GIVING THEM THE LIE.

GREAT FORTUNES NOT MADE BY PROTECTION.

The Oft-Repeated Assertion of Our Demceratic Prieuds Held Up to the Light of Facts - Our Greatest Millionaires the Result of Non-Protection.

dinned into the ears of our people by free-trade demagogues, and none appeals more strongly to ignorant and so cheap, what is the use of prejudiced minds, than the assertion that protection is responsible for great accumulations of wealth and its concentration into the hands of a few men. Yet no argument has less basis in fact. For the purpose of showing that protection has nothing at all to do with can and foreign wages. Remove the the amassing of large fortunes, the tariff and our labor will have to be re-New York Tribune has been taking a duced to their level or they will come census of millionaires throughout the in here and, by underselling, close our different States of the Union, the returns from which, though not yet complete, conclusively prove that the creation of millionaires is not a result of insure employment at advanced wages the tariff, most of them having acquired their wealth in unpro-tected industries. It is not, however, these moderately wealthy men who are the objects of free-traders' attacks, but the multi-millionaires, the men of whom it has been said that a few of them control nearly one-half of the nation's wealth. How stands the case with them? Are they the robberbarons, the tariff monopolists? The following list of the ten wealthiest men in the United States, together with the business or industry in which their wealth has been acquired, will answer: William Walderf Aster, real estate.

Jay Gould, railroads, telegraphs and specula

John D. Rockefeller, oil. Cornelius Vanderbilt, railroads. William K. Vanderbilt, railroads. Henry M. Flagler, oil John J. Blair, railroads and banking Russell Sage, railroads and speculation. Collis P. Huntington, railroads. William Reckefeller, oil.

Without an exception these fortunes have been amassed by men engaged in occupations not in any way protected cupations that have no more connection with the tarm than with the spots on the sun. The rapid multipli-cation of wealth is the natural result ployed in the various tin-plate facof the development of our country's tories. resources, in which development rail-

LUMINOUS FACTS.

How Protection Bullt Up Glass Industries.

On Nov. 13, 1873, the Iron Age quotes French window glass, size 10x14, "B" grade, double strength, at \$5.40 per box. Since then protection tariff has built up scores of factories in America, giving employment to thousands of men, and American push and energy has so cheapened the process of mak-No argument is more constantly ing that the same grade of glass can be bought to-day at \$2.52 a box, less than half. Query. If it can be made continuing the protection? right here. Other countries following America have also cheapened their process of making, and having cheaper labor to work on they can undersell the Americans by the difference in Amerifactories, gain control of markets and, as in past, again raise prices. Is it not better to continue the protection and to the laborer in America who consumes and makes a market for the beef pork and flour of the American farmer?

The Bill for Free Tin-Plate.

The Democratic House last session passed by more than a two-thirds majority the bill reducing the duty on tin-plate to one cent a pound for two years and thereafter make it free. As this bill would leave unchanged all the existing duties in bituminous coal and iron ore-both maintained in the Mills tariff-on pig iron and sheet iron; in fact, on all the successive process and production out of which tin-plate is made and of which it is the completed product, the bill is equivalent to a measure to prohibit the manufacture of tin-plate in the United States. This is, of course, done on the assumption that tin-plate cannot be made profitably in this country.

The facts are that tin-plate is be ing made successfully in this country, that several millions of dollars are invested in plant for its manufacture,

cracy must either abandon the tariff ssue altogether, or else call a new na tional convention, make a new platform, and nominate new candidates. Of course this is meant for nothing more than what is called in Latin a reductio ad absurdum; that is to say, a demonstration that the position in which the party has now been placed, is not tenable in the forum of political debate.

A Tariff Picture.

"If we do not buy we cannot sell" was ever the free-trader's cry till the McKinley bill passed. Since then he has been silenced by such facts as this, that we exported only \$842,958,403

in the year ending March 31, 1890, which closed six months before the McKinley bill became a law, and that we exported \$1,006,284,506

in the year ending March 31, 1892, which opened six months after the McKinley bill became a law.

