"RUBBERNECK COACHES" THREATEN LONDON 'BUS

Americans *and* "Country Cousins" Crowd American Sightseeing Automobiles--They Prove a Seven-Day Wonder to Cockneys Who Line Up on Curbs and Out-rubber the Rubbernecks

LONDON, Aug. 13.—Among American visitors to London the popularity of the bus for sightseeing purposes is seriously threatened by the introduction of the "rubberneck coaches." It will be hard for stay-at-home Americans to realize that the sightseeing automobiles are still a seven-day wonder to the natives, who line up on the curbs and stare the occupants out of countenance. In an American city if a "rube wagon" doesn't roll by every five minutes one expects to see an "extra" on the street announcing a block in traffic.

Seeing London from the top of a "rubberneck coach" is about as satisfactory as looking at the envelopes of the correspondence in a breach of promise case. But it is an innovation in a city that is chary of such things and the "country cousin" has taken to it like a naughty boy to the jam closet. Fighting for front seats with that interesting rural individual is the American visitor, who, bred to the habit in his native land, hails with delight this latest evidence of the march of the Yankee genius.

It will take many days for your everyday dignified Englishman to bring himself to advertise openly the fact that he is a "sightseer." But with the American it is different. He rushes into the city with a Baedeker in hand and doesn't care who knows that he is on sightseeing bent. His time is limited and in the majority of cases his chances of coming again are few. So he sees London in two hours and a half, per the "rubberneck coach."

Thus it was that the five seats behind me were occupied by Americans when I saw London in one of the new coaches a few days ago. We are frankly critical of foreign cities, and the English guide who enlarged upon the interesting and historical features of the big, smoke-stained old city had about as much chance with his carload of passengers as a mouse has for a quiet, dignified stroll in a suffrage meeting.

"On your right is the Marble arch," called the guide, as we turned from Oxford street into Park Lane. "It is the finest arch in the city."

"Ugh," grunted the man from New York, who was seated with his wife directly back of me. "Washington arch has it beat a hundred miles."

"We are now passing through Park Lane, the home of more millionaires than any other street in the world," continues the guide, ignoring the interruption from the Gothamite.

A chorus of groans arose from the New York contingent in which they were joined by two men in the rear who before coming to London had spent their Sunday mornings promenading on the Lake Shore drive.

"Here are to be found the finest residences in London if not in the world. The home of Lord Tweedmouth on our left, also of the Duke of Westminster. You may be interested in knowing that the large mansion we are now approaching is the residence of Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador." Then followed some family details of the Reid family and the information that he was very rich. (The guide subsequently confided to me, rather as an unimportant detail, that he was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Reid, "who was Miss Mills of Nevada and California, you know.")

The Piccadilly home of Lord Rothschild, the London head of the great banking family, aroused considerable interest among the American passengers, who are popularly supposed to worship the golden heifer.

We skirted the grounds of Buckingham palace, getting a fine view of the stone wall which encloses them and of the stables, and then ran down a side street to show the visitors London's nearest approach to a "skyscraper"—the Queen Anne mansions. The Chicago and New York men sniffed audibly at the first sight of this 12-story structure and even the lady from Boston was caught by me smiling indulgently through her spectacles.

At Westminster abbey a stop was made and the sights within "seen" in a 10-minute trot up and down the aisles and in and out of the chapels. The Houses of Parliament were pointed out as the finest club in the world" and "Big Ben" was referred to in passing as the largest clock in existence. A run up Whitehall past Scotland yard, the government offices and over the very spot where King Charles I was executed brought us to Trafalgar square and the Nelson monument. While the guide was telling us about the various statues which adorn the square the man from Philadelphia, who was seated at my side, said in a stage whisper to me:

"I have seen statues to men who on land and sea have gained signal victories over the French, the Spanish and the Russians. But, brother, I have seen none who have licked the Americans."

The first sight of the Thames caused considerable amusement. "Looks dirtier than the Chicago river," remarked the man from the Windy City. "Muddier than the Mississippi," was the comment of the lady of St. Louis, who was perched up on the back seat.

A stop was made in front of "The Old Curiosity Shop, immortalized by Charles Dickens," to give some of the passengers a chance to take a picture of the grand old fake. The tale of the guide was swallowed eagerly by his hearers and most of us licked the spoon afterward. It is wonderful how many people still believe that the little old house is the original Old Curiosity Shop in spite of the columns that have been printed to disprove the assertion, and the testimony of Dickens' own family that the original shop stood further down town in Fetter Lane.

