

A Great Week in Kentucky

"Home Coming" in Kentucky was a great occasion. During the week appropriate ceremonies were participated in at Louisville by thousands of Kentuckians now living in other states as well as by thousands of the "home folks." On the opening day Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, delivered the following address of welcome:

"Once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian. From the cradle to the grave, the arms of the mother-land, stretched forth in mother-love—the bosom of the mother-land, immortal as the ages, yet mortal in maternal affection, warmed by the rich, red blood of Virginia—the voice of the mother-land, reaching the farthest corners of the earth in tones of heavenly music—summon the errant to the roof-tree's shade and bid the wanderer home. And what wanderer was ever loath to come? Whether upon the heights of fortune and fame, or down amid the shadows of the valley of death and despair, the true Kentuckian, seeing the shining eyes and hearing the mother-call, sends back the answering refrain:

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee."

Behold, in this great, exultant multitude, the proof!

"Kentucky! Old Kentucky! The very name has had a charm, has wrought a spell, has made a music, all its own; has woven on its Sylvan loom a glory quite apart from the glory of Virginia, Kentucky's mother, and the glory of Tennessee, Kentucky's sister. It has bloomed in all hearts where manhood and womanhood hold the right of way. The drama of the ages told in pulse beats finds here an interlude which fiction vainly emulates and history may not overleap. Not as the Greek, seeking Promethean fire, and the oracles of Delphos, nor as the Roman filled with the joy of living and the lust of conquest; not as the Viking, springing to the call of wind and wave, nor as the Latin, neither as the Briton and the Teuton, eager for mastership on land and sea, the Kentuckian, whom we, in filial homage, salute progenitor. He was as none of these. Big in bone and strong of voice—the full-grown man prefigured by the psalmist—never the ocean mirrored his fancies nor snow-clad peaks that reach the skies inspired; but the mystery of strange lands, the savagery of nature and the song of the greenwood tree.

"The star that shone above him and led him on was love of liberty, the beacon of his dreams, the light of the fireside. He cut a clearing in the wildwood and called it home. He read not romance, he made it; nor poetry, he lived it; his the forest epic, the Iliad of the cane-brake, the Odyssey of the frontier, the unconscious prose-poem of the rifle and the camp, the block-house and the plow, the holy Bible and the old field school!

"Happy the man who sat in childhood upon a well loved grandsire's knee, awed by the telling of the wondrous tale; how even as the Dardanae followed Aeneas, the Virginians followed Boone. The route from Troy to Tiber not wearier nor flanked by greater hazard than that betwixt the shores of the Chesapeake and the falls of the Ohio; the mountains standing gorgon-like, across the pathless way, as if defending each defile, to hold inviolate some dread, forbidden secret.

The wierd wastes of wilderness beyond; the fordless stream; the yawning chasm; the gleam of the tomahawk and the hiss of the serpent; yet ever onward, spite of the haunting voice of the element, stripped for the death struggle with man, spite of the silence and the solitude of reluctant nature, like some fawn-eyed maiden, resisting his rude intrusion; ever onward; before him the promised land of the hunter's vision—in his soul the grace of God, the fear of hell and the love of Virginia!

God bless Virginia! Heaven smile upon her as she prepares to celebrate with fitting rite three centuries of majestic achievement, the star crown upon her brow, the distaff in her hand, nor spot, nor blur to dim the radiance of her shield!

"They came, the Virginians, in their homespun quest of homes; their warrant, their rifles; their payment the blood of heroes; nor yet forgetting a proverb the Chinese have that 'it needs a hundred men to make a fortress, but only a woman can make a home'—for they were quick to go back for their women; their wives and their sweethearts; our grandmothers, who stood by their side, beautiful and dauntless, to load their fowling-pieces, to dress their wounds, to cheer them on to battle, singing their simple requiems over the dead at Boonesborough, and bringing water from the spring at Bryan's Station, heart broken only when the news came back from the River Basin.

"I am here to welcome you in the name of all of the people of this lovely city, in the name of all of the people of this renowned commonwealth, to welcome you as kith and kin; but you will not expect me, I am sure, to add thereto more than the merest outline of the history of Kentucky, as it is known to each and every one of you, from the time when the pathfinders, under the lead of Harrod and Henderson, of Boone and Kenton, blazed their way through the forest, and the heroes, led by Logan and Shelby, by Scott and Clark, rescued the land from the savage, to the hour which smiles upon us here this day; a history resplendent with illustrious names and deeds; separating itself into three epochs and many episodes and adventures in woodcraft and war-craft and state-craft; the period of the Clays, the Breckinridges, and the Crittendens, with its sublime struggle to preserve the union of the states as it had come down to them from the revolution, with always the Marshalls and Wycliffes, the Boyles and the Rowans, the Johnsons and the Browns, the Adairs, the Deshas and the McDowells, somewhere at the fore—'Old Ben Hardin' having a niche all to himself—none of them greater than he; the period of the war of sections, when even the Clays, the Crittendens and the Breckinridges were divided, when for a season the skies were hung in sable and all was dark as night, the very sacrifices that had gone before seemed to have been in vain, the 'dark and bloody ground' of barbaric fancy come into actual being through the passions and mistakes of Christian men; and finally, the period after the war of sections, when the precept, 'once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian,' was met by the answering voice, 'blood is thicker than water,' and the Goodloes, the Ballards and the

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THE OREGON ELECTION

Although some republican leaders insist that the Oregon election was "a dog fall," the press generally seems to regard the results as distinctly favorable to the democracy. Pointing out that some republicans contend that the election of the democratic candidate for governor was because of "his acceptance of Rooseveltian doctrines," the Boston Herald says that this is "a good augury" for the election of a democrat to the White House in 1908. The Herald adds: "So look out for paradoxes in politics in the next presidential campaign."