"Let Well Enough Alone."

President King of the Erie railroad, one of the most widely known Democrats in business and financial circles, has announced that he will support President Harrison and vote for his reelection. His reasons are that the administration of President Harrison has been so clean, safe and able that noth-

Mr. King is a thoughtful, conservative man and he voices the sentiments of thousands of substantial citizens in both parties when he says in effect "Let well enough alone."

A Uritish View of Our Tariff.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."-Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

Has No Candidate

The New York Sun hasn't any candidate of its very own this year, so it is 'The Democrats would destroy the kind of sloshing 'round with a kindly

A FARMERS' FRIEND.

A farmers' friend went forth one day, To suiff the scent of the new mown hay. He'da scheme to work and a game to play, On the honest, trusty farmer.

He had fame, and his name was Charles Var Wyck;
He'd a cheek as hard as a railroad spike,
For the railroad pass he'd a keen dislike(?)
But he loved the honest farmer,

He wore his favorite old blue cont
That had captured many a farmer's vote,
And he sang in a soft, free, silvery note,
In the ear of the honest farmer.

"O, I'm the original far ers' friend;
Invented the scheme myself.
If it works with "ou, as it works with me,
It will fill your lab with pelf.
First put me into the governor's chair,
And then into the senate.
Then you stay here, while I go there,
And thus we'll both be in it."

Now the sun was not and the air was dry, And the sly old schemer passing by. Drew rein in front of the farmer's coor, And began his song about the working poor. "Your hand is the hand that holds the bread, Give me your yore," the old man said, "Follow me and I'll lead you through, And show you a scheme that is good for you.

But the farmer heard not a word he said,
'Bout the honest hand that holds the bread,
For fast asleep in his easy chair,
On the broad front porch as he rested there,
He dreamed a dream as d seemed to see
Himself in a great fine apple tree,
And as he shook with might and main,
And the apples fell like drops of rain.
Down on the ground was old Van Wyck,
With a cheek as hard as a railroad spike,
Urging the farmers all to strike,
And he saw that as fast as the apples dropped,
Into the old man's bag they popped.

Into that farmer's ear the flies been so clean, safe and able that nothing can be gained by a change at this time.

Mr. King is a thoughtful, conservational statement of the solution of the s

You've heard of the witches of Tam O'Shanter, of the old grey mare and her midnigh, canter, But never witches or old grey mare Made better time than was made right there, And no buil pup with a drooping lip. Has ever held with a tighter grip Than that yallar dog as he saw the chance, And closed in on the slack o' the old man's pants,

It's the guess o' this plain country bard. That the scene which occurred in that farmer's

will occur again on election day,
And the very old Harry'll be to pay,
But the most embarra-sed man at the end,
Will be Vau Wyck the farmer's friend,

A LA HIAWATHA.

A LA HIAWATHA.

Just two years ago this summer
We'd a drouth that was a hummer.
From a rainless sky the sun light
Burned the grass and caused a corn blight,
And the people lost their reason
When they saw the drouthy season.
And they danced like ghostly creatures,
Round a hoard of famine preachers,
Came a hungry greea back faiker,
Chief McKeighan money maker,
Came like Quantrell's bloody raiders,
Vandervoorts and Kems and Shraders;
Came a dozen other speakers,
Boodle suckers, office seekers,
And they talked in ways cratic,
Of the people plutocratic,
Of the rai road and the loan cheat,
And the buils and bears of Wail street, And the bulls and bears of Wall street, And of Shylock and his vices, And of Shylock and his vices,
And the robber tariff prices.
Talked they all like long eared asses,
Rode they all like long eared asses,
Rode they all on railroad passes.
Talked they all of deprivation,
And of hunger and starva ion.
How republicans and starva ion.
How through the tariff starter,
And they shouted forth deflance,
And they shouted forth deflance,
And the farmers paid assessments,
Paid they in great wads of toodle,
From the pockets of the many,
tame the quarter, nickle, penny,
Till the sum was many thousands
And the boodle suckers fattened,
Fattened on these contributions.

