

Every Commoner reader is asked to hand this copy of The Commoner to some neighbor with the request that he read it carefully.

A FEARFUL INDICTMENT

Less than a year ago this whole nation was deeply interested in a certain matter. Newspapers sold thousands and thousands of extra copies because of this matter. At millions of firesides the eager question was: "What was done in the case today?" It was the absorbing matter in the palaces of the avenue and the hovels of the alley. Politicians used it. Lecturers used it. Preachers used it. Authors used it. Playwrights used it. It was the soul-absorbing topic of the times.

Two workmen, one of them pretty dull-witted, had killed a score of people with dynamite as their protest against the tyranny of capital and were on trial for their lives.

Today a much greater case is before the public. Let us become interested. Let us watch every word published. Let us, above all else, keep our eye unwinkingly on the Goddess Justice.

William Wood, multi-millionaire and head of the wool trust, is under indictment at Boston on a charge of conspiracy in "planting" dynamite to discredit the working people during the strike at Lawrence.

For years Wood's wool trust has been killing men, women and children. Not with dynamite, but with hunger, cold and disease germs, the civilized, legalized, deadliest weapons.

A man must support a family of five on \$9, but he may wear out or take to drink in his despair.

A maiden must live on \$3. But for her failure and despair there's the "easy" highway.

A child must help widowed mother and infant or sisters on \$2. But there are the dirt and germs of the hovel's miserable bedchamber.

But they're not going to try President William Wood of the wool trust for such systematic killings. Not before court, nor church, nor society are slaughterers tried for that, but only before God Almighty. No, they will try Wood for conspiracy in a special wholesale killing—the murder of a labor organization, the murder of people's character.

Verily, let us keep our eyes on that Boston case, for the blind goddess, Justice, has surely got the manacles on organized greed this time. —Milwaukee Journal.

GOOD WORK

M. O. Metzger, Merriman, Neb.—You will find enclosed \$10.00 for which send The Commoner to the enclosed list until after election.

E. R. Week, Spokane, Wash.—Enclosed find money order to pay for the enclosed list of 110 campaign subscriptions to The Commoner.

H. M. McDonald, 356 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.—As per my telegraphic order today, I enclose herewith 525 campaign subscriptions to The Commoner.

G. L. Thorpe, Chairman County Committee, Ada, Minn.—Herewith find money order for \$14.25 to pay for campaign subscriptions to The Commoner at your special campaign rate until after election.

J. A. Strain, Treasurer, Wilson Club, Pomery, Wash.—Enclosed herewith find draft to pay for the enclosed list of 100 campaign subscriptions to The Commoner.

Wm. P. Cartner, Varsailles, Ind.—Herewith find draft for \$16.50 for which send The Commoner until after election, beginning with this week's issue, to the 115 subscribers, whose names and addresses are shown on the enclosed list.

W. H. Harrop, St. Joseph, Mo.—Herewith find 100 campaign subscriptions to The Commoner and check to pay for the same. I hope this effort will help to insure the election of Wilson—but do not imagine that we need to worry about the outcome of the election in Missouri, or in any other part of the country for that matter.

H. E. Mason, Coalgate, Okla.—Enclosed herewith find contribution for the Wilson and Marshall campaign. Democratic political prospects in Oklahoma in the national election never looked brighter. Wilson and Marshall will carry the state by more than 20,000 majority.

A SOUTHERN VIEW

Editorial in Nashville Tennessean: They reckoned without their hosts who rejoiced in the belief that the influence and power of Bryan had been destroyed with his defeat for temporary chairman by Alton B. Parker.

They overestimated their own temporary triumph over the great commoner and the great cause he so boldly and so steadfastly represents.

They thought to destroy him, but they only aroused him to great effort and greater achievement, and with characteristic courage and consummate skill he went into the fight to throttle the forces of Wall street.

It was a daring challenge he offered in his resolution excommunicating Morgan, Ryan, Belmont and that class of committing the convention to a progressive and against a servant of Wall street.

It was thought that Bryan had reached the climax of his audacious defiance when he deliberately offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, That in this crisis in our party's career and in our country's history, this convention sends greeting to the people of the United States, and assures them that the party of Jefferson and of Jackson is still the champion of popular government and equality before the law. As proof of our fidelity to the people we hereby declare ourselves opposed to the nomination of any candidate for president who is the representative of or under any obligation to J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas F. Ryan, August Belmont or any other members of the privilege-hunting and favor-seeking classes.

