

The Commoner.

ISSUED WEEKLY.

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THE COMMONER, Lincoln, Neb.

At last the "straw vote" has been thoroughly threshed out.

Now we can pay more attention to the travels of our battleship fleet.

And now to pick out the pennant winners in next season's baseball leagues.

For that defeated feeling try Dr. Hopeful's triple extract of Optimism.

There will be another election in 1912. The patient man will wait for 1912.

For the genuine optimist, commend us to the man who never ceases to smile though losing.

Now that the election is over let us have the full facts about the Panama canal transactions.

Cheer up! It is quite three weeks until Thanksgiving, and by that time your appetite will have returned.

"Turkey is suspicious of Austria," declares a European correspondent. And in this country of about everybody just now.

After all, crow is not such an awfully unpalatable dish when properly garnished with the sauces of hope and good-nature.

Japan's welcome to the American fleet was fully as warm as the one it gave to the Russian fleet, but of a vastly different nature.

This Servian trouble may be only a cheap effort to attract a distinguished gentleman away from the excitements of South Africa.

If you did not pick out the winning candidate you may try to pick out the winning team in the Thanksgiving day football game.

"The skuptchina will never agree to accept the snadlak," is the interesting information conveyed to us by European cable. This having been definitely settled the nibjek may now make all the faces it pleases at the jiklez.

Colonel Stewart, who has been forcibly retired, declines to talk about it on the ground that he is still a member of the army. This may be the colonel's sly way of taking a rap at one who is considerably higher in command than himself.

Now that this country is quieting down we may expect to hear of growing excitement and uneasiness in the jungles of South Africa.

We stop the press long enough to state that The Commoner will not perpetrate the well-worn expression, "Now that the smoke of battle, etc."

All the powers of Europe are quite ready to partake of a Turkey dinner, but each is willing to give the other permission to do the carving.

Germany proposes to put a tax on bachelors. There must be those in Germany who believe that in this case prohibition is better than regulation.

We rather opine that Rev. Lyman Abbott will have to do a lot of careful copy reading if he would keep shorter and uglier words out of the Outlook.

It seems that the Balkan war scare blew over because the Servian army was out of powder. The officers' uniforms, however, were just lovely for a ball.

Now that we have time to attend to some small and lately neglected details, President Castro would do well to put his cyclone cellar in habitable shape.

In the war against tuberculosis the trades unions are taking a foremost part, not by learned and scientific essays but by practical and successful experiment.

Philadelphia has just celebrated her 225th anniversary. Either she is old enough to know better, or too senile to care—and we are anxious to know which.

Either the Outlook will have to be enlarged or somebody with a blue pencil will have to brave the danger of being denounced as an "undesirable citizen."

"What is stronger than a touch of nature?" queries an eastern poet. Well, we have been experiencing the touch of the food trusts lately, if that is in line with what you mean.

It is strange that there are men who loudly prate about their willingness to die for their country but are unwilling to face the threat of being compelled to skip a meal if they try to vote for it.

The San Antonio Express rather unkindly intimates that Theodore Roosevelt will become an editor after March 4 because that will be the only way he can get his stuff into print after that date.

We have yet to see the proof that the dirt is flying on the Panama canal as rapidly as the money flew into the pockets of the American syndicate who bought up the French stock and saddled it off upon Uncle Sam.

The old men who, in their boyhood, read Beadle's dime novels can well understand what the present generation of boys has coming to it just as soon as the novelists can get started on "Roosevelt in South Africa."

SO THE EYE MAY SEE

An Elgin National watch, seven jewels, in an open-face, twenty-year gold-filled case, costs the American retailer of watches \$10.75, which may be represented by a line thus:

This same watch is sold to the dealer in England for the sum of \$7.41, which may be represented by a line thus:

The American purchaser is therefore compelled to pay, in addition to the dealers' regular profit, thirty-seven per cent more for an American-made watch than the English customer is compelled to pay, which may be represented by this:

Paid by American purchaser,

Paid by English purchaser,

The American watch trust is enabled to thus rob the American consumer by reason of the protective tariff.

Why delay tariff revision?

Referring to the rumor that President Roosevelt will write a play as soon as he retires from the presidency, a flippant paragrapher sagely observes that if he does it is sure to be a weak comedy compared to the one he has been officially acting.

The Washington Herald has entered its third year, and the Herald has well won the high place it holds in the ranks of this country's daily journals. The Herald is an exemplar of clean journalism, and The Commoner wishes it a long and useful life.

"There is no romance in this country," declares a foreign nobleman who is touring the United States. Just hand him a copy of some republican orator's speech telling how the g. o. p. has curbed the trusts.

Now that it is all over a lot of government employes who have been violating the civil service rules with the knowledge and consent of the president will return to Washington to prove what a beautiful thing the civil service is when carefully and patriotically applied.

JEFFERSON ON JULY 4

Monticello, June 25, 23.—Messrs. Winn, Rives, D. and J. Railey, Ormond, Branham and Nicholas: I thank you, gentlemen, for your kind invitation to participate in the celebration of the approaching anniversary of the birthday of our nation. No occasion could arise of higher excitement to my feelings than one which recalls the recollections of that day; no society with which I could join more cordially than with that of my beloved neighbors, in congratulations on its happy issue. But age and debility have unfitted me for scenes of festivity, and oblige me to solicit their kind excuse of my unwilling absence from that to which they now invite me; and that to the favors and attentions for which I am so much indebted to those who will be assembled, may be added their indulgence of habits of retirement, which my weakened condition imposes upon me. My spirit will be with them; and my prayers ever offered to heaven for a repetition of these rejoicings through long ages to come; and that the spirit of the day which gave them birth, may continue pure, strong and imperishable.

For yourselves, gentlemen, individually, be pleased to accept the assurances of my great esteem and respect.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Messrs. John Winn, William C. Rives, Daniel M. Railey, John M. Railey, John Ormond, Horace Branham, George W. Nicholas.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN'S FAVORITE HYMN

The music for this hymn may be obtained from the Hope Publishing company, 228 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO
It may not be on the mountain's height
Or o'er the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;
But, if by a still, small voice He calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine,
I'll go where you want me to go.

CHORUS

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be.

Perhaps today there are loving words
Which Jesus would have me speak—
There may be now in the paths of sin
Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
O Savior, if Thou wilt be my guide,
Tho' dark and rugged the way,
My voice shall echo Thy message sweet,
I'll say what you want me to say.

There's surely somewhere a lowly place,
In earth's harvest fields so wide—
Where I may labor thro' life's short day
For Jesus, the crucified—
So trusting my all to Thy tender care,
And knowing Thou lovest me,
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere,
I'll be what you want me to be.