On the gentle anumers shower.

O. the gentle summer shower!
Freshening the grass and flower.
O. the rain from heaven decending.
Bringing harvests never ending!
Friled again is every wheat bin,
Plenty is the corn Modamin,
E'en the hopper Pah-puk-keena
Fails to enter the arena.
Thrift and wealth in every valley
Makes the peoples spirits raily:
Makes the peoples spirits raily:
Makes the gooden grain yield.
And refrain from ghostly dreaming.
While the earth with fruit is teeming,
And the pearly rain drops falling.
Robs the hoboes of their calling.
Now the hoboes curse the weather,
And they murmur thus together,
"Farewell to our boasted glory!
Wa-ted is our ghostly story!
Darkness spread her mantle o'er us. O. the gentle summer shower! Darkness spread her mantle o'er us. Soon we'll join those gone before us. Join the host of gho tly strangers, Join the late lamented grangers, In the realm of the discussed.

In the kingdom of the bust d.

The Smile Has Lost Its Grip. "How now, my good Lord Bryan, how fares your grace and whither doth the battle tend?"

·Oh my kind Horatio, is that you? Come nearer me good fellow, for I need a friend. *Come near to me Horatio, and let me have your sympathy. Place your cool hand thus upon my temples Horatio, for I am feverish, I am not weil."

Tut, tut, my boy, be not so peevish in this hour of mighty consequences! ed the moat and with his mighty battle ax is pounding at the castle gate as he would shiver it in splinters with

his ponderous blows?" "Aye, aye, Horatio, I see. I see it all too plainly, and the sight doth make the shivers chase each other up my spinal column. But Horatio, he has no science; this burley Knight of 69. He has no skill or grace of movement. He is but a plain Neoraska product, born to a life of toil, a mere digger in the mine of musty books. And for me, whose every tone is charged with eloquence, and whose every motion is graced with pleasing attitudes, for me whose name has been carried on the wings of fame to the four corners of the land, for me, in whose career the bourbon busom beats with high anticipation, for me to be matched with this bull dog, who closes his jaws upon republican truth and then holds on, this bludgeon swinger who pounds me with common facts as a sootty blacksmith would forge an iron beam, and then to have this sweaty moo of red necked farmers gather round and cock their heads and nod and lean and listen to his vulgar argument, and when I smile my sweetest smile, and soar my splendid periods as a boy would soar a kite, to have churlish yeoman turn away, and smile among each other, as if in cold derision of my matchless eloquence, it makes me sick; Horatio, and if I had that hasty chalenge back. I'd let this sharp spured warty legged rooster of the tariff have his way: and as a bird of swifter wing and brighter plumage. I'd sail me up among the bright free silvery clouds of dizzy eloquence, and never have any handsome feathers ruffled by the blows of this short winged

again, and by the spirit of old Hickory Jackson I'il turn your picture to the wail forever. Know you not, foolcursed word this present evil is now word to me again, good friend, as you would have my blessing in the years to come. You see, I thought to please the farmer in the drouthy year, and when Heil's next-door neighbor, Texas, biew her scorching breath across Nebraska fields and withered all the crop. I thought to please the farmer with my sympathy, and so in immagery I led him to the very poor house gate, and showed him there within the dingy quarters he must occupy, when tariff robbers had consigned him to the bankrupt's cell. But no sooner had the word calamity escaped my lips, when lo! prosperity burst forth like a blooming garden of sweet flowers, and now these ungrateful farmers, despising my prophesy. do hiss at the very word calamity, and say that I have slandered all the commonwealth. And so I say, Horatio, speak not that word to me again.'

"But my lord, by this same evil token which you now despise, you planted your banner on these castle walls two years ago. And will you now turn tail and ruu, and let them kill the goose that laid your golden egg? Brace up my lord and have some spunk! Remember how you swiped the ground with that long. drooping, willowy wisp from Omana! Brace up my noble lord, and smile as you did then. Ring in some verses with the smile, and cheer these brawny grangers with smooth speech! Why. by my hallidome, as I remember now. that smile alone was then worth full one thousand votes in every bailwick. Mount the turret there and give 'em the smile again. Trot out the old lamb story, and may hap for its very age they'll listen and reverence you once more."