The way of the coach then lay through the over-crowded and never ending traffic of Fleet street, past the scores of newspaper offices, the former alleged palace of Cardinal Wolsey, now an American barber shop, and the Cheshire Cheese, alleged resort of Samuel Johnson, the last two of which places share with the Old Curiosity Shop the distinction of being the most [illegible] and successful of London fakes, past St. Paul's which awes even the American by its size, and so into Cheapside. Bow church, reminiscent of Dick Whittington, is pointed out and as we pass the bells in the steeple ring out the hour. Only those born within sound of Bow bells can claim the distinction of being genuine Cockneys.

At the Mansion house the guide tells us the traffic is more congested than at any other spot on the face of the globe—with one possible exception. By this time he has grown conservative and when he might have spread himself he loses his opportunity. He excepts "Dead Man's Curve," New York, which, with his limited knowledge of the American metropolis, he locates "in front of the general postoffice" instead of at Union square. As a matter of fact, there is no place in any American city to compare with the [illegible] of the Mansion house [illegible] in the matter of congestion, and an American who knew, with praiseworthy impartiality, told the guide so. The latter announced the fact in a loud voice rather in the manner of a man who says, "At last, here is a fact to which you cannot take exception."

After looking over the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange in a patronizing manner the load of Americans were taken across London bridge to the Surrey side of the city, where, the guide announced, "you can gain some insight into the way the great colonial import merchants transact their businesses."

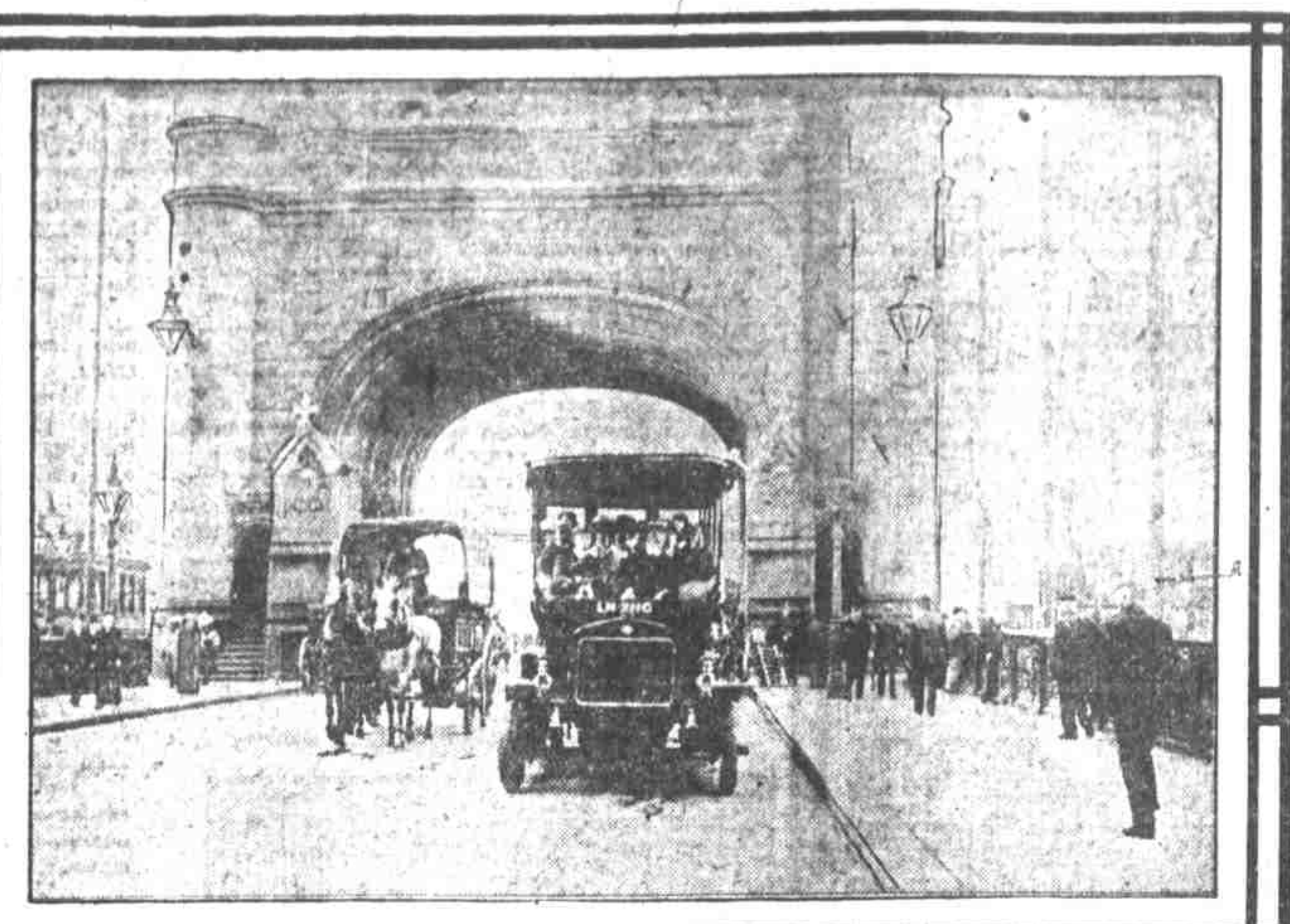
To tell the truth we rather caught them off their guard, for all we saw were a few trucks pulled up to the curb and on them their tired drivers lay sleeping. Our way back to Middlesex county lay over Tower bridge. The announcement of the guide that "It was one of the greatest engineering feats of the age" was received with a "handful of salt" by the Americans, most of whom had come to England by way of New York and still had its "biggest" bridges fresh in their mind.