Other editorial comments follow:

Indianapolis Star (Rep.): The republicans of Oregon are reaping a bitter harvest from the seeds of corruption that successive generations of hoodling bosses have planted in its civic life.

Philadelphia Record (Ind.): It was notable that even the extraordinary popularity of Roosevelt did not avail to prevent a dwindling of republican majorities.

Seranton, (Pa.) Truth (Rep.): Ordinarily the state is republican, but the conviction of Sen-

ator Mitchell and the two congressmen for complicity in land grant frauds was a severe handicap to the republican ticket.

Indianapolis News (Rep.): While the election in Oregon does not indicate a revolution, it does show democratic gains.

Florida Times-Union (Dem.): The voters of Oregon evidently considered something besides party lines.

Louisville (Ky.) Herald (Rep.): Abroad and active still is the independent voter. The Oregon election for governor and congressmen shows his presence and power.

Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald (Dem.): A continuance of gains will render the state safely democratic in 1908. Public sentiment in national matters is certainly in a shifting condition when the democrats can re-elect a governor in a state that gave Roosevelt 42,934 plurality.

Boston Advertiser (Rep.): It is true that Oregon has been carried by the democratic candidate for governor, even while the republican congressmen have been elected just after the public had been told repeatedly from Washington that congress and the president were not in general agreement.

THE PRIMARY PLEDGE

As this copy of The Commoner may be read by some one not familiar with the details of the primary pledge plan, it is necessary to say that according to the terms of this plan every democrat is asked to pledge himself to attend all of the primaries of his party to be held between now and the next democratic national convention, unless unavoidably prevented, and to secure a clear, honest and straight-forward declaration of the party's position on every question upon which the voters of the party desire to speak. Those desiring to be enrolled can either write to The Commoner approving the object of the organization and asking to have their names entered on the roll, or they can fill out and mail the blank pledge, which is printed on page 12.

Ell Turner, Redkey, Ind.—Enclosed please find primary pledge with 35 signatures.

Jacob Myers, Grover Hill, Ohio—Herewith, I hand you five signatures to the primary pledge.

R. M. Brann, Anson, Tex.—You will find enclosed primary pledge with 15 signatures.

Edmond Sapp, Newburg, West Va.—Enclosed find following names signed to the primary pledge. Please send each of them a copy of The Commoner. I am still a Jeffersonian democrat and intend to remain so. Please send me another blank pledge.

Alexander S. White, Sidney, O.—Mr. Thomas Briggs who is and always has been a very enthusiastic Bryan man has secured the signatures already of every democrat here. There are not many things I would not do to further the interests of my country, but I think I could not get any more signers here.

J. M. Cain, Buffalo, W. Va.—I will send you the primary pledge with a few signers. If I had the time, I could secure from fifty to one hundred good democrats, but I am preparing for an examination and have not the time. I wish you would send me three copies of The Commoner explaining this organization.

SPECIAL OFFER

The following have sent in subscriptions in number as follows: John T. Tansey, Albany, N. Y., 6; John R. Boddle, St. Louis, Mo., 12; George Given, Urbana, Ohio, 7; A. C. Karrick, Cynthia, Ky., 7; C. H. Thomason, Pauls Valley, I. T., 6; James W. Hill, Joplin, Mo., 12; J. D. Atkinson, Pinetops, N. C., 6; H. C. Prewitt, Lanes, Mo., 7; F. M. Usher, Fulton, Ky., 6; Rhodes I. Gregory, Canton, Ohio, 8; B. J. Williams, Greenville, Texas, 6; M. W. Mitchell, Weiser City, Idaho, 6; H. B. Jones, Arapahoe, Okla., 8; John Youmans, Westfield, Pa., 11; E. J. Hall, Marion, Ind., 14.

Everyone who approves the work The Commoner is doing is invited to co-operate along the lines of the special subscription offer. According to the terms of this offer cards each good for one year's subscription to The Commoner will be furnished in lots of five, at the rate of \$3 per lot. This places the yearly subscription rate at 60 cents.

Any one ordering these cards may sell them for \$1 each, thus earning a commission of \$2 on each lot sold, or he may sell them at the cost price and find compensation in the fact that he has contributed to the educational campaign.

These cards may be paid for when ordered, or they may be ordered and remittance made after they have been sold. A coupon is printed below for the convenience of those who desire to participate in this effort to increase The Commoner's circulation:

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Application for Subscription Cards	
5	Publisher Commoner: I am interested in increasing The Commoner's circulation, and desire you to send me a supply of subscription cards. I agree to use my utmost endeavor to sell the cards, and will remit for them at the rate of 60 cents each, when sold. NAME..... BOX, OR STREET NO..... P. O..... STATE..... Indicate the number of cards wanted by marking X opposite one of the numbers printed on end of this blank. If you believe the paper is doing a work that merits encouragement, fill out the above coupon and mail it to THE COMMONER, Lincoln, Neb.
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