"Be it further resolved, That we demand the withdrawal from this convention of any delegate or delegates constituting or representing the above named interests."

As might have been expected, this raised a storm of objections, especially on the part of those representing the interests aimed at, and after a sharp conflict Mr. Bryan withdrew the last section of the resolution and the rest was adopted by a vote of 889 to 196.

The resolution was a daring feat and its adoption was a decisive victory for Bryan.

As Mr. Bryan declared, this vote eliminates all of the reactionaries, making it so a progressive on a progressive platform can be nominated and elected.

In speaking to his resolution Mr. Bryan did not spare the men he was seeking to disarm and defeat. Reminding the delegates that every one of them knew there was being made at that instant an effort to sell the democratic party into the bondage of the predatory interests, he declared:

"It is a most brazen, impudent and insolent attempt to make the nominee of this convention the bond-slave of the men who exploit the people of this country. I need not tell you that J. Pierpont Morgan and Thomas F. Ryan and August Belmont are three of the men who are connected with the great money trusts of this country, who are as despotic in their rule of the business of the country and as merciless in their command of their slaves as any man in the country."

Who else but Bryan would have made this fight?

Who else but Bryan could have won it? The great Nebraskan was never braver or stronger in all his marvelous career than when he looked Ryan and Belmont in the face, hurled defiance at them and caused them and their methods to be repudiated and discredited by the great democratic convention.

He never before did the democratic party such vital service as he performed for it when he inspired the democratic national convention to declare against them and in support of genuine progressive democracy.

MR. BRYAN'S LINCOLN SPEECH

The Lincoln (Neb.) Journal prints the following: Public interest in the unveiling of the French statue of Abraham Lincoln was all that could have been expected. People came by acres. It is probably true, though, that it is not

generally appreciated yet what this monument really means in the development of art in Nebraska. If the statue is as great as its admirers hope—if it grows in strength and beauty the longer it is studied—the time will come when people will come to the city for the sole purpose of seeing this work. Then the dullest of us will begin to understand what it is.

Nearly one-half of Mr. Bryan's speech was delivered to a sea of umbrellas. People on the outside of the crowd slipped away when the rain came, but at the end of the address a great congregation was still present, and the pattering of the drops had not hindered them from hearing every word of his remarks. In a way it was one of Mr. Bryan's most notable addresses, although it was in so serious a vein that it could not bring out much applause or arouse a great deal of enthusiasm. The fact that his home people stayed through it all, and got their clothing well dampened for doing it, must be counted as much of a compliment as any speaker could hope to receive.

When it became known that Mr. Bryan had been invited to make this address, one of his Lincoln admirers said he hoped the speaker would be too busy to make thorough preparations. "He'll do better if it comes red hot off the anvil," the admirer said. "If he has time to pound it the iron will get cold and we won't enjoy it half so much." It happened that a part of the speech was evidently impromptu, while a considerable portion of it had been carefully thought out in advance. It was as the admirer predicted. The whole speech reads well, but in grace, finish and impressiveness no part of it is better than the sections that from the nature of the case, must have been fashioned on the spur of the moment. That is to say that the stimulus of a great audience helps Mr. Bryan to a facility of utterance and a happiness of expression that he can't improve upon in his study, even if he has a year in which to get up a speech.

Some portions of this address were dramatic. When Mr. Bryan addressed the old soldiers it was in a tone of approaching reverence, because he envied them in the work they had done and the experience they had passed through. When he wondered if any of them had seen the immortal Lincoln hands went up all over the section reserved for the veterans, and several of them arose in their eagerness to answer in the affirmative. That little incident made the younger members of the audience realize that they were witnessing an historical event and no doubt made them willing to defy the rain that came steadily on soon afterwards, as if it had business there, but didn't really want to spoil the exercises.

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter;
God help me to speak that little word
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely soul
To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleet—
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another;
God give me love and care and strength
To help my toiling brother.

—Mrs. Crozier.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are ever divided in just these two classes;
And strangely enough you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or, are you a leaner who lets others bear
Your portion of worry and labor and care?
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.