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RIVAL CLAIMS TO A POEM

Edward J. Hoel, Gwinner, N. D.—I am pleased to be able to furnish the poem asked for by Mrs. E. L. B., Minnesota, in your issue of the 7th inst. The great similarity of the poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, published in 1883, under the title "Solitude," by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago, will bring one to think of them as one and the same poem. The copy I have follows:

LOVE AND LAUGHTER

(Dedicated to George D. Prentice, 1863.)

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep and you weep alone;
This grand old earth must borrow its mirth.
It has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost in the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Be glad and your friends are many;
Be sad and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Feast and your halls are crowded;
Fast and the world goes by;
Succeed and give 'twill help you live;
But no one can help you die.
Rejoice and men will seek you;
Grieve and they turn to go—
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.

—From "Peculiar Poems," by John A. Joyce,
published 1885 by Thomas Knox & Co.
New York.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH PRESIDENT

How an error once started persists! The newspapers describe Woodrow Wilson as the 28th president of the United States. He is really the 27th. The error arose from the affectation of somebody who started the practice of designating Grover Cleveland as the 22nd and 24th president of the United States, just as if he had been two different men because his administration happened to be not consecutive. Just 26 other men have been presidents besides Woodrow Wilson. This surely makes him the 27th. He is entering on the 32nd presidential term.—Boston Herald.

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT

Alfred Graham, Pa.—Enclosed please find list of eleven new subscribers, together with my renewal. I certainly will do all in my power for the new administration. I will help in the efforts to carry out the pledges in the democratic platform which you so strongly advocated.

The Commoner.

One of the Saddest Stories Ever Told

VOLUME 13, NUMBER 10

One of the saddest stories ever written is that generally told in newspaper dispatches of March 3rd, and particularly in the following special dispatch to the Washington (D. C.) Post:

New York, March 3.—Thousands of persons in all stages of consumption, some of them barely able to walk and supported by friends and relatives, some so ill that they should have been in the care of nurses and physicians instead of exposed to wintry blasts, all seeking the reputed marvelous serum discovered by Dr. Friedrich Franz Friedmann, made such a spectacle of human misery, deferred hope, disappointment, and tears in Fifth avenue near Thirty-third street today as is seldom witnessed in the streets of New York city.

Unaware of the fact that Dr. Friedmann's lease of offices in the building at No. 329 Fifth avenue had been canceled after he had announced that he would treat the poor and the rich alike there, the sufferers, buoyed by the hope that a deliverer had come to save them, thronged about the doors and on the sidewalk and refused to believe that the much advertised cure was to be denied them.

Police-men, some of them dealing roughly with the sufferers, ordered them away, but as fast as they went others arrived. Driven from the sidewalk in front of the building, they crossed to the other side and looked wistfully up at the windows of the big office building.

Cries of "Shame! Shame! Let that man alone," were caused by the action of one policeman toward a tottering invalid, barely able to walk, supported on one side by his mother and on the other by his sister, who pleaded that he was a dying man and begged that he be permitted to see the discoverer of the famous serum held out as a last hope to dying men.

The policeman seized the sufferer by the arms as he stood amid a little group of sympathizers, and led him along the sidewalk with his mother and sister holding him up, to the corner of Thirty-third street, at the same time ordering him to "move along."

Mother, son, and daughter, weeping, stood at the corner, while a sympathizing group gathered about them, until other policemen came and forced them all to leave. The invalid, Peter Chioppani, of East New York, was about twenty-three years old, and appeared to weigh less than 100 pounds, although he is a fairly tall man.

"I walked all the way from East New York," he said, "I am a dying man. I have only a few weeks to live. Why do they do this to me? Why don't Dr. Friedmann come? Why did he promise to come if he couldn't? I had such confidence that he would help me."

His mother and sister, who had vainly tried to explain the disappointment of the son and brother to the big policeman and then tried to beat the policeman off when he seized the ill man, could offer him no comfort and they went away.

