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THE COMMONER, Lincoln, Neb.

Those Louisiana bears evidently belong to the "mollycoddle" species.

Perhaps the Pittsburgers are proud of the smoke because it hides so many things.

A physician declares that Mr. Rockefeller will live to be 100. But what's the use?

The Lemuel Eli Quiggification of Gotham transportation seems to have been complete.

Detroit is often called the "City of Straits." It was four straight the last time.

It has been legally proved that the Santa Fe is rebating, but whether again or yet is not shown.

Those Louisiana bears seem to have had very little consideration for the feelings of Secretary Loeb.

Perhaps President Roosevelt would like to Mississippi river pilot that election night proclamation of his.

The best recommendation of the Standard's lubricants is the effect they have had on the system's wheels.

Count that day lost whose sun across the blue shines not upon some price of food shoved up a notch or two.

Those Louisiana bears would confer a favor on their Wall Street cousins by telling them how it is done.

The Washington Herald has rushed to the defense of the watermelon rind preserve. The young are ever rash.

"Let justice be done the railroads!" howls a railroad manager. And he is perfectly willing to appoint the judge, too.

"Shall we kiss the bride?" asks the Nashville Tennessean. Out this way the question is, "Dare we kiss the bride?"

There is every reason to believe that the Louisiana canebrakes are infested only by mollycoddish and milksoppish bears.

The republican organs seem to have suddenly discovered that it is better to suffer the exactions of the paper trust than it is to admit the error of their protective tariff arguments.

It is estimated, from the returns, that President Roosevelt has killed three more Louisiana bears than he has criminal trusts.

Perhaps the railroads would not be suffering from car shortage had they been a little more careful about preserving the cars they had.

The people who pay the freight have been permitted to foot the bill of the little game of "proxy" recently played by Mr. Harriman and Mr. Fish.

Some of these days the New York World will bite itself while thinking of Mr. Bryan, and then it will have to hasten to a Pasteur institute.

The balloon races have begun in St. Louis. Up to date not one gas bag has soared as high in the air as the St. Louis free bridge appears to be at this date.

Now the New York World is "demanding proof." When it suits its convenience the World can make a virtuous demand for the proof of an axiom.

The gentlemen who are compiling the republican campaign text book will doubtless feel the need of a stimulant when they come to the Oklahoma statistics.

Having about exhausted the protection afforded them by federal court the railroad managers are trying to get next to the power that makes federal judges.

Standard Oil is making up the fine, not by increasing the price of the oil, but by hoisting the price of the barrel. We'll be called upon to pay for the bunghole next.

Mrs. Chadwick paid the penalty of her high financiering. But what about the men who furnished her the money belonging to others in the hope of making a whole lot for themselves?

Secretary Taft is so often and so vigorously declaring that the Philippines are not for sale that there is a growing suspicion that he has resorted to the "protesting too much" dodge.

The Lusitania burned a thousand tons of coal a day on its fast trip. The screw propeller and wireless telegraph outfit alone differentiate between the Lusitania and a furnace we know about.

Colonel Henry Watterson declares that he is "done with politics forever." O, well; just wait until the Star Eyed Goddess winks her off eye and then note Marse Henry jumping back into the fray.

Secretary Taft has gravely informed the Filipinos that the Philippines will not be sold. And for the very same reason that a man could not sell a hay fever even if it were possible to transfer title.

Dr. Polls of Germany is in the United States with a view to studying our weather bureau system. If he learns anything about it we hope he will tell it to the people who have been paying for the system.

Colonel Raisuli, the Moroccan bandit, is now trying to secure a ransom from John Bull. Raisuli is destined for a finish similar to that one administered to some former bandits by one Commodore Decatur.

A federal court at Los Angeles has just convicted the Santa Fe of giving rebates. Paul Morton confessed it several years ago, just before being appointed secretary of the navy by President Roosevelt.

Having reached the "liberal construction" idea concerning the constitution it will be but a short step for the president to the "what's the constitution between friends" viewpoint of the historic Mr. Flannigan.

Noting that a Mr. Loser is a candidate for office in Pennsylvania the Washington Herald remarks: "He must be a democrat." Thereupon the Birmingham Age-Herald says: "He must be a cheerful Loser." And in view of the expose of Pennsylvania's corrupt administration we heartily agree that almost any Pennsylvania democrat is a cheerful loser.

Paragraphic Punches

If flour goes much higher, the ordinary citizen will have to cultivate a cornmeal appetite.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The canebrake bears may be lying low, but the Wall Street variety seems to be up and doing.—Baltimore News.

Mr. Roosevelt will find plenty of game if he goes gunning for the Teddy bears in the toy-store jungles.—Baltimore American.

"We shall never sell the Philippines," says Mr. Taft. Would anybody buy them if they were for sale?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

There isn't the least doubt that Secretary Taft has put an end to Richmond Pearson Hobson's war with Japan.—Philadelphia Press.

The president's heart may be in the deep waterway plan, but most of his words are for a big navy and more federal power.—Pittsburg Post.

"Harriman orders roads to cut expenses." Harriman is the most costly item they carry. Why not begin by cutting him out?—New York World.

Stamboul, from whence come the bulletins of the president's war on the bears, is not on the Bosphorus or the Golden Horn.—Nashville American.

Cortelyou has made his way into the literary magazines, but in justice to him we must say that he isn't writing for any of them.—Atlanta Constitution.

Wall Street hopes that the president's mind will be diverted from it for awhile. Experts have published some new ideas for lawn tennis.—New York Herald.

Mr. Wu should be turned loose on John D., for he would easily and naturally bring out the bottom facts just for curiosity's sake.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Bees are being sent to the Philippines," notes the Deseret News. Well, the Filipinos are so used to being stung that they won't mind.—Washington Herald.

JOSEPHINE GERTRUDE VIFQUAIN

Josephine Gertrude Vifquain, daughter of the late General Victor Vifquain, died at her home in Lincoln, October 14. Miss Vifquain was an employe of The Commoner for five years. Richard L. Metcalfe wrote for the Lincoln (Nebraska) Journal this tribute:

I am asked by some of those who loved Josephine Vifquain to write something that may serve as a tribute to the memory of this peculiarly lovable girl. The world can not know what a great honor has, by this request, been conferred upon me. But the old friends of that fine character—Victor Vifquain—that left its impress in the hearts of men, as in the history of nations—the old friends who were drawn closer to the Vifquain family after the rugged old soldier's death will understand. And those who were the daughter's companions in the home and her associates in the office—employers, fellow-workers, friends—they will understand. And these will know that no idle bit of rhetoric is meant when it is said that earth was considerably poorer and heaven considerably richer when Josephine Vifquain passed into the valley.

If affliction was her lot, patience was her heritage. As she had so often smiled away the tears from other's eyes so she stood up bravely beneath her own burden; and, conscious to the last, she strived to lighten the grief of those she loved.

But that is really the story of her life. She gave much more to the world than the world ever gave to her. She carried sunshine wherever she went; and if sunbeams could be gathered and locked in wreaths as emblems for a life of love, her's would be the largest offering ever laid upon a tomb.

I know that I express the sentiments of all who knew this gentle girl, when I say that "if everyone to whom she did some loving service were to lay a blossom on her grave she would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers."