

The Commoner.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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An Announcement to Commoner Readers

Beginning August 15, The Commoner will appear as a monthly publication—this issue, July 11, being the last weekly issue of the paper. Mr. Bryan will not only continue his editorial work on The Commoner, but under the new arrangement will be able to give his personal attention to the preparation of a larger part of the paper than he has been able to do for the weekly. It is believed that through this change The Commoner will be made stronger and more effective as an active, vigilant supporter of the great work to which the democratic party is consecrated. The administration of Woodrow Wilson is making history very rapidly, and readers of The Commoner will be able to keep in close touch with the public discussion of affairs.

In every possible way, within the limits of a publication of this sort, improvement will be made. New departments, instructive and entertaining, will be introduced from time to time, and the readers will be kept informed as to the efforts being put forth in every section of the country in behalf of progressive government—

municipal, state and national.

In editorials written by Mr. Bryan himself, The Commoner will meet the attacks of those who are opposed to democratic reforms, and the clever misrepresentations made by the organs of special interests. It will give timely discussion of the great questions of the day and will provide the missionaries in the democratic field with arguments with which to confound those who would mislead well meaning men of other political parties.

Agriculture has come to be of such absorbing interest to all sorts of men and is of such special interest to a large number of Commoner readers that an up-to-date agricultural department will be added to The Commoner. This will be prepared under the immediate supervision of an editor well informed in modern agricultural methods and thoroughly appreciative of the printed things demanded in this line.

Under the new arrangement The Commoner page will be the same size as at present but the number of pages will be increased from sixteen to thirty-two.

Charles W. Bryan, who has been in charge of The Commoner since its establishment, will continue in direct control of the paper and will devote his time and energies to the paper's improvement.

In its initial number The Commoner printed an editorial which concluded with this sentence: "The Commoner will be satisfied if, by fidelity to the common people, it proves its right to the name which has been chosen." Regularly at the beginning of each new year The Commoner has reproduced that sentence and, leaving to its readers the judgment as to the manner in which it had fulfilled its mission, has consecrated its efforts for the new year to the sacred cause which it has the honor, in part, to represent. In this beginning of a new and greater effort for the defense of the public welfare in the present generation and for the advancement of the cause of popular government for the benefit of generations yet to come, The Commoner renews its simple pledge of fidelity to the public interests through loyalty to great principles.

The President at Gettysburg

President Wilson mingled with the veterans on the field of Gettysburg and delivered an address that will go into history among the inspiring public papers. It was peculiarly appropriate that the president who in 1913 is grappling with the elements antagonistic to popular government, should use Mr. Lincoln's reference to the unfinished task, applying the pathetic appeal of the immortal address to present conditions. President Wilson's Gettysburg speech should be read by every lover of free government. The Commoner suggests that every school teacher in America read to his or her pupils first President Lincoln's Gettysburg address, following the same with the splendid deliverance of our present chief executive.

Referring to the president at Gettysburg, the United Press report says: The president made the trip from Washington to this town by train. As he stepped from his car he was greeted by a presidential salute from the regular army battery parked on the battlefield, and mingled cheers and rebel yells from the blue and gray garbed veterans who had thronged to the station to greet him. An escort of cavalry was waiting to convey the car with the president and his party to the big tent just off the Emmettsburg road on the battlefield where the formal exercises were scheduled to commence at 11 o'clock.

Many of the old soldiers had planned to leave yesterday but remained over to greet the nation's head, and the reception accorded President Wilson was a fitting climax to a week of tears and cheers. The southern soldiers accepted him as one of the family and the northern veterans outdid themselves in an effort to demonstrate how deeply they appreciated the end of sectionalism as typified by a native Virginian at the helm of the ship of state. From the moment the executive alighted from the train he was the center of wild enthusiasm.

Today's event was really in the nature of an added attraction. So far as the regular program was concerned it ended last night and the only set fixture today was the president's address. The camp was opened today at daylight when the veterans were routed from their cots by the stirring strains of Dixie, Yankee Doodle,

and other war-time tunes played by the military band which traversed the various company streets. There was a quick turning out of all hands. There were farewells to be said and a last exchange of greetings and shaking of hands at the big point of interest on the battlefield.

The band concert was followed by the shrill notes of the fife and the roll of drums as the veterans brought their old-time instruments into play, and for three hours there was general jubilation. Then all hands started for the big tent to greet the president.

The president's address:

"Friends and fellow citizens: I need not tell you what the battle of Gettysburg meant. These gallant men in blue and gray sit all about us here. Many of them met here upon this ground in grim and deadly struggle. Upon these famous fields and hillsides their comrades died about them. In their presence it were an impertinence to discourse upon how the battle went, how it ended, what it signified! But fifty years have gone since then, and I crave the privilege of speaking to you for a few minutes of what those fifty years have meant.

"What have they meant? They have meant peace and union and vigor, and the maturity and might of a great nation. How wholesome and healing the peace has been! We have found one another again as brothers and comrades in arms, enemies no longer, generous friends rather, our battles long past, the quarrel forgotten—except that we shall not forget the splendid valor, the manly devotion of the men then arrayed against one another, now grasping hands and smiling into each other's eyes. How complete the union has become and how dear to all of us, how unquestioned, how benign and majestic, as state after state has been added to this our great family of free men! How handsome the vigor, the maturity, the might of the great nation we love with undivided hearts; how full of large and confident promise that a life be wrought out that will crown its strength with gracious justice and with a happy welfare that will touch all alike with deep contentment! We are debtors to those fifty crowded years; they have made us heirs to a mighty heritage.

"But do we deem the nation complete and finished? These venerable men crowding here to this famous field have set us a great example of devotion and utter sacrifice. They were willing to die that the people might live. But their task is done. Their day is turned into evening. They look to us to perfect what they established. Their work is handed on to us, to be done in another way but not in another spirit. Our day is not over; it is upon us in full tide.

"Have affairs paused? Does the nation stand still? Is what the fifty years have wrought since those days of battle finished, rounded out, and completed? Here is a great people, great with every force that has ever beaten in the lifeblood of mankind. And it is secure. There is no one within its borders, there is no power among the nations of the earth, to make it afraid. But has it yet squared itself with its own great standards set up at its birth, when it made that first noble, naive appeal to the moral judgment of mankind to take notice that a government had now at last been established which was to serve men, not masters? Is it secure in everything except the satisfaction that its life is right, adjusted to the uttermost to the standards of righteousness and humanity. The days of sacrifice and cleansing are not closed. We have harder things to do than were done in the heroic days of war, because harder to see clearly, requiring more vision, more calm balance of judgment, a more candid searching of the very springs of right.

"Look around you upon the field of Gettysburg! Picture the array, the fierce heats and agony of battle, column hurled against column, battery bellowing to battery! Valor? Yes! Greater no man shall see in war; and self-sacrifice, and loss to the uttermost; the high recklessness of exalted devotion which does not count the cost. We are made by these tragic, epic things to know what it costs to make a nation—the blood and sacrifice of multitudes of unknown men lifted to a great stature in the view of all generations by knowing no limit to their manly willingness to serve. In armies thus marshaled from the ranks of free men you will see, as it were, a nation embattled, the leaders and the led, and may know, if you will, how little