

for treatment. It was necessary for her to remain there, and the husband called every day to inquire about her. "How iss my wife?" he asked the first day. "She is improving," replied the doctor. The next day he again asked the doctor. "She is improving," again said the doctor. The third and fourth day the answer was the same. "She is improving," was the stereotyped reply. That was very encouraging to the old German, but when he went to inquire the fifth day he was told that his wife was dead. In his grief he sought his favorite saloon to drown his sorrow. "Vat's de matter?" asked the sympathetic bartender, noticing his customer's despondent condition. "Ach! My wife iss dead!" replied the German. "So? Vat did she die of?" asked the bartender. "Improvements," replied the bereaved husband, calling for another glass of beer.

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"Pardon me, sir," began the portly person in the railroad train to the man who sat next to him, "but what would you say if I sat on your hat?"

"Suppose you sit on it and then ask me," suggested the other.

"I did," admitted the portly person, calmly.—Harp-er's Weekly.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

A PROMISE TO BRYAN IN 1896.

A Few Days After the Defeat of Mr. Bryan in 1896, There Appeared in the Chicago Dispatch the Following Verses, Over the Signature of R. H. Gill.

Hail! Chieftain from the Western soil,
Renowned in future story;
Hail! hero of the sons of toil,
Whose hearts enshrine thy glory;
Hail! heir of martyred Lincoln's fame—
A work left uncompleted;
Six million freemen loud acclaim:
"Thy cause is not defeated!"

Six million sires and sons of men
Who dared the threatened famine;
Six million hearts whose love of man
Exceeded love of mammon;
Six million patriot volunteers,
A gallant leader greeted,
And herald down the coming years:
"Thy cause is not defeated!"

Defeat the right! Thou son of man,
Small wonder thy misgiving;
The life born out of Bethlehem
Was never worth the living.
When Judas did the traitor's deed,
And with the rabble treated,
By selling soul for gold and greed,
Was God's own cause defeated?

Can might be right? Then tear the page
From out Columbia's story
Of heroes' deeds in every age
Who died to weave her glory;

The song of Warren and of Hayne
Would ne'er have been repeated,
Nor anthem pealed Mount Vernon's name,
Had greed the right defeated.

Turn back thy pages, Father Time,
And read each nation's glory,
And where you find a land's decline
Write greed across the story.
Did freemen blush when they proposed
That bribe so oft repeated:
"The mines and mills will all be closed,
'Less Bryan is defeated"?

"My country, 'tis of thee," I sing,
The patriots' song refraining;
"Sweet land of liberty"—O, cling,
Ye sons, to freedom waning.
"Land where our fathers died"—indeed,
The hallowed soil consecrated
With Pilgrims' blood—have gold and greed
The Pilgrims' cause defeated?

The mills may open up again
To give the toiler wages,
But streams can never wash that stain
From out Columbia's pages.
The mills of God grind slow but sure
For those that bribe repeated,
And Freedom's land cannot endure
'Less such shall be defeated.

Hear ye yon trumpet in its might
Beyond the Western paddocks!
"Manassa's fight may conquer right;
Now on to Appomattox."
Six million warriors of the free,
Reforming, not retreated,
Are lining up for God and thee—
"Thy cause is not defeated."

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BRAND WHITLOCK ON THE DEM- OCRATIC CONVENTION.

From Denver Correspondence of the Newspaper En-
terprise Association.

The old guard was so meek and mild and modest. It was willing to nominate Bryan, to make terms, to have peace and harmony and then to let those who will vote for him. And all the while the old guard to represent not the people, but privilege, not men but money, were scheming, conniving, maneuvering, and now turn up in control of the machine. Look at the result of the elections in the delegations from Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and Kansas. See what they did to Governor Folk in Missouri. See what happened in Kansas. Take the typical instance of Tom Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, a real fundamental Democrat, who understands economics, probably the ablest man in the Democratic party today. He was rich, but he chose to follow his ideals to do good for humanity. He is working on the biggest democratic job in

