Iron County Register
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# Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE. OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH: TERMS—$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XXIII. IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1890. NUMBER 47.

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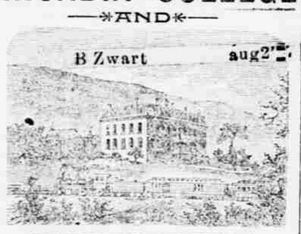


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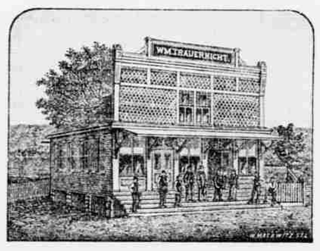


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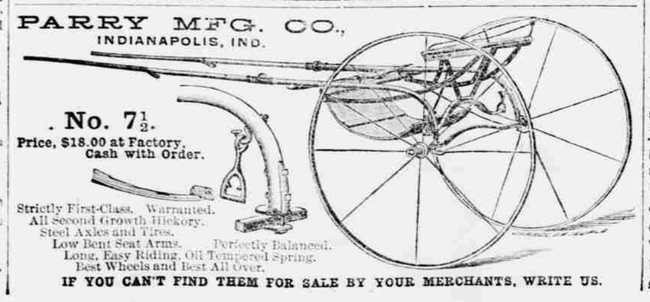

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## THE STORY OF A MODERN GIANT.

A Story for Children of All Ages.

Written for the Iron County Register.

CHAPTER VIII.

The old gentleman resolved to call a meeting of those sons who were suffering so deeply, and endeavor to outline a plan of action by which the island might be freed from the iron rule of the Giant. In his own mind, he felt sure he had located the cause of the evil. He believed that the misfortunes of the island had begun at the ferries, and, cost what it might, he resolved to tear every obstruction away from them and throw them open to the world. And that, in future, there should be no favored class on that island. The very name of the Giant had become hateful to him.

At the call of Farmer Jack, his sons came from every direction and from every part of the island; from north, south, east and west, from the mine, the factory, the farm, the store, the forest, the vineyard, and from the shores of the ocean; and with them came many of the Giant's minions, for he had his spies all over the island, who kept him thoroughly informed. They did not openly avow themselves to be his friends—oh, no! In many instances, they were loud in their denunciation of his robbery and excesses. They were there to side-track any movement calculated to interfere with his interests, if not by open opposition, by indirection and misrepresentation, of which science they were masters. Latterly, there had been no gathering of the farmer's sons without the presence of one of these smooth-tongued agents of the Giant. If they organized a co-operative association of any kind, in order to supply themselves with any of the necessaries of life without depending upon his factories or stores, some one of these men was sure, by fair words, by fraud or bribery, to place himself at the head of it; and in a short time the money would be found to have disappeared and no benefit to have accrued to the organizers; and they would have to buy from Monopoly or his agents, as before. If any member of the Family Council made himself very active in the interests of his people, and against the interests of the Giant, it was found that the next year he was left at home: why, nobody could tell. The man who served the Giant was always rewarded; the man who served the Farmer and his sons, usually found himself "in the soup." Some of the farmer's sons had become hopeless, and so despaired of relief that they would make no further effort to free themselves from the thraldom that bound them. This was the case, however, with only a small number. The farmer and his sons had at last got their eyes opened to the enormities of the Giant, and a tide of indignation was rising against him all over the island that could no longer be stayed. The Giant viewed this with comparative serenity, fully confident that he had resources which had not been drawn upon, that would prevent any injury to his interests. He had entire confidence that no man could resist the prompting of self-interest; that the selfish propensities were as sure to rule as water is sure to run down hill. He had no more conception of moral sentiments or of justice than a pig, and of course did not include them in his calculations, and it was here that he made his great mistake; for, when once awakened, these are the things for which men will make, and always have made, the greatest sacrifices. The Giant resolved, if necessary, to give up all his unfair advantages but two. He determined that the ferries should not be touched, and that the control of the money of the island should not pass from his hands. He resolved that nothing should be brought from the mainland, and that they should still look to him for their supply of money. As long as he kept these two privileges, no relief that would be permanent could come to them. So he quietly gave orders to his grain-buyers, who lived in the business centers of the island, to increase the price of grain. The Farmer could not sell a bushel of wheat or corn, except at prices fixed by the Giant's agents; in various ways, he was prevented from sending any of it over to the mainland. He had to sell it to the Giant, or not at all. The price of wheat and corn began to rise as soon as the commotion among the Farmer's sons became considerable. It was the same with nearly all the other products that they had to sell. This fact was pointed to by the Giant's agents at the Council as an evidence that the good times so long predicted were at hand. But adversity had sharpened the wits of Farmer Jack. He was no longer to be hoodwinked. He felt sure the good prices now offered was a fake—only an attempt by the Giant to allay agitation—and he was right. So the suggestion fell flat. It was at this juncture that one of these agents began to denounce the Farmer and his sons as visionaries and anarchists; with being dishonest, lazy, and improvident; and even went so far as to threaten them with the laws of the island. This was continued until one of the boys, growing tired of it, arose and smote him in the mouth with his fist, and that fellow had to put in the rest of his time spitting out his broken teeth. Then the agents of the giant began, in their smoothest and blandest manner, to suggest reforms. They began to talk about the transportation question. They were even willing to discuss the eight-hour day. They grew pathetic about the condition of the black man in the southern part of the island. The band played "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground," and all of the old-time prejudices of the Farmer and his sons were appealed to; but it wouldn't do. The passion and prejudices of the old man and his sons toward their brethren of the south had died when adversity had come to all alike. The old gentleman said that he believed that the whole difficulty had commenced at the ferries; that freedom of ferriage was the first thing to be considered; and there was a universal murmur of assent on the part of his sons.