Women carrying little children in their arms, their faces illumined with the hope instilled by the reports of the great cure, arrived in numbers only to be turned away with bitter disappointment written upon their faces. Men, scantily clothed, clustered about the door and read with tear-dimmed eyes the sign hastily placed at the door reading: "Dr. Friedmann not in this building," and signed "Superintendent."

Forced from the sidewalks, half a hundred of the applicants went to the Waldorf-Astoria hotel, where Dr. Friedmann was staying, and some of them sent up their cards to him, but he sent down word that he could do nothing for them there. The cards of others were refused at his request.

While excited groups of spectators and applicants for the serum gathered in Fifth avenue, from 5 o'clock this morning until late this afternoon, Dr. Friedmann was in a quandry. He had applied to Dr. John Van Doren Young, secretary of the Medical Society of New York county, for information as to his standing and as to whether he would be permitted to treat the thousands of sufferers. He was invited to meet other physicians at the Academy of Medicine.

Dr. Friedmann, it was learned, was not certain that he would go to the Academy of Medicine, but was considering whether to send a statement to that body. It is understood that, unless the New York physicians intercede for

him, he would be required to pass an examination by state medical authorities before he could be permitted to treat the ill.

His secretary said the physician is receiving 400 letters a day from the sufferers, some of whom beg him merely to write to them a word of hope, which, they say, would give them confidence.

Following is an Associated Press dispatch: New York, March 7.—Further demonstrations of his treatment, which he claims is a cure for tuberculosis, are promised tomorrow by Dr. Frederick F. Friedmann. The Berlin physician treated only three patients yesterday, when his discovery was demonstrated for the first time in this country before an assemblage of physicians, but tomorrow Dr. Friedmann said he purposed treating a large number of sufferers, possibly as many as fifty. He would not name the place where the tuberculosis victims are to be treated, as he said this would cause it to be overrun with anxious applicants, many of whom must be disappointed.

"I have no fears as to the showing which will be made by the patients I treated yesterday," Dr. Friedmann added. "They will speak for themselves very soon. My patients improved under treatment in Germany and I feel sure they will here."

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL'S VISION

A vision of the future rises:

I see our country filled with happy homes, with firesides of content—the foremost land of all the earth.

I see a world where thrones have crumbled and where kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth.

I see a world without a slave. Man at last is free. Nature's forces have by science been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret, subtle powers of earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race.

I see a world at peace, adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilled, while lips are rich, with words of love and truth—a world in which no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns; a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where labor reaps its full reward; where work and worth go hand in hand; where the poor girl trying to win bread with the needle—the needle that has been called "the asp for the breast of the poor"—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide or shame. I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony stare; the piteous wail of want, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn.

I see a race without disease of flesh or brain—shapely and fair, the married harmony of form and function—and, as I look, life lengthens, joy deepens, love canopies the earth; and over all, in the great dome, shines the eternal star of human hope.

A DESERVED TRIBUTE

The Louisville (Ky.) Times pays a deserved tribute to the vice president, when it says:

"In a day when the door is opened to a famished democracy it is pleasant to note the admirable example set by the new vice president, who was to have been reimbursed a matter of \$4,800 spent for house rent and the like during his four years as governor of Indiana. Mr. Marshall is a man of modest means; he is admittedly poorer by his service to the state; his patriotism has been a tax on his pocket. But he could see no good reason for accepting what would have been in the nature of a gift, and he lost no time in blocking a little scheme designed, no doubt, with the best of intentions. And what he said went—we are very sure he will pardon us this lapse into the vernacular. With precisely the same right sense of what be- seems his position and his means Mr. Marshall will make no attempt to emulate the style to which former vice presidents—Fairbanks, Sherman, Hobart for example—have accustomed Washington. A thousand dollars a month is a very pretty salary—until you come to spend it after the lavishly hospitable mode of Washington, where many find that it barely meets the rent. Mr. Marshall will occupy a suite in a hotel where he may be certain he will be as much sought after and as cordially liked as though his entertainments set a new mark for extravagance, novelty and show."