

The Commoner.

ISSUED WEEKLY.

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1908—organize, agitate, educate.

Three days gone—still holding out?

We wrote it right the very first time.

The new style 1908 pocketbooks are worn flat.

Mr. Fish insists that his colleagues do not look upon him as a sucker.

Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon have reconvened, after a pleasant holiday recess.

It seems that Secretary Cortelyou has determined to found some near-Ananias clubs.

Campaign year—and just the right time to join in the work of organization and education.

Despite the assertions of the astronomers we insist that the shortest day in the year is the very first one.

It is not too early to begin thinking about doing your next stunt of Christmas shopping early.

There is trouble in the Paragraphers' Union already. Too many candidates for the job of talking delegate.

Mexico is sending her fortune tellers to jail. Europe is sending her fortune hunters to the United States.

Chancellor Day is for Governor Hughes, a fact that may explain the governor's failure to announce his candidacy.

The way to win next November is to begin planning the battle now. Join the "million army" and help the work along.

Unless naval styles quit changing so rapidly that big fleet will be obsolete by the time it gets back from its present jaunt.

"Watch your money!" shrieks the Philadelphia North American. What for? Any Philadelphia aldermen headed this way?

A magazine writer has just informed us that our battleships are inefficient. However, we prefer the testimony on that point of several eminent gentlemen who were on the other side at Manila and Santiago, and who are in a position to speak as experts.

Switzerland has just elected a president without any particular fuss. But Switzerland has no trusts, no navy, no Wall street.

A good way to start off the year 1908 would be to join the "million army" and help push to victory democratic principles and policies.

It seems that in addition to issuing a no-cent currency some bankers insist on a regular army attachment to force people to accept it.

That low, grinding noise from the south is only President Castro gnashing his teeth and wishing he could do things while our fleet is away.

"Cortelyou, man of ice," is the way the Sioux City Journal describes him. Yet Mr. Cortelyou seems to have warmed up when he heard that resignation rumor.

It will be noted that Secretary Cortelyou felt compelled to break silence just as soon as Senator Platt endorsed the Cortelyou boom. A man can not be silent forever.

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The mine owners may advance as another reason why wages should not be advanced that the miners stand small show of living long enough to really enjoy the increase.

After reading of the death of six or seven hundred men in mine disasters during the single month of December, are you surprised that the miners have the temerity to ask for decent wages?

Mark Twain confesses to a loss of \$17,000 in trying to exploit a new breakfast food. The people appear willing to swallow anything Mark gives them, breakfast food alone excepted.

James Hazen Hyde's offer of a million dollars to be allowed to return to his native land is receiving scant consideration. The country seems to be satisfied with its bargain.

The newspapers are making much of the fact that Rev. Dr. Aked of New York secured \$7,000 from a church congregation to which \$7,000 was about as much to raise as 70 cents is by the average church assembly.

So many directors of big New York corporations are resigning on "account of health" that we are forced to the conclusion that it is Malarial Manhattan instead of Marvelous Manhattan, as some Gothamites would have us believe.

Los Angeles and Omaha are candidates for mint sites. Both are growing excited over it. We believe both cities are already well provided with printing presses capable of turning out vast quantities of a form of money that recently came into fashion.

President Roosevelt's proposition to have congress appropriate money for campaign expenses is an indication that the time is coming when "practical men" like Mr. Harriman will not be invited to call at the White House by way of the side door.

The American watch trust sells to the English dealer for \$7.41 a watch that the American dealer must pay the trust \$10.15 for. This hold-up is perpetrated under the guise of "protection to American labor," and "building up infant industries." The watch trust is an infant more than a quarter of a century old and having a capitalization running well towards one hundred million dollars.

The National Manufacturers' Association refuses to assist the Lincoln Farm Memorial Association because the Memorial Association's letter heads bear the label of the Allied Printing Trades. We venture the assertion that the allied printing trades can show more members who wear the bronze buttons of the Grand Army of the Republic than the National Manufacturers' Association can.

Astronomers are now discussing the knots in Saturn's rings, but what the people are seeking is a way to put knots in some of the financial rings.

It seems that Senator Jeff Davis is subject to abuse from republican organs because he took advantage of the first opportunity to tell a lot of plain truths instead of waiting around a year or two.

The Boston Herald declares that it is deeply interested in the word "rat." If it wants some reliable information concerning one species of the rodent it should enquire of some of the boys in its composing room. Their remarks will be edifying, entertaining and emphatic.

By making a big fuss over the acceptance of Denver's \$100,000 the republican managers expect to cover up their acceptance of much larger amounts from the sugar, oil, steel, copper, hemp, shipping, coal, wire, tube, coke, paper, tobacco, cotton, watch, cereal and banking trusts.

"Nothing pays bigger dividends for all concerns than good government," says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Nothing pays bigger dividends than the right kind of government—for us," say the trusts. And they've got the kind they want when the republican party is in power.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat speaks of the free silver platform of 1896 as "a plan of enormous inflation based on a 50-cent dollar." If that plan was criminal, what about an enormous plan of inflation based upon a no-cent dollar? That is exactly what the asset currency plan is.

With the money that it would take to make their mines safe, thus preventing such horrors as have been witnessed during the last thirty days, the mine owners can import more foreign miners than have been killed by fire damp and collapsed galleries. The cheapest thing on the market is human life.

The Washington Herald says that Missouri's declaration for Taft, made on December 19, was the first made by any state for the secretary of war. The Herald is seriously and grievously mistaken. Nebraska republicans declared for Taft several months ago.

AT NIGHTFALL

I heard you whisper in your sleep "Me loves oo, dady, des a heep," And, though your mother had prepared Your fittle bed for you, I dared To sit and hold you longer, till I heard the plaintive whippoorwill Call from the gloomy forest's edge; And till the bullfrog in the sedge Sent his deep cry across the gloom, A vibrant, rumbling, loud ba-zoom, And clasped you tighter than before, And stooped and hoped for something more To wing to me from realms of sleep Than—"loves oo daddy des a heep."

But that was every word you said, And, yet, it seemed your curly head Lay closer, warmer to my breast, Till I imagined that your rest Was full of me—just full of dad— And that your little soul was glad, Where'er it wandered far and free, Because of the great love of me That hedged you round and all about And loved you when the lights were out; And when the world hung in the dark, Moonlight nor starlight, with no spark To guide it; naught below, above, But only God's enduring love.

I love to think of this old world, Like a wee baby, lying curled Against the Father's loving breast All nightie-robed and sung to rest, Content and glad and unafraid, And snuggling, as its ear were laid Against a heart whose each throb sings Of love, excluding all such things As gold and fame, and all the dross That men pursue at such a loss Of love; the old world wandered back To youth along its age-worn track, And in the Father's arms asleep, Lispering, "I love oo des a heep." —Judd Mortimer Lewis in Spare Moments.