

William Jennings Bryan

By William Jennings Bryan.
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Home who seek only the cities and villages of Great Britain miss one of the most interesting features of English life. Land tenure is so different here from tenure in the United States that the reader will pardon a sketch of the old-fashioned manor. In England the right of primogeniture remains, and the family home descends to the oldest son. It not only descends to him, but it continues his descent through him to his son and his son's son, and so on. It was our good fortune to be invited to several of these homes, some of them rich in family heirlooms and of historic interest.

Our ambassador, Mr. Reid, is occupying one of the most famous estates in England; it is known as West Park, and is about 40 miles from London. During the London season many spend the "week's end" at their country homes, and enjoy a fortnight's experience in London we could appreciate the necessity for it, for the dinner hour is 3 or 4.15, while receptions and balls begin at one hour from 10 to 12. The hours of commons does not convene until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and generally sits until midnight. Little wonder that there is an exodus on Saturday morning.

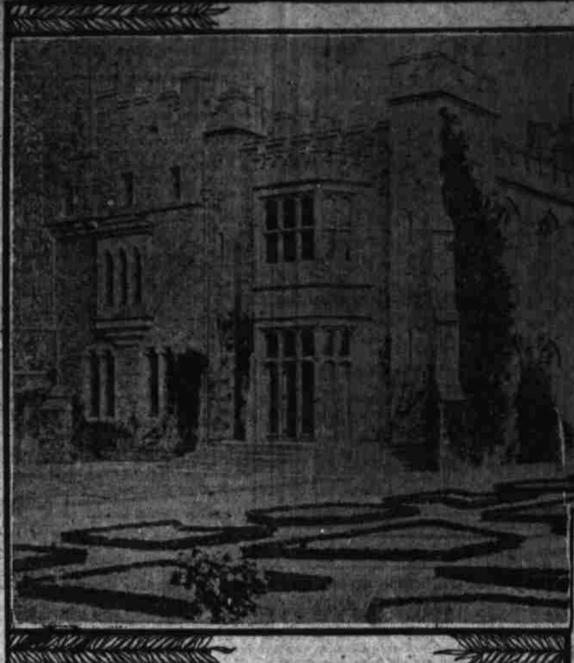
The First Week's End.
We spent our first week's end at West Park, and were shown through its spacious grounds. The house itself is only about 70 years old, but the land has been in the hands of the family for several centuries. The estate covers about 7,000 acres, most of it in cultivation, but enough is left adjoining the house for woods, parks, lawns and gardens, and these have been laid out and ornamented by landscape gardeners. There are walks lined with stately, green stretches of velvet turf, miles of well-kept hedges of holly and box and cedar, stately oaks, summer houses, tea houses, greenhouses, and everything in the way of ornament that taste could dictate and money supply.

The gardens are especially attractive. They were shut in by high walls and against these walls fruit trees, vines and flowers are trained with artistic effect. In the hothouse peaches are ripening before their season, and huge bunches of grapes are growing purple. Cucumbers, tomatoes and many other vegetables, as well as fruits, which we grow out of doors, are in England raised and ripened under glass. The strawberries are of enormous size, and the gooseberries are as large as pigeons. Within the house are spacious rooms hung with pictures of the nobility that have occupied the estate, and of members of the royal family who have visited there. The library contains several thousand books accumulated through many generations.

Inheritance Tax in England.
Not far from the house stands the manor church, supported by thick pillars. The owner of the estate usually selects the minister. In many places the "living," as it is called, has ceased to be of great value. The inheritance tax is quite a heavy burden upon the owners of these estates, and many of the landholders are so impoverished that they are obliged to rent their estates in order to raise the money to meet the tax.

Moreton Frewen, who contributed articles to the silver literature in 1896, and whose wife is of American birth, told us that his family who have visited there. The library contains several thousand books accumulated through many generations. On the way to Breda we stopped for luncheon at Knole, another famous country place, owned by the West family. The present occupant, Lord Rockville, was once ambassador to America. It is a historic place, and has seven courts, 63 stairways and 385 windows.

