

The Commoner

ISSUED WEEKLY

WILLIAM J. BRYAN CHARLES W. BRYAN
Editor and Proprietor. Publisher.
RICHARD L. METCALFE Editorial Rooms and Business
Associate Editor. Office 324-330 So. 12th Street.

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

One Year.....\$1.00	Three Months.....25c
Six Months.....50c	Single Copy.....5c
In Clubs of 5 or more	Sample Copies Free
per Year.....75c	Foreign Postage 52c Ex-
	tra.

SUBSCRIPTIONS can be sent direct to The Commoner. They can also be sent through newspapers which have advertised a clubbing rate, or through local agents, where sub-agents have been appointed. All remittances should be sent by postoffice money order, express order, or by bank draft on New York or Chicago. Do not send individual checks, stamps or money.

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. It is therefore assumed that continuance is desired unless subscribers order discontinuance, either when subscribing or at any time during the year. **PRESENTATION COPIES:** Many persons subscribe for friends, intending that the paper shall stop at the end of the year. If instructions are given to this effect they will receive attention at the proper time.

RENEWALS.—The date on your wrapper shows when your subscription will expire. Thus, Jan. 31, '06, means that payment has been received to and including the last issue of January, 1906. Two weeks are required after money has been received before the date on wrapper can be changed.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers requesting a change of address must give OLD as well as the NEW address.

ADVERTISING—rates furnished upon application. Address all communications to

THE COMMONER, Lincoln, Neb.

Commoner Day, Saturday, February 24.

The beef trust seems unwilling to accept the clean bill of health given it by Mr. Garfield.

But is Justice Deuel the only judicial officer on the bench who is using his position to line his pockets?

Make The Commoner's circulation a million a week. See "The Commoner Day" announcement on another page.

By the time the canal workmen have exhausted the amusements provided for them they will be too tired to do any digging.

Perhaps a portion of your life insurance premiums was spent in keeping the social affairs of some of the insurance officials out of "society" papers.

Senator Depew is suffering from aphasia, which means the loss of memory of words. Perhaps "resign" is the word the gentleman is trying to recall.

Justice Deuel and Colonel Mann are now able to sympathize with the regretful gentleman who blew into the muzzle of a gun to ascertain if it was loaded.

There are a number of "self-made men" in congress who seem to have forgotten to put any regard for the rights of the people into their architectural designs.

Several virtuous papers that took the "literary matter" prepared by the press agents of the life insurance companies are very severe in their denunciations of "Town Topics."

There are some advantages in being the wooer of the daughter of the humble citizen around the corner. The neighborhood may know it, but not the whole blooming universe.

President Roosevelt will have to think up something better than a tilt with congress if he expects to be the most prominent Roosevelt in the public eye during the next week or two.

General Grosvenor says the term "stand pat" was secured from a disreputable source. But the doughty generalissimo of figures didn't have the nerve to say so while Mr. Hanna was alive.

The mental and patriotic calibre of the republican congressional majority is shown by Mr. Payne's statement that joint statehood was sought about by the republicans because separate statehood would have meant "four more at-large senators." Partisan politics is of much

The Commoner.

VOLUME 6, NUMBER 6

more concern with statesmen of the Payne brand than either justice or patriotism.

There are two things to regret about the conviction and sentence of Captain Van Shaick, of the ill-fated steamer General Slocum. One is that the imprisonment of Captain Van Shaick did not begin sooner, and another is that it will end so soon.

The Washington Post suggests that if Colonel Mann is sent to prison his victims should be sent to the foolish house. We object. There are many unfortunate lunatics in the asylums who have done nothing to warrant the infliction of such odorous company upon them.

Secretary of State Root wastes time when he stops to assure the public that there is no truth in the report that Japan is trying to purchase

the Philippine islands. Uncle Sam seems destined to go down in history as the last of the international goldbrick purchasers.

The house majority is manufacturing some good campaign material for the minority.

Robert Ferry, aged about forty-eight, died December 26, 1905, at the home of John T. Faulkner at Paulina, Crook county, Oregon. Mr. Faulkner writes that he understands that Mr. Ferry had some relatives in Nebraska. He is under the impression that a brother-in-law of Mr. Ferry is a Nebraska banker. Mr. Ferry lived in Paulina for six or seven years. He was five feet, eight inches tall, dark complexion, dark hair, and slender build. This is published at Mr. Faulkner's request for the benefit of any of Mr. Ferry's relatives under whose eyes it may come.

A REVIVAL OF THE OLD

In recent years an effort has been made by the leaders of society to establish the colorless and scentless flowers of unpronounceable names in leadership in the floral world. By the decree of the "400" these unattractive flowers were to serve as substitutes for the "bleeding heart," the "honeysuckle," the "daisy," the "pansy," the sweet "violet," and the various other things of beauty and joys forever in the flower-bed—flowers whose names even a child may pronounce and whose beauty even the unlettered may appreciate.

