

"Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where They May"

No man who is financially connected with a corporation that is seeking privileges ought to act as a member of a political organization, because he can not represent his corporation and the people at the same time. He can not serve the party while he is seeking to promote the financial interests of the corporation with which he is connected.

The Commoner

ISSUED WEEKLY

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"Ryan must go!" declares the New York Press. What, just after performing such herculean labor in the campaign for Mr. Hughes?

The lone bandit who held up a Pullman sleeper full of people near Kansas City and only realized \$65 must have overlooked the porter.

The Pullman stockholders might get rid of a portion of that embarrassing surplus by helping the public pay the wages of the Pullman porters.

Senator Dryden will postpone the pleasant task of having fun with Senator LaFollette until he attends to a little matter of business down in Trenton.

Lieutenant Peary gained the "furthest north," but he did not really suffer from the cold until he was asked to tell Vice President Fairbanks about it.

If the battle of 1908 is to be won by the forces of democracy, the work of preparation must begin now, and must not be allowed to lag an instant.

The Topeka Herald is wondering if the Japanese want the Philippines. Some one must have been telling the Herald that the Japanese were growing flighty.

Senators Foraker and Dick carried Ohio "without reserve," and if President Roosevelt can find any comfort in that fact he is entitled to it "without reserve."

"Do you know what sleep is?" queries the San Antonio Gazette. To be sure. It is the thing we would enjoy if we didn't have to get up so early in the morning.

Senator Smoot still holds on, but Senator Dubois must go. The Mormon vote seems considerably more of a political factor than the W. C. T. U. opposition.

"Their own greed will drive the trusts to destruction," shouts the New York Evening Journal. Perhaps, but what is to become of the people in the meantime?

Mr. Edison has kindly given us another six months in which to get rid of our horses. We are looking for a man to insure us the use of one for the next six months.

Senator Dolliver told the people of Iowa that there is no lumber trust, but the people of Major Lacey's district seem to have taken the statement with copious sprinklings of salt.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, the famous English alienist, asks: "Is the world going crazy?" The Pennsylvania election returns doubtless brought the query to Dr. Winslow's mind.

A Washington paper speaks about the presence of many strangers on the streets of the national capital. Perhaps they are cabinet officers returning from their campaign travels.

A London banker declares that Uncle Sam's financial system is imperfect. Gracious; we're marrying our millionaire girls to British titles about as fast as any one could rightfully expect.

Those eminent Pennsylvania gentlemen who made a profit of \$9,000,000 in building a \$4,500,000 state house have every reason to point to the result in Pennsylvania as a vindication of their graft.

The workingmen of Colorado who divided their strength at the polls again experience the doubtful pleasure of seeing the offices filled by capitalistic interests that never fail to act as a whole.

Massachusetts and Rhode Island are now the only states that elect a governor every year. Rhode Island has just demonstrated that the yearly election is occasionally a good thing for the state.

Mayor Tom Johnson has triumphed over twenty-three injunctions and finally secured a three-cent street car fare in Cleveland. With twenty-three decisions in his favor it was "skidoo" for his opponents.

Representative Lacey's home county gave the head of the republican ticket nearly 500 majority, but Mr. Lacey lost it by 34. Representative Lacey will soon have leisure in which to revise his "standpat" doctrines.

The Cedar Rapids Gazette is demanding that the pure food inspectors take cognizance of the railroad eating house sandwich. The Gazette is paving the way for an accusation of being the advocate of "paternalism."

By the way, speaking of the little matter teaching people the art of good self-government, what's the matter with bringing a lot of the teachers home from the Philippines and locating them in Pennsylvania?

The popular idea that the governorship of New York is a stepping-stone to the presidency will be rudely shattered when it is recalled that in thirty years only one New York governor has removed from Albany to the White House, and his name was Grover Cleveland. Mr. Roosevelt left the state house at Albany to become vice president, not to become president.

President Roosevelt, Elihu Root and Pat McCarran made a combination that Mr. Hearst could not beat. It remains to be seen what effect the combination will have on a couple of eminent gentlemen connected with it.

"I'm off for the ditch," remarked President Roosevelt as he boarded the vessel that was to convey him to Panama. What the president meant was that he was off to view the hole where so much American money has been sunk.

BASE INGRATITUDE

(The Cedar Rapids, Ia., Gazette of November 17 contains the following interesting dispatch. "McPherson, Kan., Nov. 17.—Secretary Root will not do for a presidential candidate. He sits in the inner councils of the trusts, is Thomas F. Ryan's right-hand man, and for several years has been chief counsel in every nefarious scheme that has been foisted on the American people." This sentiment was expressed here yesterday by Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa. It was occasioned by a citizen remarking that Root was his personal choice for the presidency.)

Good gracious, Mr. Dolliver, pray will you plainly state
Just who your party could put up if you eliminate
All men who, like friend Elihu, within your party ranks
Have been the right-hand counsel for the scheming trusts and banks?
Say, don't you think, friend Jonathan, you've made the limit small—
So small, in fact, you'll find it hard to nominate at all?
And then, again, friend Jonathan, in this tempestuous hour,
How can you thus speak of the men who gave your party power?

Who was it went to Utica? 'Twas Elihu, of course;
And rent the ambient atmosphere until his throat was hoarse.
Who furnished all the party funds? Why, Ryan and his crew;
And talk like that seems hardly fair from such an one as you.
Who greased the ways with practiced hands until the g. o. p.
Slid into power, Dolliver? I pray you answer me.
And now to hear you loud declare that Elihu won't do—
Good gracious, Mr. Dolliver, now what's a-aching you?

The man who took the frozen snake and gently thawed it out
And then succumbed to poison fangs—you've heard the tale no doubt.
Well, that poor man a victim was of misplaced confidence,
But what about the treachery you'd have your crowd commence?
Sink deep its fangs into the hands that warmed it back to life?
Inject the poison into those who saved it in the strife?
O, Dolliver, we didn't think your party once so grand
Would sink its fangs so awful deep into its savior's hand.