"Why," exclaimed the genuine New Yorker, "you could put that bridge between the two towers of the Brooklyn bridge during rush hours and not strain a cable."

But the crowning triumph came when an excursion was made through the Jewish quarter of London. At home, the American is rather ashamed of the great east side of New York, with its incomparably dirty Hester and Orchard streets. But in London it becomes a source of pride, for he finds that he can still claim to have the dirtiest, filthiest quarter without fear of challenge from London.

The coach then doubles on its track for a short distance and makes its way through the financial district, along Cheapside and Newgate to Holborn. The old Staple Inn, which the guide says is probably the oldest building in that part of London, is passed and a short detour made to show the "crowd" the British museum—of course, from the outside. This is the last real point of interest on the trip and in a short time we are again at the starting point—Paddington station. Thus in two hours and a half your American visitor has seen more of London than most of its residents in as many years.

"Sure we had a good time," remarked the man from San Francisco as he clambered down from his seat on the coach. He had "done" most of the big American cities on his way to the east and believed he was qualified to speak comparatively. But qualified or not he showed no hesitancy. "London is not as interesting as some of the big American cities from the top of a coach," he said. "One reason is that its citizens are not as picturesque and individual. For instance, the guide does not announce 'On the corner to our left is Oscar Hammerstein talking with Madame Melba,' or 'Bob Fitzsimmons is seen to our right leading his pet lion.' It appears to me that the introduction of some such features as these would add greatly to the interest of this city for the visitors."



OVER TOWER BRIDGE.

YANKEE "RUBBERNECK COACH" IN LONDON.

IN THE AUSTRIAN KAISER'S KITCHEN--Selling Off Left-Over Food From State Banquets to Court Officials

By James Spencer.

VIENNA, July 23.—In this sixtieth jubilee year of Emperor Francis Joseph's reign, when Vienna is the festival center of Europe and visits of foreign sovereigns and princes are the order of the day, the army of court functionaries from the "Oberstihofmeister" or court chamberlain down to the youngest scullery maid in the imperial kitchen are having a busy time.

The kitchen plays a very prominent part, especially here in Austria, where eating and drinking have long been a fine art. For indeed in all culinary matters Vienna has been world renowned since the day of Maria Theresa. When that great empress took over the imperial palace of Schonbrunn from Prince Eugene of Savoy there were no less than 20 tons of copper cooking utensils in the kitchens. Everything was done on a big scale and the waste of good food was something appalling.

No court chamberlain's department today could tolerate the scandals of those days. The servants' perquisites were enormous. As it was impossible for them, numerous as they were, to consume the leavings from the imperial table these were sold every day in the basement of the Hofburg, where the Viennese came just as to a market. Such scandals and abuses ensued, however, that in time this custom was abolished and only the officials of the household were permitted to buy the remains from the banquets. Some dishes still found their way to private tables through the medium of an old woman who was known as "Schmaus-wabl," a Viennese expression for a vender of delicacies. Carrying a huge wooden bucket shaped receptacle on her back, the old woman daily made her way into the Hofburg and returned with a miscellaneous lot of costly viands, which she retailed from a small shop situated within five minutes of the palace. Frugal citizens who wanted to give fine suppers at a small cost were among her best customers and the old woman did a capital business. She died some 15 years ago and nobody was allowed to succeed her as "Schmaus-wabl."

