

hivin' millionaires. Talk about rough-house! He stood up on the high ground, pale as wax, with electricity snappin' all around him—some of us yowlin' at him to go ahead, others barkin' up at him like coon dogs around a sycamore, and a good many more weepin' inwardly and scared blue. The harmony program had seven punctures and a blow-out. We couldn't stand by Champ without buckin' William J., and we couldn't turn down William J without puttin' our O. K. on Wall street. But we crawled out o' that hole. We passed the resolution with the black sheep helpin' to denounce themselves. We sat there all night watchin' the maniacs perform, and staggered away at daylight with Champ holdin' a safe lead on the first ballot. It looked like a cinch. New York was ready to fall in. That would give us 90 at one slap. Then a tall scramble for the band wagon. That's what we dreamt as we lay in rows on our little hospital cots, the sun beatin' down on our smilin' faces. We came back at four o'clock and began votin' again. We voted and rested and voted again. It's all like a bad dream after that. The hall was hotter than a hawmow. Most of us were half undressed. We panted and perspired and polled every fool delegation one thousand times, as near as I can recollect. Somewhere in the noise an' dust, an' between pieces by the band, we saw William J. clinched with Champ. When Damon started in to swat Pythias, we threw up our hands. Boys, I'm for any ticket labeled democratic, but I'm shakin' with dread. Let me go home and calm down. I've seen five hundred democrats, callin' themselves regular and progressive, stand up on their toes and demand the blood of Bill Bryan. I guess the world's comin' to an end."

He lifted his coat from the bunch of bananas and moved into the sunlight. The Lamsey boy and Earl Pettit, keeping well behind him, did not dare to break in on his grief.

On the very day which brought the real news to Pigeon Crest, another delegate of a different mold alighted from the Louisville express at the tree-sheltered county-seat known as Juniper, State of Kentucky. Colonel Milo Stansbury wore a gray suit. The coat was a frock in pattern, but of light fabric and not lined. Such a coat enabled the colonel to maintain the outward decencies of the legal profession even in the dog days. His hat was a wide Panama, and his mustache was silvered almost to whiteness. The colonel supervised the transfer of the valise from the negro porter to the negro hackman, and made a saluting gesture with a very rigid forearm, to the station loafers.

Two hours later he was on the shady part of the porch with Judge Trueby, Captain Hanchett, and Clay Radbourne, editor of the "Beacon."

At the risk of losing the real "atmosphere" of this stage picture—sunny afternoon, colonial pillars, climbing vines, and four Kentucky gentlemen in soft colors—it must be recorded that the glasses contained homemade mead, rich with nutmeg and cinnamon, Mrs. Stansbury being away up in the W. C. T. U.

"Gentlemen, he sought to bestride the democratic party like a Colossus," Colonel Stansbury was saying. "He lectured us, by gad, sir, just as the principal of our high school would go after a lot of unruly boys. His effrontery was amazing; his presumption unlimited; his egotism spectacular. We bore with him patiently; but the situation, sir, was most trying."

"I couldn't make out from the newspapers just what proof he offered that Ryan and Belmont were trying to dominate the convention," said Judge Trueby.

"We had no proof. They were of Wall street, therefore guilty. I hold, sir, that we should have been flattered to know that men of large private means and undoubted social eminence were sitting in our midst as delegates. They sought no personal controversy with this rampageous person from Nebraska. They came, as most of us came, animated by the hope that our beloved party was about to sweep away a faltering and demoralized opposition and assume control of all departments of the government. Gentlemen, I met these money kings and I had conversation with the so-called 'bosses.' They impressed me, sir, as being fair-minded and sincerely devoted to our party. Mr. Murphy, Mr. Sullivan, and Mr. Taggart each gave me assurance of his devotion to the progressive policies advocated by Mr. Bryan. Strangely enough, all three claim Irish antecedents. As they come of warlike stock, I expected to hear them speak bitterly of their antagonist. On the contrary, gentlemen, they bore his insults with incredible humility. They had no desire to drive him from the party."

The editor allowed that the reunited party

Form a Commoner Club in Your Precinct

Special Rate of 25c Secures The Commoner from Now Until Campaign Closes, or 4 for \$1

The work of organizing Wilson and Marshall clubs is being actively pushed in every state in the union. Democrats everywhere are alive to the opportunities of this campaign, and anxious to secure a sweeping victory for the cause of progressive reform.

With a progressive ticket and platform, the democratic party has taken its stand before the people. Thousands upon thousands of voters from other parties are flocking to its standard, because they believe the democratic party can bring relief from present burdens. A large percentage of these voters have never before voted the democratic ticket. Thousands of young voters will cast their first ballots at the coming election.

