

# The Commoner.

ISSUED WEEKLY.

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A growing question: "What do you want for Christmas?"

That constant buzzing from Ohio is evidence that one certain "Fire Alarm" has got its wires crossed.

By some oversight the blame for the financial flurry has not yet been laid at the door of Secretary Loeb's office.

Speaker Cannon was re-elected without opposition, probably with a view to having the tariff revised by its friends.

And, again, the democratic party is so built that there is never any question as to the direction in which it is traveling.

It remains to be seen whether a fifty per cent increase in salary means a fifty per cent increase in congressional efficiency.

The management of the Seattle exposition is determined to make it a unique affair. No government aid will be asked.

Great campaigns are won because of organization and definite planning. Enlist in the "Million Army" and help organize and plan.

The Panama canal is floating a loan all right. The indications are, however, that it will be a long time ere it floats anything else.

Now that Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson is a proud father we suppose that there will be another Hobson up in arms most of the time.

The Pittsburg Gazette-Times gravely discusses "The Outlook in Pennsylvania." What Pennsylvania needs is a serious and protracted in-look.

Recruits for the "Million Army" are coming in thick and fast. Let every new recruit immediately become a recruiting officer. There is plenty of work for all.

The attorney general of Minnesota is constructively in jail for contempt, having violated a federal order not to enforce a state law that was declared constitutional by the state supreme court and which he was sworn to enforce. Perhaps some one can untangle this snarl without reviving that old cry about "state's rights" having been "shot to death on an hundred battle-fields."

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It is not a question of the currency reform that congress may desire to establish, but the currency reform that Joseph Cannon is willing to allow, if any.

After undergoing the inconveniences of the recent financial flurry the people will now undergo the tortures of having the magazine writers explain all about it.

Owing to a press of important business, and other things, a number of congressmen accustomed to spend the holiday recess at home will spend it in Washington.

The injunction writ is a valuable remedy at law when properly applied. The trouble with the use made of it now is that it sends workmen to jail and keeps trust magnates out.

The money market having eased up we may expect the reappearance of the opponents of the quantitative theory—if they haven't succumbed during their enforced retirement.

It will be noted that Senator Joseph Benson Foraker is not allowing his boom to be left to the tender mercies of friends while the owner is putting his feet under imperial mahogany.

We refuse the Filipinos self-government because they fought us, and we refuse it to the Porto Ricans who welcomed us with open arms. The lamb always muddies the water when the wolf is hungry.

The Houston Post complains that outside papers do not tell the whole truth about Houston. One of the delights of reading the Houston Post's clever paragraphs is that they tell so much more than the truth about Hustling Houston.

The day before the West Point-Annapolis football game the Boston Herald told us that the West Pointers had a new yell. After reading the result of the game the conclusion was reached that the new yell must have been "Ouch!"

One of the gratifying signs of the times was seen when the daily newspapers gave considerable space to an American heiress who actually married a young American whose forebears have achieved fame by great deeds. This is better than marrying the bearer of foreign title made notorious by his misdeeds.

The man who killed himself because he had seen thirty-six Thanksgiving days without having anything to be thankful for, at least gave the rest of us additional cause for thankfulness. That kind of a man is better off where that man is now—wherever that may be.

### WHY NOT FOREVER?

The Houston (Texas) Post prints an editorial entitled "The Stock Exchange Peril." In general The Commoner agrees with the Post on this subject, but where the Post says "close the stock exchange for awhile," The Commoner moves to amend by striking out the word "awhile" and inserting in lieu thereof the words "all time." The Post article follows:

"In view of the embarrassment and inconvenience the New York banks are causing the rest of the country, why would it not be a good idea to close the New York stock exchange until confidence is fully restored. That would do more to relieve the financial stringency than anything else that could be possibly done at this time. With the speculative activity of the exchange terminated for the while, scores of millions of dollars now required to finance the stock deals would be released for legitimate business purposes and the present suspension of business would come to an end.

"It is a disgrace to the country that every industry, all commerce and the movement of staple products should be hampered by a condition that is for the most part local to New York. The stock operations of the exchange are in no sense essential to the progress and prosperity of the country, and they require the money that is needed for the material business of the nation. No legitimate interest would suffer if the stock exchange were closed for three months and perhaps confidence would be sooner restored if the public could have the assurance that it would never reopen.

"The various devices now employed to in-

crease circulation can afford no permanent relief to the country. The trouble is fundamental and our financial system must be strengthened at the foundation. To increase the tremendous weight now resting upon an inadequate foundation is dangerous. Relieve the situation by taking from our financial structure the deadly burden of the stock exchange and business will proceed without embarrassment.

"The men who depend upon stock jobbing for profits ought not to be permitted to longer distress the country. They are at best but parasites feeding upon the body politic and their welfare is unquestionably a matter of secondary importance compared with the well being of the producing interests of the country.

"The vast volume of money needed in New York at present because of the speculative activity of the stock exchange would soon find its way into legitimate channels if the exchange were closed.

"Close the stock-exchange for awhile."

### "IN GOD WE TRUST"

Takin' God's name off the face  
Of our coin—them words of grace  
That have been through many a year  
So much comfort and such cheer!  
Takin' God's name out my life  
After all these years of strife,  
Well!—and then his eyes grew dim,  
As he muttered out the rest:  
Friends, you tell 'em, I'll be blest,  
Uncle Samuel says, says he,  
That them words he used to see  
Was plenty good enough for him!

Takin' God's name off—di-pen!  
Here's my country full of men  
'At I'm tryin' the best I can  
To bring to stature of a man,  
With the old injunction borne  
In upon 'em night and morn,  
'At we can't do nothin' at all—  
'At we can't keep growin' great,  
Masterin' time an' conquerin' fate,  
Buildin' on foundations strong  
As the teemin' ages throng,  
Lest upon His name we call!

Takin' God's name off—see here!  
Washington, who had no peer,  
Trusted Him; Lincoln, too;  
All my children, Gray and Blue;  
All my stalwart sons of time  
Trusted Him and rung the chime  
On their lips of prayer and praise—  
Mighty are we in His hand,  
Buildin' manhood in the land;  
'Truth and freedom for our star,  
There we was, an' here we are—  
Magnifyin' all His ways!

Takin' God's name off my gold,  
Blottin' out them words I hold,  
Dearer than my children's life,  
Sacrificed for me in strife—  
'S if we'd grown too big to care  
Whether He was watchin' there,  
Whether He was markin' time  
To our march across the years—  
Filled with roses and with tears—  
Tending, guarding us like sheep  
On the hills of toil and sleep,  
With His fatherhood sublime!

Takin' God's name off, you say?  
No more trust in God today?  
No more reverence for His name  
Since we've filled our hearts with flame  
Of the mighty power and strength  
Of a national, length to length?  
Well, you tell 'em, good an' strong,  
As fer Uncle Sam, he thinks  
They've been cuttin' up high-jinks,  
They've been turnin' in their path  
In a way to stir his wrath,  
An', by all the gods, they're wrong!

You just tell 'em I trust God!  
Every bloomin' field and clod  
Of this land of mine is fraught  
With the wonders He has wrought—  
Not with my poor statesmanship,  
Arm of power and grace of lip!  
Tell 'em, sonny, with true vim,  
Uncle Sam is trustin' still,  
With his heart, an' soul, an' will—  
Not in his own growth and might,  
Conquerin' sword and tongue of light—  
But in God; just trustin' Him!

—Baltimore Sun.