

GEO. D. MEIKLEJOHN

"The nation today is in an anomalous condition. Blessed with bounteous crops, with universal peace at home and abroad, with an incomparable development in manufactures, we are in the midst of an industrial paralysis and financial depression unparalleled in our nation's history." These were the opening sentences of Congressman George D. Meiklejohn, in his recent tariff speech in the house of representatives.

"One year ago the prayer for a change of party was, through the votes of a plurality but not a majority of the electors of this nation, answered, and for the first time for more than a third of a century the executive and both branches of the legislative departments of the government were placed in the absolute control of the democratic party," Mr. Meiklejohn said. "The American people prior to this 'change of party' were enjoying the blessings guaranteed to them by the constitution. Industry, the great heart of the arterial system of trade, was beating normally and regularly; her pulsations filled the conduits of commerce with the products of American labor, American capital, and American genius. She blessed with wealth and prosperity the most remote parts of the nation; she fed the bread winners of the land with the produce of American soil and made a home market for the American farmer; capital had a field for investment; labor, employment, transportation, trade and commerce; manufacturers, a demand for their products. The nation was blessed with universal prosperity, and happiness and contentment beamed from the home. The maxim of Daniel Webster, that 'Where there is work for the hands there is work for the teeth,' was never more fully verified. This was the condition of our republic before the transformation scene of a year ago. A change of party, was the verdict of the ballots; the 'change of administration' had not yet come. Its realization was four months in the future. The prospect of democratic experimentation and platform translation began its work of industrial prostration and commercial depression. Capital took fright; industry moved sluggishly; products of manufacturers decreased to the current demand; labor saw her wages decline and the doors of employment slowly close. Doubt and uncertainty drove our medium of exchange into hiding; banks were forced to realize on securities to keep up reserves; exports decreased and contents of bonded warehouses increased. The nation for the first time since 1857 began to taste the unripened fruit of free trade and that sweet morsel of Anglomaniacs, the markets of the world. Who could predict what was in store when 'a change of administration' should come?" Other excerpts from Mr. Meiklejohn's speech are given below:

"Those who study the logic and rhetoric of democratic platforms and promises know that like the hieroglyphics on the monoliths and cenotaphs of Egypt, they require the application of a Rosetta stone for their interpretation and translation. We understood perfectly well that you did not intend to repeal the 'culminating atrocity of class legislation' and enact a policy of 'tariff for revenue only,' or the ten per cent tax on state banks. These threats, however, against the policy of a third of a century have only been less damaging and pernicious to the nation than their enactment and consummation."

"Counterirritants in physical diseases are used to produce irritation at one point to relieve an affection at another. This principle in bodily infirmities can not be applied to national maladies. You can not inspire faith and hope with suspense and doubt. You can not create confidence and trust with uncertainty and expectancy. You can not remove fear and distrust with objects of terror and fright. If you would raise the siege against American labor, cease firing free trade shells at the bulwarks of American industries. If you would have confidence and reliance in financial circles and harmony in monetary affairs, tell the nation you did not intend to repeal the tax on state banks; that it was a mere exhibition of legerdemain to secure the support of the southern democracy. As the president has failed to refer in his message to congress to this plank in the democratic platform it is reasonable to presume he considered it innocuous desuetude. If you would answer the prayer that comes daily from the millions of American toilers for an opportunity to work for bread, declare that articles for American consumption shall be made by American labor on American soil and in American manufactures."

"The people have seen beet sugar factories built that turn out from 50,000 to 75,000 pounds of sugar a day. They have seen employment given to an army of agriculturists, land values in the vicinity of these factories increase four hundred fold, cities and towns spring forward into activity undreamed of, railway freights increased, and millions of additional capital invested in Louisiana, Texas, California, and Nebraska, with millions more standing ready to erect factories at Anaheim, San Diego and Westminster, Cal.; at Muscatine and Sioux City, Iowa; at Omaha and Lincoln, Neb.; at Spokane, Wash., and Syracuse, N. Y. This was the real object of the bounty law. The capitalists and the planter and farmer have fulfilled their part of the contract. In the \$150,000,000 of capital in Louisiana, the \$5,000,000 in Florida, the \$10,000,000 in California, the great factories in Nebraska and in Utah, to say nothing of Mr. Lapham's adventure at Staunton, Va., to be stricken down? Give the sugar industry in America the protection and encouragement it has had in Europe and you will have 1,000 sugar factories producing 5,000,000,000 pounds of sugar, employing 1,200 laborers in each factory or an average of 1,200,000 employes from whom 6,000,000 of our population would draw their maintenance and sustenance. We would have invested in this enterprise \$500,000,000 and would add annually to our aggregate national wealth \$100,000,000."

"What humiliating contrast, gentlemen of the majority, does your plan and purpose to wreck the industries of this country present to that patriotic utterance of Thoreau which made him immortal—
There is no hope for him who does not think that the bit of mould under his feet is the sweetest spot on earth.
You propose to sacrifice this industry, destroy this new field for agriculture, and place this necessity of the American farmer under the control of foreign manufacturers.
You propose to give preference and priority to foreign lands and foreign productions. In this you have succeeded in securing the support and indorsement of the Canadian and English press.
Sirs, pass this bill and you will lock the vaults of American resources.
Pass this bill and you sign the death warrant for American industries.
Pass this bill and you issue a proclamation for the enslavement of American labor.
Pass this bill and you will declare for the destruction of our home market; the depletion of the national treasury; the placing of labor on a plane with ryots, coolies and kanakas, and the transfer of American manufactures to foreign shores."

