

President Wilson's Great Fight

Entered at the Postoffice at Lincoln, Nebraska, as second-class matter.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN
Editor and Proprietor
RICHARD L. METCALFE
Associate Editor

CHARLES W. BRYAN
Publisher
Editorial Rooms and Business
Office, 324-330 South 12th Street

One Year \$1.00
Six Months50
In Clubs of Five or
more, per year.. .75

Three Months25
Single Copy05
Sample Copies Free.
Foreign Post, 52c Extra.

SUBSCRIPTIONS can be sent direct to The Commoner. They can also be sent through newspapers which have advertised a clubbing rate, or through local agents, where sub-agents have been appointed. All remittances should be sent by post-office money order, express order, or by bank draft on New York or Chicago. Do not send individual checks, stamps or money.

RENEWALS—The date on your wrapper shows the time to which your subscription is paid. Thus January 31, '13 means that payment has been received to and including the last issue of January, 1913. Two weeks are required after money has been received before the date on wrapper can be changed.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Subscribers requesting a change of address must give old as well as new address.

ADVERTISING—Rates will be furnished upon application.

Address all communications to

THE COMMONER, Lincoln, Neb.

A FINE NOTE OF HOPE AND COURAGE

Commoner readers have had the privilege of reading many beautiful articles from the pen of Laurie J. Quinby, editor of the Omaha Chancellor. There is to Mr. Quinby's articles such a depth of beauty that they not only entertain and inspire for the moment, but they leave with the reader a lasting impression. Some day the man who discovered Frank Crane will wake up to the fact that there is a Laurie J. Quinby, with a pen so strong and a thought so tender and beautiful, that it was all born for the service of men. In that day men and women everywhere will read the words of Quinby and be thrilled by them, just as Commoner readers have been thrilled. In a recent issue of the Omaha Chancellor, Mr. Quinby, writing from the scene of a destructive tornado, gives to the world this fine note of hope and courage:

One night, when the heaviest of darkness filled the chamber where my little one slumbered, I heard a tender voice whisper words that awakened every emotion of my being. During her sleep she had either fallen or climbed out of her little bed, and, wandering about the room, had lost all her bearings, being unable to again gain her couch.

Sleep hung heavy upon me, for the day's labors had been great, and tired nature craved a season of rest. In her baby voice she called, "Papa, take her hand; papa, take her hand!" Out of the mystery of sleep came the baby voice so quietly, so tenderly, not disturbed, but confident that somewhere in that darkness rested one whose loving duty it was to take her hand, that it required many repetitions of the baby voice's beseeching to call me fully to my senses. My awakening was so gradual that I could hardly realize that it was anything but a dream, so softly, so sweetly and so serene came the baby voice, "Papa, take her hand."

Finally awakened, I followed the leading of that little sound, and taking baby by the hand, lifted her into her couch, where, once more secure, she reposed herself to slumber.

So it is through life. Occasionally we seem to plunge deeply into the very heart of darkness itself. We grope about to feel some tangible thing to clasp, to seek some ray of light, some avenue from that inky darkness. Sometimes, after all our own resources have become exhausted, in our forlorn and dreary state, we cry out in the darkness of despair, "Papa, take her hand!" or, if not in that baby speech and tone, then, "Father, lend me your hand." And in the soul of him who so cried out, full of the same unrestrained confidence that possessed the mind of my little one on that dark night, was it ever the case that some Hand did not reach into that darkness, into that gloom, and with the same tender touch lead from that pit His child?

Sometimes that Hand is never seen. Sometimes it comes in such devious ways and uses

Denver News: While President Wilson is writing with simple and convincing eloquence of "The New Freedom," he is fighting for it in person in his own state of New Jersey. There, like many other states the old dogs of politics die hard. Two years ago the president thought he had routed them and sent them with hanging tails to their caves of obscurity. He was mistaken. Those yelping tools of special interests who bark their corruption into the faces of the people are back again striving with all of their might to secure a leg hold on the popular will and if possible to undo all that has been done.

There is significant similitude in the fight of the masses against privilege everywhere. It is the same in New Jersey as it is in Colorado. The cause that calls it is the same. It has its root in the jungle of monopoly. It has spread its noxious growths to the chambers of legislatures, to the offices of state executives, to the private rooms of mayors. It has established what President Wilson well describes as "illegitimate connections between business and legislation." The slime of bribery has marked its trail and the corruptions of politics pockpitted its advance. As the president truthfully puts it, "it is the system with the big snake-like s-s-s—the great, sneaking, whispering system."

Politicians of the stripe that the president is fighting in New Jersey are merely the instruments of the system. They are never chosen because they stand for ideals in government. They are not selected because of desire to serve the people, but because of their peculiar ability to thwart the will of the people and barter their patrimony in the market place of greed. They are employed for much the same reason as an unscrupulous lawyer to find ways and means to vitiate justice and poison the vitals of equity. They work in the dark, cloaking their schemes of fraud and bribery with simulated honesty and a mocking pretense of loyalty to political faith. This last is their sheet anchor, for through their appeals to the fidelity of partisanship they gain much of the strength which comes to them from the unthinking, from those who have not been entirely divorced from the fetish of party.

