

# PROTECTION AND RECIPROCITY.

VOL. I—NO. 4.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1892.

PRICE ONE CENT.

Published monthly at 135 West Twenty-third street, New York. Subscription price 12 cents a year. Address: PROTECTION AND RECIPROCITY.

Entered at the New York P. O., New York, as second-class matter.

## CAMPAIGN SONG.

**1892.**  
Ain't—Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching.  
We are all Republicans,  
And we're loyal to the core,  
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.  
You can hear our slogan ring,  
As our Campaign Song we sing—  
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

**Chorus.**  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,  
Cheer up brothers we will come,  
You will find us all in line  
When it comes election time—  
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

Protection is the cry  
That we raise in the echo by,  
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.  
Every shop and every mill  
Knows the great McKinley bill—  
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

**Chorus.**  
Honest money, safe and sound,  
Makes prosperity abound,  
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.  
No free coinage here yet  
By our vote can ever be—  
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

For an honest vote for all,  
And an honest count we call,  
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.  
We are sure to win the fight  
For we know that we are right—  
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

**Chorus.**  
Reciprocity we claim,  
Is the glory of Jim Blaine,  
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.  
And we mean on every sea,  
That our Nation's flag shall be—  
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

We will vote for Harrison,  
For the noble work he's done,  
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.  
With our Harrison flag on high  
We will shout our battle cry—  
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

**Chorus.**  
Every man will vote for Harrison and Reid.

## MALCONTENTS.

### ASTORY FOR AMERICANS.

COPYRIGHTED BY CORA S. HOOD.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Margaret drew Dattie out onto the open air. She was pale as death.

"They mean him harm, Joe."

"Likely enow," he answered indifferently, "but never fear, I'll have naught to do with the devil's work."

It was dark when Margaret reached her home. A heavy snowstorm had settled over the town and the flakes were coming down thick and fast. The country roads were always full of drift and, if this snowfall continued, would soon be rendered impassable. Shivering and chilled, Margaret stood at the window and sighed as she peered out at the gathering storm and thought of the suffering in the town below.

At last, as the hour grew late, she sat down in front of the scanty fire, and finally, overcome by the warmth and fatigue, fell asleep.

She dreamed of a confusion of voices and awoke to find it late, the room in pitchy darkness and the fire dead on the hearth.

Surely there was some sound troubling the quiet of the winter night? She opened the window and listened. Yes, she could hear it distinctly now; it was muffled and beating, as though arising from the marching of many feet. The sound grew more distinct as the steady tread came nearer, and Margaret closed the window and stepped back into the dark room. In a moment the highway in front of the house was black with dozens of dark forms, and, as they halted, one of them, evidently the leader, spoke.

By the light of the torches they held, Margaret recognized Gentleman Kelly at the head of the well-formed ranks, and near him several of the men she had met that afternoon at the soup house.

"Faith, boys, he's home to-night an' alone, for his servant—dunn' em for bold' servants to such as him—are after leavin' him, an' now's the time to wipe the floor wid the iver-divil and damage his aristocratic mug for ever. Begorra, an' wad I stop his takin' the sword-honi-mia has craned for him across the way, forlorn, march!"

As the steady tread began again Margaret stood paralyzed, an agony she could not understand tearing at her heart strings. With a prayer for mercy she seized a shawl and hastened out into the snowy night as the dark forms disappeared. Reach him and warn him she must, at all costs.

Beaumont was not so far away. There was a short cut through the woods, and by running she could get to be there before the rioters. Bumping through the freshly fallen snow she entered the wooded path only to pause with a despairing cry. Green, impassive drifts stood between her and her goal. The strongest man could not battle his way through upon such a night. Precious time was being lost, and they would be upon him before she could save him. Oh, God in Heaven, what could she do!

Quick as thought she made her decision. She knew that through that hill, only a stone's throw away, and passing out in a dense wood at the rear of Beaumont, was a tunnel. Only a few years before, the construction of it had been a wonder to the simple people for miles around, and Margaret had sat many evenings watching the iron monsters speed around the curve and disappear in the bowels of the earth, carrying car after car in their wake, with childish curiosity, for the railroad was comparatively new, and was still regarded with superstitious awe by many. Here was a path through darkness and danger, yet what matter if it led to him? The next instant she had slid down the snow-covered declivity, and was at the tunnel's mouth. Ah, but it was dark and clammy! The air struck her face like the hand of death, and seemed in its dense fogginess to push her back. With one swift, shuddering glance at the critical, serpentine track glittering in the snow behind her, she turned, pressed hurriedly forward, and was swallowed up in the blackness.

