

The Commoner.

ISSUED WEEKLY.

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THE COMMONER, Lincoln, Neb.

The Knox presidential boom is standing on its dignity.

The emperor of Korea was a "standpatter" until he was bumped.

Colonel Martini seems to be holding second place to at least one presidential boom.

The Cortelyou presidential boom recalls the issue of government by subscription.

Now will the papers that shouted against government ownership shy at effective legislation?

There is no doubt that the republican party is getting into deep water but can Fairbanks rescue it?

The president is enjoying a rest at Oyster Bay, but his press agent seems to be working overtime.

If the one-rail railroad becomes a success, the steel trust will insist upon an increase in the tariff.

A lot of people are crying for war in the hope that war talk will drown out demands for tariff revision.

The trouble about a stiff fine for the Standard Oil company is the "flare-back" that is sure to catch the public.

The Cortelyou presidential boom is calculated to make Cornelius H. Bliss sit up and reach for his receipt book.

Why all this fuss about an occasional Jap photographing our forts. That's the only way they can ever "take" them.

After all, it seems that Mr. Rockefeller was not one-half so excited as Judge Landis, the bailiffs and the general populace.

"Is the bathing suit a crime?" queries a southern contemporary. Well, hardly. At most it can be only a petty misdemeanor.

At least we must give the Japanese credit for not making any pretensions of being engaged in the task of "benevolent assimilation."

One of Mr. Rockefeller's near relatives says he "lives in the clouds." It is about time for those clouds to do a little precipitating.

John Temple Graves having admitted that a reformed paragrapher can go to heaven, the Washington Herald asks: "But can a reformed

paragrapher get a job?" Of course, but not as a paragrapher. He can get a job writing long editorials for a paper that nobody reads.

It is reported that President Roosevelt will be satisfied with Joseph G. Cannon as his successor. If this is true it makes it two.

The New York Herald is shrieking loudly for war with Japan. The man who is responsible for the New York Herald lives in Paris.

Perhaps Mr. Rockefeller pleads ignorance on the ground that in his particular case a little knowledge would be a dangerous thing.

Now comes the report from England that the son of an earl has gone to work. The American heiress must have turned him down.

Every now and then the wielder of a "big stick" steps up to the home plate, raps it a couple of times and then ignominiously "strikes out."

The Japanese territorial expansion will not attract a great deal of attention. It is expansion of the hatband that will give the Japanese a lot of trouble.

If the administration "gets after" the cigar trust like it did after the beef trust and the merger the demand for clothespins will be vastly increased.

If the new theatrical trust will limit the output of some of the attractions it will go a long ways towards proving that there is at least one good trust.

"Hot biscuit passing away" is the caption of a little article contributed to the New Orleans Daily States by a household writer. It is correct. They pass rapidly away when brought in proximity to the average man.

Same old game. No tariff revision until after election. And after election no tariff revision because the people did not demand it during the campaign.

Judge Lindsey of Denver says Mr. Guggenheim bought a United States senatorship. Mr. Guggenheim did not blaze any new path when he performed that little stunt.

The uprising in Korea ought to save us several battleships, at least. There has been a noticeable subsidence of war talk since Japan got busy with her dependency.

Senator Foraker says he is thankful that he has never been nominated for any office by democrats. The senator pays a very high tribute to the discernment of democrats.

Mr. Rockefeller's pastor informs us that we are "living too fast." Gracious, we've got to set a fast pace if we keep within reaching distance of the price of Mr. Rockefeller's oil.

A party of Cambridge professors has gone to South Africa for the purpose of photographing the Martian canals. They did not waste any time trying to get a negative of the Panama canal.

"The man with an elephant has a high-class worker," observes the Butte Miner. Too true, too true! The republican elephant has worked the producing classes of this country to a frazzle.

Announcement comes from Oyster Bay that tariff revision is not to be undertaken until after the election. The announcement may result in some radical revision of ante-election estimates.

Having gobbled Korea Japan has been too honest to talk about "manifest destiny" or "thrown into our laps by providence." That sort of stuff is left for civilized Christian nations to indulge in.

Perhaps the railroads figure that they will lose money at the two-cent fare rate because they will have to pay out some actual cash for new cars to meet the increased demand for transportation facilities.

Colonel Robert Fitzsimmons emerged from obscurity the other day, just long enough to demonstrate the truth of the adage that the pitcher which goes too often to the well gets knocked over the ropes.

MEMORIES

I.

I love to think of the days gone by when I, bare-footed, free,
 Would wander wherever I wanted to go, lazy and aimlessly.
 I love to think of the path that led thro' woodlands cool and sweet,
 To the dear old stream where I used to go to free myself from heat.
 And I love to dream of that river bank and the the placid swimming place,
 Where the willows swayed by the breezes kissed the water's breast with grace.
 But I hate to think of the day when all my dreams were put to rout,
 When mother discovered my hair was wet and my shirt was inside out.

II.

It's a long way back to the dear old days, the days of long ago,
 When I was a kid with freckles and a head of tousled tow.
 I don't suppose I would recognize the scenes that then were mine,
 The swimming hole, the meadows, and the pathway for the kine.
 I love to dream of my dreams of then, as onward creep the years,
 But ever there's one thing steals in them that stops my flow of tears.
 And that's the thought of the day when I was flogged with a paddle stout,
 When mother discovered my hair was wet and my shirt was inside out.

—Will F. Griffin in Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE PRIMARY PLEDGE

As this copy of The Commoner may be read by some one not familiar with the details of the primary pledge plan, it is necessary to say that according to the terms of this plan every democrat is asked to pledge himself to attend all of the primaries of his party to be held between now and the next democratic national convention unless unavoidably prevented, and to secure a clear, honest and straightforward declaration of the party's position on every question upon which the voters of the party desire to speak. Those desiring to be enrolled can either write The Commoner approving the object of the organization and asking to have their names entered on the roll, or they can fill out and mail the blank pledge, which is printed on page 12.

Special Offer

Everyone who approves the work The Commoner is doing is invited to co-operate along the lines of the special subscription offer. According to the terms of this offer cards each good for one year's subscription to The Commoner will be furnished in lots of five at the rate of \$3 per lot. This places the yearly subscription rate at 60 cents.

Any one ordering these cards may sell them for \$1 each, thus earning a commission of \$2 on each lot sold, or he may sell them at the cost price and find compensation in the fact that he has contributed to the educational campaign.

These cards may be paid for when ordered, or they may be ordered and remittance made after they have been sold. A coupon is printed below for the convenience of those who desire to participate in this effort to increase The Commoner's circulation:

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