One of the slickest of the Giant's agents arose and began to talk about the general prosperity of the island; about the wealth of its cities, the amount of its products—by implication identifying the prosperity of the Farmer's sons with that of the sons of the Giant. The Farmer said he was reminded of a story he once heard of a robber who wished to get some favor from his neighbors. So, to show them of what importance he had been to the community, and what prosperity he had brought them, he opened his grounds and the doors of his castle, that they might come and see for themselves what great things he had done. But, when they came, one poor woman found her cow in his pasture; a peasant found his cart-horse in his stall; a merchant found some of his pictures on the walls, and his carpets on the floor of the castle;—and all these things had been taken without compensation. In fact, nearly every thing about the grounds and the castle had belonged to some one of them, and of which they had been robbed. Of course, the Giant and his men were prosperous—what was to hinder them, when they bought everything for sale on the island, and would permit no one to sell elsewhere? He could take what he wanted at his own price. That was what they were there to remedy.

"There had been an era of over-production, it was true," was replied—but he never got farther than the word over-production. At that word, every man in the room was on his feet.

"Too much corn, wheat, beef and pork on this island? Hear the man!" exclaimed a tall, gaunt miner from the eastern part of the island—"too much to eat, is there, and me so thin from want of food that the skin of my belly is literally sticking to my back-bone, and my wife and children have never a good meal? Don't tell me there is too much to eat on the island, when I work as hard as I can, and can hardly get sufficient to keep life in me and mine!"

"Too many shoes!" shouted a barefooted fellow;" "I work hard every day; I want to find the place where there are shoes to throw away!"

"Too many clothes!" howled one of the Farmer's sons, who looked like a scare crow.

"Too many stoves!" yelled one of the boys from the western part of the island; "why, my wife has to cook in an old skillet over the embers of a corn fire!"

It was evident there wasn't too much of anything on the island, for most of them seemed in want. So the party who had suggested the idea of "over-production" subsided as completely as if a feather-bed had been thrown over him. The only "over-production" the Farmer knew of was the Giant's mortgages.

Another began to talk glibly about "the home market," but this made the old man so tired that it nearly broke his back, he had heard it so often; but as the language was respectful, he was accorded a patient hearing. He went on to show by statistics that ninety-five per cent. of the products raised on the island were consumed in the home market, and it was assumed that this home market was solely the creation of the Giant.

After he got through, the old Farmer arose. "Your idea is," said he, "that if we open the ferries to the world, people will go elsewhere and buy what I raise cheaper than I can afford to sell it?"

"Yes, that is about the size of it," was the reply.

"How does it happen, then," said the Farmer, "that so much of the wheat and corn and pork I raise is every year sold on the other side of the river? The supply flows to meet the demand, don't it? Besides, the people on this island must have meat, and bread, and other things that I raise, to live upon. You have hitherto been telling me that the reason my wheat and corn were so low, was that their price was fixed in the cities on the other side. Now, if wheat and corn, the principal articles I have for sale, are just the same price over there as here, you surely do not mean to tell me that they can be brought over here and sold cheaper than I can sell them, who live here?"

(To be continued.)