The agony of years seemed condensed in those next brief moments, then the blessed air of the outer world again fanned her damp forehead, and she stumbled out into the snowy wood to find that she had come too late.

Beaumont was already surrounded by the hungry, despairing desperadoes, and before them, calm and unswerving, stood Thorpe Fletcher. He was unarmed, and was speaking.

"For an instant his courage awoke and silenced them."

"My men," he said, "what do you want and why are you here in such numbers to-night?"

"We want bread for our starving children!" replied one.

"An' we want our gold yer takin' to forrin' airs, an' yer har's blood!" yelled Kelly, pulling a pistol and firing a volleyed shot.

Margaret saw Fletcher stagger into the

house and close the door behind him, while the rioters drew together for a conference.

They divided their men, some going to the rear and others to the front of the house.

"Damn him," shouted one man, "he's got his place well looked up, but we'll force it or burn it over his head!"

There was a yell of approval, and then followed a shower of stones and bricks against the heavy oaken doors and closed shutters.

Unobserved in the confusion Margaret had crept alone under some high shrubbery to the shelter of a number of dense, short cedars, growing close against the side of the house.

She remembered that there was a low cellar door at this point and, knelt hoping to find it open, but it did not yield to her efforts. Pausing to think how she could force an entrance she heard a bolt slip softly from within and the next moment Fletcher's blood-stained face appeared.

He started as Margaret put out her hand and whispered, then her words reassured him: "It's me, Margaret Gwynne, sir. For God's sake crouch low in these bushes or you're a dead man! Creep after me through your shrubbery and on to the woods, 'tis our only hope of escape."

He obeyed her without a word and when they had reached the woods asked: "How came you here, Margaret? This is no place for a woman. Surely you were not on the highroad upon such a night as this?"

"I did not come by the highroad, sir," she answered simply, "but hark," as a crash resounded through the air, "they have broken into the house and will begin a search for you. We must hurry." Then with a quick glance at his white face he added:

"I fear that you are badly hurt, sir, and need help."

He did not answer and, as she ceased speaking, their hiding-place was brilliantly illumined. The rioters had fired the house.

Margaret looked despairingly from the drooping figure and death-like face at her side, to the open country, rapidly growing as light as day, and then up at the impassable drifts behind them.

"There's the tunnel, 'tis our only chance," she faltered. "I came that way, and we must go back!"

"You came that way, and for me, Margaret? My life's girl!" exclaimed Fletcher, d-eply moved.

It was only by a supreme effort that he gathered strength to follow her. She divined something of this mortal weakness, for holding her like young arm about him, she aided his faltering footsteps into the darkness tunnel.

For a few moments neither spoke. The way must be more than half traversed, Margaret thought, as with beating heart she hurried him onward. Suddenly she stumbled, and she felt the swaying of his powerful form against her.

"Keep up, Mr. Fletcher, keep up!" she cried. "Only a few more steps, sir, and we're safe. Oh, God, for he had fallen by her side as she spoke. "He has fainted, perhaps is dying, in this awful place!"

She sank on her knees beside him and placed her ear to his heart. In the solemn, dreadful stillness she heard a faint pulsation and knew that he lived. She must leave him and go for help. Then horrible possibilities suggesting themselves she paused.

Any instant a train might pass and what if, half conscious, he should move during her absence? Even now he might lie close enough to the track to be swept into eternity by an oncoming locomotive.

She bent, and dragging his prostrate body close to the damp, slimy wall, felt shudderingly for the wheels of the track, so dangerously near. As her hand touched the rail she fancied she felt a vibration, but was it fancy? Holding her ear to the ground she listened. There was a rumble as of thunder and a faint quaking of the earth beneath her; through the blackness, a fiery red eye illumined the far distance and an approaching train was speeding on toward the narrow way. Margaret's cheek blanched and her lips moved in prayer. An instant later the locomotive had entered the tunnel and, with one terror-stricken glance up at the swift, oncoming phantom of sudden death, she threw her protesting arms over Fletcher's form and sank into merciful unconsciousness.

Joe Dattie, living in the town below, awoke some time after midnight, could not sleep, and rising, walked to his window to see if the day had dawned. What was that in the direction of Margaret's home? The sky was alive with the flame and sparks of a burning building. In a moment he had dressed and the next was out under the fiery sky, dashing with mad haste toward Margaret's cottage. The door was unwatched, and looking through the rooms he found the house empty. Was it possible that she had ventured out upon such a night?

