

The Commoner.

ISSUED WEEKLY.

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A NOONDAY LIGHT

"I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke and found that life was Duty,
Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee."

Merely a battle lost—not a war.

A Thanksgiving divided is a Thanksgiving doubled.

Doubtless Dr. Lyman Abbott is prepared to run editorials serially.

Mr. Cannon says he has won a great victory. That much will be conceded.

There is one consolation about it all—the change from the big stick to the golf stick.

Really, the Washington Herald is cruel in thus delaying its pumpkin pie peals of praise.

Naturally, and of course, the trusts took the first whack at prosperity by advancing prices.

Says "Uncle Joe:" "President Taft may call a special session to revise the tariff, but I'll be there, all right."

Chancellor Day has started for a tour of the world, confident that the path of his progress has been well oiled.

The announcement of Senator Aldrich's retirement in 1911 would read better if about three years were lopped off.

Every four years we are more and more favorably impressed with the wonderful resources and possibilities of Texas.

The Outlook announces that "Mr. Roosevelt's contributions will be necessarily restricted in length and frequency." Huh!

A whole lot of papers that four, eight and twelve years ago "buried Bryan" seem to be worrying a whole lot over Mr. Bryan's future.

"But remember," observes the Wall Street Journal, "that the revision (of the tariff) is to be carried out by its friends." It is just that fact that gives no hope of relief to the victims and causes rejoicing among the beneficiaries.

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The Commoner cheerfully concedes that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's editors are earning their money.

Just after the election the court overruled the motion for a rehearing in the 29 million-fine-case.

It will be cheerfully conceded in all quarters that Dr. Lyman Abbott is a shrewd advertiser.

By the way, there was nothing equivocal about the promise to establish the postal savings bank system.

The postmasters who did, at Hitchcock's command, are hoping that Hitchcock, as postmaster general, will.

Now that the American Tobacco company has been found guilty it will be solemnly enjoined not to do it again.

To date we have not noticed Leslie's Weekly trying to make answer to the questions propounded by Collier's Weekly.

Having rounded them up before, Mr. Hitchcock will be made postmaster general in order to keep them rounded up after.

"It is the habit of the party in power to do things," says the Buffalo News. Do things? It's the habit of that party to do everybody.

But, if prosperity is contingent upon the election of any one man, what would become of the country if that one man should suddenly die?

And, by the way, hasn't the American Federation of Labor quite as much warrant for going into politics as the manufacturers' association?

Even the most ample supply of election crow will be exhausted in plenty of time to let everybody get up an appetite for Thanksgiving turkey.

"What shall we do with our ex-presidents?" is a question that no longer worries the country. It has been succeeded by one of greater moment: "What will our ex-presidents do to us?"

That heavy rumbling sound from the east is merely the happy tread of protected trusts marching on to Washington to help revise the tariff upward.

Some of these days American voters who express a willingness to die for a principle will not be deterred from supporting it by the threat of being deprived of a few meals.

A few more letters on things in general and the new associate editor of the Outlook will have run out of topics before he mounts his editorial tripod.

Is it venturesome to predict that the work of revising the tariff will be begun by the appointment of a commission to consider the matter for a few years?

Only six more days until Thanksgiving. Those who are thankful that it was so good should not begrudge others a feeling of thankfulness that it was no worse.

The Washington Herald suggests that Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan render it "Maryland, Our Maryland," as a duet. Will the Herald kindly strike the chord—A minor, please.

Gifford Pinchot may not be willing to admit it, but his efforts to preserve our forests will be unavailing as long as the present premium on forest destruction continues.

They are making so much noise over the Morse conviction in New York that a lot of fellows worse than Morse are likely to escape notice. And that may, perhaps, be the game.

Mr. Baer calmly declares that he can see no reason for reducing the price of coal. It is safe to say that Mr. Baer is not straining his eyes in an effort to see a reason.

Major Minnamascot is quietly eating alfalfa at Fairview while awaiting a definite answer to the oft-repeated query, "Who gets the mule?" New York City having been eliminated from the equation the answer is slightly simplified.

Incidentally, this is the season when the chrysanthemum is among the plants running on full time, and also one of the few that runs full time without tariff or rebate.

Seems strange that to date no one has suggested that perhaps the ex-president will be off-officio a member of the Taft cabinet. But does anyone doubt that he will be?

Noting that "dollars are safe" Chancellor Day sets sail for Europe. Gentlemen who are more concerned about dollars than they are about men are fitted to thoroughly enjoy Europe.

Having refused to play the presidential game according to White House directions, Mr. Gompers is now to be deprived of the inestimable privilege of fondling the White House doll rags.

The shelving of Gompers is loudly demanded by a lot of republican organs that know very well the continued ascendancy of their party depends upon the party's ability to deceive the workingmen.

And now comes the report that they have struck an underground lake on the site of the Panama canal's largest dam. There seems to be a whole lot of underground trouble about that canal job.

Mr. Roosevelt advocates the coinage of gold with depressed faces. But wouldn't that be a mournful reminder of the visages of those who suffered from a "republican panic" under his administration?

If Senator Elkins is weary of all this fuss about the duke and the daughter he can end it with a jar by merely showing that he has lost all his money or that he isn't going to let go of any of it.

The czar of Russia has purchased seven mechanical piano players for use in the palace at St. Petersburg, but a man who can stand the nihilists ought to be able to stand at least that many mechanical piano players.

The Century Magazine suppressed an entire edition at the request of Emperor William, who did not want to stand for an interview printed in the magazine. We see the Outlook of the future doing anything like that!

Having been declared a trust in restraint of trade the American Tobacco company may now prepare for a real nawsty slap on the wrist, don't yer know. Then will come the reversal of judgment, and all will go along as before.

Now that Banker Morse has gone to jail, perhaps he can explain how it happens that he could not fix things up so that the statute of limitations could get in its work. Several other New Yorkers seem to have been able to work it.

Now that their demands for free wood pulp and print paper will not sound so much like a democratic demand for tariff revision, a lot of republican organs will resume their tearful pleas for a removal of the tariff on the articles they have to purchase in quantity.

The ways and means committee has resumed its tariff hearings in Washington. This simply means that the tariff beneficiaries are there in the persons of salaried pleaders, but the people who foot the bills have to remain at home and hustle while they suffer.

Sherman presiding over the senate, Cannon presiding over the house, Payne, chairman of the ways and means committee, with Dalzell to help him apply the brakes—and the republican party promises "unequivocally" to "immediately" revise the tariff. No, those western earthquakes were not caused by shivers of fear shaking the eastern trust magnates.

Today the treasury of the United States is called upon to meet \$14,000,000 of the three per cent bond issue of a year ago—the issue made to "move crops" when republican prosperity was rampant, confidence restored, more money in circulation than ever, a tariff in force that was a sure preventive of panics. Remember how the republican organs damned Cleveland for a bond issue? And remember how they praised the statesmanship of Roosevelt for a bond issue that did not have a tittle of the cause that brought on the Cleveland issue.