

The Commoner. ISSUED WEEKLY

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

WILLIAM J. BRYAN Editor and Proprietor RICHARD L. METCALFE Associate Editor CHARLES W. BRYAN Publisher Editorial Rooms and Business Office, 324-326 South 12th Street

One Year \$1.00 Three Months .25 Six Months .50 Single Copy .05 In Clubs of Five or more, per year. .75 Sample Copies Free. Foreign Post, 5c Extra.

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 post-office money order, express order, or by bank draft on New York or Chicago. Do not send individual checks, stamps or money.

RENEWALS—The date on your wrapper shows the time to which your subscription is paid. Thus 1912. Two weeks are required after money has elapsed to and including the last issue of January, January 21, '12 means that payment 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 new address.

ADVERTISING—Rates will be furnished upon application.

Address all communications to THE COMMONER, Lincoln, Neb.

"IF"

If you can keep your head when all about you Are losing theirs and blaming it on you; If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, But make allowance for their doubting, too. If you can wait and not be tired by waiting, Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies, Or, being hated, don't give way to hating, And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise; If you can dream—and not make dreams your master; If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim; If you can meet with triumph and disaster And treat those two imposters just the same; If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools, Or watch the things you gave your life to broken, And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools; If you can make one heap of all your winnings And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss, And lose, and start again at your beginnings And never breathe a word about your loss; If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew To serve your turn long after they are gone, And so hold on when there is nothing in you Except the will which says to them "Hold on!" If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue, Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch; If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you, If all men count with you, but none too much; If you can fill the unforgiving minute With sixty seconds' worth of distance run, Yours is the earth and everything that's in it, And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son!

—Rudyard Kipling.

"THE MAN IS THE PLATFORM"

Portland (Oregon) Journal: But Mr. Bryan knows that "the man is the platform," and knows what kind of a platform Boss Murphy is. He knows what kind of a platform Boss Guffey is. He knows what kind of a platform Boss Sullivan is. He knows what kind of platforms Thomas F. Ryan, Boss Taggart and the other reactionaries are. Knowing all this, he refused to act with them. He declined the chairmanship of the platform committee. He refuses to harmonize with reaction. He reads passing events with the clear eye of prophecy. He realizes that the Murphys, in league with veneered progressives, are on the verge of destroying and disintegrating the historic democratic party. Mr. Bryan was never greater than in his splendid aloofness from the bosses at Baltimore.

How the Parker 1904 Boom Originated

Julius Chambers wrote and the Brooklyn Daily Eagle printed in its issue of Friday, June 21st, prior to the Baltimore convention, the following interesting article:

The choice of a reactionary democrat for the temporary chairmanship will be a fatal blunder—similar to that Penrose, Barnes, Crane & Co., perpetrated at Chicago. It will rend the democracy of the country exactly as the republican party has been divided! Therefore, Mr. Bryan is right in promptly opposing the selection of ex-Chief Justice Parker for the job.

Judge Parker, personally, is a most amiable and charming man. I have had the highest respect for him ever since I made the long ride from Kingston far into the foothills of the Catskills to accord, to visit him, prior to his election as chief justice of the court of appeals.

Everybody who knows Judge Parker must regret he is not in the front rank of the new political movement which the defeat of forty Roosevelts will not check!

But he isn't! Professional associations probably have much to do with his course.

The only hope of democratic success in November—now that the republican party is in the clutches of reactionaries—lies in the nomination at Baltimore of an out-and-out progressive candidate!

No man affiliated with monopolies, even as hired counsel, can be elected. That is too obvious to require argument. Judge Parker is a corporation lawyer, as is Elihu Root. The selection of Senator Root was a tactical blunder on the part of the over-confident republican bosses. Their conduct recalls Aesop's fable about the dog with the piece of meat. They controlled the convention and could have afforded to be moderate.

However, the same blunder is threatened at Baltimore, due to the stubbornness and want of vision of Murphy, Taggart, Sullivan & Co. Mr. Bryan does right to protest against Judge Parker's selection, not for any personal blemish that can be named against him, but because his record is not that of a public man who has heard the loud cry of the American people for consideration from their public officials!

Ninety-odd million people are tired of boss rule!

