

The Commoner. ISSUED WEEKLY.

Entered at the Postoffice at Lincoln, Nebraska, as second-class matter.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN Editor and Proprietor
CHARLES W. BRYAN Publisher
RICHARD L. METCALFE Associate Editor
Editorial Rooms and Business Office 524-250 Fourth 12th Street

One Year \$1.00
Six Months .50
In Clubs of Five or more, per year... .75
Three Months .25
Single Copy .05
Sample Copies Free.
Foreign Post. 5c Extra.

SUBSCRIPTIONS can be sent direct to The Commoner. They can also be sent through newspapers which have advertised a clubbing rate...

DISCONTINUANCES—It is found that a large majority of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted and their files broken in case they fail to remit before expiration.

PRESENTATION COPIES—Many persons subscribe for friends, intending that the paper shall stop at the end of the year. If instructions are given to that effect they will receive attention at the proper time.

RENEWALS—The date on your wrapper shows the time to which your subscription is paid. Thus January 21, '09, means that payment has been received to and including the last issue of January, 1909.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Subscribers requesting a change of address must give old as well as new address.

ADVERTISING—Rates will be furnished upon application.

Address all communications to THE COMMONER, Lincoln, Neb.

The American Homestead, a monthly farm journal of national scope, will be sent to all Commoner subscribers, without additional cost, who renew their subscriptions during the month of July. Take advantage of this offer at once and send in your renewal.

"ADMITTEDLY ROTTEN"

We can not refrain from quoting, while on this subject, from a frank-spoken editorial in the Sioux City Journal published the day before the primaries. The Journal said:

"In a nutshell, the issue to be decided is whether Iowa is still a republican state. There has been a revolt in the party, just as there was in 1896. \* \* \* It is based on the theory that the leadership of the party has been rotten. The acceptance of this theory must mean the admission that the party record in recent years has been against the public interest. \* \* \* Iowa must choose between Taft and the republican party and Cummins and Dolliver and the democratic party. The country is looking to Iowa to correct the mistake of Indiana."

The country has looked in vain. The question was put up to the republicans of Iowa themselves, and the result is a hung jury—six voting "guilty" and six "not guilty." Half of the party votes that the party leadership is "rotten," and the party record "against the public interest;" half prefers "Cummins and Dolliver and the democratic party" to "Taft and the republican party."—Omaha World-Herald.

NOT THE REAL THING

Referring to the Wisconsin republican meeting the Lincoln (Neb.) Journal, republican, says: "It should not be understood that 'the republican state convention,' which met Wednesday in Milwaukee and punctured Senator LaFollette with volleys of rhetorical bullets was really 'the republican state convention' of Wisconsin. The only official republican state convention in Wisconsin will be held on the fourth Tuesday of September, when the candidates selected previously by direct primary meet to formulate a platform and select a state central committee. The Milwaukee meeting was a standpat mass meeting, the opening rally of the forces which will try at the coming primaries to overturn the 'insurgents' and prevent the re-election of Senator LaFollette."

Gratitude for Common Things---A Thought for the Children

Once upon a time a man who had seen a great deal of this world wrote: "Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant." Every child who attends a Nebraska public school ought to be thankful for the fine school buildings, the beautiful school books and the devoted school teachers. Those who are privileged to attend a country school ought to be doubly thankful for the opportunities they have of mingling the study of nature with their other studies. Sometimes men get so busy that they forget to be thankful for the common things.

"In what we call the common things God's goodness shines; The flower that blooms, the bird that sings Are both but signs Of love that shines through common things."

I am thankful that my own little boy has the privilege of attending such a school. I am thankful for the ability and the industry of every teacher in that school. I am thankful for the opportunity my child has for the study of nature as he trudges, on his way to school, along the broad country road. I am thankful for the things I have learned while walking with him in these little journeys on bright sunny mornings such as Nebraska knows.

The happiest man is the one who keeps ever in touch with nature and is not ashamed to give the good God thanks for all the blessings that come to men. Recently I read a little poem entitled "The Praise Meeting of the Flowers" and to this poem I am partly indebted for the thought which I have put into prose.

