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ISSUED WEEKLY.

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THE COMMONER, Lincoln, Neb.

The sea serpent prevaricator is giving the tariff advocates a brief resting spell.

Mr. Rockefeller seems to have played just enough golf to be able to fuzzle his memory.

An eastern weather prophet predicts ice in August. So do we, if we can secure the price.

If those saucy Japs are not careful we will have to turn General Funston loose among them.

A few copies of "Alone in Cuba" might cause Japan to pause and reflect well upon what may happen.

Perhaps that naval demonstration is merely to show the conference at The Hague just how much we really desire peace.

General Funston does not like the way the San Franciscans act. The general feels about it very much like the Japanese do.

An eastern professor declares that the human soul looks like an oyster. If this be true we know a lot of very soulful men.

"Seven dollar coal stares us in the face!" shrieks the Philadelphia North American. Not in our face. We can't bear to look at it.

The Jamestown exposition managers are convinced that the sending of the battleships to Pacific waters is a grave strategic error.

A Milwaukee man has been fined for carrying a bottle of pop in his pocket. Milwaukee is very severe on men convicted of treason.

"Speak softly and carry a big stick" may be a wise bit of advice, but what about the man who carries a big stick and acts foolishly?

That Pacific naval demonstration will not amount to much if it is as big a four-flush as some recent moves against trusts and combinations.

The wonder is that Mr. Rockefeller should have been able to forget so much between the date of issuing the subpoena and his appearance in court.

The distance from Hampton Roads to San Francisco by way of the Straits of Magellan is 13,676 miles. Add up the figures—"23" for somebody.

The Washington Herald says: "The Atlanta Georgian now admits that a newspaper paragrapher may get to heaven, but must neces-

sarily go via Georgia. That's all right; none of them will complain of that feature." Of course not; but isn't that a roundabout way of getting to Nebraska?

Eugene Schmitz believes that he could be re-elected mayor of San Francisco. He will have another think coming when his present "term" has expired.

Considering the density of his ignorance Mr. Rockefeller is seemingly entitled to great credit for making such a signal success of his financial enterprises.

If the people of Philadelphia will wake up for a moment they will find that the mayor and city council have made another large donation to the traction company.

The Nashville Daily Tennessean, a new daily paper with strong democratic democracy in its makeup, seems to be achieving a well deserved success in its chosen field.

Another Fourth of July has passed and yet no republican orator has pointed out any clause in the Declaration of Independence justifying a colonial policy in the Philippines.

Secretary Cortelyou made a speech at the Jamestown exposition, but carefully avoided any reference to the one subject that American citizens would like to hear him talk about.

"Prices are on a higher level than ever before," says the Chicago Journal. Quite true, but there is a growing suspicion that the cause of the higher prices is not altogether on the level.

The Philadelphia daily newspapers are engaged in a little scrap, and a patient public is hoping that the daily papers will keep it up until each one makes public all the facts about the others.

Mr. Watterson, in giving vent to the slogan, "Back to the constitution," evidently overlooks the fact that a large part of the constitution owes its existence to the initiative and referendum.

Just about the time Mr. Rockefeller's publicity bureau thinks it has him landed on the pinnacle of popularity, along comes some unfeeling baliff with a warrant and forces Uncle John to the underbrush.

After raising rates fifty per cent in order to pay an increased wage of ten per cent, the Western Union Telegraph company wonders why the operators struck when the ten per cent increase was not forthcoming.

The telegraph companies raised rates fifty per cent, giving as an excuse that they had agreed to raise the wage of their operators ten per cent. The sixty per cent still goes, but the ten per cent is still in prospect.

Ambassador Bryce says the southwest "possesses the agricultural wealth of France, the rural beauties of England and the tinted azure skies of Italy." And that clinches the ambassador in the affection of the people of the southwest.

A monkey in the Paris zoo committed suicide when its young girl keeper left it. Not all French monkeys, however, do that sort of thing. But we heard of one that made some loud threats about suicide when separated from his living meal ticket.

The story that Russian secret agents headed off a plot of a lot of common people to rob the imperial treasury of \$50,000,000 sounds like a fairy story. No one has heard of the grand dukes overlooking any opportunities to get ahead of the plain people.

President Roosevelt has ordered an investigation into the causes leading up to the telegraphers' strike. The investigating committee will put in a lot of time trying to dodge the facts about low wages, long hours, hard conditions and broken promises.

Paragaphic Punches

Oxford has made Mark Twain a doctor of literature, and certainly it needs one.—Philadelphia North American.

General Bell denies that he ever said there was anything the matter with the army. We can now breathe freely again.—Portland Express.

Would any of the good old gentlemen who signed the Declaration of Independence have run from a subpoena server?—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mr. Harriman's faculty for making himself both impudent and unpopular continues to manifest itself. It amounts to genius.—Boston Herald.

Reports from Washington indicate that the Knox boom will bear watching. Also, that there are plenty of people watching it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Alfonso is encouraging the Spaniards to play golf. Dignified Castilian will thus be enriched by a new and startling vocabulary.—Minneapolis Journal.

We can hardly believe that Funston meant there is an unwhipped mob in San Francisco. Nothing can long remain unwhipped where Funston is.—Philadelphia Press.

Some Philadelphia person has sent \$400 to the conscience fund at Washington. Probably one of those capitol building grafters returning the price of a lunch.—Omaha Bee.

One of Oklahoma's senators-elect is a blind man, but, to employ an Hibernianism, he can see into a great many things in Washington if he keeps his ears open.—Minneapolis Journal.

Alas! He read the Declaration of Independence in a sonorous voice yesterday. Today he is wearing an alpaca office coat and sneezes when the trust takes snuff.—New York Herald.

A Philadelphia crook has confessed to sixty robberies. Wonder how the board of capitol trimmers happened to miss him when it gave out the contracts?—Philadelphia North American.

Kaiser Wilhelm has at last repeated the Roosevelt stunt of going down in a submarine. Now all he has to do is to start an Ananias Club and then it will be a race for airships.—Newark Star.

The announcement that the steel trust is preparing to operate with gas does not mean, however, that it is going to abandon its valuable and effective hot-air system.—Indianapolis News.

The campaign of the terrorists in Russia is bad enough in itself, but that it is being carried on with \$400,000 stolen from the national treasury adds insult to injury.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

If Phineas T. Barnum were still in business Judge Landis could give him the name of an individual who would surpass the woolly horse in making "the greatest show on earth."—Grand Rapids News.

If any one desires to learn how easily this country is governed he has only to take a stroll at this time through the half deserted bureaus of administration at Washington and Harrisburg.—Philadelphia Record.

A New York girl says she put her name upon an egg and "found a man who loved her." If a hen would only put her name and the date on each egg she would find that every man loved her.—Courier Journal.

In defiance of the higher powers, E. Ingersoll has written a book on "The Wit of the Wild," in which are discussed such subjects as the behavior of jellyfish and the suicide of opossums. The administration has evidently overlooked the imprudent author's book, despite the fact that he lunched at Oyster Bay the other day. Perhaps Loeb has not yet finished reading it.—New York Evening Post.