

The Commoner.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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ROOSEVELT AND LAFOLLETTE

Republican leaders in convention, through public speech and through editorial column lose no opportunity to pay high tribute to Theodore Roosevelt because of his efforts to secure reform in the relations between corporations and the people.

But these same representatives of the republican party have no kind words for Robert M. LaFollette, senator from Wisconsin. On the contrary, republican editors tell us that Mr. LaFollette is no longer a republican. The Kansas City Journal recently said that if it be true that Mr. LaFollette had declared that he would leave the republican party if Vice President Fairbanks were nominated in 1908, then it might be to the advantage of the republican party to go to Indiana for its candidate.

If these professions of attachment for Mr. Roosevelt are due to his zeal for reform measures why is LaFollette, whose sincerity no one questions, not given some recognition in republican circles?

Why is LaFollette deliberately insulted by his republican colleagues in the senate, sneered at by republican orators and derided by republican editors?

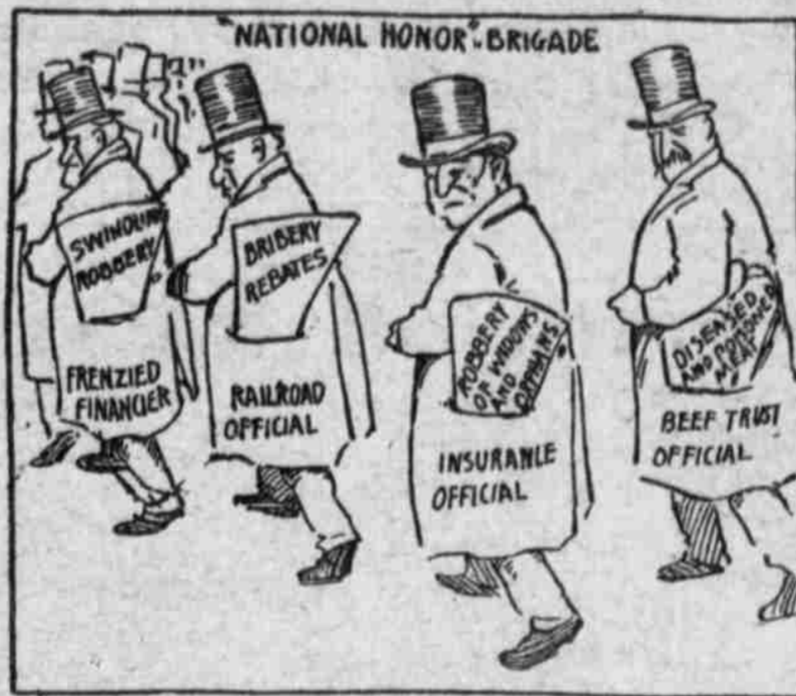
How does it happen that the republican party is so madly in love with Roosevelt—who often falters and frequently surrenders—in his reform measures, while it has no kind thoughts nor gentle words for the senator from Wisconsin, who hews to the line and has no compromise to make with the enemies of popular government?

BE CAREFUL

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat (republican) says: "There was not the slightest need for Chairman Tawney of the house appropriation committee to make an apology for the money allotment which congress made in the session just ended," because: "The \$22 cash for each man, woman and child in the United States when Reed first took office has been increased to \$33 today. In the face of these facts, Uncle Joe can counter on his enemies for his \$880,000,000 appropriation by saying, 'If this be extravagance, make the most of it.'"

Of course a republican congressman is not expected to apologize for extravagance, but is it not just a little bit "unrepublican" for the Globe-Democrat to boast about the increase of the per capita circulation? If the Globe-Democrat be not careful it will be LaFolleted by the g. o. p. leaders.