A Historic Place.
The earliest record shows that the Earl of Albemarle gave the estate to his daughter when she was married to the Earl of Pembroke. Afterward it came into the possession of Lord Say and Sele, and he conveyed it to the archbishop of Canterbury, who at his death bequeathed it to the See of Canterbury. Cromwell occupied the place in the sixteenth cen-



HOME OF GLADSTONE

tury and conveyed it to Henry VIII. (Cromwell will be remembered as one of the three bishops who were burned at the stake.) It was once in the possession of Queen Elizabeth, who conveyed it to Dudley, her favorite earl. The house is a veritable museum and art gallery, and contains hundreds of pictures, many of them of kings and others prominent in English history.

One of the rooms was fitted up by James I for himself when he paid a visit to Knole, and the room is kept as it was. The bed is said to have cost \$43,000, and the curtains and bed cover are embroidered with gold and silver. The house is of stone and the roof is covered with stone tiles—and a roof that it still is, though 400 years old. In some of the rooms fine oak paneling had been painted over and in other rooms handsome stone walls had been disfigured with plaster, but the present occupant is restoring these.

Great Dining Hall.
The great hall used as a dining room is 74 feet long and half as wide. One end is a raised floor, where the table of the lord of the manor stood; below him sat the retainers and lower members of the household. A list of names of those who regularly took their meals in the hall in 1624. In this hall there is a large collection of silver and pewter vessels handed down from generation to generation. The grounds and gardens, I need hardly add, are in keeping with the interior of the castle. We saw here one of the prettiest specimens of the skill of the horticulturist's art which has come under our observation. Grape vines are grown in large pots and trained upon a hoop-like trellis. When we were there the clusters of grapes were added to the beauty of the vines.

We spent one night at Broughton castle as the guests of Lord and Lady Lennox. The host and hostess have often visited the United States and are quite liberal in their political views. They are also identified with the community, encouraging artistic industry such as wood carving and the like, and the young people may add to their income as well as develop their taste.

Responsibilities of the Lord.
In this connection it should be explained that the owner of an estate occupies a responsible position. While he draws rent from his tenants he is

expected to be their patron and protector as well as their general adviser. He provides the Christmas festivities, gives presents to the children and looks after the sick.

The moral standards which he sets up have a large influence upon the religious and social life of the community. The conscientious land owner is able to do a great deal of good.

Broughton castle is near Banbury—the Banbury cross, immortalized in child rhymes by the woman "who rode a white horse"—and was frequented by Cromwell and his chiefs. In one of the rooms, as tradition goes, the death warrant of Charles I was signed. The house is of stone and the roof is covered with stone tiles—and a roof that it still is, though 400 years old. In some of the rooms fine oak paneling had been painted over and in other rooms handsome stone walls had been disfigured with plaster, but the present occupant is restoring these.

The Family Chapel.
As in many of the larger and older country places, Broughton has a little chapel of its own, where the family assembled for divine service. The chapel is surrounded by a shaded lawn, ornamented by hedges, evergreens, flower beds and rose-covered arbors and around all these runs the moat, fed from neighboring streams. The memory of feudal times is preserved by the towers, drawbridges and massive gates. English history is illuminated by these ancient country seats and much in English home life is explained that would otherwise be difficult to understand.

Warwick castle is near Leminington and but a few miles from Broughton. It is probably the most visited of all the castles of England and is still in the family of the Earl of Warwick, the king-maker. It is built upon the banks of the Avon and has a deep, dark dungeon and lofty towers and all the accessories of an ancient fortress. The great hall is filled with armor and heirlooms. The house contains a valuable collection of paintings by old masters and the furniture of the sleeping rooms is as remarkable for its design as for its antiquity. A few weeks ago a peasant, illustrating the history of the castle, was given on the banks of the stream and attended by some 20,000 visitors.

increasing while he travels, for to him the advantages that flow from individual ownership and the division of estates at death seem infinitely greater than any that are to be derived from the English system. A hundred farmers stimulated by hope and secure in their holdings contribute more than one country gentleman and 99 tenants possibly can to the strength and vigor of a state.