America today, one that is the most important, the most significant, one that has the largest relation to the future of republican institutions. For the city is the hope of democracy, and Tom Johnson is demonstrating that the people and not privilege are to rule in the American city. Very well; he comes to the Democratic national convention. Is his counsel sought, his advice asked? No; his own delegation turns him down, in hate, for national committeeman, and they punish him here, in a Democratic convention, for being a democrat, for being for the people. Had he gone on getting rich, had he served privilege, had he sold the people out, they probably would have wanted to nominate him for President. But he, and other fundamental democrats, lose here—and gloriously win. For they are released from this party to larger service in the nation. What makes all this possible? Who is responsible for the fact that the old guard of privilege can control both parties? Why, you, whoever you are, who cheer every time your party name is bawled, you who never look below the bird on your ballot, you who are with your party before everything else, you are what makes it possible, you are responsible.

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LINCOLN STEFFENS ON THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

From Denver Correspondence of the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Don't regret that you are not here. If you will open your imagination, you shall see it all bigger, clearer and much more truly than many of us who are on the ground. When I look out with my eyes open I see this mass of humanity as a lot of men; when I close my eyes, and think it out, I see what you can see: a foregathering in one spot in one city in one State of delegates from every nook and corner of all the cities and all the States in the United States. Isn't that a broader vision? And when I open my eyes again I see presiding upon the platform Theodore A. Bell, the temporary chairman. But, my friends, when I close my eyes, and look as you may look, with all the faculties God gave us to see the unseen withal, I see presiding over these delegates, not one man, but many men; not Mr. Bell, but—Public Opinion. Fear of the people dominates this convention; not love and not respect, but fear; the dread of you and me. There are delegates present who are of us and for us; there are more of such in Denver than there were in Chicago. But in the main, the delegates who sit down there in those little pens, are not delegates at all, but the creatures of the State bosses who rise when their State is called and vote them. And, sulking there, they echo their bosses, complaining, these machine-made dummies, of one-man domination. They say that Bryan bosses them, and so do many of the

correspondents. Bah! Bryan doesn't rule here. The reporters who keep saying that he does, and the caricaturists who repeatedly picture him in control at his telephone, they speak falsely; or they see superficially, with their physical eyes only. They don't see what you can see. They don't see what it means that the bosses of the delegates who follow the leader at Lincoln, curse and hate and plot against him. They don't recognize the difference between a boss ruling by force of organization and corruption, and a leader leading by force of that public opinion which is back of and which depends so pathetically upon Mr. Bryan.

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THE DEMOCRACY OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

This Tribute and Prophecy from the Pen of C. E. S. Wood, of Portland, Oregon, Was Published in the Oregon Sunday Journal of July 29, 1906, Nearly Two Years Ago.

I have been asked to express my appreciation of Mr. Bryan. I state this in self-defense, because conscious of my inadequacy and lack of leisure, I would not have any one believe I volunteered, or that I do not realize how unsatisfactory this sketch will be. The fact is, one man's view of a public character is no better than another's, unless he has had especial opportunities for studying his subject, and to that I cannot pretend.

To his friends and in Nebraska politics Mr. Bryan was known as a true Democrat 20 years ago, and he was sent to Congress as a representative from Nebraska in 1891. But as a national, indeed as a world character, his career lies between an afternoon in the Democratic convention of 1896 at Chicago, when he was nominated for the Presidency in a burst of enthusiasm waked by his impassioned oratory; and a gray dawn in the Democratic convention at St. Louis in 1904, when for 40 minutes he held those fretful and impatient thousands silent while he made an almost prayerful entreaty to the majority in control not to betray the people.

The keynote to his power, his popularity, his political vitality, his success from every defeat, is that he is for the people—not to blind them, not to inflame them, not to use their passions as his stalking horse—but to help them, to serve them, not himself, to benefit generations unborn even more than the masses of today.

When the "Boy Orator" waked a frenzy, believed to be hysterical, with his, "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." he was appealing to a feeling eternal in the hearts of men—the feeling for justice, for equality. Underneath the hysteria or intoxication of the crowded hall was that same feeling which pervaded the whole country, that