

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 324-520 South 12th Street
One Year.....\$1.00	Three Months..... .25
Six Months..... .50	Single Copy..... .05
In Clubs of Five or more, per year... .75	Sample Copies Free, Foreign Post. 5c Extra.

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THE COMMONER, Lincoln, Neb.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

"Boys will be boys," they tell us,
These kindly souls who think
That every boy
Is an unmixed joy,
And can't get on the blink,
No matter though the youngsters
May drive us crazy blind,
With tearful eyes
Somebody cries:
"Boys will be boys. Be kind."

All over this big city
The boys by thousands run
Regarding nought
Of what they ought,
So long as they have "fun."
No others' rights respected,
No laws regarded, they
Bang in and out,
And cruise about
Along the hoodlum way.

"Boys will be boys," they tell us,
These foolish friends who hate
To check the joys
Of thoughtless boys
Until it is too late;
These boys are quickly growing
Around us everywhere,
And as they grow,
Fool friends should know
Boys will be men. Beware!
—W. J. Lampton, in New York Times.

"THE TRUSTS HAVE WON"

Joplin, Mo., May 31, 1911.—W. J. Bryan, Lincoln, Neb. Dear Sir: I have just read your words, "The Trusts Have Won." As a very private and submerged citizen of our country, I wish to thank you for them. While I have watched your consistency as a guardian of the people for years, still your criticism of the high court in this instance is startling. Once more yours has been a "voice crying out in the wilderness." Again you will draw the shafts of contumely from your political pupils—regardless of their prominence. You are too daring in your review of the late decisions to touch their popularity in this hour of blind enthusiasm. The people are so thankful for anything that seems to succor that any seeming help carries them away. But again Bryan's words will come home to them in time.

Wishing you health and happiness, and realizing more than ever that the people have a watchman in the tower, I remain yours truly,
J. L. POWER.

"Until the End of the War" --- A Reminder of the Late John P. Altgeld

How time does change the opinions of men! The late John P. Altgeld had, during his lifetime, no severer critic than the Philadelphia North American, a republican paper. In its Memorial Day issue, the Philadelphia North American referred to Governor Altgeld as "a prophetic patriot." The following is an extract from the North American's editorial:

Enlistment must be not for any "whole summer," but "until the end of the war," for it is bound to be a long, desperate conflict. It will be so because the majority of the well-meaning, honorable majority of the people of the east are now standing by the forces of dishonest and destructive privilege in strength, as mistaken as the brave, ardent, honorable men of the south did half a century ago. And this because they could understand the concrete evil of physical slavery, but have not yet attained understanding of the more vile industrial servitude which concentrated wealth now seeks to impose upon every class in every American community.

Therefore, we speak our Memorial day message now in the words which a prophetic patriot spoke nine years ago. They called him a demagogue and an anarchist even so recently. But this was the peroration of the speech delivered by John P. Altgeld, at Joliet, March 11, 1902. As he pronounced the last words of this address the ex-governor of Illinois fainted, and remained unconscious until his death on the following day:

"But, some one says, is there any use in our making an effort? Are not all of the bankers of this country, all of the trusts and great corporations of this country, all of the powerful forces of this country, is not the fashion of this country, are not the drawing rooms and the clubs of this country now controlled by concentrated and corrupt wealth? Are they not growing stronger every year, and do they not vilify and attempt to crush everybody that does not submit?"

"Can anything be accomplished in the way of curbing this great force and protecting the American people?"

"My friends, let me cite you a parallel: George William Curtis and other writers of his day have described the slave power back in the fifties. They tell us that slavery sat in the white house and made laws in the capitol; that

courts of justice were its ministers; that senators and legislators were its lackeys; that it controlled the professor in his lecture room, the editor in his sanctum, the preacher in his pulpit; that it swaggered in the drawing room; that it ruled at the clubs; that it dominated with an iron hand all the affairs of society; that every year enlarged its power, every move increased its dominion; that the men and the women who dared to even question the divinity of that institution were ostracized, were persecuted, were vilified—aye, were hanged.