He lighted a lantern he found near the door and began searching for footprints. Yet, those were here; dainty footprints. Yes, strangely enough, instead of leading to the highway, they passed around to the back of the house and on through the wood. He followed to the set-up declivity, and then marked the side, as of some heavy body, toward the hollow blackness of the tunnel. Like a flash the truth came to him.

"Good God!" he exclaimed; "she would nae risk that for him!"

He knew in his heart that love such as hers would count death as nothing, and he resolved that if he should brave as much.

"And she such a chit of a girl," he half sobbed, as he stooped to pick up a bit of black fringe from a woman's shawl, lying just within the tunnel's mouth, "but she's gone in here, sure."

He recalled with a shudder that only a few moments must have elapsed since the last train entered that way.

Cautiously he stepped within, searching for he dared not think what; then, at the sight of a dark object lying close to the wall, he hurried with outstretched breath and quickening footsteps. He held the lantern aloft and looked.

No mangled body there, thank God! But did he thank God in that awful moment? For here lay the one woman he loved on the bosom of the man he had hated with the bitter hatred of caste all these years.

"Mag," he cried, taking the slight form in his arms, "for God's sake say ye ain't dead, my sweet girl!"

To his joy Margaret opened her startled eyes, then slipping from his arms looked around her.

"Where am I, Joe? How came I in this dreadful place?"

Her eyes fell upon Fletcher and she cried: "Now, I know, 'twas the cars! Oh, quick, help me get him home, at once! They've shot him, Joe!"

No thought for Dattie or his constant love. Sighing, he stopped and took Fletcher in his strong arms. Margaret went ahead with the lantern and soon they were out of the noisome place and at Margaret's door.

Fletcher was placed upon Margaret's bed and then Dattie asked meekly what more she wanted.

"I want the doctor, Joe," she said, "you go and I will stay and watch."

"Nay, ye go yourself, Mag," then, in answer to her surprised look, he added:

"Yes, an' wake up the military an' get 'em out, if ye can, fer there be need of 'em, as well as the doctor, when the morning dawns. Do yer think them black devils won't see them tracks an' followin' them to the first streak of light?"

"Mag," he cried, taking the slight form in his arms, "for God's sake say ye ain't dead, my sweet girl!"

Margaret hurried down the now deserted highway to the town and thoroughly roused the doctor, a friend of Fletcher's, by telling him the dreadful truth. Word was sent to the

baracks near by, where troops had been stationed during the late troubles, and soon afterward Margaret and the doctor started up the hill.

As Dattie had predicted, as soon as it grew lighter the men had selected the blood-stained tracks in the snow leading toward the tunnel, and had guessed the truth.

Drunk with success and liquor, there were yet a few in the crowd sober enough to trace them to Margaret's door, and before many minutes they stood outside parading with Dattie.

"Let us in, ye snalphen," shouted Kelly, "we don't want to hurt ye, but by the eternal, we'll hev that Fletcher if we hev to jump over yer dead body to git him!"

"Keep off, ye devil," cried Dattie, his powerful frame filling the narrow doorway, "or 'twill be the worse for yer 'Take that," he added to Kelly, who was trying to push his way past him. As he spoke he wrested a pistol from Kelly's hand, and with the butt end struck him a heavy blow.

Before Dattie could defend himself the gang were upon him, the pistol was wrested from his grasp by a drunken one, and turned upon him, and the next instant he fell, shot through the heart, at the threshold of Margaret's door.

The slight sobered the ruffians. "Boys, this is murder," cried one, "an' the law can hold us for it! Hist, what's that in the town below? 'Tis the soldiers a movin'!"

At the word there was a wild yell and general scattering and, by the time Margaret and the doctor reached the scene, only Dattie lay at the doorway, a silent, faithful even unto death to the trust reposed in him.

Margaret's tears rained down and she pressed a kiss upon the poor dead face. He died defending the man he hated, the man she loved, and only she could understand and reverence the sublime heroism of the deed.

## CHAPTER IX.

"DALLAS NIGHTCAPS" FEED THE FLAMES!

The American people will now be openly and formally asked to decide whether this system shall be recklessly abandoned and a new trial made of an old experiment which has uniformly led to national embarrassment, and wide spread individual distress. \* \* \* The benefit of protection goes first and last to the men who earn their bread in the sweat of their faces.—JAMES G. BLAINE.