"Ah, good Horatio there's the rub! There was a time when I could play that smile upon the multitude, and even as a warm sunbeam kissing a baby's chubby face will make him dream of angels, so that same smile of mine shed out across the gaping crowd, would warm their hearts and give me easy access to their confidence. And when I wove in with my handsome Grecian smile a few smoothly curving gestures, the yawping hoodlums would open up their lusty throats and from the very bottom of their stomachs would come such mighty veils as would silence the belching thunders of old Vessuvius. But aias! Horatio, the Grecian smile hath lost its grip, and the curving gestures no longer weaves the wanted spell upon the crowd. Horatio whatever be the issue of this uncertain hour, remember me, that I was eloquent. And if this bold young tariff slugger doth o'ercome here, then hang my picture on the wail, and in the coming years when you have wed, and curly-headed babes climb upon your knee, then point them to the picture, good Horatio, and say that I was eloquent."

Take Down Your False Colors and The independent press of the state are carrying at the head of their columns what they call their state ticket:

For Governor. C. H. VAN WYCK. For Lieutenant Governor.

But that ticket is a deception. It does not convey the real meaning of the Van Wyck and Shrader movement. Their ticket should read:

For U. S. Senator, C. H. VAN WYCK. For Governor, C. D. SHRADER.

Van Wyck is not running for governor. Everybody knows that. Van Wyck has no amoition to be governor and remain in Lincoin among the people of this state. His amoition all points toward Washington City, where his home is, and where his principal property and money interests are. The only personal effects of his that are purely of Nebraska, is the old blue coat that he has worn for years while among the farmers, in sham humility, as a decoy to capture the farmer vote. And it is Shrader who is the real candidate for governor. Shrader, who damned the constitution and insulted the supreme court, he is the precious patriot who has consented to save this commonwealth by becoming its governor, notwithstanding he despises its constitution and refuses to opey the mandates of its highest court. Go out into the country precincts of Ciay, and Adams and Hamilton counties, where hundreds of independents have come back to the republican party in the last few weeks and the loyal farmers there, who love the constitution and respect the law, will tell you that the thought of Shrader being governor of Nebraska makes them ashamed of the independent movement.

Trying to Fool the Sweden. As the calamity leaders feel their grip loosening, and the sand slowly but surely sifting out from under their feet, they begin to clutch at straws. The desperateness of their losing the cause is shown in the silly attempt to make capital out of the story that someone in the republican state convention turned to his nearest seat mate and said .D-n the Swedes. ' If the Swedes of Nebraska were overgrown chuckle headed boys, as the calamity leaders seem to have sized them up, then an appeal to their sensitiveness on such a childish proposition might avail to arouse their anger against the republican party. But in the first place no one knows for sure that such a thing was said. In the second place no one knows who said it. In the third place everybody knows that if it was said, it was said by some hot hended fool, who is not in a position to control or represent the republican party, and lastly the Swedes of Nebraska are not mere grown up children

"Stop; Horatio! Utter that word that they should take offense on so flimsy a pretext. The Swede who left his humble home across the sea where men who are born poor remain poor ish boy, that by the token of that ac- and die poor, came to this country to better his condition and found the recome upon me? Never speak that publican party welcoming him with open arms to a citizenship that has no peer in any land under the sun, with a 160 acres of land as a homestead thrown into the bargain; who has since steadily prospered and is now well-todo, with land and home and public schools and all that blesses and exalts manhood, will not on such childish pretext, turn his back upon the republican party, the only party that ever honored his countrymen with a state office. The Swede is not naturally a part of the rag-tag and bob-tail of Nebraska, and to size him up as a chump is an insult to his good sense.

the Republicans This Year.

