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MINNEAPOLIS ABLAZE.

The Most Magnificent Gathering That Ever Turned Out to a Great Public Meeting in the Flour City.

Cheering Thousands, With Torches and Transparencies, Give Daniel W. Lawler and Roger Q. Mills the Grandest of Receptions.

The Exposition Building Crowded to Its Very Doors and Ten Thousand People Unable to Enter the Building.

Sturdy Champions of the People's Interests Discuss the Issues Before an Audience Which Scents the Coming Triumph.

Evidences on Every Hand of the Loyalty of Minneapolis Democrats to the Standard Bearer, Daniel W. Lawler.

Addresses by Senator Mills, Henry George, Gen. Ewing and Half a Dozen Other Leaders of the Democracy.

Who said Minneapolis is not for Dan Lawler? Upon what does he base his assertion? Was he in Minneapolis last night? No; he couldn't make such an assertion if he were.

Thousands of men in line, tens of thousands looking on from the o'ertaxed sidewalks, horses prancing, banners waving, flaring torches dispelling

DAN W. LAWLER.

the gloom of night, rising, swelling resounding cheers merged into one grand outburst of welcome—all these were part and parcel of the demonstration in Minneapolis last night. That demonstration was an ovation to Daniel W. Lawler, the man whom the people of Minnesota will elect governor next month—to him and the Democratic party for which he stands.

Time and again since the 3d day of last August has the story been told that Minneapolis would, by the votes of her citizens, repudiate the nomination of Daniel W. Lawler for governor. Why? No one ever attempted to explain. No one could explain. What is not cannot be explained. But the story was told and told again. At last

Minneapolis Arose

in all her pride as the metropolis of the Northwest and said she would give convincing proof for all time that none stood nearer her heart than Daniel W. Lawler. The magnificent demonstration to Lawler seen in Minneapolis last night, the most spontaneous, enthusiastic ovation ever before accorded a private citizen in the state of Minnesota, was the answer Minneapolis gave to the calumny that she liked not Daniel W. Lawler. Not like a conqueror did he ride through the streets of this city, while all around him rose and fell the cyclonic outbursts of applause, for where a conqueror rides the afflicted will be found and the triumph of the conqueror is embittered by the fate of the fallen; rather like a much beloved son did he appear, a son chosen by his people to lead them and guide them, because they had implicit confidence that whatever he might do would be well done and done for the people. Cæsar had his triumphs, and so had Napoleon, but their triumphal robes were tinged with blood, and beneath the plaudits of the populace could be seen the fear of the lash. A whole city full assembled to do honor to Daniel W. Lawler, not because he had made himself their master at the cost of pain to them, but because they had, of their own will, chosen him to be their leader.

To Daniel W. Lawler, as the representative of the principles of the Democratic party, this grand reception was given—to him and to the other masterful men who, with him, this year are carrying to the certainty of victory the banner of the Democratic party, so long the oriflamme of the believers in that golden rule of statesmanship, "The greatest good to the greatest number." Victory for the principles of the Democratic party is in the very air. That feeling it was which

Thronged the Streets

with cheering thousands and packed the big exposition building to suffocation with thousands more, come to drink of the stream of political truth as it flowed from the fountain. For the representatives of the Democracy of the nation, as well as of Minnesota, were in Minneapolis last night. They were, with Lawler, the guests of the city's people. And they were such men as every city delights to honor There was Senator Roger Q. Mills, who for years has, from the floor of the national congress, fought the battles of the people without hope of other reward than the knowledge that he was right and was doing his duty, typical of Democracy; there was W. G. Ewing, one of a long list of men who have made, in the history of American statesmanship, that page devoted to the territory west of the Allegheny mountains one of the brightest.

Last night he stood before the people of Minneapolis as a personal representative of Adlai E. Stevenson, the companion in arms of that leader of the American people, Grover Cleveland. And there was Henry George, one of the brightest of minds, a man of whom it can be said that he has, within the memory of the youngest voter, changed the whole trend of political thought in this nation, and awakened the world to a realizing sense of the great problems that must be solved before all men can become what they were created, brothers.

These men are all champions of the people. They speak, not for a state, for a collection of states, for a class, for an interest, but for the people, the whole people, the nation which is symbolical of the people, from which it derives its powers. And so they spoke last night.