Since then there has been a much stricter supervision over the leavings from the imperial table. An odd incident brought this about. Walking one day through the apartments leading from the state banqueting hall towards the kitchens the emperor noticed a peculiar smell. Search was made and behind, or rather in the folds of a costly silk damask curtain, were found the fast decaying remains of a fine fat capon which had evidently been sent from table untouched. The lackey who carried it out thought to annex it, and so, as he passed through the apartment, threw it behind the curtain. Chance prevented him from fetching it afterwards and it was left for his imperial master to discover the trick. That the emperor was frightfully angry can easily be imagined, and it is a clever footman now can purloin anything between the dining hall and kitchen.

In these days it is seldom that the remains of a banquet amount to anything considerable. But it sometimes happens that a court ball or state dinner may be put off at the last moment through the death of some important personage and then there are mountains of comestibles to be disposed of. The court officials and a few privileged persons are permitted to buy anything at a very low figure, and for 40 cents one may get a magnificent salmon or haunch of venison or some other delicacy.

Most of the reforms introduced into the service have only been rendered possible by the building of an entirely new range of kitchens in the Hofburg. In Maria Theresa's good old times cooking was carried on in a much less scientific and systematic manner than now, and with an enormous expenditure of human labor. Even until quite recently when there were gala dinners or court balls a whole detachment of infantry was brought into the palace to carry the dishes from the kitchens to the state departments. Specially constructed wooden tray receptacles were used for this purpose. But now all that has been stopped. The new kitchens are immediately under the state apartments and a service of electric elevators conveys the dishes right from the kitchen to the anterooms of the banqueting hall.

These new kitchens are unequaled in Europe for convenience and equipment and no expense was spared in their fitting.

Especially interesting is the emperor's private kitchen, or as it is called in German, "Mundkuche," which means literally "mouth kitchen," where all the food for his majesty's own table is prepared. Here all the cooks know exactly what are the special tastes of the monarch and as these are extremely simple they do not require any elaborate cooking. In fact the emperor's tastes are almost what the Viennese call "burgerliche," that is to say, belonging to the middle classes. A good strengthening soup, a nice tender juicy slice of boiled fresh beef, with vegetables and one glass of beer, he will eat with relish; a second dish and even sweets he disdains and whenever they are sent to table they always come back untasted.

Next to the "Mundkuche" are the pastry and confectionery kitchens which play an important part in Viennese cookery. When the Crown Princess Stephanie and her daubter, the Archduchess Elisabeth, were living in the Hofburg, the cooks had always to prepare some special delicacies in cakes and sweets for the afternoon coffee, but these are no longer required. Next is the great "court" or "festival" kitchen with its immense roasting spits and six great stoves of the latest design. Here fine menus for gala dinners of 200 guests are prepared and for another 200 equerries and gentlemen-in-waiting who dine at the so-called "Marshall's table." Here also the cooking is done for the court balls when the guests number from 2,000 to 3,000.

Another particularly interesting kitchen is the "Olio" one, where a specialty strengthening soup is prepared which is much appreciated towards the end of a court ball as a kind of "braceup" for the cotillon. Usually a couple of hundred quarts are made and, as the process as well as the ingredients are some what elaborate, it is easy to see why a separate kitchen is necessary for it.

Here is the recipe, which has never been made public before but always kept as a secret of the Hofburg kitchen. Olio soup—Take seven pounds of beef and six pounds of veal and cut them in to small pieces, lay side by side in a deep pan and upon this a thin layer of sliced suet, and upon the top of that four onions cut in slices. Over the whole is poured just one pint of water. The pan is placed in the oven and allowed to stand for two hours. Then the pan is filled half full with water and allowed to boil gently, the scum being taken off continually. After two hours more add half a leg of mutton, half a hare or rabbit, two old chickens, two old partridges, all cut up, besides celery, parsley roots, cabbage, turnips and carrots, also cut in slices. Then the pan is filled to the brim with water and allowed to boil for five hours. The Olio is then finished. It is put aside to cool so that all the fat forming a crust on the top can be taken off. The soup is then poured through a fine wet napkin and can be kept for days until it is used, provided that no salt has been added.

