

The Commoner.

Vol. I. No. 35.

Lincoln, Nebraska, September 20, 1901.

\$1.00 a Year

"God's Will, Not Ours, Be Done."

These were the last words of President McKinley as he bade farewell to the loving companion of his life, to whom his kindness and devotion have been so constant and conspicuous. It was with this beautiful spirit of resignation that he turned from the realities of earth to explore the mysteries of the world beyond.

The struggle was over—the struggle of a week during which hope and fear alternately gained the mastery. The book of life is closed, and his achievements are a part of history. After he became conscious that the end was drawing near, but before the shadows quite obscured the light, he was heard to murmur some of the words of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." This sacred hymn, which will be found in full upon another page, contains several lines inspired by Jacob's night at Bethel:

"Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone.

Thus do the lines immortalize the pillow which to Jacob must have seemed hard indeed—the pillow which, when morning came, the patriarch would not have exchanged for the softest one on which a weary head was ever laid.

It is still true that one's sorest afflictions and most bitter experiences are sometimes stepping stones to higher rewards.

The terrible deed at Buffalo, rudely breaking the ties of family and friendship and horrifying every patriotic citizen, crowns a most extraordinary life with a halo that cannot but exalt its victim's place in history, while his bravery during the trying ordeal, his forgiving spirit and his fortitude in the final hours give glimpses of his inner life which nothing less tragic could have revealed.

But, inexplicably sad as is the death of McKinley, the illustrious citizen, it is the damnable murder of McKinley, the president, that melts seventy-five million hearts into one and brings a hush to the farm, the factory and the forum.

Death is the inevitable incident of every human career. It despises the sword and shield of the warrior, and laughs at the precautions suggested by science; wealth cannot build walls high enough or thick enough to shut it out, and no house is humble enough to escape its visitation. Even love, the most potent force known to man—love, the characteristic which links the human to the divine—even love is powerless in its presence. Its contingency is recognized in the marriage

vow—"until death us do part"—and is written upon friendship's signet ring. But the death, even when produced by natural causes, of a public servant charged with the tremendous responsibilities which press upon a president, shocks the entire country and is infinitely multiplied when the circumstances attending it constitute an attack upon the government itself. No one can estimate the far-reaching effect of such an act as that which now casts a gloom over our land. It shames America in the eyes of the

country, as to make the executive's life secure without bringing insecurity to freedom of speech or freedom of the press.

Husband and Wife.

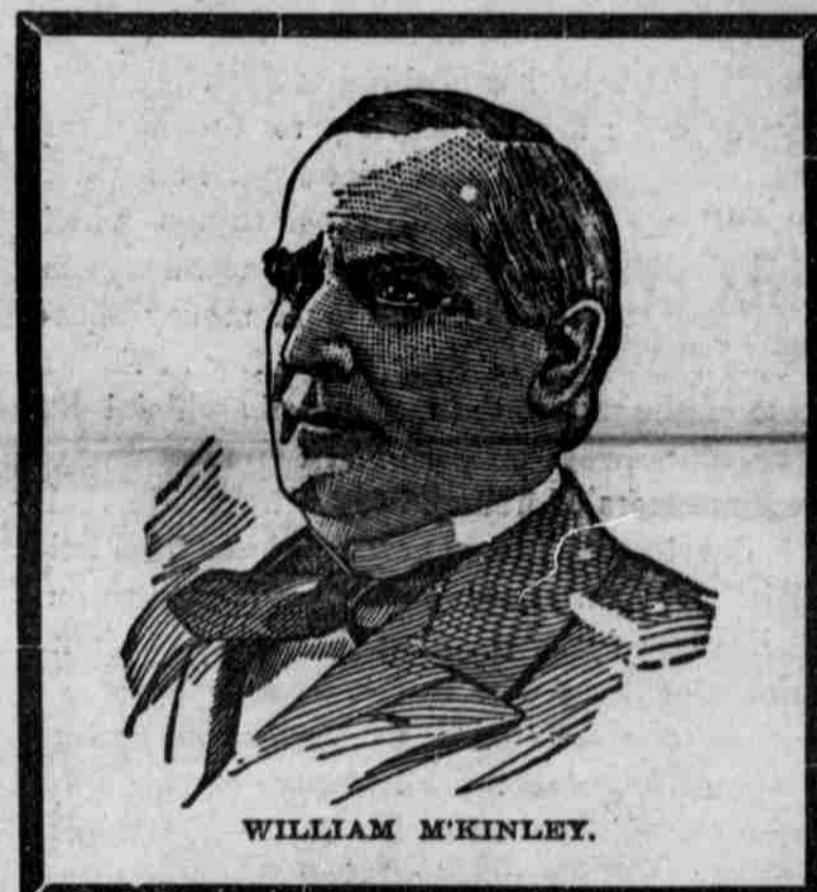
One of the many striking and touching incidents occurring at Buffalo was the meeting between the President and Mrs. McKinley for the first time after the assault. The dispatches report that Mrs. McKinley took a seat at the bedside and held the President's hand. The distinguished sufferer looked into the face of his good wife and said in a low tone, "We must bear up; it will be better for us both." With tears streaming down her cheeks, Mrs. McKinley nodded assent.

There is a depth of pathos in this little incident that must appeal forcefully to those who appreciate the strength of the ties that bind a good husband to a good wife.

There may be some people who have no idea of the thoughts that were passing through the minds of this couple at that moment. There are, however, many others who can imagine what these thoughts were. There, on the bed of pain, lay the strong, powerful man. By his side sat the frail woman, whose physical weakness has been, for so many years, the subject of this husband's tender solicitude. In an humble way they began life together. Two little graves had for them a common interest. In prosperity and in adversity they had stood together, participating equally in the joys and sharing equally in the sorrows of life. The wife had shared in the great honors that had come to her husband, and now, when the very summit of political ambition had been reached and political honors had become so common that the conveniences of a quiet, domestic life were longed for by the woman, in order, as she often expressed it, that she might have her husband to herself, the bullet of an assassin had done the work that threatened to blast the highest ambition of this woman's life.

"We must bear up," said the president; "it will be better for us both." It matters not to what extent other men and women may have grieved; it matters not how many tears other men and women may have shed and how much other hearts may have ached. All of this grief and woe could not have been so acute as was the grief and woe which this man and woman suppressed in compliance with the suggestion, "it will be better for us both."

There is nothing in all this world more beautiful than a happy marriage. There is in all this world nothing more inspiring, nothing



Stricken among nations, Columbia weeps,
Prostrate at the bier of her dead son.
Yet not alone she this last vigil keeps—
An hour like this and nations are as one.
Like lightning's awful flash the dread news sped,
And king and peasant, fearing with our fears,
Bowed with us at the words, Our chief is dead,
And mingled with their own, Columbia's tears.
Dark though the sky, the promise still is set—
The bow above the blue—new comfort gives.
Our chief is dead, but God will not forget.
He reigneth yet; the government still lives.
—Will M. Maupin.

world; it impairs her moral prestige and gives the enemies of free government a chance to mock at her. And it excites an indignation which, while righteous in itself, may lead to acts which will partake of the spirit of lawlessness.

As the president's death overwhelms all in a common sorrow, so it imposes a common responsibility, namely, to so avenge the wrong done to the president, his family and the