Can you any longer doubt which system is the better for us? Will any one say these uniform results are mere accidents or coincidences? Will any one say, for the reason, one might say that the rising and setting of the sun, or the recurrence of the tides, are accidents or coincidences.—D. G. HARRISMAN.

Reader, this story is no fancy picture, but a true recital of the misery, crime, and famine, settling like a deadly miasma over our fair country, less than forty years ago. It has been lifted as to the disastrous results always following the repeal of the protective tariff; and, although history repeats itself, unfortunately, repetition dulls the ear, and our working people are too busy, or too indifferent, to take up the book of life and read what the recording angel has written there in letters of blood. If we could but profit by the mistakes of our forefathers, then would their privations and sufferings not have been in vain.

Small these scenes be repeated, and attempted free trade again close the busy factory, open the soup houses, and make criminals and paupers of honest men? If not, the voters of America must look to it that their country's industries are protected from the encroachments of foreign labor and foreign greed, so that the manufacturer may be permitted to live.

For many weeks Fletcher lay at the point of death within Margaret's cottage. His wound proved a dangerous one, and a serious, nervous fever resulted.

Although his physician and a skilled nurse took up their abodes in the house, Fletcher, in his moments of consciousness, would have only Margaret at his side. In his weakness, he clung to her strong young hand, and his eyes followed her every movement as she went sofly about attending to his wants. When she was absent he grew restless, and it finally became quite a matter of course that she should sit beside him, reading or writing letters, during his long hours of convalescence.

Mr. and Mrs. Peyton, while wandering through the East, received many of these interesting epistles, and, with one thought, would smile after their perusal.

"Poor Margaret," exclaimed Peyton, "I can read between the lines, and although as an amanuensis, she tells her story modestly, her's was a heroic act, Ethel!"

"Yes," said Ethel Peyton, wiping away a tear, "I believe that Thorpe owes his life to her," then she too added: "Poor Margaret."

She was too loyal to hint, even to her husband, of the suspicion which had entered her mind during her last year at Beaumont. Margaret's love was too sacred in her eyes, especially as she was convinced, from her knowledge of her brother's character, that it would prove a hopeless one.

Spring came and went, summer passed away, and one warm September day Thorpe Fletcher, a pale shadow of his former self, sat on the deck of an outward-bound vessel.

Was his mind full of anticipations of a reunion with his sister and Peyton, or did a regret for the past and the country he was leaving behind him, sadden the future?

Neither, for his thoughts began and ended just then with the beautiful girl who stood beside his chair, a world of devotion in her luminous eyes, as, turning from the fast receding land she rested them upon his wan face.

Thorpe Fletcher's smile was full of content as his glance met hers, for during those past weeks Margaret had become necessary to his happiness and had won by her heroism a first place in the life of the man she loved so well.

Six years later, in the day of peril, Fletcher and Peyton returned, at their country's urgency, as patriots should, and were among the first to enroll themselves upon the list of our nation's heroes.

When the war was over and white-winged Protection brooded like a benediction over the land, Fletcher and his wife came back to the hills they both loved so well.

Beaumont and the Fletcher works were rebuilt. The "Dallas Nightcaps" had long since been piled into huge bonfires by the outraged workmen and their smoke ascended to heaven amidst the hiss-s of the very voters who had placed Polk and Dallas in power only a few years before. After Fletcher's return the busy factories were again opened, and the town soon grew into a prosperous city. An imposing church now stands where Ethel Peyton built her chapel; and Maurice Peyton was its loved rector for many years.

He and his wife have done much to better the condition of their fellow men, and originated some of the social movements which have since resulted in higher aspirations and happier lives for the world's workers.

Kelly took advantage of the large bounty offered by the Government during the war, and embezzled once too often, for his last attempt at "bounty jumping" ended disastrously, and news of his death was sent to the Kelly family.

They were plunged at once into the most excessive and demonstrative grief, their resources strained to the utmost to supply the sudden demand for craps and black goods, and Kelly, although dead and buried, continued for many years his autocratic sway as the patron saint of the Kelly family.

In the cemetery, near the city, a tall, white spire marks Dattie's resting-place, and a gray-haired, still beautiful woman, often lingers over his grave, giving a tender thought to the man through the sacrifice of whose life the happiness of her own has been made possible.

(THE END.)