Scarcely less interesting are the storerooms where the gold and silver plate and not less precious stores of porcelain and china services are jealously guarded. Of the rare and now quite unobtainable "Alt Wien" or old Vienna china the Hofburg has vast stores. There are piles of dishes of all sorts and shapes and mountains of plates, of inestimable value. And of silver there seems to be no end. And then in a specially built strong room is kept the famous gold service, used only on great occasions such as the visits of foreign sovereigns and princes or the marriage of a prominent archduke or duchess. Originally this service was made for 80 guests, causing much perplexity to the court officials whenever that number was exceeded, which happened frequently. In such cases some of the old Vienna service was used specially for courses which were accompanied with any sharp sauces not specially good for gold plates. But some time ago at a sitting of high personages it was decided to add 100 gold plates to the existing service, of exactly the same pattern and size. Each plate weighs precisely two and a quarter pounds, and costs for the metal alone $400, to which must be added another $40 for the making. The goldsmiths' order therefore amounted to $44,000.

And besides all this precious store of gold, silver and china, there are closets filled with magnificent porcelain and Venetian glass for table decoration which are never used. There are chests and cupboards, too, full of the most beautiful linen embroidered and with costly lace insertions and intricate designs. Much of this, too, is never used, the emperor insisting that only the simplest white damask cloth with narrow borders be placed upon the state dining tables. At the great dinner given a few days ago in honor of the German kaiser and the German federal princes the table was covered with a cloth over 50 yards long all woven in one piece and embroidered with the imperial arms. For in matters of decoration as well as in food, Francis Joseph prefers simplicity and good taste, only demanding that everything shall be the best procurable.

How It Happened.

From the Chicago News.

"Please, ma'am," said the husky hobo, "would youse help a pore feller wot was caught on a ellervator an' laid up fer six months?"

"Certainly, poor man!" replied the kind lady. "Here's a dollar for you. How did you happen to get caught in an elevator?"

"Der perlice wuz too quick fer me," explained the husky hobo, as he hastily beat it.

WORTHY CHARITIES CONDUCTED BY JEWISH WOMEN

By Beselena.

ONE of the many charities conducted by the council of Jewish women in this city is that of Neighborhood house in South Portland. Here are taught a diversity of useful things. Once a week there is sewing school in the afternoon from 2:30 to 5 o'clock. Every morning there is kindergarten class; on Thursday night there is manual training for the boys; gymnasium work Tuesday and Saturday and on two nights in the week there is an English class for the foreigners, crowding so thick and fast upon our shores, and are sadly handicapped in the beginning by their lack of knowledge of the English tongue.

The thing that appealed to me most was the fact that all this work is conducted along strictly non-sectarian lines. The teachers, of course, are all members of the Jewish faith, but the pupils are of all nations and of all creeds. Blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Swedes, rosy-cheeked Germans, black-eyed and raven-haired daughters of Spain or Italy, Versatile, quick, nervous French with a fair representation of Americans, were all to be found here in goodly representation.

Monday afternoon when the public schools of South Portland are closed, the children begin to troop singly and by twos and threes toward Neighborhood house. There is an air of excitement and preparation. Outside wraps are removed in the cloakroom, then the children enter the main school-room in orderly file, get their sewing baskets from the lockers and settle down until 5 o'clock when the class is dismissed.

The sewing class is divided into grades and the rapidity with which these grades are covered, depends altogether on the aptitude of the pupil herself. The teacher keeps a book in which each finished and perfected piece of sewing is pasted, and when the book is full the pupil is "graduated" and given the book to keep for her very own. She is then fairly proficient in the art of darning, patching, button hole making and various other branches of plain and fancy sewing. I could not help thinking as I was shown the really clever neat work shown me of what inestimable advantage all this is going to be to these girls in after life when they in turn shall become homemakers and homekeepers. The knowledge of one of the most useful accomplishments a woman can possess will save many an unhappy hour. This class is under the capable and efficient direction of Mrs. Ben Selling.

The cooking class also meets once a week, Thursday afternoon where plain cooking is taught from 4 to 5:30 o'clock. This is under the supervision of Mrs. Berg and Mrs. Ellen Miller.

