

The Commoner.

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Vol. 3. No. 24.

Lincoln, Nebraska, July 3, 1903.

Whole No. 128.

Dr. Hiram Kinnard Jones.

On another page will be found a copy of the resolutions prepared by Rev. A. B. Morey and others of the Literary union of Jacksonville, Ill., on the occasion of the death of Dr. Hiram Kinnard Jones, also an abstract of the address delivered at the funeral by Dr. W. F. Short. I add a brief comment, impelled by a profound appreciation of the uprightness, modesty, wisdom and greatness of the man and by a deep sense of personal obligation to him for the stimulating and strengthening influence he exerted upon me during my college days when I was for six years a member of his family. While he was a distant relative, the connection was so remote that I can speak of him without reserve. No one within the range of my acquaintance or observation more nearly approached the ideal in all that goes to make up the highest type of manhood. He inherited a strong constitution and preserved his vigor by a regular and temperate life. The environment of his youth was such as to give him a broad view of life, implant lofty purposes and encourage him to great endeavor. Early taught the advantage of mental discipline, he prepared himself for his work by a thorough and liberal education. He chose the medical profession and applied himself to it so diligently that he soon rose to eminence. Simple in his life and economical in his tastes, he gradually accumulated a sum sufficient to keep him in comfort during his later years, but his accumulations were a scant return for the vast service which he rendered to society. Even while he was laying aside for old age, he responded generously to the demands of the church, charity and education, and after giving with increasing liberality as his own needs grew less, he remembered in the final disposition of his estate the institution that most appealed to him. He was a thinker of national fame and delivered lectures at the Concord School during its existence. His philosophy was all-comprehending, and his conception of life included both the here and the hereafter. Heaven was as real to him as earth and death but the entrance to immortality. Like Socrates, he spent his time in the search for truth, determined to follow where it led. To him preparation for the present life was likewise preparation for the life beyond, and he went to his rest "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Dr. Jones was fortunate in the choice of a wife who proved to be a congenial companion as well as a helpmeet and who was his intelligent and devoted co-laborer in every good work. Their home from its first establishment became a center of virtue, purity, love and light—a center from which emanated helpfulness and inspiration. The influences which they thus set in motion, transmitted from generation to generation, will be more valuable to the world than money and more enduring than marble. If service is the measure of greatness and example the method by which service can best be rendered, then Dr. Jones and his wife deserve to be numbered among the really great and their lives were knit together by a love that spanned the grave.

As the body of the sage, flower-covered and enshrouded in the affection of mourning friends, lay in the library where he had studied for half a century, Dr. Hayden read Longfellow's tribute to Bayard Taylor—and it seemed a fitting conclusion of the funeral exercises:

Dead he lay among his books;
The peace of God was in his looks.
And those volumes from their shelves
Watched him, silent as themselves.

Ah! his hand will nevermore
Turn their storied pages o'er;
Nevermore his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet.
Let the lifeless body rest!
He is gone, who was its guest;
Gone as travelers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.
Traveler! in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,
In what vast aerial space
Shines the light upon thy face?
In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet tonight?
Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks.

The Liberty Bell.

(Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.)

O, that once more your throat could tell
Sweet Freedom's song, ye olden bell;
That with a deep, melodious chime
To men of ev'ry land and clime
Once more the glad news you could tell—
The glad news that throughout the earth,
In lands oppressed and stricken sore,
Sweet Liberty has had new birth
And kinglycraft doomed to rise no more.
O, that once more your tongue could tell
The grand, good news, ye olden bell!

O, that once more you could repeat
The melody divinely sweet
That bid downtrodden men arise
And grasp the greatest, grandest prize
That ever humankind did greet.
Would that the tale you told our sires
Might be retold, and told again,
Until sweet Freedom's altar fires
Should light again the souls of men.
O, that once more you'd ring the knell
Of tyranny, ye olden bell.

The Bancroft Address.