## No Free Trade For Him.

An Illustrious Democratic Lawyer and Author Repudiates Cleveland.

Democrats are now finding out how their party blundered when it too plainly defined the end at which it aims by its bold declaration against protection of any kind, made in the Chicago platform. Since that free trade pronunciamento there has been a virtual stampede of intelligent Democrats out of the free trade camp to the side of American protection.

Among the most eminent Democrats who have repudiated Cleveland and the free trade platform on which he stands, is the venerable George Ticknor Curtis, whose fame as a constitutional lawyer and author is world-wide. The formal letter in which Mr. Curtis announces his intention to abandon the party which had so long claimed his obedience, and to support the Republican ticket in this campaign, is printed below. It should be read by every patriotic Democrat in the land:

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y., September 19, 1892.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN ECONOMIST:

Sir.—In common with many other Democrats, I cannot follow the leaders of the party in denouncing Republican Protection as a fraud upon the labor of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of a few. I can subscribe to the doctrine that a Protective Tariff is unconstitutional. I have no pecuniary interest in manufactures, but I know what Protection has done and is doing for this country. If it operates for the benefit of the few, I am not one of that few. I am one of the many; one of the great majority benefited by it, including those who denounce it for the sake of obtaining political power.

If the leaders of a political party assembled in national convention for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency choose to stultify themselves by falsifying history, they cannot expect to be followed by others who have any habits of independent thought and action. The learned pundits who were lately assembled at Chicago in national convention of the Democratic party, adopted by a two-thirds vote, and against the report of the Committee on Resolutions, the following as a "plank" in the Democratic platform:

We denounce Republican Protection as a fraud upon the labor of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of a few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, except for the purpose of revenue only. We demand that the collection of such taxes be limited to the necessities of the Government when honestly and economically administered.

In drafting and voting for this resolution, the members either showed dense ignorance of American political history, or they manifested a purpose to win votes by deceiving the voters. I cannot, at the bidding of these gentlemen, unlearn the lessons of my whole life. The greater part of my long life has been passed in the study of American political history and constitutional law. If I cannot claim to be an authority on such subjects, I can point out to others the true sources from which to devise interpretations of the Constitution. These sources are not to be found in recent Congressional speeches, whether made by members of one party or another. They are to be found in the interpretations given to the Constitution by the First Congress, by Washington's administration, and by the succeeding administrations of Jefferson, Madison, John Quincy Adams and Jackson.

I have been requested by the Secretary of THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE to give my views of the Protective issue, as it has been made by the two parties in the present campaign. This I shall do in a communication to be addressed to him, of which he will make such use as he sees fit.

I am, Mr. Editor, very respectfully, Your obedient servant,

Geo. TICKNOR CURTIS.

[From Encyclopedia Britannica, American Supplement.]

George Ticknor Curtis, an American lawyer and author, was born at Watertown, Massachusetts, November 28, 1812. After graduating at Harvard College, in 1832, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature from 1840 to 1844, and was appointed United States Commissioner for Massachusetts. While he held this position the Fugitive Slave law of 1851 was passed, and he was soon called upon to execute it by remanding to his master a fugitive from Virginia named Thomas Sims. In spite of the popular odium thus incurred he carried out the law.

In 1862 he removed to New York, where his professional ability has secured for him an extensive practice. Throughout his career he has been a diligent author, and his works on various departments of law have secured the highest approval. Among them are "Rights and Duties of Merchant Seamen," 1844; "Law of Copyright," 1847; "Law of Patents," 1849; fourth edition, 1873; "American Conveyancer," second edition, 1871; "Equity Precedents," fourth edition, 1869; "Digest of Decisions of Courts of Common Law and Admiralty." He also published "Commentaries on the Jurisprudence, Practice and Peculiar Jurisdiction of the Courts of the United States," two vols., 1854-58. Beside these strictly professional works he has published a valuable "History of the Origin, Formation and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States," two vols., 1855-63, and a "Life of Daniel Webster," two vols., 1870.

Does not the fact that within the last twelve years 2,000,000 acres of land have been thrown out of arable cultivation in England indicate that Free-Trade injures farming?

Do Free-traders think that they can convince American wool growers that their product would not fall in price to the London level if Protection were withdrawn?

## Pertinent Questions Answered.

You say that our people are \$48,000,000 a year through free sugar. Why not make other goods free and save many times that amount?