Some one out in Dawson county telegraphed the Bee that the republican alliance men were becoming tired of Van Wyck and Shrader and Vandervoort, and were coming back into the republican party. The next day a World-Herald dispatch denied the report and asked to have a single man pointed out in Dawson county who was tired of Shrader and Van Wyck and Vandervoort. Promptly twentythree men in one little neighborhood stepped up and signed a statement renouncing the independent party and pledging their faith and votes to Ben Harrison and the republican ticket. Out in Clay county where McKeighan ate yaller legged chickens from house to house two years ago, in Marshall precinct, where only four republican votes were polled in 1890, forty-three voters have already announced for Harrrison. In El Dorado precinct, of the same county, where only twelve republican votes were polled in '90, there are now fifty voters who are tired of Elder, the ex-speaker, and of Vandervoort the lobbyist. In Hamilton county the alliance republicans are coming back by the score and are rallying to the party that stands up for America and Nebraska. Republican meetings everywhere are largely attended and the state committee have more calls for speakers than they can

A Brilliant Man Who Has Never Uttered a Word In Defense Of His

State. "The brilliant young Bryan," is the way his admirers put it when they speak of the congressman from the 1st district. Yes, he is brilliant, an eloquent speaker and a handsome young man of pleasing ways. But how has he used his brilliant qualities during the few years he has been a citizen of this state? His principal business has been to talk; and what has he talked about? Has he talked about the splendid achievements of his own state in its material development? In his soaring flights of eloquence has he ever pictured the sturdy thrift and the unprecedented financial success of the farmers and business men of his own district? When did "the brilliant young man" ever utter to his .vast and magnificent audiences" in other states, a word of praise for Nebraska? Has he ever stood up for Nebraska, and has he ever advertised the fact that more poor men have started here and become well to do in the last decade than in any other state on the face of the earth? Has he ever told that to his audiences? Or has the general force of his eloquence been turned against Necraska and against its reputation? Let him answer how he has used his talents. Let him now account for his stewardship.

stand Up for Nebraska.

"Stand up for Neoraska." says Judge Field of Lincoln. "Stand up for Nebraska." says young Andrews of Hastings. "Stand up for Nebraska." says Jim Whitehead of Broken Bow. And the three congressmen cowards who slandered the state in congress and advertised its people as paupers are now dodging the brick bats of truth and denying that they ever were calamity howiers. Bryan now tries to recall the slander, and with graceful bows and smooth gestures he stammers out a faint eulogy on his sturdy constituency for what they have ac-complished. McKeighan chucks the farmer under the chin and prophesies that he will be able to keep the wolf from the farmer door a few years yet, if he, McKeighan, is returned to congress. Kem, in his dreamy confusion, clutches in the air for an idea and admits that his people will be able to keep soul and body together if the government will loan them \$2,500 apiece on their land at 2 per cent per annum and if they send him back to read the signs at the national capital another two years. In the meantime the people are doing a little standing up on their own account and they will never again entrust the reputation of the state with men who will sell it for a salary of \$5.000 per year.

A Practical Man vs a Dr amer. Whitehead is a practical man, with loyal impulses, strong and vigorous characteristics. Kem his opponent. is a dreamer, so unpractical in his plans, and so weak in his judgment that he voted for everything his people did not want, and opposed everything they did want, and now his canvas for relection is spent in explain. ing to his constituency.

Bryan, the Artful Do iger. Congressman Bryan denies that he ever was a Calamity Howler. Will Mr. Bryan teil the people of his district when he ever uttered a word in defense of the prosperity of his state, against the Calamity Howler?

Farmer Frank Mc Grath, ex-president of the Kansas State Alliance, in an interview with the Kansas City Journal referred to V. O. Strickler Independent candidate for Atty. Gen'l as "A little pop eyed baby faced law-



OO TRANSPARENT-John Bull's Candidate Cannot Cross the Bridge on a Substitute Issue.

minent part, and the effect of which | ple out of employment. has been to greatly augment the value of real estate. It is nothing but pure demagogy which would make protection responsible. - American Economist

GOT THE BEST OF IT.

w a Democrat Became a Republican In Short Order.

