

# The Commoner.

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**THE COMMONER, Lincoln, Neb.**

"Uncle Joe" Cannon still selfishly refuses to let them use his popularity as a life belt for the Roosevelt candidacy.

Republican tariff reform seems to have emulated the example of those Russian battleships and "turned turtle."

Colonel Younghusband of Great Britain seems to be having almost as great trouble as President Muchhusband of Utah.

As the days go by it becomes more and more evident that democracy is not going to trust the men who deserted and betrayed her in her hour of need.

President Roosevelt is quoted as saying that "the mother of ten children is superior to the president of the United States." But why the numeral?

Beef is said to command fabulous prices in Port Arthur. Now we know what has happened in these United States. The trusts have us "bottled up."

Loyal democrats are not likely to trust their cause in the hands of men who would make the democratic party a republican annex to the trusts and corporations.

The democratic party cannot compete with the republican party in bidding for trust support. The republican party is too well entrenched in trust confidence.

Judge Fenner in a speech at New Orleans declared that the code Napoleon would preclude great accumulations of wealth and go far toward remedying the trust evil.

Ex-Governor Frank Black of New York will make the speech nominating Theodore Roosevelt in the republican national convention. This "insures" a choice bit of spell-binding.

So Governor Odell has vetoed the gas bill signed by Mayor McClellan. The mayor did not help his presidential boom by the signing of a bill which was bad enough to incur the veto of a republican governor.

There is a growing suspicion that in due time will come a White house pronouncement to the effect that after all it is not necessary, in view of the strenuous ability of the g. o. p. presidential candidate, to have either a chairman of the national committee or a vice presidential candidate.

The men who are trying to make the democratic party as much of a tool of plutocracy as the republican party, are the same gentlemen who have always voted the republican ticket when they could not frame democratic platforms and name the democratic candidates. Loyal democrats will hardly trust such men with the control of democracy's affairs.

## The Commoner.

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 19.

Noting that the government's expenses exceed its receipts, August Belmont is taking an active interest in politics once more. He scents another bond issue that may be profitable if he can be assured of a pliable president.

The Nashville Banner has discovered that "the republicans give unmistakable signs of their opposition to Judge Parker as a presidential candidate." The strange part of this is that it was not found in the Banner's humorous department.

Mr. Pulitzer is writing magazine articles explanatory of his proposed school of journalism. Mr. Pulitzer might put some of his ideas into practice on his New York World and St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Example is much better than precept.

The Commoner loses one of its staunchest friends in the death of Mr. James M. Nolan of Rochester, N. Y. He was a delegate to the Kansas City convention and was at all times an earnest supporter of the principles set forth in that platform.

In a recent issue of The Commoner reference was made to some rabbit stories. A Texas reader of The Commoner suggests that the rabbits described must have been under the influence of a liquor sometimes sold to the cowboys "that will make a rabbit fight a bull dog."

The Commoner reports with regret the death of one of its devoted readers, Jonathan Spear, of Rockland, Me., who died recently at the age of ninety-one years. He had lived a life whose nobility was measured by its usefulness, and he made a deep impression upon his community.

The Iowa delegation to the St. Louis convention has been organized as follows: Chairman, E. M. Carr, Manchester; secretary, A. R. McCook, Elma; assistant secretary, A. W. Wooster, Osca-loosa; treasurer, H. C. Evans, Des Moines; sergeant at arms, John F. Dalton; assistant sergeant at arms, W. K. Currie, Mt. Ayr.

The proposition to convert the Woman's Building at the World's Fair into a sort of Hall of Fame in which to exhibit the pictures of representative society women is arousing considerable opposition. The Topeka Capital publishes an article by Mrs. J. K. Hudson, wife of the ex-congressman, protesting against the effort to give society women precedence over women who have been prominent in various avenues of usefulness.

The Baltimore Sun, which bolted the ticket in 1896, but supported the ticket loyally in 1900, is trying to get into the band wagon of the reorganizers. It complains because Mr. Bryan does not fall down and worship at the feet of the Wall street crowd. It wants "a sensible, conservative democrat on a platform true to Jeffersonian principles." Now, if the Sun will just suggest a platform that will be satisfactory to it, the public can judge how much of real democracy there is in the Sun's program.