It Was a Multitude.

Such a tremendous army of auditors as greeted Gov. Dan W. Lawler and the distinguished gentlemen who to some extent shared the honors with him at Minneapolis last evening, might well appal the stoutest-lunged orator that ever addressed an audience in ancient or modern days. It was superb in quality, magnificent in number, truly multitudinous in proportions. Its extent and enthusiasm may be imagined when it is stated that such a thing as a speech was utterly impossible.

Stretching away amost to the limit of vision from the platform—front, rear, right, left, on the main floor and in the galleries—were what seemed millions of gleaming faces, all beaming with expectancy, delight and joyous anticipation of the treat in store.

But the uncountable multitude itself ended all idea of enjoying the literary feast promised.

On the platform were seated hundreds of the most prominent Democrats of Minneapolis, St. Paul and Minnesota at large, and Lawler's admirable, unassailable personality inspired every man of them. Back of the platform were banked other hundreds of deeply interested citizens—Republicans, Democrats, independents, mugwumps, Prohibitionists, waverers—all patriots, all completely in harmony, so far as audible manifestation goes, with the spirit of the universal welcome to the foreordained successor of William R. Merriam in the executive office of Minnesota, Daniel W. Lawler.

Those in closest proximity to the speakers' stand but reflected the sentiment of the seemingly

Countless Thousands

who faced the platform. Packed together in a crush beyond even the point of ordinary discomfiture—in chairs, standing in the aisles, hanging onto the very edge of the gallery, jammed into the band stand away up under the roof until it seemed as it the swinging structure would fall and crush those below — the masses of men and women listened with almost painful intensity to catch the echo of every blow struck for economic freedom by the men of world-wide fame who, in turn, stepped to the front of the stage in the great Exposition hall which witnessed the forced nomination of Harrison earlier in the season.

The bewildered eye of the observer could not begin to comprehend the extent of the acres of people surrounding Gov. Lawler as he rose to speak on the introduction of Mayor P. B. Winston. The manly, courageous man who has made such a marvelously successful campaigning tour of Minnesota was visibly affected as he began to deliver his message of encouragement from the yeomanry of the state to the denizens of two of the proudest cities under the banner of freedom.

Such an ovation as Democracy's candidate for the governorship received was

Calculated to Unnerve

any ordinary man; but Lawler, mastering his emotions and concentrating the forces of his mind, began to speak.

Ever earnest, scholarly, patriotic, eloquent, careful and yet ready, he seemed to realize that he had almost entered upon the supreme moment of his public life—and he won the love and tribute of friend and foe. Bearing the apparent signs of the wonderful work he has been doing for right, for principle, for Democracy, for the people, yet Daniel W. Lawler perhaps never appeared to better advantage than last night, as he realized in his soul, as the impulses and intuition of his heart imparted to his countenance, the conviction that he was facing friends, acquaintances, fellw citizens, who would join later on in proclaiming him chief and worthy magistrate of one of the noblest commonwealths in christendom.

"From the Canadian boundary to the state line of Democratic Iowa," said Mr. Lawler, amid an impressive period of silence in the ocean of listeners; "from Kittson county to Houston; from almost every hamlet, village, town and city; from over two-thirds of the people of this noble state, I bring to the assembled thousands here tonight a

Message of Success

for Grover Cleveland and the Democratic state ticket."

Then the audience turned itself loose, and while it shouted forth its exuberant joy the face of the orator relaxed. At the conclusion of the applause, Mr. Lawler went on to say that in the state of Minnesota alone had the wise heads of the Republican party found it necessary to shirk the main issue of this greatest political fight of modern times, tariff reform, and to compel their candidate for governor to devote the most of his time on the stump to a fictitious difference on finance, that can never have any existence in reality. A vast and consistent majority of the people of the United States, under Democratic banners, said Gov. Lawler, cherish and support the idea of a sound currency, in which the dollar of paper, silver or gold shall stand equal in the markets of the world.