"But the great clock in the chamber of the omnipotent never stands still. It ticked away the years as it had once ticked away the centuries. Finally it struck the hour, and the world heard the tread of a million armed men, and slavery vanished from America forever.

"Note the parallel: Today the syndicate rules at the white house and makes laws at the capitol; courts of justice are its ministers; senators and legislators are its lackeys. It controls the preacher in his pulpit, the professor in his lecture room, the editor in his sanctum; it swaggers in the drawing room; it rules at the clubs; it dominates with a rod of iron the affairs of society. Every year enlarges its power; and the men and women who protest against the crimes that are being committed by organized greed in this country—who talk of protecting the American people—are ostracized, are vilified, are hounded and imprisoned.

"It seems madness even to question the divinity of the American syndicate. But, my friends, the great clock is still ticking—still ticking. Soon it will again strike the hour, and the world will see not one million, but ten million free men rise up, armed not with muskets, but with free-men's ballots, and the sway of the syndicate will vanish from America forever. * * *

"I am not discouraged. Things will right themselves. The pendulum swings one way and then another. But the steady pull of gravitation is toward the center of the earth. Any structure must be plumb if it is to endure, or the building will fall.

"So it is with nations—wrong may seem to triumph; right may seem to be defeated; but the gravitation of eternal justice is toward the throne of God. Any political institution which is to endure must be plumb with that line of justice."

"THE RAINBOW OF TESTIMONY"

Roger C. Craven, of Omaha, Neb.; in Memorial Day address: "The exercises today as a whole are a prayer for peace here and everywhere, in recollection and dread of war. A treaty providing for unlimited international arbitration is before the cabinets of three of the strongest nations of the world. When Lee stood admiring the magnificence of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, he said: 'It is well that war is so terrible, else we might become too fond of it.' When Grant, who had taken the sword of Lee at Appomattox, was called to direct the civil affairs of the government, his words, 'Let us have peace,' fell like balm upon a country still bruised, confused and contentious. The whole world is now repeating those words as a petition, not to the god of battles, but to the God of love and mercy. And opportunity, bearing an olive branch of everlasting green and arrayed in the raiment of an angel from heaven, has knocked at the door of the American white house. The portal has been opened by a president with vision to behold and heart to welcome her. She has dictated to him a message to all nations, and has taken him by the hand to distinguish him, it seems likely, as one of the towering figures of history by permitting him to stand, with the flag of the United States of America above his head, at the opening of an era of permanent and universal peace. For we believe we can see appearing at last through the tears of all the world's wars the rainbow of testimony that never again shall the earth be deluged with a flood of blood and fire."

"PEACE ON EARTH"

Copy of a letter to Nicholas Murray Butler, president of the American association for international conciliation, from Baron d'Estournelles de Constant:
New York, June 7, 1911.—My Dear Presi-

dent: My long campaign, so admirably organized by your association around the United States is now accomplished, and I am going back to France, after an absence of more than three months—exactly 103 days.

Let me ask you to express my gratitude to the many friends who have welcomed and helped me.

From New York to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New Orleans, Austin, (Texas), Arizona, California, Oregon, Washington state to Utah, Colorado and so many fine cities of the middle west, from the Mexican to the Canadian frontiers, I have found many different states, many different climates, cultures and populations, but one and the same national spirit everywhere, amongst all classes of people. All, young or old, rich or poor, men and women, students and teachers, employers and employes, all are deeply devoted to their country and altogether understand that the best way to serve it is to organize good relations with the other nations, so that they can develop in peace the incalculable resources of its future.

French and American pioneers have been united in the past for the creation of your great country and their successors remained united afterwards for the conquest of your liberty. Today our union is as necessary as ever. We have to crown the work of our ancestors and to contribute to found peace for the generations who come after us.

Many thanks again and let us say once more together: En avant! Yours faithfully,
d'ESTOURNELLES de CONSTANT.

THERE ARE OTHERS

The New York World says: "We do not include Mr. Bryan in the category of sensible democrats." Of course not. The sensible democrat with the New York World is one who will, while holding the word of promise to the people's ear, break it to their hope.