### A Cornburner's Questions.

A Cornburner, writing from St. John, Kas., asks for information which the *Republic* is fortunately in a position to supply fully and reliably. He says:

What I wish to know is, if a protective tariff on imported manufactured articles, the same which are manufactured in America, builds up a strong manufacturing industry, why will not a tariff upon imported agricultural products build up a strong agricultural industry? Surely if a tariff has made the East what it is to-day, it will in time, if applied to farm products, make the West what it should be. And again, if the tariff has always been an obstruction to the prosperity of the farmer, why at times in the year does wheat rise to a dollar or more a bushel?—i. e., if the tariff tends to keep down the price of corn and wheat, why does it so happen that when the bulk of these cereals is out of the farmers' bins into the elevators of grain gamblers they immediately demand a high price? Is this due to the tariff, or a rise in the foreign market?

All these things are well worth knowing, and every Cornburner ought to know them, regardless of what ticket he votes.

Imprimis, a tariff on wheat does not raise the price of wheat in this market because we raise more wheat than we consume.

Every Cornburner should get this sentence by heart: "A tariff on imports never raises the price of any article the home supply of which is in excess of the home demand."

This rule is as invariable as the rule that twice two is four. There is no theory about it. It is a mathematical law. As we raise more wheat, more corn, and other agricultural staples than we can consume, a tariff tax against imports cannot raise the prices of these articles, because there would would be no imports without the tax. No one would be fool enough to ship grain here to an overstocked market when there are other markets not overstocked. Our surplus of agricultural products is a bar to competing imports. When they are burning surplus corn in Kansas we never ship corn from St. Louis to Kansas, though there is no tariff wall between.

These in brief are the three general laws of the effects of restrictive or prohibitive taxes such as are levied in the tariff:

First—When there is no home supply, the tariff increases prices up to or above the full amount of the duty.

Second—When the home supply is equal to the home demand, the tariff duty has no effect in increasing prices.

Third—When the home supply is in excess of the home demand, prices will be lower here than in markets where the demand is greater than the supply, no matter what the amount of the tariff duty levied against the importation of the article in question.

There is an apparent exception to the second law, when, in a tariff-controlled market, "combines" take advantage of the prohibition of imports to put up prices; but it is only apparent, for they are only able to put up prices by restricting supply. This the tariff enables them to do in many lines of trade, and this is one of its great disadvantages.

These generally and invariable truths answer the concluding question of why the prices of cereals often increase after the grain is out of the farmer's bin. It is simply because it is out of his bin. Some of it has been consumed at home, some of it shipped abroad. The crop has moved. The market has been relieved in whole or part of the burden of the surplus which kept down prices. In our opinion "grain gambling" had nothing to do with it. All the betting on the price of wheat that was ever done never led to the consumption of a bushel more than would have been consumed otherwise. It is consumption that makes wheat high. Men pay for wheat because they need it—because they are hungry. The human stomach and its condition sets the price of wheat. If it is scarce the stomach bids high for it. English stomachs bid higher than ours because it is scarcer there. So we send our surplus to England and sell it there at a higher price than we could get at home. As we are not allowed to bring back goods in exchange for it, our surplus wheat pays carriage both ways—that is, it pays ocean freight enough to cover the return of the vessel. As this extra ocean freight and all other charges are burdens on trade, they keep the surplus from moving out rapidly, and so advancing prices while some part of the crop is still in the farmers' bins. Thus the tariff, operating to prevent the free outward movement of our farm staples, keeps our home market over-loaded, and so keeps down their prices. And as it prevents the free inward movement of manufactured goods, it keeps up their prices in exact accordance with the three laws we have given above.

If our corn-burning friends will cut out these laws and learn the facts in any given state of the market in any article they will find that the application of these laws will afford them a full and satisfactory explanation. If they find they do not it will be because they need more fact—not more truth—for this is a general statement of the whole truth of the effects of our tariff, or of any form of restrictive taxation.—*Republic.*

### Ingalls Will Roost Lower.

Senator Ingalls has been a terror to his political foes because of his supposed genius for hurling at them the keenest invective and the most crushing epigrams; but the development of a day unhorses him. Henceforth when he says something specially keen or strikingly logical, the inquiry will be as to whose wit or logic he has stolen.

The deadly parallel column has shivered the lance of many intellectual gladiators in the past; but the deadliest of all the deadly parallel columns of modern times is Massillon's sermon and Ingalls' speach. It is simply the plainest literary theft, not only of ideas, but of language, and it prove that the ready and incisive disputant is simply loaded with stolen ideas and stolen language, gathered in his closet.

Literary theft is the one crime of which genius is entirely incapable, and henceforth Senator Ingalls will be respected only as a painstaking student of the loosest literary morality, rather than the brilliant and fertile genius he has been regarded. The versatile, originality accorded to him has perished in a day, for he who is truly original can never be a copyist, and, above all, a thieving copyist. Another idol shattered; that's all. Ingalls will roost lower.—*Philadelphia Times.*