In caustic language that aroused the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience, Democracy's intrepid champion referred to the fact that the only fault the Republicans had thus far laid at his door was that he was a young man. That he could not help, but it was a fault that could certainly be remedied if he lived long enough. Mr. Lawler again set his hearers wild by the assertion that when he is elected he will never be found

Pawning the Power

of the executive office to further personal or party interest. He would rather, he said, practice law all the days of his life and in the evenings remain at home to play with the babies than to ride into the governor's chair on the cowcatcher of any railroad in the state of Minnesota.

Promising to meet the people of every ward in Minneapolis before the campaign ends, in a fair and intelligent discussion of public questions, Minnesota's next governor, in the midst of a tremendous ovation, was carried away to address a vast concourse of people who could not get within hailing distance of the Exposition hall. At the conclusion of Senator Mills' address, having returned to the hall, he was again vociferously called for, but could only bow his acknowledgements, being too hoarse to be heard ten feet from the platform. It was a great night for Lawler, an auspicious augury for Democracy in the state and nation, and an audible, demonstrative indication of a victory that will reuolutionize Minnesota politics and parties.

MINNEAPOLIS ALL RIGHT.

The City Apparently Pretty Unanimously Democratic.

The mammoth mass meeting at the Exposition building to greet Lawler, Mills, George and Ewing was sufficient to show that Minneapolis is all right for the whole Democratic ticket. But Minneapolis pride and indignation had been aroused by the slurs cast upon the city's loyalty to Lawler. As a further proof of the falsity of those stories 6,000 men turned out in parade to show that Minneapolis is, figuratively and literally, "in line" for Lawler and the whole ticket.

The Parade Was a Dandy.

As soon as darkness had fallen over the city shafts of light shot skyward from thousands of torches, bands filled the air with music, and the earth trembled under the tread of thousands of marching feet. From every direction they came in converging lines. Marshal Louis K. Hull at the head of his corps of aides, commanded by J. H. Waters, was on hand in front of the New York Life building shortly after 7 o'clock. From the hour of 7:30 they were all busy marshalling the divisions. A part of the clubs formed on Second avenue south and others on First avenue north. Promptly at 8 a platoon of mounted police started from Second avenue up Fifth street toward the West hotel. Behind rode Marshal Louis K. Hull and his aides. Next came Thyle & Schubert's band of fifty pieces and then the Tenth ward club. There was a body of men to convince any one that the Tenth ward is all right for Democracy. Next came the Haynes and Jennings club of the Third ward, one of the biggest clubs in line. Maj. John Landberg walked proudly at the head of the Eighth ward club. This organization bore an eagle with extended pinions and a live rooster, who looked proudly confident.

"Didn't know the Eighth ward held so many Democrats," said a bystander.

"Wait until November and we'll show Grimes where we stand," answered a marcher.

"If you elect Eustis, Tom Lowry will be mayor," was the motto the Twelfth ward men carried. The Fifth ward Winston club was there several hundred strong.

"Watch the Seventh Ward" was the admonition, by transparency, the Seventh ward Gleason club bore. Ald. Woodward saw it and wept in silence. The Eleventh Ward Cleveland club came next, followed by the St. Paul clubs. "Lawler and Castle" were the names on many of the St. Paul transparencies. Minneapolis Democrats lustily cheered both names, remembering how glad they were to vote for J. N. Castle two years ago.

Other clubs fell into line at the West hotel corner and the line moved up Hennepin to Tenth street, across to Nicollet, down Nicollet and over the river to the Exposition building. Every club in the city was there and every ward was represented. The young men from the state university, under whose auspices the meeting was held, rent the air with their "ski-u-mah" yell and divided with the Third ward Tammany the honor of escorting the carriages. The Tammany men made a fine appearance, it being their first bow to the public, in long coats and white plug hats. They proudly bore the picture of the tiger and, on a high platform, a real tiger.

All along the route the sidewalks were thronged. The cheers of the marchers were answered by a chorus of shouts from the spectators. It was a noticeable feature of the parade that clubs played no favorites in the matter of candidates. There was no starring. The transparencies and banners borne showed that the Democrats are working for the whole ticket. The names of Grover Cleveland and Daniel W. Lawler, as the heads of national and state tickets, were everywhere coupled, and everywhere they were received with wild cheering.

It was a parade of men, that of last night, intelligent-looking young men. The small boy, who is usually a large part of a political parade, was wanting. Every man in line will cast a vote, and they are the sort of men who vote intelligently and teach others how to vote intelligently.