The most important work, therefore, that can engage the attention of democratic workers at the present moment is to reach and hold these two classes of voters in the ranks. The first step is to organize a good Wilson and Marshall club, and the next is to place reliable campaign literature into the hands of as many members as possible, particularly those who have formerly affiliated with other parties.

It is important to secure as many members as possible for the club. It is important to secure their promise to support the democratic ticket, but it is vastly more important that they cast their ballots with a proper understanding, conviction and belief in the great principles that the democratic party stands for in this campaign. Unless the new convert or the new voter can act intelligently, he will be easily influenced

to vote the opposition ticket by the pressure that will certainly be brought to bear upon him from other sources, even though his name may be upon the party club roll.

Just as soon as a Wilson and Marshall club is organized, an effort should be made immediately to place good literature into each new club member's hands. No other form of literature is so effective as a good democratic weekly. Going every week during the campaign to the voter personally, it carries the party's authoritative information, arguments and reasons, speeches and utterances of the party's candidates, answers to opponents—just the things needed to arouse and hold the interest of the voters. Every voter that can be induced to read and think can be depended upon to vote right when the time comes. Every club should appoint a committee to look after this work.

To assist the democratic clubs and democratic workers in this work, The Commoner is making a special rate of 25 cents each for campaign subscriptions, from now until election day, or four subscriptions for \$1. An especial effort should be made to place The Commoner in the hands of the voters, particularly among republicans who have announced their intention of voting the democratic ticket. Let a Commoner campaign club be organized in every precinct. Do not wait for some one else to make the start. Every one may have a hand in this work, and no other work will contribute more to democratic success in this campaign. Use the attached coupon. Where a larger club is formed, use blank sheet.

FOUR FOR \$1.00 CLUB

THE COMMONER, Lincoln, Neb.:

Gentlemen—Enclosed find \$1.00 for which please send The Commoner to the following four new subscribers under your special campaign offer—FOUR FOR \$1.00—from now until the close of the presidential campaign.

Name P. O.

Name P. O.

Name P. O.

Name P. O.

was in a kind of a hole.

"Gentlemen, I have been to Baltimore," said the colonel, wearily. "I am willing to be in any kind of a hole if Mr. Bryan is not present."

Now, listen to the third voice. The delegate is sitting in a side-bar buggy on a lonesome thread of black roadway that leads across wide billows of prairie. He was one of the battling Wilsonites of South Dakota—the little group that drew on the fighting of the second day.

"Boys, he looked bigger to me than ever." That's what he is saying to the three in blue jumpers who ran from the shack to head him off.

"We traveled all the way to Baltimore to celebrate the final victory of everything progressive, only to find the front seats occupied by the same old crowd of safe players and money counters. Fought 'em? Of course he fought 'em, from the drop of the hat. All they wanted to do with him was sew him up in burlap and bury him under the weeping willows. We all wanted harmony, but lookin' back at it, boys, I begin to perceive that you can't expect sheep and goats to bleat in the same key. It started with a skirmish and finished with a massacre. The people had won a great victory. In the hour of triumph they were politely requested to stand aside and let the boys lookin' for meal tickets take charge of the jubilee. And becauz William Jennings rose up and demanded a real progressive candidate, he was called a disturbing element. Mr. Murphy wanted a man who would look like a progressive from the front, but who could be counted on to leave the back door open and receive friendly calls from the boys who gave him the votes. We didn't want anybody who was in cahoots with Murphy because we never heard of Murphy workin' for anybody but himself. We wanted the only big caliber

progressive statesman in sight. And we got him. But we had to fight all the way."

Charley Borklen, foreman of the traction plowers, said that he guessed New York democrats must be funny to look at.

"I felt sorry for some of them," said the delegate. "Here's a man with a ninety-dollar suit an' a pleated shirt, his whiskers trimmed, nails polished, two automobiles, wife owns a dog, house full of servants—and yet anybody walkin' upstreet with him is under suspicion. Gittepl!"

ORGANIZE WILSON AND MARSHALL CLUBS

Preparations for the national campaign can not begin too early and the work ought to be started at once in every precinct in every state. The Commoner calls upon its readers everywhere to proceed to the organization of Wilson and Marshall clubs. Sometimes it is difficult to get men to attend meetings but these clubs could be organized even if only two or three persons are in attendance and then the membership could be built up as the enthusiasm of the campaign grows. The Commoner will print brief announcements of the organization of Wilson and Marshall clubs. Organize your club and send the fact of the organization and the names of the officers to The Commoner.

Who will be the first?