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ISSUED WEEKLY.

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The attention of Mr. Pulitzer is called to the fact that the Adullamites finally won out.

Mexican papers are booming Elihu Root for president. A great many people would be for Root for president of Mexico.

Mr. Fowler should now tell us what would have been the result had the government issued some asset currency on the bonds of the Seaboard Air line.

When Mrs. Grace Vanderbilt Szechenyi is out in company she will often be puzzled to know whether people are addressing her or merely sneezing.

The international congress of fishing industries will meet in Washington next September. Here is a solution of the present problem of caring for our ex-presidents.

The Philadelphia Press announces that under the new management it will be a "broader and more stalwart republican paper than ever." It could be broader without much effort.

Perhaps Vice President Fairbanks is receiving the support of the literary gentlemen of Indiana as a recognition of the fact that he has never competed with them in literary output.

The New York woman who thought she married an English lord, and discovered she had married a clerk earning \$8 a week, is doubtless \$8 a week better off than she thought she was.

Despite the discovery of several hundred dollars' worth of smuggled goods in his home Mr. Shonts is still doubtless firmly convinced in the necessity of a protective tariff to guard and nourish our infant industries.

Judging by the dividend announcements and other things, the railroads have been so prosperous during the past two years that they were forced to ask for receiverships because they could no longer borrow money.

After pointing out that a presidential victory for the democrats would still leave the republicans in absolute control of the senate, the administration organs tell us that so many men are out of work because of a fear of democratic revision of the sacred Dingley tariff. The administration editorial force ought to get together.

THE DEMOCRATIC VOLUNTEER

Henry Warrum, of Indianapolis, speaking at the Nebraska dinner given at Lincoln, January 15, said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I come to you without any regular commission to speak for the party in our state; not a member of the state committee, not an office holder—not even belonging to that class of stall-fed leaders with which the party is everywhere so adequately supplied. Ordinarily I wouldn't have the temerity to travel this far to make a speech—especially to such a distinguished assemblage—nor would I be here now but for one thing: We have begun the organization of a state league of working clubs to be known as "Volunteers," a work that grows directly out of the suggestion of Mr. Bryan and of such possibilities that I am willing to spread the idea back of it wherever my voice may serve to do so.

So my friends when I stand up among these governors and senators, I want you to remember that "I don't belong to the regulars, I'm just a volunteer."

I said this movement with us grew immediately out of the suggestion of Mr. Bryan during his recent visit to LaFayette. In a larger sense it is suggested by the conditions surrounding our party.

In our state, and doubtless in this, the republican party enjoys the support of strong, wealthy and permanent organizations of various kinds. These enable their leaders to keep alive party spirit and to proselyte not only during campaigns but practically all the time. They have their Lincoln league, the tariff leagues, their local clubs, their soldier organizations, their negro associations, their camp fires and love feasts and pow-wows, and they thus maintain what might be well termed a regular army. This is made possible, largely, by the constitution of that party. For years a class of politicians, or statesmen, has been in the ascendancy in the republican party who have come to regard government as the machinery and means of advancing business interests. High protective tariffs have been levied, vast land grants have been made, subsidies have been voted and promised, concessions and privileges granted, largely in the exercise of the taxing power and all in the name of business.

Thus by an appeal, not to public spirit, but to self interest, it has gathered to its ranks the great corporations and their myriad retainers; and still more important in this connection it has largely commanded the wealth of the country in the financing of its campaign and the maintenance of its organizations. It is always at work, appealing to each class as its selfish interests lies, from the miner and factory hand of the east to the lumberman of the north and the grazer of the west, slurring over the unjust burdens of vicious legislation they bear as citizens and pointing out the miserable share they get in the plunder as business men; appealing to the old soldier in the name of his pension, rounding up the solid negro vote—a vote which alone will account for all their majority in Indiana—operating in the states of Wyoming, Idaho and Utah under a compact with the Mormon church—the reliance of Wall Street and its frenzied financiers, its campaigns underwritten by "practical men" like Harriman and Morgan, always depending on corruption and in its crises not hesitating at coercion. Such have been the methods of the republican party in the last thirty years.