It was the grandest political demonstration ever seen in Minneapolis.

THE GREAT MEETING.

Biggest Crowd Ever Brought Together in Minneapolis.

The meeting at Exposition hall was called to order by W. A. Mathwick, president of the University Democratic club. In a neatly turned speech he introduced Mayor P. B. Winston as the chairman of the evening. The mayor was greeted by a round of applause as he interposed his portly form before the sea of upturned faces and remarked that it was his felicity to introduce three of the greatestest apostles of tariff reform in the country—Roger Q. Mills, Dan W. Lawler and Henry George. These men, the mayor said, were known to all. Their principles had long been exemplified, and in their exemplification could be seen the honor of the Democratic party and prosperity of the country. When Mr. Lawler was introduced the audience gave vent to its enthusiasm as a unit. The applause was terrific in its fervor, and that, too, in spite of the fact that everybody had been prodigal with vocal demonstrations, expressive of appreciation of the Cecilian quartette's efforts previous to the speech-making.

The second speaker to face the audience was Harry Hawkins, candidate for lieutenant governor. His remarks were few, but apropos, and made a hit. He said:

"If you in counting your votes do as as well as they will do in the rural districts, you will find when the smoke of the battle is brushed away that the state will have been taken from the columns of the Republican party and turned over to Grover Cleveland. By doing so, you will elect that kid, that bud, Daniel W. Lawler, and all the other kids and buds, including James W. Lawrence."

Gen. W. G. Ewing, of Chicago, a staunch Democrat and United States district attorney under Cleveland, followed Mr. Hawkins. During his discourse, the general said:

"I have often been told that Mr. Lawler would be the next governor of your state, and I believed it. I believed it so much that I am already calling him governor, and you will have to do so yourself pretty soon. He will, I am sure, lead your hosts to victory. The Democratic party in this state will win. I am sure. I do not see how it can fail to do so, when it is considered that the difference between the Democratic and Republican parties is taxation. This difference is what has raised the Democratic party to take the part of the laboring man, who is more directly interested. In this country of triumph and liberty it certainly is not right that the country should be taxed for individuals or combination of individuals. Our Republican friends urge this protection for the benefit of our industries. Ah, well! They have been protecting these industries, these infant industries, until we want a change. If the protective tariff is to help American labor, I am in favor of it. I am in favor of the laboring man, for I have had experience in shops and other places. But how are you going to help American labor by taxing it? By taxing it? Our Republican friends seem to think there is something magical and mysterious in this taxation, and say all that is good has come of taxation. They say they believe this, but I don't believe they do. The laboring man is growing tired of the burden and wants to throw it off. We all know the prosperity of this country is not due to the protective tariff, but because of the grand climate, the grand world and the grand goodness of the Almighty God, who has spread His dews over the land and distributed His infinite goodness over crops, woodland and waters.

There appeared to be something mysterious in the tariff, according to the Republican belief, said Gen. Ewing. Then he proceeded to show how fallacious these beliefs were and what a "magnificent" falsehood the protective tariff tax was. He was sarcastic in his reference to the childish arguments advanced by the Republican speakers and demonstrated in a humorous manner how he had "found out" Julius Cæsar Burrows in his triumphal march of tariff speechmaking in the East. In enumerating the many absurd things placed in the tariff list by the Republicans, he said:

"You find zebras there. Now what on earth good is a zebra to us? The only use he could be put to would be to gather every one in the world together in the center of the Republican party and let them kick it to death."

This sally brought down the house, and when Gen. Ewing took his seat he was accorded a generous ovation. At this juncture of the meeting several thousand helmeted torch-bearers entered the hall and crowded so close to the stage that it was impossible to proceed on account of the confusion. When quiet was restored Henry George was introduced. It was fully five minutes before the applause ceased and Mr. George could make himself heard. His speech was short, but to the point. He said:

"This is the first Democratic meeting I have seen from the stage for many years, and it is a pretty good one. I am not a Democrat in the party sense—I am not a party man. I care nothing for the tickets. I am here to tell you briefly why I propose to vote with the Democratic party. There is more than brass bands and shouting in this election of ours. All over the nation there is a solemn question pressing. Go anywhere and everywhere and you will find poverty and want. You will find men who want work, are ready to work, but cannot get it. Why is this condition? Not that capital oppresses labor, but that monopoly oppresses labor. Go into any city of our country and you will see wealth in piles and yet be accosted by the beggar. What, then, is the country prosperous in? I am for Grover Cleveland because, to my mind, he has opened the next great battle. I am for the Democratic party because, led by its better element, the element in the last session headed by Senator Mills, it has denounced protective tariff as a fraud. It has declared it will have no tariff but a tariff for revenue only. I am not a tariff man; I am a free trader. In this election Grover Cleveland and the Democratic party stand for opposition to that demoralizing system upheld by the Republican party. They both stand for the first step to free trade. I was a protectionist until I heard a protectionist speech. I hope every protectionist who goes around speaking for the tariff will make votes for free trade.

"How can this system of protection bring prosperity to our country? What does protection do for national prosperity? It forms a cordon about the country and keeps out everything we want. How can protection protect labor? All that labor wants is freedom. There is something higher still. As Grover Cleveland said, this question is not only a question of markets, but morals. What is the prevailing sentiment of all protection meetings and speeches? To do injury to others. To keep the poor of other countries from enjoying life.

"My first vote was for Abraham Lincoln, against that form of protection which rendered slavery a blot upon our fair country. I am now against that form of protection which has for its purpose the making of slaves of the laboring man!"

When Henry George took his seat everybody knew what was coming, and who the next speaker was to be. The name of Roger Q. Mills was shouted from all parts of the hall, and echoed and re-echoed from the packed galleries. It was "Mills, Mills," on every tongue, and when Mayor Winston arose and struck the table with his gavel the audience anticipated his remarks and shouted "Mills, Mills!" When through the terrible din and shouting the doughty Democrat from Texas managed to make himself heard, the deepest of quiet reigned. He was in bad form, having a severe cold and a hoarseness of speech from the strain of speaking every night and in all kinds of halls throughout the state. During his brief but excellent discourse, Senator Mills said:

THE GREAT ADDRESS.

Roger Q. Mills Speaks to a Vast Audience.

We are nearing the end of a great campaign, one whose result is to leave its impress for good or evil upon our common country. When the sun sets on the 8th day of November next the American people will have decided whom they shall have chosen to be the chief magistrate of the nation, and whom they shall have chosen to be their representatives in the congress of the United States. In the selection of their public servants, they must necessarily determine the policies upon which the government is to be administered in the future.

The great issue joined between the two parties, and upon which the people of the United States are divided, is in reference to the proper exercise of the taxing power conferred by the constitution of the United States upon its congress. The Democratic party today, as it has ever been, is a party of strict construction. It demands that every grant of power conferred by itself upon its public servants shall be strictly construed in the interest of liberty. It therefore contends that this power to levy and collect duties is a power designed by the grantors to raise revenue to support an honest, efficient and economical administration of public affairs, and for nothing else. [Applause.] It contends that in the imposition of these duties they shall be so laid, and upon such articles, as will produce the required revenue with the least possible burden to the taxpayer, and the least possible disturbance of the private business of the people. Our Republican friends, on the other hand, demand a latitudinous construction of the constitution, not only in this grant, but in every other. We believe in local self-government and individual liberty. [Applause.] They believe in a

Vast Concentrated Power

in the general government. They believe that this power should so be exercised by congress as to prevent the importation of foreign goods into the United States; to restrict, as far as possible, and in many cases to prohibit it entirely, in order, as they claim, to protect American workmen against competition with foreign pauper labor; in order, as they claim, to build up American industries by fostering and encouraging the domestic production of the article kept out by the high rate of duty. They claim that by keeping out these foreign goods and giving encouragement to the production of like goods in this country by American labor by increasing the price of the domestic production and thus encouraging its development, that they will naturalize these industries in this country and make the American people independent, self-sustaining, and free from any possible contact with any other people on the globe. [Applause.] They say that they want to build up a home market. They promised that if we would give them this protective policy, they would soon bring the producer and the consumer side by side; that they would bring manufactures into this country, and manufacturing laborers sufficient to consume all the agricultural product that is made by the agricultural labor of the country, and that after a short time you would see a blast furnace and a woolen mill by the side of every wheat field, turnip patch and pig-pen in the land. [Applause.]