The flowers of many climates and all seasons met for praise and loving worship in a stately garden. The gentle ministers whom someone has called "The sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into" came to meet the Master. At His dear feet the rose broke her box of precious ointment. The passion flower, grateful for the strength of self denial, wore His symbols on her breast as what might please Him best. The morning glories brought dainty toy-like trumpets through which to sound His praise.

Then someone asked if any there had reason to be grateful. "And high on every peak a

statue seemed to hang on tip-toe, tossing up a cloud of incense."

The clover, sweet blossom of the wayside, rose to give its testimony likening the Master's word to honey. The lilies spoke of faith; the king-cup and her kindred gave thanks for the sunshine. The sunflower, the little daisies and the astors said, "We follow toward the light." The alpine roses praised Him for the mountains, the violets blessed Him for the valleys. The air plants thanked Him for the breath they never lacked, the lichens for the rocks to which they clung. The salt sea mosses thanked Him for the waters and all the baptised lilies said "Amen." The azalias and the graceful, feathery fern gave thanks for the cool green woodland; the camelias and all the sweet breathed pinks rejoiced for all the riches of the gardens and all the gentle thoughts of those who tended them. The pilgrim's Mayflower "that cometh after snow, the humblest and the sweetest of all the flowers that blow" gave thanks for the sunshine that follows the storm and for the great warm heart of Mother Earth. The little trembling harebells with softest music sang their song of praise. The day lilies gave thanks for the day; the evening primrose for the night; the poppies that "He giveth his beloved sleep." A sweet faced pansy, "purple with love's wound," and a darling mignonette walked out the line of grateful plants singing their thanks for every weather, the sunshine and the wet, the calm and the blow. And then the goldenrod—Nebraska's chosen flower, whose "sunshaped blossoms show how souls receive the light of God and unto earth give back that glow"—Nebraska's goldenrod, grateful for all the good that blossoms from Nebraska soil, led all its comrades in the singing of a simple song of everlasting love and life.

Then as the flowers both great and small knelt as though in simple prayer, the sweet voiced birds gave from their very hearts a song of thankful praise. All was silence as the Master raised His holy hand. A benediction rested on the throng of buds and blossoms, of birds and butterflies. The very atmosphere was filled with peace and love; and then they heard the Master say in gentlest voice that ever fell upon the listening ear of man: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

RICHARD L. METCALFE.

The Commoner's Million Army

In the campaign of 1908 The Commoner's Million Army rendered distinguished service to the cause of democracy and it may well be believed that a similar organization will even be able to do better work in the year of 1910 now that men who were heretofore indifferent are aroused to the importance of action.

If half of the readers of The Commoner would take active interest in the organization of this Million Army plan, the results would be immediately noticeable and the contribution to the welfare of popular government would be enormous.

Many individuals are willing to help in a

patriotic movement but find it difficult to know just what to do to make their efforts count. In a struggle such as the one we are now engaging in, the efforts of every man, woman and child on the side of popular government will count and in The Commoner's Million Army a practical plan is presented whereby the efforts of many individuals may be aggregated and used with telling effect.

Let every Commoner reader ask his neighbor, "Have you joined The Commoner's Million Army?" Let every Commoner reader lend a hand to this particular effort at democratic organization. A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, will bring great results.

APPLICATION BLANK
The Commoner's Million Army
I hereby enlist in The Commoner's Million Army, and pledge my assistance to secure the nomination of only worthy and incorruptible men as democratic candidates; that I will attend democratic primaries and nominating conventions, and assist in promoting the great democratic campaign of education by devoting a reasonable share of my time to the distribution of literature. I will recommend worthy persons for membership in The Commoner's Million Army, and in any way I can assist to increase the usefulness of this organization.
Signed
Address
With the understanding that Mr. Bryan agrees to accept annual subscriptions to The Commoner from members of this Army at a net rate of 65 cents each, and that each subscription to The Commoner shall include a subscription to The American Homestead (a strong home and farm paper)—thus leaving The Commoner free to devote its undivided efforts to political matters and current events—I enclose herewith 65 cents for one annual subscription to The Commoner (including The American Homestead). If you are already a subscriber to The Commoner and do not care to extend your expiration date at this time, the last paragraph above may be disregarded.