

PASSING OF BRYAN

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the devoted head of the "boy orator," and he was told that he was "dead again"—yes, this time "too dead to bury."

They killed him off every time he voiced the hopes and aspirations of the people they were and are still plundering. They can not corrupt or cajole him so they kill him off every new moon. His political corpse has, for fourteen years, been putrifying on the ramparts of every great question affecting the "system" that Bryan alone, of all men, had the courage to champion.

What is there that the insurgents are clamoring for now that Bryan has not championed for almost a generation? The insurgents are all right, their motives are patriotic, they seek the greatest good to the greatest number, but they are just fourteen years behind W. J. Bryan in everything they seek.

They are "patriots" today for advocating the things that made Bryan an "anarchist" fourteen years ago.

Victor Murdock's speech in Wichita reads exactly like some of Bryan's masterful orations in 1896. So of all other insurgent speeches in congress and elsewhere. He was the pioneer insurgent against the "system." They are his followers and imitators.

Now that branch of the "system" known as the "brewers and whisky trust," has won a temporary victory over Bryan by controlling the late Nebraska state convention. Bryan wanted county option. The "booze trust" wanted town option, and when the "booze trust" won, the subsidized tooters of the "system" raised the hue and cry that Bryan was dead again.

Wait until the votes are counted in November and then you can judge who is really "dead" in Nebraska, W. J. Bryan or the recreant democrats who sold themselves to the "booze trust."

Just as sure as the sun rises on that November day, will Bryan be sustained and the "booze" democrats repudiated by the people of Nebraska.

The multifarious deaths and resurrections of the political anatomy of W. J. Bryan is one of the marvels of American politics.—Kansas, Wichita, Commoner.

THE MIGHTY FALLEN

The long expected catastrophe has come. Mr. Bryan has lost control of the Nebraska democracy. Tuesday saw his downfall from the position he has held for nearly twenty years. A minority plank that he was determined to insert in the state platform was turned down amid the enthusiastic cheers of his enemies.

Mr. Bryan's fight was not made on a national issue. He championed

county local option against the influence of the liquor interests of Nebraska, in league with the democratic organization. His defeat on a liquor question would not necessarily indicate loss of prestige on broader issues. Nevertheless, the Bryan of today is not the "peerless leader" of old. All his eloquence and magnetism failed to win the convention for this little plank as the same eloquence and magnetism stampeded the presidential convention of 1896 and made him a national figure.

Little by little Bryan's power has waned, alike in his own state and in the rest of the country. The trend was clearly shown in Ohio at the time of the last democratic convention, when Judson Harmon defied the big leader with impunity.

Bryan's power has gone, but Bryan need not therefore be belittled. He has been a big man and has done a big man's work. As a reformer, a preacher of public morality, a pleader for equality of opportunity, an enemy of all wrongdoing in politics and business, he should share with Theodore Roosevelt the gratitude of the nation.—Cleveland, O., Plain Dealer.

WILL BE REMEMBERED

To the Editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch: There is rejoicing in the camps of the unrighteous. A good and great man has been defeated. Drunk with an ephemeral taste of power, the Nebraska democracy has repudiated the one man who ever made that power possible. The old tale of the goose that laid the golden egg is about to be enacted, for in destroying Bryan his enemies destroy the party which Bryan has built up, for without Bryan there would be no democracy. And now, every enemy of progress, every reactionary demagogue rests secure in the belief that the only sincere reformer is buried forever beneath a mountain of sophistry. Antiquity believed that the secret of the volcanic Aetna lay in the fact that a monster was buried beneath its weight when giants fought with gods, but when wearied with his mammoth burden the monster turned from side to side belching forth fire from his demonic nostrils. Buried the reactionaries may aver that Bryan is, but when "duty calls to danger" the mountain of oblivion will be overturned and Bryan will emerge, greater for his forced retirement. Roses do not always bloom along the path of duty. To come out in the face of the gravest danger for the principles of right is the test of a hero.

Bryan is the apostle of a new creed. When humanity was suffering he was the first who dared to lift his voice in its defense. The principles which once he alone dared to avow are today accepted by every

creed of men and are incorporated in the fundamental principles of the American government. Valiantly he has striven for that which he deemed right and though now defeated his defeat when laboring in a righteous cause is more glorious than victory in the cause of error.

HAROLD LORD VARNEY.

EXEUNT BRYAN?