Now, my friends, we have had this policy for, lo! these thirty years. We have had protection, and in the latter part of that period

Protection Run Mad.

We have got the highest protective duties today that any country on the globe has ever submitted to. Where is that home market? We are today shipping out of this country a thousand million of dollars of the surplus product of American labor, and all these promises have turned to ashes on our lips. [Applause.] We are shipping 70 per cent of all the cotton that is grown in this country. Only 30 per cent finds a home market, while the people have been taxed to death for thirty years to enable our Republican friends to redeem that promise. [Applause.] If it cannot be redeemed in thirty years, is it not presumptive evidence, at least, that it can never be redeemed. [Applause.] And, my friends, instead of the country becoming self-sustaining, instead of becoming independent of all other countries, instead of bringing the producer and the consumer and setting them side by side and our country being independent and cut off from all other countries in the world, our commerce with foreign countries continues to grow, while the infant industry continues to grow weaker. [Applause] It was contended in the beginning of our government, by the old fathers who adopted this policy in the infancy not only of the government but the infancy of manufactures, that while it was a burden upon the taxpayers, yet it was one necessary to be borne in the then condition of the country. They claimed it was a policy infantile in its nature, and temporary. They were in favor of adopting that burden in order that that might hasten the adoption and the development of a policy that would give us munitions of war, clothing and such things as we would need in a foreign contest with one of the great armed powers of Europe. It was supposed, when this policy was adopted, that in a few years, with the encouragement of a small amount of protection, that American manufacturers would be able to stand alone; hence, the leaders of the Republican party, up to fifteen and twenty years ago, declared, in accordance with the old doctrines of the fathers of protection, that they were in favor of a

Protection That Lead to Free Trade.

Mr. Garfield so proclaimed. You may take all the illustrious chiefs of the Republican party and you will find them on record for a moderate protection that would enable the infant after awhile to come to years of maturity and stand alone against the world. [Applause.]

But the McKinley bill is a new departure in this country. It propounds a new policy for the American people. It declares that the doctrine of protection is permanent in this country, and that the highest rate of taxation is the wisest policy for the people to submit to.

What has protection done for our manufacturers? Have the years that we have given them protection enabled them to stand alone? Have they grown stronger and stronger with the encouragement we have given them, or weaker and weaker? In the beginning of the government the protective duty was from 5 to 10 per cent, imposed at the suggestion of Alexander Hamilton, the father of protection. After they had had that for a number of years they wanted 15 and 20 and got it. Then they wanted 25 and 30. It has gone on up to a hundred, in some cases to 300 per cent, and a few years ago a bill was reported to the house of representatives proposing a duty on pearl buttons of 1,400 per cent. [Laughter and applause.] Well, my friends,

This Infant Gets Weaker

and weaker. We had better take the bottle away from its mouth before it kills it. [Laughter and applause.] Protection, instead of aiding the infant to stand alone, is making him worse and worse. It is like Col. Seller's eye-salve, if you remember the play, in the "Gilded Age." There was a very hopeful, sanguine fellow who was always just on the point of making $1,000,000 He was always assuring his friends that there were millions in every project which he proposed; all, however, had failed, until he fell upon eye salve, and meeting his friend, he said: "Now I have got it, and I will tell you. Cy, that there is millions in this thing." "But," he says, "How are you going to make it?" "Why," he says, "the material costs me $1 a barrel; each barrel makes 500 boxes, and I can sell each box for $1; that is $500 of profit on $1 of investment." "But," he says, "where is your market for this enormous amount of eye salve?" "Why," he says, "China, Asia—400,000,000 of people in Asia—each one has two eyes, both eyes sore." [Applause and laughter.] Now he says, "Cy, the best part of all this thing is that the more of my eye salve they take, the more they want." [Applause and laughter.] And that is the way of this protective tariff; it is more eye salve all the time. And the people have submitted to it up to this good day, and now it is boldly proclaimed that this infant will die unless we continue to impose an increased heavy taxation to enable it to live in this country. [Applause.]

