

WHAT BRYAN'S ELECTION MEANS TO LABOR.

Only Question Is Whether Wage-Earners Want Hard Times.

Democratic Policies Drove Thousands to the Streets Before and Will Do So Again if Bryan Is Successful.

In the eddying fight, amid din and roar of the fallen guns of imperialism and militarism, there is danger the people of this country may lose sight of the fact that the election of Mr. Bryan means the overthrow of the protective tariff system and the introduction of a free-trade program into the policy of the government. Our people have short memories and they sometimes forget and need to be reminded.

Mr. Bryan was a member of the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses and took a very active part at once upon taking his seat. In the Fifty-third Congress of which I was a member, the Wilson bill was under consideration. It was the passage of that bill which plunged this country into ruin. It does not make any difference what people say about the origin of hard times, the intelligent laboring man of this country knows very well that he ceased to earn a living for himself and family because of the demoralization of business caused by the repeal of the McKinley law and the passage of the Wilson act. It was that which precipitated wages to the lowest ebb that they have been for many a year. It was that which sent marching columns of hungry men over the country demanding food. It was the passage of that bill that made it possible for any intelligent man to listen for a moment to the speeches of such men as Bryan in 1896.

On the floor of the House in the debates on the Wilson bill Bryan took the extreme free-trade ground. His speeches are on record and the laboring men of the country can find them and read them. He especially announced himself as in favor of absolute free-trade upon many of the leading products of the farm, notably wool, which he insisted should be put upon the free list of the Wilson bill. When that bill was passed by the concurrence of the House in the six hundred amendments of the Senate it was Bryan and Hon. Jos. Bailey, a representative from the State of Texas, who in their ecstasy seized the champion, who was the putative father of the law, the Hon. W. L. Wilson, of West Virginia, and carried him on their shoulders in a triumphal procession through the House of Representatives into the cloak-room and a saturnalia of joy resounded from those premises. It was Bryan who favored the introduction of foreign material into this country free of charge. It was Bryan who demanded that all raw material such as wool, coal, iron, and everything which entered into the manufacture of goods, should be imported free, and it was his influence, more than any other man's, that brought about the terrible result with which we are so familiar.

It was Bryan's earnest demand that put wool on the free list, and in that debate he declared that he did not care whether it benefited or hurt the wool grower. It was Bryan who drove the tariff on coal down to such an extent as to flood the Eastern markets with coal and stimulate the growth of the development of coal in the British possessions in the northeast, and practically drove us out of the seaboard markets with the soft-coal of Central States. It was Bryan who advocated the low tariff on agricultural products and utterly refused to discriminate or allow discrimination in favor of the products of the West and Middle West. The laboring men of the country and the farmers of the country, before they plunge themselves into the vortex that is being held out, should get Bryan's record and read it. It is a very interesting chapter in the personal politics of that gentleman. The platform made at Kansas City is very adroit in laying the foundation for an enactment in Congress, should Bryan be elected, satisfactory to his history and record. Not daring to assail protection directly he came at it in the platform which he personally conducted as follows:

"Tariff laws should be amended by putting the products of trusts upon the free list. We condemn the Dingley tariff law as a trust breeding measure, skillfully devised, etc."

That is the platform of the party dominated the Democratic party, and whose nomination Mr. Bryan accepted. The original Populist party, whose candidate Mr. Bryan now is, I refer to the Sioux Falls nomination, also places itself on record in a similar attitude. So Mr. Bryan, without any apology for the past, stands upon a series of platforms all equating in the direction of free trade, and in the event of his election, with a Congress subservient to his dictation, as was the convention at Kansas City, we may look for just such legislation as precipitated this country into the condition with which we are all familiar. It is therefore very unwise for the people of the country to be led away from the two great propositions of Mr. Bryan's life, the two propositions for which he stands, the two propositions which make up Bryanism, to wit, free and unlimited coinage of silver, and free trade, and follow after the illusion and delusion of imperialism.

If the intelligent agriculturist will take the prices of his products in 1896 and compare them with the present prices of the commodities, and then take the Dingley tariff law, he will at once discover to what he is indebted for the advance in prices. If the laboring man will take first the price of his labor in 1896 and then the price of his labor in 1900 and then take the table of imports of foreign manufactured goods in 1896 and back of that time and then take the imports of foreign goods now, as shown by the statistics of

the Treasury Department, he will at once discover that the present advantage which is accruing to him comes absolutely directly from the tariff law now on the statute books of the United States. And, then, if he desires old times, with old prices and old short days of employment, he had better vote for William Jennings Bryan.