Strength of the Nation.
After all, the large estates are insignificant in number when compared with the homes of the middle classes in the various cities and villages, but these are so much like the homes in America, both in appearance and in management, that it is not necessary to dwell upon them. The owners of these homes are potent in Parliamentary elections, as are also the laboring men, although the houses of lords represents the landed proprietors, more than one third of all the farm lands in England being owned by members of that body.

We took occasion to visit some of the shrines of Great Britain. Of course no one place is so rich in historic memories as Westminster Abbey, it being the burial place of most of the illustrious of England. One of the most frequented places outside of London is Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace and burial place of Shakespeare. The house in which he was born is still standing, and it well preserved, considering the years that

And curd be he yf moves my bones." At Edinburgh we visited the home of John Knox and were impressed anew with the tremendous influence which he exerted upon the religious life of Scotland. Beldun has it fallen to the lot of our man to stamp his thought upon so many people.

When Church Fought Church.
In Edinburgh also stands the little chapel, less known to tourists, in which the Covenanters met and in which the struggle began between them and the Church of England. It is hard to believe that so short a time ago there was a bloody war between two branches of the Protestant church in which thousands suffered martyrdom for their religious convictions.

We visited Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, to which Scott has given a permanent place in literature, and after seeing them will not enter into a dispute with any Highlander, however extravagant his praise of these beautiful lakes. And, if I may digress for a moment, we also visited the lakes of Killarney, of which Moore sang. They also are beautiful enough to move a poet's heart and inspire a poet's pen, although, to be truthful, I must assert that Lake Tahoe, which shines like a jewel in the heart of the Sierras, on the boundary line between California and Nevada, need not fear comparison with any of the lakes of Scotland or Ireland.

Johnny. Near by is the famous bridge over the "bonnie Doon," of whose banks and braes he sang, and in the bonnie loon of Ayr are the old badge and the new one which his fancy clothed with life and brought together in animated dialogue. After visiting the places and looking upon the scenes enshrined in literature by his verse, one reads with even greater zeal the ballads of this impulsive apostle of democracy. It was glad to learn that increasing thousands wend their way to his birthplace each year and that among the visitors Americans are very numerous.

Where Gladstone Lived.
We reserved for the conclusion of our tour of the British Isles Hawarden castle, the home of Gladstone. With our usual luck, we reached Hawarden just as Henry Gladstone arrived from his home, eight miles away, and were taken through the house and grounds bagin. The estate of several thousand acres which came into the family from Mrs. Gladstone's ancestors, has just passed, according to the law of primogeniture, into the hands of a grandson of the late Mr. Gladstone. The new owner is a sober, studious young man, who has already achieved distinction in college debates and who is preparing himself for a public career. While we enjoyed a drive through the woods and through the park where the elder Gladstone was wont to cut down trees for exercise, our interest naturally centered in the big, roomy house, castle-like in its structure, and in the commodious library where Great Britain's Christian statesman labored for more than three score years. It was interesting to remember that his public life extended over two generations. The walls are concealed by books, and shelves jut out into the room at right angles. Gladstone was a prodigious reader, and amidst the cares of official life, found time to devote to the classics, to the sciences and to religious discussion. Among the busts in the room is one of Diogenes, his most conspicuous political opponent. The prominence thus given to his distinguished opponent may possibly be explained as Hercules explained the courtesy shown by him to the prodigal whose cunning compelled him to perform the labors which made him immortal.

Man of Method.
Opening off from the library is a fire-proof vault in which Mr. Gladstone kept his papers and valuable documents, and he was so methodical that John Morley, his biographer, found the materials for his work in excellent order. Not far from the house is a large building, erected at a great expense by Gladstone, which contains his religious library of several thousand volumes. The family has built a dormitory adjoining the library to accommodate the students who come from all countries to study theological questions.

We also visited the chapel near by, where the statesman attended church and often read the service. His conduct, the present pastor, showed us the memorial, since unveiled, which will draw multitudes to this historic edifice. It is a marble group by the sculptor Richmond and represents the great orator kneeling at his wife's sleeping side by side, an angel guarding them with outstretched wings.