And so it has maintained its magnificent organizations with their splendid discipline. Its policies went with a man to his office and factory—the bait was continually before his eyes—whenever its hand was extended the contribution came as a matter of business, and so it has worked, tirelessly, extending its grasp on our dailies until but few are free from its influence, watching the economic teaching in our colleges, proselyting here, disciplining there, attracting our young men by the social features of their clubs and the promises of promotion that too often allure them, quick in claiming credit for prosperity and just as quick in denying all responsibility for panics and depression, always working and even at times venturing into the councils and controlling the movements of our own party.

Do I overstate these things? The republican party for the last thirty years has been essentially a business proposition, and it has kept open house to every element that wanted to do business with it at the public expense.

Let me give you an illustration: For years the democratic party was charged in some quar-

ters with being the liquor party. Why? Simply because it was opposed fundamentally to sumptuary legislation and advocated the principles of personal liberty. But I say to you that, at least in Indiana, as soon as the brewery interests began to want favors—as soon as they began to tire of the paltry limitations of brewing and began to go into the saloon business, as soon, in other words, as they had favors to ask they joined the republican party and they have been their active political allies for fifteen years. And though public sentiment may compel legislation against such evils, I say to you that whenever these or any other business interests want some favor, some privilege, some advantage—they naturally turn to the republican party.

The democratic party does not believe that the government has any business in business; it believes that its province lies in the administration of law on the principle of "equal rights to all with special privileges to none." Its appeal is confined to a thoughtful and unselfish citizenship. It has no privileges to grant, no subsidies to vote, no protection to offer any class at the expense of all. It can not expect the aid, financial or otherwise, of protected, favored or subsidized interests. It can not therefore, maintain a standing army but must depend upon volunteers inspired only by a devotion to principle. From the hour of its birth the democratic party has never lacked that service. Campaign after campaign has been fought by its volunteers, summoned as they were to the party banner only by a profound conviction in the justice of its cause. And here as on the bloody fields of war the volunteer is the best and bravest soldier that ever went to battle. From the days of Valley Forge, when the old Continental died of cold and hunger rather than give up his ideal—died that liberty might live—the American volunteer has been the finest type of warrior. Nothing takes hold of a man like an idea—it is the one thing for which men will gladly die. Under the stimulus of some great cause even the timid become courageous and with the prudent self-sacrifice becomes heroic.

I have seen two pictures, one a picture of the British charge at Bunker Hill—how beautiful their serried lines! How brilliant their uniforms!—sweeping on like one living body in the red line of war! Hessians? Some of them; not all. Perhaps there were some who fought because they loved their king. Most of them were fighting for the shilling they got—but they were regulars, a great machine, splendid in their battle array—and I said to myself such is the republican party.

And the other was a picture of the old Continentals "in their ragged regimentals." And there was the drummer boy and the old fifer and the farmer with the flag—new born but, as Riley says, "old as the glory of God"—and there they were, not beautiful in array but sublime in their devotion—and out of that picture, not drawn or painted on its canvas but shining out of it by the magic of suggestive art, where the heroic souls of these brave volunteers—not loving war for itself yet going to battle as to a banquet that truth might live and that liberty might not perish from the earth. And when I have looked on that picture I have thought such are the masses that fight beneath the banners of democracy.

But volunteer service is not enough. There must be organization, discipline, training and co-operation. The problem of practical politics, as of any other matter is to make human energy count for the most, to conserve and wisely use it. So the volunteer is not enough. They must be organized. They must act together. A strong aggressive committee is like a strong war staff but a good local club is like a well drilled company, and after all these must do the actual fighting.

This is what we are trying to do in Indiana. It is simplicity itself. Each township is to be encouraged to have its own club—the member pledged to render such service as he can and all the clubs affiliated in a state federation.

In our state the democracy is awake. We have just organized our state committee at the best meeting of the kind we have had for years. It didn't go the way my friend Risk and I would have preferred, but what's the difference? I care not what captain is assigned me—I know our great commander, I know the enemy, and that's enough.

Never was the time so ripe for such a work. The battle this year is to be less one of prejudices and more one of ideas. The party will