

(continued from 3rd page.)

the other sidery outgain: "Another evidence of free trade!" You must tax the people in their food; you must tax the people in their clothing; you must tax them in their implements of labor, and if you want anything free take a free drink of whisky. [Great laughter and applause on the Democratic side.]

FREE LUMBER—CHEAP HOMES.

Here is lumber. We have put it on the free list to shelter the people in the Northwest from the terrible and rigorous climate of that region. We Democrats say to our poor people it is time for you to be considered. Prior Congresses have released the taxes on banks, the tax on domestic manufactures, the tax on railroads, the taxes on telegraph companies, the taxes on express companies and the taxes for buying and selling exchanges. All the wealth of the country has been released, now the Democratic party is again doing business at the old stand and says we intend to hunt the men who are living in sod houses and give them free lumber. [Applause.]

Well, we found ostrich feathers with a tax of \$25.07. There are no ostriches in this country. This is not yet an infant industry in the United States. Ostriches are not found on the western prairies, nor in the northern woods, nor along the Gulf coast, but our ladies want to wear the ostrich feathers sometimes in their bonnets, and we do not need the money, and why should we not let them come in free?

When we again inaugurate Grover Cleveland on the 4th of March next we will want all the ostrich feathers to adorn the hats and bonnets of our ladies as they join in the procession and keep up with the band wagon. [Applause.]

THE FIGHT AGAINST MILLS.

I have been told, Mr. Speaker, and I see evidences of it, that my poor scalp is marked as a trophy to adorn the belts of those who "receive the sole benefits of the tariff;" that my head, too, is doomed to the basket. In my district the enemies of the Democratic party and the friends of this combination are mustering their clans for a tremendous effort and they say that they intend to vacate the seat I have held so long. I see from the public prints that money is being poured into the district I represent and all the elements of opposition are organizing and mustering for the fray; but I want to say to them here, once for all, that the people of the Ninth Congressional district of Texas are not for sale! [Great applause on the Democratic side.]

I have political enemies in my district; there are men there who have given me many hard blows in former contests, which I have returned in kind. They will vote against me; they will do their best to defeat my return to the Fifty-first Congress. Their opposition comes from principle. But all the tortures of the Inquisition could not induce them to exchange their manhood for money and all the money that can be extorted from the combination could not buy one of their votes. [Applause.]

THAT SUIT OF CLOTHES.

Mr. Speaker, before I conclude I want to refer to the celebrated suit of clothes which the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. McKinley) exhibited to the House during the delivery of his speech on the 17th of May. In the speech which I made in the opening of this debate, I said if a laborer who was earning \$1 a day finds a suit of clothes which he could buy for \$10 without the tariff tax, the suit could be procured by ten days' work, but if Congress, at the instance of the manufacturer, puts a duty of one hundred percent on the clothes, he would be required to work twenty days to get the same suit. The gentleman from Ohio when he came to answer me, produced a suit of clothes which he said was identical with the suit of which I spoke and which he said could be bought in the city of Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh for \$10.

I have been at great pains to trace that very suit and have followed it back to the manufacturer and procured all the items of its cost. I have got its exact cost and its exact weight. Its total cost was \$6.68; its labor cost was \$1.65; its weight was four pounds and four ounces. It requires, so say the wool manufacturers, four pounds of wool in the grease to make one pound of wool cloth. Then it required seventeen pounds of greasy wool to make four pounds and four ounces of goods. The duty on that wool is ten cents a pound, or \$1.70 for the suit. Therefore, the cost of that suit, without the tariff tax, was \$4.98. Instead of that being a ten dollar suit of clothes without the tariff tax it was a four dollar and ninety-eight cent suit. Now for the protection of that suit that cost, with the wool duty added, 6.68, there is a tariff tax of 40 cents per pound for compensating the manufacturer for the duty he advanced on the wool that amounts to 1.70; then there is a tax of 35 per cent for his own protection, which amounts to 2.33, the whole protection amounting to 4.03, which added to the 6.68 makes 10.71. Of course, the manufacturer had to undersell the foreign suit, and to do so dropped under him 71 cents, and sold his 4.98

suit for ten dollars with the help of the tariff.