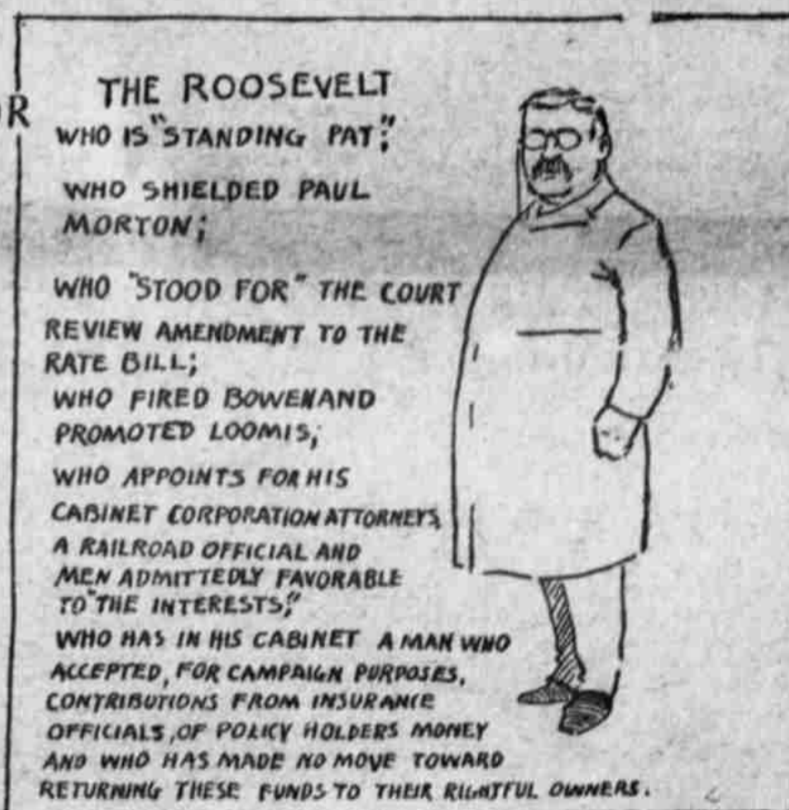
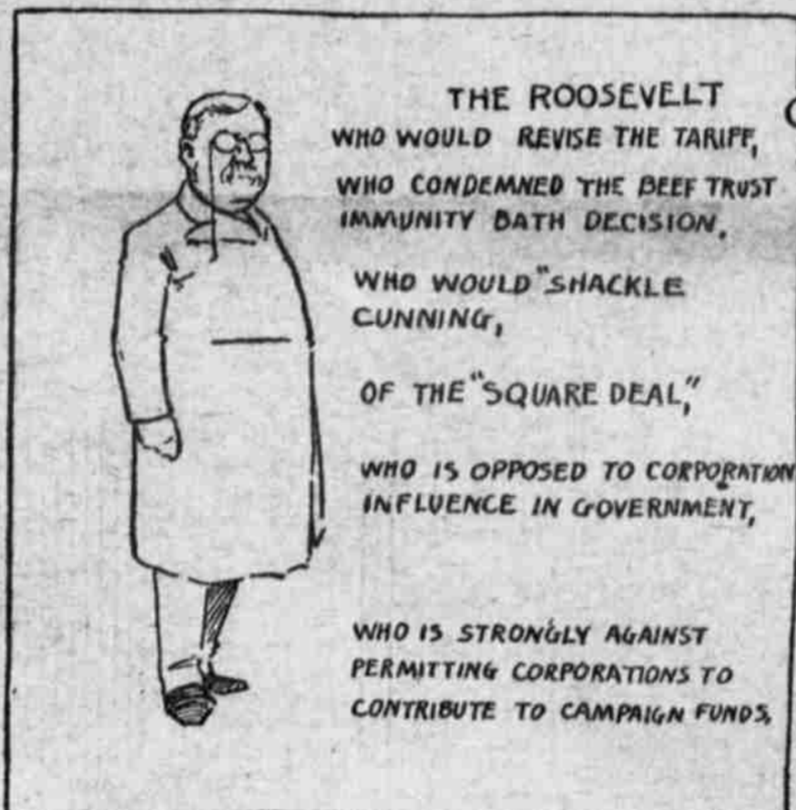
THE UNRELIABILITY OF THE CAMPAIGN PHRASE



These are the men who in '96 were so anxious to "Preserve the National Honor" that they forgot their own.



This is a fair description of the slogans of 1900 "Four years more of the full Dinner pail" and "Let well enough alone."



And now it is: "Stand by Roosevelt!" Which Roosevelt?

MODERN EGYPT

Mr. Bryan's Twenty-seventh Letter

The first article on Egypt might have been begun with an account of our stay in quarantine but as this precaution against the spread of Asiatic diseases is of modern origin, I thought it best to speak of it in this article. The P. and O. steamer, Persia, which brought us from Bombay to Egypt, was suspected of having four cases of plague on board. One man having died and been buried at sea just before we reached Suez, and three more being ill, the international health board insisted on taking charge of the ten passengers bound for Egypt. We were taken on board a barge and towed a couple of miles up the Suez canal to the quarantine station, which we reached about midnight. Besides the four in our family, there were three Americans from Ohio, two English merchants from Egypt and an English lady engaged in missionary work in Palestine. We were comfortably housed in one story brick buildings and were informed that we would have to remain there five days unless further investigation removed the suspicion of the plague. While the members of the company proved to be very congenial, we were all anxious to have the

stay shortened as much as possible on account of its interference with our plans. At the end of two days we were notified that a bubonic germ had been discovered and that we must stay the full time. The quarantine station is situated on the bank of the canal and is surrounded on three sides by as barren a desert as can be found. The buildings are enclosed by a double fence, and the only exit is to the wharf through a lane. We were permitted to go to the wharf and, under the escort of a guard, were allowed to gather shells on the bank of the canal. Thus occupied, when not reading or writing, the days passed much more pleasantly than we had expected, and we were almost sorry when the time came for us to separate. One day our quarters were visited by a sirrocco, and from the dust and sand that filled the air until the sun was darkened we were able to gain some idea of desert life.

The canal itself is a little disappointing. It is simply a huge ditch, and with an expanse of sand on either bank, seems narrower than it is. The sides are not walled as a rule, and the depth—thirty feet—does not reveal itself. Several