

# The Commoner.

ISSUED WEEKLY.

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Every John D. Rockefeller has his Day.

The first step in the revision of the tariff will be a very thorough revision of congress.

Ice King Morse will now need a lot of his cornered product to cool his heated indignation.

Mr. Stillings will have to secure an election to congress before he can get another leave to print.

In the meantime recruits for the "army of a million" will always find the recruiting station open.

Mark Twain has been in Bermuda, probably on the scent of some of that badly invested money.

The way to win the battle for 1908 is for the forces of democracy to begin now. Organize!

A Michigan justice has decided that "a sausage is a sausage." That is the word, with the bark in it.

The report that the republican party in Florida is divided must, in the very nature of things, be very much exaggerated.

"Not a Morse cent found," says the New York Evening Post. How much more graceful and polite that is than the usual expression.

The Ananias clubs have received a large number of editorial recruits since the presidential letter of February 10 to William Dudley Foulke.

The latest announced international marriage is declared to be a love match. Of course. She loves the title and he loves the American dollars.

A New York paper gleefully mentions the day in which the New York market reached the highest point of the new year. High water mark, eh?

In this spineless matter let it not be forgotten that Luther Burbank found the cactus variety before Thomas W. Lawson found the public variety.

Japan is preparing for a great international exposition in 1912. This fact ought to put a quietus on the rumor that Japan is anxious for a scrap with us.

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Colonel John Temple Graves declares that "women should receive men's wages." We know one woman who receives a man's wages.

The election of George Ade as a delegate to the Chicago convention must not be taken as an indication that former republican platforms were not fables.

The attempt to prove that the poet Longfellow was a plagiarist merely emphasizes the fact that we would all feel better if a lot of poets would not attempt to be so original.

"Shall the democratic party die?" plaintively queries the New York World. Having survived the World's blackjack and poniard the evidences of longevity are very gratifying.

President Roosevelt's latest public utterance recalled to mind and view the name and features of William Dudley Foulke. Mr. Foulke still wears the same puff tie and minute goatee.

Every time a republican organ claims that its party will carry Missouri this year, 75,000 Missouri democrats who forgot to vote four years ago wink 75,000 left optics and snicker audibly.

By holding down wages to the starvation point the Pullman company is enabled to make such large profits that it can give its employes a month's wages as a matter of "generosity" and "charity."

The attention of the Paragraphers' Union is called to section 13, article 23. Observance of the rule therein laid down will put an immediate stop to this R. E. Morse gag concerning the return of C. W. Morse.

## CHAMP CLARK IN THE HOUSE

Speaking in the house on February 13 Champ Clark of Missouri described Mr. Roosevelt as "such a belligerent personage that his lightest word is a challenge to combat." According to the Associated Press report Mr. Clark said that Mr. Roosevelt could not express his views upon any question under heaven, "even upon a subject so prosaic and threadbare as the passing of the state of the weather" without precipitating a row, his extreme adherents swearing that there never had been "such a weather prophet on earth since Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden with flaming swords and his extreme enemies vociferating that he knows no more about the weather than does a ground hog." The president's whole public life, said Mr. Clark, had been one session of spectacular fights. No man had been more viciously assailed by men of his own party, "and none was ever, while still in the flesh, so lavishly lauded by some of the opposing party." "But," he said, "the truth is that this extraordinary man has waxed stronger and stronger by waging his battles." Even defeat, he declared, had made him a larger and more commanding figure. "So," he said, "amid the swirl of things, the deluge of words, the shouting of the captains, the beating of tom-toms, the groans of crippled republicans, the yells of friend and foe," one who was a personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt, the man, but political opponent of Roosevelt, the politician or statesman, had "but little chance perhaps of being heard in this babel of voices." Mr. Clark, however, insisted that he would have his say. He spoke of his personal liking for the president, and said that, although, after the manner of strong men, the president had pronounced virtues and glaring faults of character, he had never abused him nor had he grown hysterical in admiration of him, but he had supported him when he was right and fought him "tooth and nail," when he was wrong. He believes that was the way the president should be treated. "We must indeed," said Mr. Clark, "entertain contempt for the invertebrate sycophants who grovel before him on all occasions and who, no matter what he does or says, throw high their sweaty caps in the air and shout 'Io, triumphe, Io, triumphe!'"