A Fitting End.
It is fitting that they should thus rest at the end of their lives, for they together borne life's burdens and together shared the many triumphs that crowned their efforts. While he was master of the ship of state, she was mistress of an ideal household. It was his duty to ameliorate the condition of the whole people, she was conducting a private orphanage within a stone's throw of the castle, an institution still maintained in her memory. Gladstone's private life, his married life of this well-matched pair that at the approach of death he requested the family not to permit his interment in Westminster Abbey, except on condition that his wife be given a place beside him, and this unusual honor was paid them.

Although nations boast of material wealth and manufacturing plants, their most valuable assets are their men and women of merit, and their greatest factories are their institutions of learning, which convert priceless raw material into a finished product of inestimable worth. Gladstone's private life was strong in mind and elevated in moral purpose, was an ornament to the age in which he lived, and will be an inspiration to succeeding generations.

A Rare Old Plant.
In one thing, however, we cannot compare with England, Scotland and Ireland, namely, the ivy-mantled ruin. It is picturesque and pleasing to the eye, and yet, who would exchange a plain cottage, occupied by a happy family, for the crumbling vine-clad walls of a tenement castle?

From Glasgow we went by automobile to Ayr, the birthplace of Burns. Thirty-three miles out and 33 miles back, and it rained nearly the entire way. We were astounded amid the discomforts of the trip by our interest in Scotland's rustic bard, whose simple lays have endeared him to the universal heart, but our sympathies went out to two kind friends, Mr. McKillop, a member of parliament, and Mr. Henry Wright, a Glasgow barrister, who accompanied us. It was a humble cottage in which Burns first saw the light and in which he lived when he made the acquaintance of those rollicking companions, Tam O'Shanter and Renter have passed over it; from its size and arrangement it is evident that Eddypape's father was a man of some distinction among his fellows, although succeeding generations have appreciated him vastly more than his own.

The grammar school which Shakespeare attended is still to be seen and at the church they have the baptismal font used at his christening and the parish register in which his baptism and burial are entered. His grave is in the floor of the church, and there is nothing to mark the stone slab that covers it but the familiar lines: "Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear, To dig the dust enclosed here. Blessed be ye man yf spare the stones,

LAST Month, at a race meeting held at Ayr, on the Rosario railway, a jockey named Mario Oliva took part in one of the races. When half the course had been traversed the spectators were horrified to see him swaying in his saddle as though he had lost control over his mount. He retained his seat, however, and his horse, which passed the winning post, stopped suddenly. Then the jockey fell from the saddle—a corpse. The general opinion was that Oliva had been dead some time before the race was won.

In February, 1899, James Somerville was one of the competitors in a bicycle race. In the last lap there was a strenuous struggle for the leadership, which Somerville at length wrested from his rivals, and forged clear ahead. Twenty-five yards, however, from the tape he was seen to relax his hold on the handle-bars, but, although he likewise lost his footing, he struck to his machine and, amid a scene of indescribable excitement, won by half a wheel. While yet the air was ringing with cheer and plaudits, Somerville pitched head forward from his bicycle and was picked up dead. A doctor, who was on the spot, declared that he must have been dead the last few yards a corpse.

Carter, a noted pugilist at the commencement of his career, who also possessed no mean pedestrian powers, offered John Power, a Lancaster athlete, 50 yards in a mile race. The challenge was accepted and the contest duly came off. When Carter was within a few yards of the goal he stumbled, and the distance had been traversed the runner was level. A ding-dong race then ensued until 50 yards from the end, when with a desperate spurt Power rushed ahead. Just as he reached the goal he stumbled, fell, and born onward by the impetus of his pace, rolled past the winning post a winner, but a dead man.