For the hundredth time we reply to the question. There is no earthly analogy between the tariff on sugar—which was a revenue tariff—and the tariff on wool, for instance, which is a protective tariff. The former sustained no domestic industry of any moment, gave practically no employment to American labor and capital. Under it nearly all our sugar was imported, and when it was abolished there was no collapse of domestic industry. The few sugar producers received in exchange for the tariff a bounty, under which they prosper even more than before. But remove the duty on wool, which now sustains the immensely important industry of sheep husbandry, and you carry death and desolation among thousands of now fairly prosperous stockmen. Australian and Argentinian wools would flood our markets till the American fine wool industry was no more. After that we should have no guarantee that we would get our wools any cheaper than now. We should be obliged to take our chances on that score. But about the losses we should sustain in the slaughter of flocks for their tail-wool, as occurred before under a low revenue tariff on wool, there can be no manner of doubt.

Even free sugar would not, perhaps, be receiving the enormous pronouncement upon it on every hand had the American sugar industry not been securely protected against disaster by the bounty. For, in that event, the cry of distress which would ere this have reached us from the Louisiana plantations would, perhaps, cause us to pause and consider whether it was wise to impoverish even a few of our people.

To guard against such a calamity to the wool interest, if we are to carry out strictly the comparison with sugar, we should need to provide for a bounty on American wool sufficiently liberal to take the place of the existing tariff. But, under that arrangement, not a cent would be saved to the people, for the amount of bounty we should have to pay would at least equal and probably exceed the amount of wool duties now collected. In the case of sugar, since our home production was less than 1 pound in 10 of what we import, abolishing the duty of 2 cents a pound on the 10 imported, and paying 2 cents out of that saving on the 1 imported pound, results in a net gain to the people of 18 cents, or about \$18,000,000 in the aggregate. So we see that, no matter from what point of view, there is no likeness between sugar or revenue duty, and wool or Protective duty. We trust that our questioner will guard against these Free Trade fallacies in the future.

**BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.**

## RISEING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

## ALFRED DOLGE'S FELT SLIPPERS AND SHOES.

DANIEL GREEN & CO., Sole Agents, 14 East Fourteenth St., New York.

## ARE YOU A FRIEND TO THE CAUSE OF PROTECTION TO AMERICAN INTERESTS?

Are you willing to work for the cause of Protection in placing reliable information in the hands of your acquaintances? If you are, you should be identified with the AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE, 135 W. 23d St., New York.

A PATRIOTIC WORK.

Every person who is opposed to Free Trade Slavery and favors American Industrial Protection, should through the policy of Protection, should read the pamphlet published by the American Protective Tariff League. As a patriotic citizen, it is his duty to place these documents in the hands of his friends. They are interesting and instructive, and are free of charge to all who send a stamped envelope, containing a cent, to the Secretary of the League, 135 West 23d Street, New York.

EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE THE FAMOUS "YOUR LOCAL TARIFF," sent for a few cents to THE AMERICAN ECONOMIST.

The reliable exponent of the policy of Protection. Every person who wishes to have complete information upon the Tariff should have THE ECONOMIST regularly. Price, \$2.50 a year. Send postal card request for free sample copy. Address: AMERICAN ECONOMIST, 135 West 23d Street, New York.

"THE AMERICAN WOOL INDUSTRY" by Hon. William Lawrence, President of the Ohio Wool Growers' Association. The only reliable and reliable pamphlet ever published, showing the full effect of a Protective Tariff to Wool-growers and Wool-manufacturers. This pamphlet will be sent free and by mail for 10 cents. Address: Walter F. Washburn, Secretary American Protective Tariff League, 135 West 23d Street, New York.

EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE THE FAMOUS "AMERICAN WOOL INDUSTRY" sent for a few cents to THE AMERICAN ECONOMIST.

The reliable exponent of the policy of Protection. Every person who wishes to have complete information upon the Tariff should have THE ECONOMIST regularly. Price, \$2.50 a year. Send postal card request for free sample copy. Address: AMERICAN ECONOMIST, 135 West 23d Street, New York.

EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE THE FAMOUS "AMERICAN WOOL INDUSTRY" sent for a few cents to THE AMERICAN ECONOMIST.

The reliable exponent of the policy of Protection. Every person who wishes to have complete information upon the Tariff should have THE ECONOMIST regularly. Price, \$2.50 a year. Send postal card request for free sample copy. Address: AMERICAN ECONOMIST, 135 West 23d Street, New York.