In another column The Commoner reproduces the address delivered by George Bancroft in August, 1835, at Williams College.

It would be well if every American citizen could read and re-read this splendid speech. Its reproduction is at this time particularly pertinent to the celebration of July 4. The lessons Bancroft sought to convey are now more important to the welfare of the American people than they were in 1835. The men of today should know just as the men of Bancroft's early days were told that "no principle once promulgated has ever been forgotten. No 'timely tramp' of a despot's foot ever trod out one idea. The world cannot retrograde; the dark age cannot return. Truth is immortal; it cannot long be resisted. Wherever moral truth has struck into being, humanity claims and guards the greatest bequest."

When you have read the Bancroft address, ask your neighbor to read it and to seriously consider the pertinent truths therein presented.

The Commoner is glad to know that its suggestions are being adopted by its readers. One writes that he has just bought a copy of "The Simple Life," spoken of recently, and inquires where he can get Reed's Collection of Speeches, entitled "Modern Eloquence," and Lloyd's "Wealth Versus Commonwealth." "Modern Eloquence" is published by John Morris & Co., of Philadelphia; "Wealth Versus Commonwealth" by Harper & Bros., New York city.

Harmony Among Organizers

David B. Hill recently appeared before the New York court of appeals in opposition to the franchise tax law of that state. In his arraignment of that law, Mr. Hill said that its passage was due to "the clamor of certain minor organizations, semi-political and largely socialistic in their character, self-constituted, irresponsible and noisy associations, mostly non-taxpayers," and that the "serious consideration, much less the passage," of the Ford bill "had not been regarded by thoughtful men as imminent."

The New York World, a publication that has insisted that the Hill brand of democracy is the genuine, says that it "feels it to be a duty to correct so glaring a misstatement." The World insists that the bill was subjected to a thorough discussion. One petition for the passage of this bill, according to the World, was signed by 12,000 taxpayers or rent-payers in New York alone, and when presented to the legislature, that petition contained 20,000 names representing every large city in the state. The measure, according to the World, had the indorsement of the organizations of real estate owners and dealers; and laboring organizations with a membership of 350,000 adopted resolutions in its favor. A special train went to Albany to urge Mr. Roosevelt, then governor of New York, to release the bill from the "hold up" in Mr. Platt's assembly committee and on this train there were delegates from fourteen commercial, financial and other public bodies having a membership of 110,000 and representing \$80,000,000 of capital. The World says that every newspaper of standing in New York favored the bill; that it had the indorsement of every republican county committee in the state, together with the leaders of Tammany Hall and of the sixty-three democratic assemblymen. The World further points out that when Governor Odell recently sought to secure the repeal of this law, public opinion was so strongly in its favor that the governor abandoned his purpose.

Then with an utter disregard for its boasted anxiety for harmony, the World adds:

"Mr. Hill's sneer at socialism comes with peculiar grace from the politician who last year thrust into the democratic state platform plank favoring national ownership and operation of the anthracite coal mines!—the most radical socialistic measure ever proposed in this country. And his course now in denouncing a moderate franchise tax on corporations that reap golden harvests from public privileges virtually given to them is of a piece with his vote as a senator who boasted 'I am a democrat' against the only tariff bill passed by his party since the war, solely because it contained a tax on incomes—the most just and easily borne of all taxes."

It is too bad that the disciples of "harmony" cannot provide the benighted democrats of the south and of the west with a better sample than they are now presenting; and yet by its severe criticism of Mr. Hill, the World confesses that it is the duty of newspapers, as well as of individuals, to disregard all other considerations in standing up for the things they believe to be of utmost importance to the people. And it is also significant that according to the testimony of one of the leading organs of the reorganizers, Mr. Hill is engaged in a desperate effort to destroy a law which is championed by the people of his state, regardless of politics, and which merely requires in behalf of the people simple justice at the hands of powerful corporations.

In the light of these facts, and in the light