Jonathan Kentfield, the renowned billiard player, was once beaten at Brighton by a corpse. He was playing a local man, to whom he was according a long start in a game of 20 up, for a stake of 50 pounds. The game was called "30-15," with Kentfield leading. The champion made a snook and broke down. Amid intense excitement the local celebrity bent over the table and made his stroke. Then, in the horror of the spec-

torators, he fell to the floor a dead man, before the red and his own ball rolling into pockets had proclaimed him winner.

An equally tragic and even more extraordinary incident took place in 1778 at Sevenoaks. The occasion was a match between 15 local players and five of the Mableton club, captained by the Earl of Tankerville. It was a Scotch innings of the local who, with the last wicket to fall, wanted still two runs to win the match. T. Suter, the batsman, faced the bowler, Jull, a local baker. The latter delivered the ball, but scarce had it left his hand ere he staggered and fell to the ground. The next second the wicket of Suter, whose attention had doubtless been diverted by the bowler's fall, was shivered and the game won by a dead man; for dead Jull was the excitement having doubtless fatally affected a weak heart.

At Bruny, some time since, an extraordinary incident occurred. Among the booths at the local fair was that of a troupe of wrestlers, one of whom, after the regular program had been gone through, issued a general challenge. The contest was taken up by one of the spectators, a man of immense weight and strength, whose knowledge of the art was seen, on the rivals getting to grips, to be in no wise despicable. Indeed, the professional soon found that he had won his match, and after a sharp tussle he was fairly thrown, and lay helpless beneath the ponderous weight of his opponent. But the latter made no attempt to rise. His last cry, by motionless, victorious and lifeless.

What to Expect.
From the Washington Star.
"The case does not appear to present much strength of character," said the man who makes trite observations.
"Well," answered the American statesman who stands pat, "what would you expect from a man who comes in peak of cards for selling fortunes instead of playing a regular game?"

The Yachting Season.
From the Yachting Statesman.
"Was by sea."
"What is a brunette?"
"Why, a brunette, my boy, is a woman who becomes tired of being a blonde."

INTELLIGENCE OF INSECTS

THERE is no doubt that some of the lower creatures are possessed of reasoning faculties. There are insects which undoubtedly can reason and count. One curious instance which bears upon the question of the mental ability, the reasoning power, and the moral sense of insects, is that of the methods of one of the species of solitary wasps.

The female of this species always supplies the cell of her young with a given quantity of food. The male cells, for instance, are supplied with 10 victims in the form of small caterpillars for the sustenance of the grub; but the female cells are supplied with 20 victims.

The difference in the number of victims is due to the fact that the female grubs are larger, and therefore require more nourishment than the male grubs. Still, under any circumstances, the actual number of caterpillars supplied never varies. Thus it is seen that some insects must be able to count.

Moreover, it is the case that some insects have a moral sense. Communities of ants, although nearly as large as London in number, never quarrel or have family jars among themselves. They are not only very ready to help one another, but numerous acts of kindness are to be recorded. An instance has been recorded by Lord Avelbury, as coming under his notice, where a crippled ant had been supported by her relatives for three months.

Ants are exceedingly particular in their habits, and seem to possess reasoning powers, from the way in which they clean their persons. The ant goes through a cleaning process more elaborate than that of a cat. Not only does she wash herself, but another usually acts for a time as lady's maid. The assistant starts by washing the face of her companion, and from that goes over the entire body. The attitude of the cleaned one is one of entire satisfaction, resembling that of a dog or cat when his head is being scratched.

Ants certainly seem to possess intelligence. An example is that shown by a species of small trap ants. These are sagged greatly, traveling, and they go about in troops. While the main body is always on foot, it is usu-