These are the facts about your suit of clothes. I am told that suit of clothes is to be photographed and sent out as a campaign document. All I ask is that the fact be photographed on the brain of every voter that the actual cost of that suit was less than five dollars, and that the tariff made it cost ten dollars' worth of labor to purchase it, and but for the tariff it would have cost only five dollars. [Applause.]

My friend from Ohio when referring to this subject said it was 'the old, old story' that he had read in Adam Smith. This reminds me of the incident in regard to the boy who had stolen his brother's marbles: The little fellow who had been wronged went to his mother in tears and said: "Brother has stolen all my marbles." The mother, addressing the culprit, said: "My son, don't you know you have done wrong? Don't you know the Lord will be angry with you for taking your brother's property without his consent? You found him asleep and you rifled his pockets. Are you not ashamed of yourself? Don't you know you have done very wrong? Don't the bible say, 'Thou shalt not steal?'" "Yes, mother," the boy replied, "that is the old, old story; Moses said that four thousand years ago." [Laughter.]

THE OLD STORY OF THE STRONG AND THE WEAK.

Yes, Mr. Speaker, it is the old, old story. The story of wrong and oppression. The story of the strong spoiling the weak. It is the old story that has come down to us through all the ages. We are commanded not to steal nor to take our brother's goods by wrong, but to do unto him as we would have him do unto us. We stand here to-day in the eyes of the American people, and in their name, and demand that the government shall stop taking their property and giving it to others; shall stop taking their money not needed for the support of the government. From every part of the country they are calling upon us for justice. They are appealing to us for protection in its better and higher sense. They are appealing to us to take the hand of the robbers out of their pockets and let them have the benefits of their own labor and enjoy the rewards of their own toil; and, Mr. Speaker, we intend to do it. [Loud and prolonged applause on the Democratic side.]

Table with columns: NERVICES, Values, Duties received, Amount of duties on this bill, Estimated amount of duties on this bill, Average rate of duty on dutiable goods under existing law, Average rate of duty on dutiable goods under proposed bill.

The average rate of duty on dutiable goods under existing law was, on importations of 1887, 47.10 per cent; under proposed bill the average rate of duty on dutiable goods, based on same importations, would be 42.49 per cent.

NOTE.—Schedules F (tobacco), H (liquors) and I (silk goods), are not affected by the bill.

Wm. F. SWITZLER, Chief Bureau. TREASURY DEPARTMENT, BUREAU OF STATISTICS, WASHINGTON, D. C., July, 1888.

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SEALSKIN AND SHODDY.

MAMIE SYMINGTON'S TRIPPLE LIFE AS A SOCIETY BELLE, NURSE AND FACTORY GIRL.

Lizzie Knowlton read the note and found it a request to give the bearer, Betty Broadbird, the bundle of completed pantaloons to take to the factory. "There they are, Miss Broadbird; you will find them a heavy load. They go to Roltheimer's factory, I believe," said Lizzie.

"Yesnum; that's where Miss Stillson said to take 'em."

Lizzie eyed Betty with some curiosity, as she seemed an odd piece—abrupt, yet knowing her place; uncouth in speech, yet graceful in movement. Miss Stillson had said nothing about sending her, and Lizzie thought it strange a man with a hand-cart or an express wagon had not been sent for the large bundle, but finally concluded that Betty was probably some poor girl. Miss Stillson was assisting in some way. Lizzie thought she would find out something of Betty, and through her possibly learn more of Miss Stillson, whom she had never felt it proper to question about her self, and who had never volunteered but absolutely necessary information on that subject.

"Have you known Miss Stillson very long?"