Mr. Clark spoke of the claim that President Roosevelt was better than his party, "which fact," he estimated, "easily could be established without running any imminent danger of being translated after the manner of Elijah in a chariot of fire by reason of his goodness; but whatever the president's virtues or faults, he is not a democrat." Occasionally he

President Roosevelt appointed Mr. Rossiter as "acting public printer," and Secretary Cortelyou refused to accept the Rossiter bond, thus compelling the naming of another man. The Cortelyou big stick must be reckoned with, too.

The Japanese minister of finance is said to have made a mistake of \$20,000,000 in his budget. This would seem to indicate that the Japanese minister of finance was a newspaper reporter before he accepted a public office.



### A WORD OF CONGRATULATION

Mr. Louis F. Post of the Public, published at Chicago, 1447 First National Bank Building, announced a few weeks ago that the publication of the Public could not be continued unless he received assurances of a larger support. He has just announced that the responses to the appeal were so generous as to assure the continuance of the paper, and The Commoner hastens to congratulate him and his readers, who deserve even heartier congratulations. Mr. Post is one of the ablest as well as one of the most conscientious editors in the country, and the Public stands in the front rank as a molder of public opinion. It would be a loss to journalism if he were compelled to abandon his newspaper enterprise, and The Commoner rejoices that the readers of the Public are to have the benefit of his observations and logic for at least another year. The Commoner is pleased to bring Mr. Post's paper to the attention of the reading public, and it can assure any of The Commoner readers who may be inclined to subscribe for the Public, that they will not be disappointed in Mr. Post's writings. The Public occupies a unique place and deserves such an increase in its number of readers as to give it a permanent place in the newspaper field.

said, the president very much to the delight of democrats and confusion of republicans, "appropriates or absorbs, borrows or seizes a democratic idea", and from his high coigne of vantage urges it with tremendous force, for, he said, the president obeyed to the letter at least one scriptural injunction: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." It was the heavy hand, or "big stick" of the president, he declared that had driven so many republicans "pell mell into the cave of Addulam where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth and much profane swearing," and, he added, "so far as he has advocated democratic ideas, so far as he has mauled wicked republicans with his mailed fist or thumped them with his big stick, he has deserved the unstinted praise of all lovers of our country." No one knew, continued Mr. Clark, whether or not the president was a great man. He quoted from an old saying, "Count no man happy till he is dead," and said it was a safe and sane rule to pronounce no man great until he was in his grave. "We have not enough perspective necessary to fix his status in history," he said, "and it is sheer folly to attempt it." Individually he wished the president well until March 4, 1909, when he hoped the president would quit forever, "for no president will ever be elected to a third term till the republic is on its last legs." Everyone could be honest, he maintained, even if he could not be great, "and," he added, "if you republican big wigs would be candid you would confess that you are not half so much enamored of the president as you seem to be." The republicans, he declared, grew red in the face lauding the president to the skies, "for he is still the dispenser-in-chief of pie." A republican statesman bereft of pie, said he, was "a spectacle to make the angels weep," but he said, when he saw republicans trying to apotheosize him by "mere lip service," it seemed to him the lady doth protest too much. In conclusion Mr. Clark said: "In the impending conflict I summon every democrat in all this broad land to service under the democratic banner and for democratic principles—principles which the immortal Jefferson enunciated, which the heroic Jackson upheld and which are as dear to the hearts of the people this day as they were a century ago. Fighting under that banner and for those principles we won fourteen presidential elections out of thirty and can win again and again till we drive the republicans from every place of power, thereby restoring the government to the safe, wise, wholesome and patriotic politics of the fathers—a consummation devoutly to be wished."