The Democrat and the Republican sitting on the fence talking polia in a neighborly fashion. "Well, I'm in favor of tariff for reve-

" said the Democrat. "And that means," said the Republican, "a general reduction of duties

"To be followed by a larger importaa of foreign-made cheap articles?" Of course, and what we are after

lower prices." Of course, and the low prices will mit in a decreased demand for our

ome products?"
"Naturally, yes." "And that means closing American shops and sending workmen to

Well, haven't we millions of acres the best land in the world?"

Sure, and when all these workmen to be farmers the increased supply farm products, with no factory ds to buy the stuff, will push prices n to starvation point and the farmwill have to quit the business."

at we shall have lower prices." ho is 'we'?" asked the Republiplump to the point. "With the ingmen in factories changed to ed out of existence, what have got left to compose your 'we' to m low prices will be such a ben-

he Democrat asked for time to look

ds and telegraphs have played a new industry and throw all these peo-

Their Old Story.

The Democratic cry of "Retrenchment and Reform" is disclosed to the people as a humbug. It was known to be a humbug when the Democratic leaders took it up. They knew that the only place where retrenchment was possible was in the pension appropriation and they also knew that no reduction there was possible while there was a Republican President and Senate. The measure for reducing pensions has not been framed and will and free trade.

TOO WEAK TO STAND UPON. The Democratic Papers De sounce the

Tariff Plank Adopted at Chicago. We reproduce in another column, says the New York Sun, the remarkable analysis with which the Post-Express, an independent free trade journal, has shown the surprising emptitariff, to protection, and to free trade, No one in possession of his right mind can peruse this analysis without perceiving that this

part of the platform is a mere tissue of absurdity, without sense or logic sufficient to stand by itself long enough for its measure to be taken. When read in connection with the masterly and indestructible view of the question presented by Andrew Jackson in his second annual message, the plank apears as little short of lunatical, or idiotic. Nothing more destitute of reason or coherency was ever offered to the public as the manifesto of a

great political party.

The Post-Express maintains that by great political party.

The Post-Express maintains that by reason of this preposterous and lamentwas. He is now a Republican.

great political party.

The Post-Express maintains that by reason of this preposterous and lamentable part of the platform, the Demothan anybody's in church.

mention of Gresham (who is not a candidate) and of W. Jennings Demorest See you not how you bold Knight doth (who cannot get a nomination) and the rush the battle? He has already gainmost kindly enthusiastic remarks for Adlai Stevenson.

One Reason for It. The Gray's knocked out in Indi-an
By Grover and his crew.
And that is why they've lost their sand,
And now are feeling blue.

Composition of Coal. The composition of Pennsylvania anthracite coals has been made the sub-

ject of a most exhaustive analysis by Mr. McCreath, a well-known chemist connected with the geological survey not be until all departments of the gov- of that State. The specimens, which ernment are in proper order. Then it were obtained from mines regarded by will come along with free silver coinage most consumers as producing coals of equal value, were collected from one hundred to two hundred tons of coal, as it was ready to be shipped to market, the amount collected in each case for analysis ranging from one hundred to two hundred pounds, the bulk of each specimen being finally reduced by the ordinary methods employed in sampling mineral products for quantitative and qualitative analyness and absurdity of that part of the it appears that the maximum of fixed carbon obtained in any one specimen was 88 2-10 per cent as against 90 to 93 per cent as has frequently been re ported by different authorities; and the minimum of fixed carbon was 78 per cent instead of the generally reported

> A Loud Ticker. Mamma-You look as if you hadn't slept much. Little Dot-No'm, I didn't.

Mamma-What kept you awake? Little Dot-I waz waitin' for the ne clock to go to sleep. Not Silent.

St. Peter-Um-I never heard much

Shanghigh who fights upon a dung hill of common ordinary facts. "But, my lord, you magnify your own calamity too much."