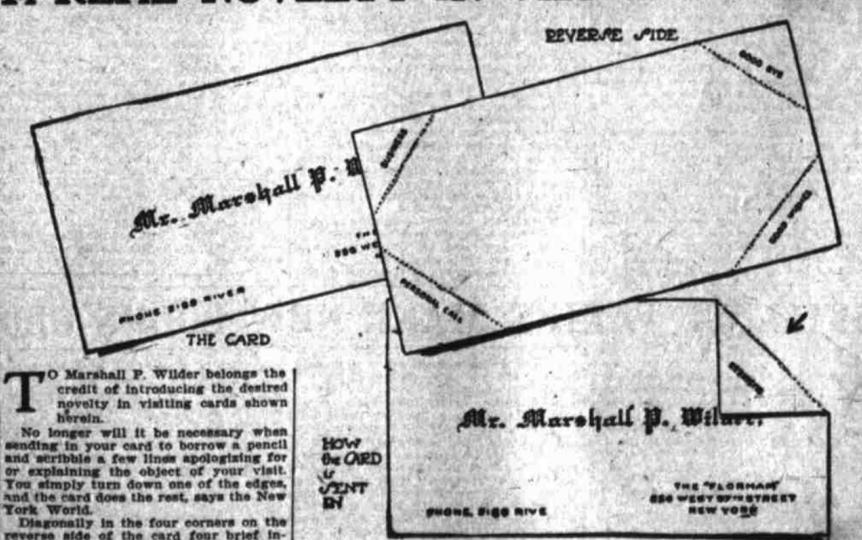
ally accompanied by at least one of its own sort, mounted on a very large ant. This ant mounts and detaches himself now and then from the line, rides rapidly to the head, comes swiftly back to the rear, and in fact seems to act as the commander of the expedition. In fact, one species of ant employs a larger ant, as we employ horses to ride upon, although scarcely more than one ant in each colony seems to be provided with a mount.

These lower creatures often show a capability of coping with exceptional difficulties which undoubtedly argue a possession of distinct reasoning powers. At times they are very resourceful, and exhibit a remarkable cunning. Snails, for example, are very sly, and are not easily beaten. Camille Spiess, the naturalist, has recorded that at the foot of Jura, in the canton of Vaud, lives a farmer who raises edible snails (Helix pomatia). This farmer has as many as 50,000 in an inclosure at one time. The inclosure is surrounded by a wooden fence, about 3 feet high, and in order to prevent the escape of the mollusks the top of the fence is covered with a board. The edge of this board is armed with very sharp metal points. To his astonishment the snails appear to have discovered the means to surmount the barrier.

When closely watched it seems that a snail climbed the fence until it reached the top. Then they formed a sort of ladder, those behind passing over the shells of the others in front, and so all but one got safely over the top without being impaled on the metal points. On the other hand, facts seem to show that there is a positive want of intelligence in some creatures. For example, a bee put into an open glass bottle with the glass end towards the light, will invariably blunder at the glass end, without trying to get out at the open end. This argues a decided lack of intelligence.

Again, take the case of the procession caterpillar, as an example of a low order of intelligence. It is the habit of procession caterpillars when out for an expedition to weave a thread. By means of this thread they find their way back. On small parties were very nicely lured by an ingenious man of science up a flower pot and around the top. They

A REAL NOVELTY IN VISITING CARDS DEATH ALWAYS WON



Mr. Marshall P. Wilder belongs to the credit of introducing the desired novelty in visiting cards shown herein. No longer will it be necessary when sending in your card to borrow a pencil and scribble a few lines apologizing for or explaining the object of your visit. You simply turn down one of the edges, and the card does the rest, says the New York World.

Diagonally in the four corners on the reverse side of the card four brief inscriptions are printed in small letters, so that when any one corner is doubled over the inscription can be read simultaneously with your name. If it is to be merely a personal call you bend over the "personal call" corner and send in your card in the usual way. If it is business, or congratulations, or a good-by, turn down the proper one of the other three corners.

Mr. Wilder selected "business," "good-by," "personal call" and "good wishes" for the corner pieces of his visiting cards because they were most suited to his needs. There are, however, no restrictions. The idea as far as known is not copyrighted, and anybody is at liberty to select his or her own corner pieces.

There is no limit to the possibilities. If it is your business to sell life insurance a corner of your card explaining this will be interesting to those you wish to see and talk about taking out a policy. Or if you are a lyric writer trying to sell a poem, the busy editor will be glad to know that such the instant he sees your card.

The bad debt collector should by all means reserve one corner of his visiting card for "will call again tomorrow,"