Now, my friends, let us examine the arguments in favor of it a little while. It is contended that we must place duties on foreign goods coming to this country so high as to check their importation—to prevent them from coming. What effect will that have on this country? What effect will that have on the labor and the products of the labor of this country? Every dollar of product that is checked, impeded and hindered from coming to this country checks a dollar's worth of the surplus product of American labor from going away from this country. [Applause.] Every trade requires at least two or more persons to make it. No one man can make a

Trade With Himself

—at least no Democrat can do it; maybe some of these Republican friends can do that sort of business. [Laughter and applause.] No trade can be made that does not require two things to be exchanged in making the trade. If your government comes in and intervenes and prevents one part of the trade from being performed, that very proposition prevents the other part of the trade from being performed. Suppose there are two citizens here, and one should have a surplus horse; he is raising horses, and has got one more than he wants; he proposes to exchange it for cows with a man who is raising cows and who has more than he wants, but who wants a horse. Suppose they meet and agree, "I will give you my horse for so many of your cows," and the other says, "I will give you the number of cows for your horse," the trade is agreed to, both parties are satisfied, both parties are benefited. But the government comes in and says, "I have no objection at all to the man who has the horse parting with him, selling him to anybody, but he shall not take in exchange the cows that the other party to the exchange proposes to give." Now I want to know if that trade is not broken up. I want to know if the surplus of the man who has the horse is not thrown back on him. Then, when you stop the importation of manufactured goods from Europe coming here to be exchanged for your breadstuffs—and many of you are producers of breadstuffs, or the representatives of men who are—when they say you shall not take the manufactures of Germany, of England, of France, you shall not take the steel rails of Belgium, you shall not take the woolen goods of the Netherlands, you shall not take anything coming from a foreign country that can be purchased in this country, what does it

Say to the Wheat Grower?

It says: "You shall not send out of this country your surplus wheat." That is what it says. What is "surplus?" It is that amount of every one's product over and above that which his own wants require. And when every mouth is fed in this land, when every one of 65,000,000 of people have been satisfied from the breadstuffs produced in this country, then we have left a large amount of surplus to be disposed of to other people for value. Our government comes in and says: "You shall not take what the foreigner has to give you." Your surplus must be thrown on the home market, where it increases the supply. The home market is already glutted, and the price of your product falls to the ground. Where is your wheat today? Certainly not where it was in the old days when your trade was unobstructed. Look back to the returns from 1850 to 1860; look back to the last year of free and unobstructed trade—commerce upon which alone no revenue duties were imposed but to raise revenue to support an honest government—and you see your wheat was worth over $1.50 per bushel. What is it today? About one-third of that, or a little more. But our friends say—our Republican statesmen—that we must still cling to the idea of the home market. In a report it made to the senate three years ago, reporting a bill substantially the McKinley bill, or the McKinley law of today, the senate committe on finance said that "We cannot depend on selling our wheat in foreign markets in competition with the pauper labor of Europe." They say that the only way that we can find a market to consume our wheat is to levy high duties on manufactures and induce an unagricultural population to come to this country to consume our wheat—a population to be brought to the country out of a

Love for High Taxation.

Well now, let us try that, my friends, and see how it will work. We raised last year 613,000,000 bushels of wheat. The statistician of the agricultural department, himself a Republican and a protectionist, says that four and two-thirds bushels of wheat is the average consumption of the people of the United States per head. Let us put it at five, and multiply the 65,000,000 by five, and it gives 325,000,000 bushels of wheat necessary to satisfy the wants of all our people. That leaves a surplus of 288,000,000 bushels. What is to become of it? Why, that committee says that we must import an unagricultural population into the United States sufficient to consume this enormous product. How many people will it take? And you have got to bring them in one year, because the surplus is all here. They have promised to give you a home market for your surplus. Five into 285 goes fifty-seven times. Fifty-seven millions of people have to be imported into this country by the influence of a protective tariff, in one year, to eat up the surplus wheat crops. [Applause and laughter.] The McKinley law was passed; it has been in force two years. Where are the 57,000,000 of people? This is one of the strongest and most sophistical arguments of the leaders of the protective policy. It is for the home market! It is to make ourselves independent of all other people! The law has been passed, the high duties have been imposed. Where are the fifty-seven millions of people that were to come here to consume our products? The people are bearing the taxes, but the

Wheat Is Going Away

from us; the population is not coming to this country to consume it, but the surplus breadstuffs are going, in accordance with the laws of God and nature, and the laws which are sustained by the Democratic party—going to foreign countries to find consumers. [Applause.]