But if the laboring man wants a continuation of the present prosperity of the United States, he certainly cannot, without inconsistency, vote for Bryan. Another view of it. Let the laboring man take the present price of his labor and take the present prices of all the things he buys upon which his family is subsisted and supported and educated, and then take the price of his labor of 1896 and the prices existing then, he will discover, without any hesitation of intellect, that present conditions are far better than old conditions, that, waiving the little increase of cost of living, the balance sheet shows favorably to him. No man can deny that and there is no man in the United States who has done more to break down the interests of labor by promoting and cultivating unfair and unjust competition than has William J. Bryan, of Nebraska. C. H. GROSVENOR, Athens, Ohio, Sept. 17, 1900.

Prosperity for Wheat Growers.
When the Democrats were experimenting with free trade in the United States the consumption of wheat was 3.41 bushels per capita. That was in 1894. In 1899, under the McKinley administration, the consumption was 5.95 bushels per capita. This is ample demonstration to the farmer as to how prosperous manufacturing interests bring prosperity to the wheat grower.

BRYAN'S MANY SIDED HOPES AND FEARS.

His Expectations Based on Hopes that Others Will Forget.

Bryan argues that the Constitution extends in full by its own force to every foot of land under the American flag. He hopes that the American people won't find out before November that the United States courts, from the lowest to the highest, have decided by overwhelming and irresistible decisions that he is wrong.

He is running on a platform declaring for the fraud of free silver. He hopes that the gold Democrats who have returned to the Democratic party on the issue of imperialism will not cease to believe in his readiness to betray it.

He is running on a platform on which imperialism is said to be the paramount issue. He hopes that the silver men won't take this portion of the platform seriously.

He is running as a Democrat. He hopes the Populists won't lay it up against him.

He is running as a Populist. He hopes the Democrats will forget it.

He is running as a silver Republican. He hopes that the silver Republicans, mainly men of the West, won't give him up because of their belief in expansion.

He is running as the avowed friend of Aguinaldo. He hopes that this won't drive the American votes against him.

So every Democratic vote of 1900 has error or humbug back of it.

A CHALLENGE TO SENATOR PETTIGREW.

A Cowboy Recruits the Insurrection Made Against Col. Roosevelt.

Sioux Falls, S. D., is Senator Pettigrew's home, and the Senator said in a recent speech there that Col. Roosevelt did not lead his regiment at San Juan Hill, but was six miles in the rear. At the recent Roosevelt meeting in the town many of Col. Roosevelt's old regiment came to greet him, some of them traveling quite a distance, and one rough rider came 150 miles. This particular cowboy heard of Senator Pettigrew's utterance for the first time while in Sioux Falls, and mounting his horse he would ride to a street corner and issue this challenge:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I have heard that there are people in this town who say Col. Roosevelt was away in the rear at San Juan and did not lead his regiment in the charge that was made that day. I was in that regiment and followed Col. Roosevelt up that hill. My captain was killed and several of my company. I saw that fight. I was in it. Whoever says that Col. Roosevelt did not lead his regiment in that charge is a liar, a scoundrel, a coward and dare not tell me so to my face."

Then he would wait a minute, ride to the next block and repeat the same challenge.

The incident will keep Senator Pettigrew quiet for awhile. He may be kept busy in explaining what he meant.



ANOTHER PARAMOUNT ISSUE

THIRTY TONS OF PENNIES SAVED BY CHILDREN.

Chicago's Penny Savings Society has only been established for a few years, but its deposits have increased as follows:

Year ending June 30, 1898.....	\$10,140
Year ending June 30, 1899.....	33,960
Year ending June 30, 1900.....	71,793

William C. Hollister, who is acting president of the Chicago Penny Savings Society, says that it is operated entirely on a philanthropic basis and supported by voluntary contributions. There are only two salaried officers, young ladies, at the office in the Schiller building.

This system is in operation only in half the schools in Chicago, yet the amount of money deposited by the children last year averaged 30 cents for every child in the Chicago school district, and 60 cents per capita for all the children in the schools in which the Penny Savings Society is operated.

The weight of last year's savings was thirty tons of American pennies, an enormous mass of money for the little ones to put by in the banks within one year.

It will be noticed that the increase between the amount deposited in 1898 and 1899 was 70 per cent. But between 1899 and the year just ended the increase in the amount of pennies deposited was considerably more than 100 per cent.

HARD TIMES ITEMS NEEDED BY BRYAN.

Adversity of Others Will Be Welcome News to Democrats.

"Wanted—Hard times items" is a "Help Wanted" ad Bryan ought to put in the newspapers to aid him in his laborious search for instances of industrial and commercial distress. Probably nothing would more please him just now than to hear of workmen in the country whose dinner pails are not full.