The country will watch with uncommon interest the progress of the struggle for popular government which the president is leading. The

such inconceivable means that we realize it not; but whatever the means employed it is the same tender Hand, dominated by the same unflinching Will, and it leads unerringly to light those who, for a time, had lost hope.

These are the tests that bring out the qualities of men. Some there are who can not bear the test, and in their despair cry out, sending forth a wail of criticism of others that thus they have been so placed. They have not learned the beauty of exhausting the very last resource of which they are capable, of blaming no one else for their failures, of holding on to the bitterest end, and only then appealing, in the fullest confidence that it would not be denied, for some one to reach into that darkness a hand.

The eagle mother pushes from the loftiest cliffs her fledgling, and in its desperate struggle to save itself it learns to fly, but constantly hovering over that fledgling in its frantic efforts amid air, soars that mother under maternal impulses as strong as ever beat, and when she sees her little one in danger of being dashed upon the cruel rocks beneath she pounces down after him and in her strong talons lifts him to safety.

So let us rest content that in all the depths of agony and despair, there is no pit so dark but some strong Hand shall reach even to its depths, or that in our soaring through dizzy heights there is always hovering over us a Wing that shall protect us from ruin and death, if only we first have exhausted our own powers and then rested content, unafraid, undespairing and with fullest confidence trusted that from out of that darkness a Hand would lead or enveloping Wings enfold us.

PLENTY OF COURAGE

The Dallas (Texas) Times-Herald says: "President Wilson, while not pretending to know just how the Japanese affair will terminate, opines that he is not frightened and continues to sit steady in the boat. The president has not lost his head, and it is evident that he will not lose his nerve."

The president's courage is due to the fact that

issue is jury reform, as embodied in a bill which takes from sheriffs the power of empanelling juries and vests it in a non-partisan commission, but behind this is the greater issue of state control. The shrievalty offices in New Jersey have been effective and persuasive weapons of machine rule, and like every other factor which political machines have used to perpetuate their domination their original purpose has been corrupted until their methods have become crying scandals. President Wilson had ample opportunity to watch their devious and questionable courses, and before he left Trenton for Washington had laid the foundation for the bill which the political bosses, backed by the system, are now fighting with malignant persistency. It is the same old fight with the people on one side and their enemies on the other—the fight for publicity as against obscurity.

The president strikes the nail squarely on the head when he says in this connection: "There is not any legitimate privacy about matters of government. Government must, if it is to be pure and correct in its processes, be absolutely public in everything that affects it. I can not imagine a public man with a conscience having a secret that he would keep from the people about their own affairs." We can imagine with what a roar of ironical guffaws this plain, honest sentiment of the president was received by the distinguished leader of the New Jersey machine, Jim Nugent of Newark. Why, that is nothing but treason, deep and dark, to the ancient established methods of the machine. One of the exclusive prerogatives of the machine is secrecy in the legislative committee rooms, in the back rooms of hotels, in the privacies of corporation offices, in the sub cellars of the system. Light is the one great thing which the system and its offspring, the machine, fear.

"I hold the opinion," hurls the president into the middle of the dark lantern apostles, "that there can be no confidences as against the people with respect to their government, and that it is the duty of every public officer to explain to his fellow citizens whenever he gets a chance—explain exactly what is going on inside of his own office." That's exactly what the political machine does not want, for publicity would end its chicaneries and paralyze its nefarious activities.

he is proceeding along patriotic lines. Searching calmly and carefully for the genuine solution of every problem submitted to his administration, the president is fortified for every contest. The American people of all political parties are coming to understand the Wilson brand of courage, and the more intimately they become acquainted with their president the greater will be their respect for him and their confidence in him.

START THE DAY RIGHT

Start the day right. When the sun comes to greet you

Give it a smile for each ray that it sends;
Shake off the worries that long to defeat you,
Strengthen your faith in yourself and your friends,

Yesterday's ghost will be striving to haunt you;
Yesterday's errors may come to your brain;
Throw off the worries that trouble and taunt you;

Start the day right; begin over again.

What a brief span is the longest existence—
One flashing journey from Nothing to Night!
Show while you may the old Roman resistance—
Off with your drowsiness—into the fight!
Never an empire was won by the laggard,
Never a prize was obtained but by worth;
Heed not the sneers of the misanthropes Haggard;
Start the day right and they'll know you're on earth.

Start the day right and you'll find as it passes—
Something to live for and something to love;
View not for the future through indigo glasses—
Note the bright streams and the blue skies above.
Failure may mock you through years of endeavor;
Fame and success may not come at your will;
But nothing can baffle a climber forever,
Start the day right, and you're half up the hill.
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.