But, my friends, let us suppose that it was possible to bring that 57,000,000 of people here. I want to pursue this absurdity a little. What would they do to make money to buy the breadstuffs of the people of the United States? There would be no home market at all if you had to give them the wheat. They have got to have profitable employment to enable them to make the money to buy the wheat. They have got to have work. These, remember, are not farmers. They were adroit enough to say in their report that these men had to be non-agriculturists, because, if farmers are going to come, they will raise more wheat, and we will have a larger surplus. [Great applause and laughter.] Now then, we find by our census reports that one-third of our population, about, are engaged in gainful occupations, and one-third of these that come will be engaged in gainful occupations. About nineteen millions of these people will be engaged in other than agricultural pursuits. One-third of that class of population in the United States are engaged in manufacturing. We will say that one-third of this great migration will be engaged in manufacturing. Then there will be six million three hundred and thirty-three thousand persons engaged in manufactures, of this vast importation of people. Four millions of operatives turned out in 1890 a produce valued at eight billion, seven hundred millions of dollars. If four millions turn out eight billion seven hundred million, how much will six million three hundred thirty-three thousand turn out? Between twelve and thirteen billions of product. Where is to be the market for it? Why, they

Consume the Same Proportion

of their products that we do of ours. We consume about $134 per head, of manufactured products made in the United States. Say they will consume $134 worth of theirs. That will give them somewhere about seven billions of consumption of their own products, leaving as a surplus five billions to find a market somewhere. Where is it going? It cannot go out into the world, because the duty on raw materials keeps our products from foreign markets, keeps us away from competition with foreigners, compels us to stay and chase the ignis fatuus of a home market. It will compel them to sell, too, in the home market; they cannot go out of it. Then, what are you to do? If these people cannot sell their surplus they cannot buy our wheat. Surplus makes the wealth of a people. It is not what they consume; that keeps them alive, but it is their surplus that becomes the accumulated wealth of the country. Now, how are they going to dispose of this five millions? Why, according to the principle adopted by these protectionists statesmen, they have got to go then and import about 50,000,000 of farmers to eat or consume the surplus manufactures. [Applause.] And then, when the farmers come in, they make another surplus of two hundred and fifty or sixty million of wheat, and then you will have to import some more non-agriculturists to eat that up, and you have got to swap from one to the other, until eventually in a few years we will have the entire population of the globe, fourteen hundred millions of people, in this country. [Applause.] There will be the Chinese and the Japanese and chimpanzees, and all the rest of them from all over the world

Crowded Into This Country

to sustain the home market and vote the Republican ticket. [Great applause.]

Now, gentlemen, you see how fallacious all that thing is. We have got to export. Instead of bringing people from all over the earth, away from their homes, confiscating their property (because they couldn't find any sale for it—it would have to be abandoned) instead of pursuing the Republican policy of uprooting entire populations and bringing them to the United States we would distribute the surplus products of our wealth all around the globe, and bring back the surplus products of other people that we want in exchange for the surplus products of our people that they want. [Applause.]

How much do you suppose the farmers of the United States lose by the policy adopted by the present tariff law? In 1846 a revenue tariff law was passed. Robert J. Walker, the then secretary of the treasury, and one of the greatest men that ever filled that office, when he prepared that celebrated bill which was sent down to congress and afterwards became a law, said in his official report that when the bill was passed agricultural products would rise in value all over the Union and manufactured products would fall. Why? Because the normal condition which competition had established was broken up by the high tariff law of 1842; manufactured products were elevated in price, agricultural products were depressed in price; and when the intervention of the law was removed, the normal condition would be restored by manufactured goods falling and agricultural products rising to restore the level. It was

A Perilous Prediction

for a man to make if he did not know exactly what he was talking about—be-

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THE PITIABLE PLIGHT OF THE MORNING DEFENDER.

Sir Knight Wheelock---Gadzooks! Won't anybody give us a lift?

[This accurate sketch of a modern instance is a reminder of the good old days of the fourteenth century, when the weight of armor was so great that a fallen knight could not arise unassisted.]