Ex-Speaker Henderson is quoted as saying that "New York is no place for a man with only one leg." The Louisville Times

**No Place In New York.** assents to this declaration and adds that "success in New York is dependent upon the ability to kick the other fellow first." The

Times may or may not be correct. But it is generally believed that a one-legged man stands a poor show of getting ahead in New York, for the reason that while his leg is being "pulled" he has not another one to get along with. Recent financial events in New York city prove beyond a peradventure that "leg pulling" is one of the chief occupations of the men who pose as the "captains of industry."

The iconoclast continues to get in his deadly work. The latest one to step forward and smash our old ideals is a Minnesota man who claims to have invented a mechanical milker. He says that with the aid of a small gasoline engine and his machine, one man will be able to do the work of six

expert milkers. While this will relieve the farm hand of a task, it will also knock the poetry out of rural life, for with the mechanical milker in operation what becomes of the pretty milkmaid of poetry? The old and familiar couplet, "Where are you going, my pretty maid? I'm going a-milking, kind sir, she said," will lose its potentiality. What poet can find inspiration for bucolic rhyme in a network of wires and eccentrics and cans and vacuum tubes? One by one the poetic things of life are smashed, and the utilitarian displaces the dreamer and the singer. It may be profitable financially, but, after all, is it not possible that we would be better off with less profit and more of song and story?

The government is again going into the lottery business, this time for the purpose of disposing of the land included in the reservation about to be opened in South Dakota. The lottery will be conducted on the same lines as the one by which the Oklahoma lands were disposed of to the public. Apart from the bad morals of this form of disposing of government land, it works an injustice in that those who are most in need of the land are unable to comply with the government condition that they must appear at designated points within the reservation and register. Those best able to comply with the conditions are in less need of additional land or property. It would seem that the government could find a way for the equitable disposal of this land without resort to a scheme that smacks of the Louisiana lottery.

### The Government Lottery.

Science is doing some wonderful things these days, but it is doubtful if it has done anything more wonderful than making worn-out farms fertile by inoculating them with the germs of fertility. We vaccinate against disease, so why not vaccinate our farms against the disease of barrenness? The idea is very simple when once you grasp it. The agricultural department at Washington has discovered how it may be done. The department cultivates the right kind of germs, and then compresses them into cakes something like yeast cakes. A small cake is shipped to the farmer, who throws it into a barrel of water and lets it dissolve. Then he soaks his seed grain in this water and plants. The seed has taken up the revived germs, and the germs set to work to enrich the soil. And the best part of this seeming fairy tale is that it is true.

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Shoe manufacturers in Massachusetts thought they wanted free hides until Senator Lodge convinced them otherwise. The shoe men find themselves hampered in procuring raw material by the scarcity as well as by the tariff that increases its cost to them. The tariff on hides was ostensibly for the benefit of cattle raisers, but really for the beef trust and leather trust. When the shoe men protested and demanded free hides they were warned that any agitation in favor of tariff changes would certainly be dangerous to the whole protective system, and that "pauper-made shoes from Europe" would soon drive their wares out of the market. And then Massachusetts shoe men who have been paying the duty on hides, paying American wages and ocean freights and underselling European shoe men in the European market, became frightened at the "free trade boggy" and meekly withdrew their request.

**Only Dreamed It.** The shoe men find themselves hampered in procuring raw material by the scarcity as well as by the tariff that increases its cost to them. The tariff on hides was ostensibly for the benefit of cattle raisers, but really for the beef trust and leather trust. When the shoe men protested and demanded free hides they were warned that any agitation in favor of tariff changes would certainly be dangerous to the whole protective system, and that "pauper-made shoes from Europe" would soon drive their wares out of the market. And then Massachusetts shoe men who have been paying the duty on hides, paying American wages and ocean freights and underselling European shoe men in the European market, became frightened at the "free trade boggy" and meekly withdrew their request.

Every great disaster has its compensations, and the horror of the Iroquois theatre fire has brought some good results. The theatre-goers realize that but for the panic which ensued in the Chicago playhouse, hundreds of lives would have been spared. The result has been to impress upon the public mind the necessity of acting with judgment under such trying conditions. At Proctor's theatre in New York city the other night fire broke out, and in a short time the theatre was full of smoke, and the stage a mass of flames. The audience refused to become panic-stricken. Exits were promptly opened, policemen and firemen pointed the way, and in less than six minutes 1,700 people had marched out of the theatre and away from the danger zone. So coolly did the people act that not a wrap was found in the theatre after the flames were subdued, and only one woman's hat was found. Had the audience become panic-stricken many deaths would have been the result. There is a lesson here that all should heed.

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