Betty turned to pick up the bundle as she answered, her back being toward Lizzie.

"Yesnum."

"Do you live near her?"

"Yesnum; I work where she lives."

"Oh, I see. Well, you like her, I suppose."

"Yesnum; but I don't like to lug such big bundles as this," and Betty lifted it with a strain and a grunt.

"Does Miss Stillson sew pants at the house?"

"Nomum. She isn't home much."

"What does she do at home?"

"Reads and plays music."

"Does she have much company?"

"Nomum. She don't care for company, at all."

"Does she tell her mother what she does when she is away from home?"

"Nomum. She hain't got a mother. She lives with her auntie."

By this time Betty was half-way down the stairs, staggering under the weight of her load.

"Well, you tell her auntie I think she is the best girl in the city, and every one should love her as much as I do."

"Yesnum. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Lizzie returned to her room to wonder about Miss Stillson and the odd Betty, and to work away on her sewing for herself. Betty lugged her great bundle of pantaloons along the crowded streets, for it was a warm, bright January morning, and the streets were filled with people who had been locked in for ten days by severe winter weather. She set it down in front of the elevator door in the great iron and stone block, in the top story of which was the Roltheimer clothing warehouses, and almost gasped for breath, she was so tired. She waited some time for the elevator, and when it came the gruff fellow running it growled out to her:

"I'm busy now, carrying goods up from the cellar, and you'll have to carry that bundle up."

"But I'm too tired, mister; I'll wait until you come up," said the exhausted girl.

"You'll wait a good while, and when I come I'll have too big a load to take you or your bundle."

"There was nothing left for Betty to do but to lug her bundle up seven long flights of stairs. She had to rest on each landing, and her back ached scarily when she reached the floor where the pantaloons had to be delivered. She carried them into the room and dropped them heavily on one of the long tables loaded with clothing. A man came over and asked sharply:

"What's your name?"

"Betty Broadbird, sir," answered the weary girl, whose head swirled with the effort she had been forced to make.

"When did you get these goods?"

"Ten days ago, sir. Here is the paper they gave me."

"The foreman says: 'You've made them too quick. They can't be half done,' said the foreman, finding fault before he had gotten the bundle well open."

"I hurried, sir. I'm sure you will find the sewing good."

The foreman looked them over carefully. Evidently they were much better than he had expected and quite satisfactory, but he was hired to, and it was his duty to find fault, so that a deduction could be made from the contract price.

"Who helped you on these?" he asked.

"No'm, sir. A friend showed me lots, but I did all the sewing."

The foreman looked at her incredulously, and fully believed she was lying to him.

"Like most of the girls who take the cloth home, you've hurried them out on some old rattle-trap machine and have returned a lot of unsalable goods."

"The machine was new, sir, and my friend said they were well made. I'm sure I tried to do them well."

"Of course you tried, on some of these cheap machines, which you didn't understand, and made a batch of it."

"It was a standard machine, sir, that I was used to. What is wrong about them?"

"What is wrong about them? Why they're all wrong. I'll have to put them on the damaged goods table."

"Will you please tell me where they are next lot better?"

"I'm not paid to learn you how to sew. Your mother should have learned you that."

"My mother died, sir, when I was a baby."

"Well, s'pose she did, I can't help that. We can't have good cloth and trimmings spoiled in this way."

"I don't think they're spoiled, sir."

"You don't think so; well, I know so. Let's see: you were to get \$3 a dozen for these? Well, you should be made to pay for the cloth, but I don't suppose you have any money. I'll give you an order for \$1.50 and you can go."

"Please, sir, can't you pay me full price? I'll make the next lot better."

"Pay you full price? I've a mind not to give you a cent for your impudence! Spoil the goods and then demand full price! Well, Miss—Miss—what's your name?—you'll never want if cheek will get a living. Here, there's your ticket; k'd for \$1.50."

[CONTINUED.]

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