Loss of the leadership of democracy in Nebraska, defeat at the hands of the whiskey interests and repudiation by those who followed him in matters of state only to forsake him when a moral issue had to be met, does not mean the elimination of William Jennings Bryan as a factor, influence and power in not only the politics of his state but that of the nation.

We hold no brief for Mr. Bryan. Nothing happened at Grand Island that was unexpected or was not predicted in these columns, but when he goes down to defeat fighting for a moral principle such as was at stake in this convention, we must say his sacrifice was honorable and praiseworthy. It were better to go down to a thousand far more humiliating defeats than was the wresting of power from Mr. Bryan while espousing a good cause, than to succeed to the ultimate in advocacy of a bad one.

The liquor issue must be met in Nebraska as well as elsewhere. The problem which confronts the people is not must we deal with the question, but how shall we best deal with it. When Mr. Bryan offered the plank, "We favor county option as the best method of dealing with the liquor question," he offered a moral truth, for which he was rewarded by outcasting, denunciation and humiliation.

"If I have advocated that which is not good for the state let me feel your wrath. If you find I have done anything that is not for the good of the democratic party, I do not ask your mercy," said he to the assembled democrats by whom we knew he had been marked for slaughter. With full consciousness that his undoing was imminent, that each and every word he uttered in advocacy of his county option plan dug his political grave in the state but the deeper, he had the courage of his convictions and the strength of his conscience and continued to urge his fellow democrats to avoid the pitfalls of the past and to meet the issue squarely. For an hour and a half, with the same eloquence with which he had electrified those self same men time and time again, he entreated them to adopt the plank which he felt must sooner or later be written into the Nebraska platform, but they turned a deaf ear upon his implorings. And with what result.

"The republican party and the populist party of this state have adopted county option; if you do not adopt it, it becomes an issue," said Mr. Bryan in concluding his remarks.

And thus it is today that county option is an issue in Nebraska and will continue to be the issue until the liquor problem is solved.

And for his pains to steer his party from probable reefs, for his loyalty to a belief whose truth needs but time to prove, he is trampled down, disowned and scoffed at as a theorist and dreamer. No stronger corroborative proof of his charge that the whisky interest had sold him out could be needed than the majority against his plank. Bryan was a man Nebraskans loved, respected and followed. He has paid a pretty price for his conviction and his devotion to his state and party in Nebraska. What was the price of his selling out?

A man who has dominated the

democratic party in his state for twenty years and been the haven for the national party for fourteen years, is not thus easily to be gotten rid of. Bryan's good principles are bigger, broader than the democrats of Nebraska, and they will prevail when those who have sought to crush him have been forgotten.—Richmond Virginian.

ONE TOO MANY LODGERS

In the days when Colonel Charles Edwards, former secretary of the democratic congressional campaign committee, was traveling for a commercial concern, he reached a little southern town on one occasion when the only hotel there was crowded. Edwards insisted he had to have a room for the night, and the clerk finally told him that there was one room he could share with another man.

"But," he concluded, "you'll have to sleep in the same bed with him."

Edwards agreed to this, and, as it was late at night, went to the room he thought had been assigned to him. He hastily prepared for bed and quietly lay down beside his bed fellow. Later in the night he awoke and saw a man sitting at the foot of the bed reading by the light of a candle.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Edwards sitting up: "Are they going to put a third fellow into this bed?"

Without a word, but with a terrified expression on his face, the man who had been reading dived through the window, carrying with him most of the window sash. Edwards looked around, and saw that the man he had been sleeping with was a corpse. He had gotten into the wrong room.

"It took nine negro farm hands," says Edwards, in ending the story, "to round up that literary fellow for breakfast in the morning."—Philadelphia Record.

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Afraid of Ghosts

Many people are afraid of ghosts. Few people are afraid of germs. Yet the ghost is a fancy and the germ is a fact. If the germ could be magnified to a size equal to its terrors it would appear more terrible than any fire-breathing dragon. Germs can't be avoided. They are in the air we breathe, the water we drink.

The germ can only prosper when the condition of the system gives it free scope to establish itself and develop. When there is a deficiency of vital force, languor, restlessness, a sallow cheek, a hollow eye, when the appetite is poor and the sleep is broken, it is time to guard against the germ. You can fortify the body against all germs by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the vital power, cleanses the system of clogging impurities, enriches the blood, puts the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition in working condition, so that the germ finds no weak or tainted spot in which to breed. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients printed on its outside wrapper. It is not a secret nostrum but a medicine of known composition and with a record of 40 years of cures. Accept no substitute—there is nothing "just as good." Ask your neighbors.