But somehow or other the old favorites of the floral kingdom retain their standing and, somehow or other, men are not drawn—even by the decree of society—to the worship of flowers that take but do not give. Somehow or other the ordinary man is even yet attracted by a form, and beauty, and fragrance which one may enjoy and understand without first obtaining a diploma from a college of botany.

This would, indeed, be "a merry world, my masters," if the men and women of today resolutely turned their backs upon some of the "new things" in life and took up with some of the things that lived and flourished in the times of the fathers and mothers. It would be well for the world if we could have "a revival of the old" all along the line.

Let us search the attics where our old books have been stored and produce for the benefit of the children better and more entertaining tales than have ever been written by the boasted novelists of the present day. There is no occasion for one to go into ecstasy over such books as "To Have and to Hold" or "Alice of Old Vincennes," while the stories of James Fenimore Cooper, much more realistic, much more probable, much more interesting, remain hidden in our attics covered with the dust of years and unperused by the people of today. Edward Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster" is a better story than William Dean Howells ever wrote. Louise M. Alcott's "Little Men" and "Little Women" have never yet been matched as interesting and entertaining reading for the young and old. The boys of today who search for light and lively fiction know little or nothing of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the great Massachusetts writer of boy stories, or of Horatio Alger—men who wrote tales at once interesting and instructive.

Books, and books, and books are written today, and yet they are not nearly so satisfactory as some of the few volumes that were published in the long ago.

We are all too apt to worship at some new shrine and all too apt to forget the merit of the old in our anxiety to pay undue tribute to the new.

We go into ecstasy over some of the recent day songs, yet we forget the many very interesting things that have been presented by the bards of the past.

"Ben Bolt," one of the sweetest of all the verses ever penned by man, would be practically unknown today but for the fact that it was set to music and that it figured in a recent novel. Its high character as a touching piece of poetry is not fully appreciated by the men of today. Abraham Lincoln, perhaps, could not make a rhyme, but there was poetry as well as music in his soul, and he knew what genuine poetry was when he selected "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" as his favorite poem. The member of the literary society who would subscribe to the statement that "Oh, Why Should

the Spirit of Mortal Be Found?" is entitled to high rank in literature would be immediately written down as undeserving of a place in polite society, but Abraham Lincoln's favorite poem will bear re-reading, where some of the productions of the present day would be cast aside after a mere glance.

It would be well, too, if the disposition toward "a revival of the old" could take a firm hold upon our church choirs. Sunday after Sunday great congregations composed of men and women anxiously seeking not for profound things but for those things that strike a responsive chord in the human heart, assemble throughout this country to listen to airs they can not appreciate, straining their ears for words made unintelligible by the necessity of obtaining what we believe the choir master calls the "range of voice." "Nearer My God to Thee," the greatest song that was ever written, set to the sweetest music that was ever sung, is not heard and can not be heard in the average church. The old fashioned books are full of better songs, of more exquisite music, than are produced by the average church choir.

While we are obtaining more of the old flowers, of the old books, of the old poems, of the old songs let us have more of the old fashioned women, who, like our mothers, lived and loved and loved and lived, not conspicuous for ability as club lecturers, or as impossible reformers, but notable as thoughtful and devoted mothers, as earnest and faithful wives as uncrowned queens of perfect homes.

Let us have more of the old fashioned girl, who was taught that no woman was so well-to-do that she should not be educated in the arts of the good housewife. Let us have more of the old fashioned girl, whose beauty was adorned the most because it was adorned the least; who knew more about healthy outdoor exercise and practical indoor household duties than she did of pink teas.

Let us have more of the old fashioned men who believed in the brotherhood of man; whose lives were not devoted to the game of grab; who practiced the same religion during the six days in the week that they heard preached on the seventh; who stood up for truth and right for the sake of truth and right, and who never sacrificed principle for the sake of expediency.

Let us have more of the old fashioned boy, who had never learned to inhale cigarette smoke into his lungs; who honored his father and his mother, spent his evenings at home, his Sundays at church, and who devoted his recreation hours to sports that improved the intellectual as well as the physical in man.

Let us have more of the old fashioned husbands who made of their wives real companions, who honored them, loved them, cared for them and protected them as queens of the home and the trainers of future citizens.

Let us have more of the old fashioned love; the old fashioned love that made children a blessing to their parents; the old fashioned love between friends; the old fashioned, pure and lasting love demonstrated in the friendships of the Ben Bolts.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.

Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends; yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale.

RICHARD L. METCALFE.