Judge Parker is not a boss; but he is the creation of bosses. The late David B. Hill made him a chief justice of the court of appeals and a coterie of bankers in Wall street had him nominated in 1904 to defeat Theodore Roosevelt, on the only occasion in which the latter ever ran for the presidency. It might interest Judge Parker to know the facts about his nomination in 1904, because he may believe—as did the late Benjamin Harrison—that he was a selection by the Almighty and that Providence, instead of Mr. Belmont and others, was his backer. I happen to know every detail of the curious series of events by which Judge Parker was coaxed from the bench to be converted into a presidential candidate. Here they are:

In 1901, William T. Manning and I incorporated the "Cosmographic company" for doing a general advertising business. The company's offices were on Broadway, and we were prosperous for the first year. A great deal of legitimate publicity was done for steamship and railroad companies. But at the end of the second year, finding that the income was not sufficiently large to support the two of us, I turned my half of the corporation over to Mr. Manning. An offer came to me to make a business trip to the Orient and I was absent seven months.

Mr. Manning's long training as a politician had caused him to render signal service along the old lines in electing United States senators in legislatures susceptible to "influence" and in "managing" and "packing" city and state conventions. He had distinguished himself by securing the necessary votes for a certain United States senator in New Jersey when the candidate's friends had abandoned all hope.

These and other reasons, caused William T. Manning to be sent for, in the early spring of 1904, and employed by a cabal of Wall street men to find and nominate a candidate to defeat the election of Roosevelt, who was highly obnoxious to the moneyed interests.

Manning had been a particular favorite of Chairman Marcus A. Hanna, as I know. He was an exceptionally able talker and a good "mixer." After the whole field of democracy had been canvassed, Manning finally suggested Alton B. Parker; but when August Belmont and

several other companions visited Esopus to "size up" the justice, they returned to this city dissatisfied. They feared he did not measure up to presidential size and so expressed themselves.

Another canvass was made; but not an acceptable democrat this side of Lincoln, Neb.—and Bryan was repudiated—could be discerned. Attention reverted to Parker, and he was finally decided upon. A pool was formed and Manning, with a corps of assistants, went to work. Meanwhile, I had returned from Egypt and was in Washington as a correspondent. Mr. Manning came to the capital and laid the whole plan before me—especially informing me as to the sources of financial support. He was urgent that I join with him, but I positively declined.

Arrangements, he assured me, were making with newspapers in the large cities to print reading matter articles starting a "boom" for the justice. Every statement he made I afterward verified by examination of the journals named. Matrices and "boiler plate" began to go from the Manning establishment to all parts of the country, and I have since seen receipted bills for hundreds of columns of published matter. John P. Foley, a veteran editorial writer, Frank Morgan, and many other equally competent men were engaged to grind out yards of screed extolling the merits of Judge Parker—and these may truthfully be said to have been many.

When the time approached for holding the various state conventions, Mr. Manning took the road. He traveled this land from Maine to Oregon, from Minnesota to Texas. He attended and took part in nearly every democratic state convention in the United States that summer and fall of 1904. In a great proportion of these deliberative bodies, he sat as a delegate, by substitution. He was a fluent speaker, was possessed of tremendous energy, knew politicians of both parties in every state and was supplied with an unlimited amount of money from sources that I do not mention. He secured delegates throughout the south.

Of course, Judge Parker was not a party to this. He was not consulted and the truth was kept from him. When the requisite number of delegates had been secured, the task fell to Manning to prevent them from "getting away."

The only serious competitor at the democratic national convention of 1904 was W. R. Hearst, who had several state delegations. But his manager, "Andy" Lawrence, was no match for "Billy" Manning and the New Yorker delivered two-thirds of the delegates for Parker.

Mr. Bryan was out of the way, and did nothing to help Hearst. Parker was nominated.

"Your man is nominated," said Manning to his employers; "but I do not undertake to elect him. I am a republican and must get busy for Roosevelt."

And he returned to the republican fold.

Manning spent most of the money given to him for services, in addition to several hundred thousand dollars "allowed" for expenses! He was the brains of the entire enterprise; but the hard work he performed and the excessive drinking that had to be done at the convention to keep delegates in line, permanently injured his health and he died, a broken-down man. He was buried by the Elks. One of his associates, whom I had found on the street and introduced to Manning, "cleaned up" a fortune!

That is exactly how Justice Parker happened to be chosen a candidate for the presidency. He never knew why or how the lightning struck him and will be surprised to learn the facts! After the excitement was over, Mr. Parker came to New York and at once entered into a highly profitable law practice. Therefore, Manning did him great service.

William Jennings Bryan knows all these details—and a thousand more that I might have mentioned but do not. Therefore, as a corporation lawyer, Mr. Parker stands in exactly the same position as Senator Root. He hasn't a thought of being "a progressive." He belongs to the same school as Mark Hanna, who taught Colonel Dick and William T. Manning the political methods in which he believed.

Whatever may be said about Mr. Bryan, nobody can charge him with having had a presidential nomination bought and presented to him—and he has thrice been a candidate for the highest office.

Naturally, he hopes the Baltimore convention will select a candidate imbued with progressive ideas.