those warnings which are hung out for all to read in the sky, and yet how many never notice them at all, so that when there comes a really great convulsion of nature they are caught unprepared.

That awful cyclone which overwhelmed the great seaport of Galveston three years ago, drowning thousands of people, was heralded by an immense groundswell, which was seen forty-eight hours before the tempest broke.

The Mississippi storm of 1784, which is generally supposed to have been the worst gale that has ever been recorded, and the result of which was to wipe out nearly twenty settlements, flood 10,000 square miles of land and permanently change the course of the great river, was preceded by a strange and at the time inexplicable moaning sound, which went on for three days and seemed to come from the upper air, although below all was still. The Indians heard it and left for the high ground; the whites heard it, stayed where they were and were drowned.

As strange a danger signal as may be found on the surface of this planet is the so-called "Quebrada Encantada," the enchanted ravine of the Uloa Valley, in Honduras, of which an account, written by Mr. George Byron Gordon, who visited the place, is to be found in the memoirs of the Peabody Museum.

When rain is approaching there comes from this ravine a melodious, whistling sound, which varies in intensity according as to whether the coming storm will be heavy or light. Before one of the terrific tropical thunderstorms which at times devastate that part of the world the sound is a deep organ note, which is heard many miles away in every direction.

Even earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, most terrible of all nature's visitations, do not come without due warning. Just before the catastrophe at St. Pierre came news that the Martinique cable was broken. This sort of thing has happened more than once before similar visitations.

Indeed, it may truly be said that to those who have eyes to see nature invariably gives due warning before a coming catastrophe of any kind whatsoever.

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