

clung to or it must be discarded," if it is true that it is not possible to "let loose and hold on at the same time," then it is just as important that, when we discard one position and let loose of one principle, we take a definite and distinct stand on the money question, the importance of which remains undisturbed by the discarding of our former position.

If it is important that we discard bimetalism with all possible emphasis, it is important because it is necessary that the people know exactly where we stand. And in order that they may know where we stand, when we have discarded our former position, it is important that we espouse the single gold standard.

The Democratic party is either in favor of bimetalism, or it is in favor of the single gold standard. It is true that there is no "private entrance," properly speaking, to either of these questions, and yet the very men who insist upon an abandonment of the Kansas City platform are unwilling to admit plainly and explicitly that their purpose is to make the Democratic party a single gold standard party.

Judicial Tyranny.

Judge John H. Baker, of the United States circuit court at Indianapolis, issued an order against strikers, which is referred to as the most sweeping order of its kind ever issued by a court. Among other things, this order restrains the strikers "from compelling or inducing, or attempting to compel or induce, by threats, intimidation, persuasion, force or violence" any of their fellow employees "to refuse or fail to do their work or discharge their duties as such employees."

The strikers are also restrained from inducing any of their fellow employees to quit work. They are also restrained from inducing any persons not to enter the employ of the concern against which the strikers are contending. It is also provided in this order that the strikers must refrain "from going, either singly or collectively, to the homes of employees" for the purpose of inducing these employees to quit work.

The attorney for the strikers has advised them,—"I do not believe the judge meant that you could not argue, soberly and pleasantly, to induce any man to join you. He could not forbid that." If the judge did not mean this, then no meaning can be conveyed through the English language. And yet it is difficult to believe that in this free country a judge could be found who would issue an order, which, if it means anything at all, strikes a blow at free speech.

The attorney for the concern against which the strikers are contending says that the word persuasion means just what it says. "It means just this," said this attorney, "that if any one of those strikers should go to the house of any employe, or stop him on the street, or any other place, and endeavor to talk him or her into joining the strike, that person, or persons, is in contempt of court."

This is a very frank statement of the court's order; and yet can any one imagine a more un-

American judicial decree than that which would prevent men from doing what this lawyer declares the court's order seeks to prevent?

Convention vs. Committee.

The Chicago Record-Herald thinks that the Democrats of Iowa are in favor of the single gold standard. Referring to the action of the Iowa Democratic state convention it says:

"That the silver preamble in the platform does not represent the sentiment of the democracy of Iowa was plainly evidenced by the majority report of the committee on resolutions, which contained no reference to silver or the Kansas City platform."

The truth is that while the resolutions committee did reject the preamble reaffirming the Kansas City platform, the convention itself adopted that preamble by a majority of 104. And yet this Chicago gold organ undertakes to say that the sentiment of the Democracy of Iowa is better represented by a committee chosen by the convention delegates than it is by the convention delegates themselves.

It is possibly true that in republican conventions, a committee acting under the inspiration of republican leaders, can better reflect republican sentiment than the republican convention itself could do. If this is true, it is true because so many republicans have fallen into the habit of setting aside their own convictions in order to follow in the pathway marked out by their leaders.

But in Democratic conventions resolutions committees cannot always speak for the convention, and it is also true that conventions do not always speak for the people. The report of the resolutions committee may be rejected by the convention, and the conclusion of the convention may be repudiated by Democrats at the polls. But it is safe to say that, when an extraordinary situation, such as the Iowa situation, arises wherein there is a conflict between the convention and the resolutions committee, the convention is more likely to reflect the sentiment of the party than the committee.

Mr. Bryan's Plans.

Below will be found two press dispatches:

"Evanston, Wyo., Aug. 21.—William J. Bryan came to Wyoming recently to fish for trout, and as a side issue he has become interested in oil. Following the example of his colleagues in their fight against the oil octopus, former Governor Hoag of Texas, former Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota, and former Senator Charles A. Towne of Minnesota, the erstwhile democratic candidate has purchased oil lands in the petroleum soaked region of Spring Valley, near here."

"Chicago, Ill., August 23.—William Jennings Bryan, rumor says, will probably move his paper, The Commoner, to Chicago and make this city his home."

"Efforts have been made without success to trace the rumor to its source, but some of the leading democrats in Chicago have known of it for some time past and are ready to sanction the project and bid The Commoner godspeed. The rumor credits Mr. Bryan with an intention to take political root here, with the hope of succeeding Mayor Harrison in the mayoralty. But the Harrison men shake heads dubiously when that part of the plan is mentioned and intimate that Mr. Bryan stands more hope of the presidency than of that."

"Mr. Bryan is now in Wyoming. His brother, business manager of The Commoner, was interviewed in Lincoln tonight and said he had no knowledge of the alleged plan of removal to Chicago."

These are reproduced to show the readers what passes for "news." Both items are en-

tirely without foundation. Mr. Bryan not only has no investments in oil lands but has never contemplated investing in oil lands. His only business enterprise is THE COMMONER, and he has no intention of taking stock or interest in anything else.

As to leaving Nebraska, he has no thought of such a thing. He is now preparing to build a cottage upon his farm, three miles southeast of Lincoln, and expects to spend the remainder of his days there. The readers of THE COMMONER will be kept fully informed as to Mr. Bryan's plans and purposes and they need not pay any attention to "rumors" and "reports" emanating from any other source. THE COMMONER will continue to be published at Lincoln. It is near the centre of the union and from this point the paper can be distributed without inconvenience or delay to all the states and territories.

The Twentieth Century.

(By Edward Markham.)

We stand at the end of mighty years,
And a great wonder rushes on the heart.
While cities rose and blossomed into dust,
While shadowy lines of kings were blown to air—
What was the purpose brooding on the world
Through the large leisure of the centuries?
And what the end—failure or victory?

Lo, man has laid his scepter on the stars,
And sent his spell upon the continents.
The heavens confess their secrets, and the stones,
Silent as God, publish their mystery.
Man calls the lightnings from their sacred place
To crumple up the spaces of the world,
And snatch the jewels from the flying hours.
The wild white smoking horses of the sea
Are startled by his thunders. The World Powers
Crowd round to be the lackeys of the king.
His hand has torn the veil of the Great Law,
The law that was made before the worlds—before
That far First Whisper on the ancient deep;
The law that swings Arcturus on the north,
And hurls the soul of man upon the way.
But what avail, O builders of the world,
Unless ye build a safety for the soul?
Man has put harness on Leviathan,
And hooks in his incorrigible jaws;
And yet the Perils of the Street remain.

Out of the whirlwind of the cities rise
Lean Hunger and the Worm of Misery,
The heartbreak and the cry of mortal tears.

But hark, the bugles blowing on the peaks;
And hark, a murmur as of many feet,
The cry of captains, the divine alarm!
Look, the Last Son of Time comes hurrying on,
With swinging step he takes the open road,
In love with the winds that beat his hairy breast.

Baring his sunburnt strength to all the world,
He casts his eyes around with Jovian glance—
Searches the tracks of old Tradition; scans
With rebel heart the Books of Pedigree;
Peers into the face of Privilege and cries,
"Why are you halting in the path of man?
Is it your shoulder bears the human Load?
Do you draw down the rains of the sweet heaven,
And keep the green things growing? . . . Back to Hell!

We know at last the Future is secure:
God is descending from Eternity,
And all things, good and evil, build the road.
Yes, down in the thick of things, the men of greed
Are thumping the inhospitable clay.
By wondrous toils the men without the Dream,
Led onward by a Something unawares,
Are laying the foundations of the Dream,
The Kingdom of Fraternity foretold.