In his speech in Milwaukee he gloated over the fact that a dock man in New Haven had discharged some employees, that pig iron production is less now than at the high point of last year, and that Massachusetts cotton mill men are said to be thinking of reducing wages.

After exploiting on these items, he said exultingly: "Even the prosperity that the Republican party has boasted of has not reached all the people, and even that which we have is on the decline."

The reason Bryan is so anxious to know of misfortunes befalling workmen is because he fears that they will pervertedly consider the maintenance of their present prosperity to be the "paramount" issue with them instead of "imperialism." If some great calamity could only happen to the workmen between now and election time it would perhaps make it really sound plausible to say that "there is no prosperity now; therefore maintenance of prosperity is not the issue, so you can vote for me and Aguinaldo."

Mistaken.

He said: "You shall not toss mankind upon a cross of shining gold."

"Nor press his brow with thorns, Nor tread upon his corns When he is old."

He said: "No fires will burn, No wheels, no spindles turn, Without my hand; Is at the nation's helm; Dictator of the realm—Chief of the band."

He said "the metal white is strictly in the light (I lugged it in). We're on free silver bent, Without the world's consent And it will win."

The voters heard him shout, Then straightway went about To give him fits; They said "we want no stuff Half money and half bluff, A dollar worth four bits."

It took his breath away When the people had their say In N-O-V.

But he's got his second wind, Thinks he'll not again be skinned; Wait and see.
C. L. FRAZER, Highland, Cal.

SIMON GREY'S FAMILY.

A STORY OF COUNTRY LIFE.

BY ALMA L. PARKER, GUIDE ROCK, NEB.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Certainly! I want good times, but if we got them I'd never thank a Republican administration for it."

"Suppose Bryan had been elected and times improved, would you thank him for it?"

"Indeed, I would."

"Then you are partial, Simon. Why not thank if such were the case that it was a Populist scheme to deceive the people?"

"Because Bryan's an honest man."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know anything? My paper says he's honest."

"But how do you know it's the truth?"

"See here. How do you know he's dishonest?"

"I don't. Neither do I know he is honest. I am not personally acquainted with the man, but I do know that he has charged outrageous high pay for making speeches over the country. It seems to me that a man who hates the rich, and so dearly loves the poor, would not care to accumulate wealth so fast, taking the dollars out of the laborer's pockets. I tell you, Simon, if times get better, you ought to change your politics."

"Just wait 'till they get better. You'll have to wait 'till doomsday for times to improve under Republican rule."

Political Simon then walked into the store and placed his basket of eggs on the counter.

"What are eggs worth to-day?" he inquired of the clerk.

"Two cents more than they were before election," the clerk quickly responded.

"Well," said Simon, who knew the clerk was Republican, "you needn't be so d-d-glad to tell it. I see that Republicans like yourself are dreadful haughty because prices are a little better, but you'll grin the other way when this little McKinley wave breaks."

"Mr. Grey, whenever this wave, as you call it, breaks, it will turn into foam of prosperity. Just notice."

"How easy," said Simon, "some people are deluded. I see some fellows out there on the street a-shakin' gold coin. I expect they inherited the pieces as an heirloom in the family, and they have been keepin' them all these years to get a chance to show 'em now, to prove that all our gold isn't in England or the Government vaults."

"Why, Mr. Grey, everybody can have gold now. Confidence is restored, and gold will once more circulate. Just take a check to the bank, and see if the banker won't cash it in gold."

Political Simon doubted very much what the clerk said, and resolved within his own mind to go back home and bring two or three hogs to town, if they weren't very fat. Just to prove in his own mind that the clerk was mistaken.

Sooner than Cynthia expected, Simon came home. During the campaign it had been his custom to stay so long in town that she was surprised to see him return in an hour.

"Cynthia," he said, as he entered the house, "I have decided to sell two or three hogs while this McKinley wave lasts, for no tellin' what they'll be worth after a while."

"What did you get for the eggs?"

"Two cents more than before. You make the hens hurry and lay before they go down."

"Maybe times ain't goin' to be as bad as predicted," said Cynthia.

"Now, Cynthia, women as a rule have weak minds, and are easily influenced, and I want you to be on your guard. Better prices for a few days is the bait these goldbugs set to catch people on their hook, but I trust none of my family will bite."

"I suppose you are right, Simon, but time will prove all things. Accordin' to your brother Ezra, success of the Populist ticket would not bring any benefits."

"Cynthia, don't you ever mention Ezra's idea of things. It has made me enough trouble without alluding to it. In an indirect way, Ezra's Republicanism is the cause of my sore head. If he knew how I have suffered for him, for the honor of the Grey family, I have an idea that he'd turn Populist."