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MRS. MADGE KENDAL

EVERYBODY knows that Mrs. Kendal, who, with her husband, will be seen at the Lansing theater next week, is the sister of the late Tom Robertson, the bright author of "Caste" and its accompanying well known comedies; that she is the youngest of twenty-two children all born to the same father and mother; and her father and her grand-father and her grand-father's father and his grand-father, besides a dozen of cousins and aunts, were all on the stage in their day; that she was put upon the boards when a mere child to play the part of angelic Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" that when only a girl she played Lady Macbeth (in a garment of her mother's); that she married William Hunter Grimston Kendal before she was twenty-seven, and that ever since then it has been her boast that her husband and herself have always appeared together on the dramatic stage.

Mrs. Kendal has indirectly furnished an interesting reminiscence regarding her love for her children. It came out through her allusion to the reason why she refused, in later years, to play the leading character in "East Lynne." The part was one which she was accustomed to play in the earlier stage of her professional career. It was not until after her marriage, however, and the loss of her first child, that she learnt fully to sympathize with the distracted mother of the play. Less than a fortnight after her bereavement she had to appear in the character before a crowded audience at Hull. Everything, even the name of child, served to remind her of her loss, and in the third act her emotion became so heart-rending, that she was completely overpowered by it, and the curtain had to be dropped before the end of the act. The effect upon the audience was electrical. A woman stood up in the pit and cried: "No more! No more!" But from that day to this, Mrs. Kendal has never been able to bring herself to perform again in "East Lynne."

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NEWS NOTES.
Items of Interest Gathered During the Past Week.
No such line of canned fruits in the city as shown by W. A. Coffin & Co., 143 South Eleventh street.
The Lincoln Coal company, 1045 O street, handles all of the very best grades of anthracite and bituminous coal.
Why pay exorbitant prices for upholstery when Rot'schild does first-class work at low rates; 126 North 12th street, Burr block.

COURIER PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN the fairies danced at the birth of the two Norvals of Seward, T. L. and Dick, the one who bestows beauty was not there, or else she was very much pre-occupied. At any rate the brothers did not receive the gift of this fairy, and they have had to struggle through life without the accompaniment of beauty. Neither of them is what a connoisseur would call a handsome man, and one has no advantage over the other. But they have managed to chisel a very respectable amount of success out of life nevertheless, and both are among the state's most prominent, if not its most handsome citizens.

T. L. Norval is chief justice of the Supreme Court of the state of Nebraska, having assumed that dignity since the first of the year, and he has a black goatee and a salary of \$2,500 per annum. He maintains the dignity of his position with ease to himself and credit to the court and state, and he smokes an unconscionable quantity of cigars every day. Judge Norval is past forty as to age, and he is also beyond some of his predecessors on the bench in legal knowledge. He inclines naturally to the law and he consumes the contents of sheepskins with the same avidity that he devours a fragrant cigar. The judge is noted among lawyers for his good legal mind; he is esteemed for his personal qualities, and he has a charming wife and daughter, and is thinking seriously of removing from Seward where he has resided for nearly a quarter of a century, and taking up his permanent residence in Lincoln. Which shows that he is a man of excellent taste and judgment. Unlike his brother Dick he is not much of a politician; but he gets there just the same. Before he was elected to the supreme bench he was a district judge. His record is clear, and he is small of stature, with sharp eyes and a pleasant manner. In the rehabilitation of the court since Judge Maxwell's retirement there is a strenuous effort being made to expedite the business and catch up with the calendar, and the chief justice is leading the procession with commendable vigor. The judge addresses himself very closely to the duties for which he draws pay from the state, and he hasn't much time for recreation or diversion of any sort. He is popular and he treats the associate justices as though they were entitled to some consideration. Wherein he is somewhat dissimilar to the venerable judge who occupied the chief justice's chair before him. Judge Norval is a gentleman and a scholar and a republican.

Incidentally it might be added that Judge Norval earns a great deal more than his salary of \$2,500. The salary of Supreme Court judge is much too small.
On February 13, 1894, the old reliable Missouri Pacific Route will give every one who desires to take a look at the south an opportunity by selling them round trip tickets at half rates to all points in Texas, Southwestern Missouri and other southern points. Improve this opportunity and go with the crowd. City ticket office 1201 O street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Miss Agnes Dowers, of David City, Neb., writes as follows:—"Last spring I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for impure blood. I had taken many blood purifiers but none did me so much permanent good as Hood's. I felt so much better after taking one bottle that I took three more. It has done so much for me that I do not hesitate in endorsing its merits."

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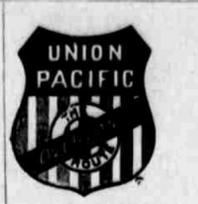
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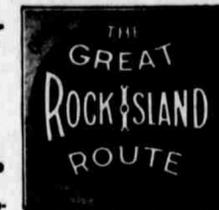


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