"Maybe he had better write and tell him then."

"Great heavens, no! If I'd have licked the daylight out of Harrington, as I first intended to, it might do, but as he's able to be up and around it would be better not to refer to it. Just let hard times prove his mistake to him. He'll be a Populist—mind, body and soul—fore many years roll by."

Simon and his wife continued to talk for some time, and then Simon went back to Boonsville with his hogs, returning in the evening with a \$20 gold piece.

"We'd better keep it for a curiosity," said Simon.

"And hogs are a better price, too, are they, father?" inquired Vinnie.

"Yes, everything's improving to delude people."

It seemed to Vinnie a very pleasant delusion, and four months later it seemed to her to be lasting a long while; that the McKinley wave must be a large one, for times continued to improve.

CHAPTER V.

The Road to the Poorhouse Missed. Inauguration day had passed and Wm. McKinley of Ohio was President of the United States.

Vinnie Grey had acted in the capacity of County Superintendent of Public Instruction since the 1st of January and she was delighted with her new work and Warble County was proud of Political Simon's daughter.

On this particular morning, Vinnie was alone in her office looking over her morning's mail. There were business letters for her to answer; ah, yes, and there was another letter. It was from her Boonsville lover. How it filled her heart with joy! It seemed to her the happiest morning of her life. She felt that she had a thousand things to be thankful for. Glen Harrington returned her love; her folks at home were beginning to see better times; prices were getting better for farmers' products. "Yes," she meditated, "there are a great many things to be thankful for." She had great faith in Republican times, and she believed that in two years, at least, her father would be able to pay the mortgage on their home, without her assistance.

If he wasn't able, she would take a part of her salary and pay it for him. The mortgage would never be allowed to take the old home. As she sat in her office, meditating over the prospects of the future, there came a tap at the door, and then it flew open, and Vinnie was surprised to see her father standing in the doorway.

"Good morning, Vinnie. How are you?" he said, taking her hand.

"Very well, thank you, father. How are the folks at home?"

"We're all well. I thought I'd come down to the county seat this morning to see you on a little matter of business."

"Very well; what is it?"

"Why, Bob Wright, down there in Boonsville, has some calves he wants to sell, and I want to buy them. Though extremely anxious, I haven't the money to buy them with. Thought maybe I could get the money from you. I don't know as there's any money in 'em, or in anything else, as far as that's concerned, but Joe Harrington is countin' on buyin' these calves, and that's the reason I want 'em. I've been a-lookin' all this time for a chance to get my revenge on that man, and now's my chance. My! but he'll get mad, if I step in ahead of him, and knock him out of the bargain by gettin' those calves he's been calculating to buy."

"You shall have the money," said Vinnie, rather amused at her father's method of revenge. "How much will you need?"

"Well, there's ten of 'em and he wants \$7 apiece. It's really an outrageous high price, but I won't stop for that. Why last spring a man couldn't get a bit over \$5 for such calves."

"Maybe they are worth more than they were then."

"Well, the Republicans say they are, but I don't think so. We ain't havin' a bit better times than we had, in spite of their predictions. I've been thinkin' of writing to Ezra and telling him that he is a false prophet."

"Have you received any letters from Uncle Ezra lately?"

"Yes; we received one just the other day."

"What did he write?"

"I don't remember exactly what was in the letter. One thing that disappointed me is the fact that he's still Republican. Every letter I get I expect to hear that he's turned Populist, but so far my expectations have been in vain. He wrote that he thought prices would get better for the farmer. He said if I wished to make money now was the time to speculate. Buy all the calves and other stock that I could, and hold them for higher prices."

"So you are taking his advice?"

"No, Vinnie; I am going to buy Bob Wright's calves for the express purpose of outwitting Joe Harrington. What does Ezra know about running a farm? He's lived nearly all his life in a city, and is green as a squash, when it comes to country life."

"His judgment is good, though, on almost every subject."

"It is on some subjects, to be sure, but still he doesn't know everything. He has his failings like all other human beings."

"To change the subject," said Vinnie, "have you planted your corn yet?"

"Yes, we just finished planting a few days ago."

"How does the wheat look?"

"It looks splendid, but I don't expect to get much out of it, for silver's going down right along, and Bryan said whenever silver went down wheat went with it, or when silver went up wheat went up also."

"I do wish Bryan had been elected, for if he had free coinage of silver, he said silver would rise in value, therefore wheat would rise."

"If wheat would be worth what it ought to be, there would be a good prospect for me to pay the mortgage with it. I suppose now wheat will tumble, and we all know it was low enough last year."

(To be continued.)