The boys gymnasium is a big, light, airy room fitted with everything that would delight the heart of a boy who goes in for that sort of thing, and most of them do these days. The gym is on the top of the house and here the boys practice every Thursday night from 7:30 to 9. Professor Krohn is the physical instructor.

In connection with the school is an excellent library of several hundred juvenile books which they are allowed to take out once a week. This library was donated by the B'nai B'rith (Sons of the Covenant) association at a cost of several hundred dollars.

The night school was started April 23, 1906 and has averaged an attendance of 60 a night for two nights in the week ever since. This is perhaps one of the most interesting features of the work. Miss Carrie Myers is in charge with Miss Ella Hirsch, Miss Mollie Segal, Miss Gerstle, Mrs. Lee Ricen and Dr. Jonah B. Wise as assistants. Here are gathered a motely collection of men, women, boys and girls all keenly alive to this opportunity offered them to learn the tongue of their adopted country. Poring patiently over their books or writing laboriously the strange characters set them to copy are heads of all colors interspersed here and there with one whom time has touched with silvery wand. Some of the women are married and the mother of a numerous progeny, beside her sits her husband with perhaps one or two of the elder children. They come from every corner of Europe but the majority of them are Roumanians, Poles, Russians and Germans. At present the majority of them are Russians of the Jewish faith who have come to America to escape the tyranny and persecutions of their own land. Miss Myers donates gratuitously everything needed to carry on this part of the work.

In the basement are hot and cold shower sprays, also the manual training class which meets to work under the direction of Professor Stanley. Here the boys cut and carve and saw and make all the noise so dear to the boyish heart and all the while they are laying the foundation of a future field of usefulness.

There are no paid teachers, every one giving gratuitously of his or her time. The object of the school, Mrs. Selling explained, is to promote a closer fellowship among the workers, while its aims are philanthropic and educational. The money for the maintenance of the institution is donated for the most part by the Jewish merchants of this city. No outside subscriptions are ever asked.

All credit is due these women who are giving so generously of their time and talents for the benefit of others. It is a noble charity, nobly planned and nobly carried out.

HOW WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN STARTED THE COMMONER--His Work in the Omaha Journalistic Field

THE first issue of William Jennings Bryan's paper, The Commoner, bears date of January 23, 1901, but it did not mark his debut as a journalist. His first newspaper work was as editor-in-chief of the Omaha World-Herald, a position which he filled for a few months after his retirement from congress in 1894. Omaha was then in the First district of Nebraska, and the World-Herald was his chief newspaper support in his two congressional campaigns. Indeed, it was the only Democratic daily newspaper in the district. The owner of the World-Herald, Gilbert M. Hitchcock, now congressman from the Second district, has long been Mr. Bryan's close friend and ardent supporter. Shortly after Mr. Bryan announced that he would not be a candidate for reelection to congress, Mr. Hitchcock wrote and offered him the position of editor-in-chief. Curiously enough, on that same day Mr. Bryan in Washington wrote to Mr. Hitchcock and asked him to set a price upon the weekly edition of the World-Herald, saying that he contemplated entering journalism. These letters crossed somewhere between Omaha and Washington, but the two men quickly came to an agreement and Mr. Bryan upon his retirement from congress soon took the duties of editing the Daily World-Herald. It was while thus noting that he decided to become a candidate for the United States senate. The Nebraska law provides for a "preference vote" for senator, the name of the convention choice being placed upon the ballot. Mr. Bryan was indorsed by the Democrats, and John M. Thurston was indorsed by the Republicans. Then followed the remarkable debates between Bryan and Thurston which attracted such widespread attention, and which were in a large measure responsible for Mr. Bryan's nomination in 1896. The Republicans elected a majority of the legislature and Mr. Thurston was sent to the senate.

Mr. Bryan continued his editorial work until his nomination at Chicago. His time between 1896 and 1900 was spent chiefly upon the platform, although he contributed many articles to magazines and newspapers. After his defeat in 1900 he decided to put in operation a plan he had contemplated for several years, namely the establishment of a weekly paper.

After due consideration he decided upon "The Commoner" as the name of the publication and announced his plan to the people. Of course Lincoln, his home town, was decided upon as the place of publication. Among the friends whom he consulted was Major Smith, then head of the American Press association, and with Major Smith's aid selected the heading and decided upon the form of the paper. It was to be an eight-page, four-column paper, with columns [illegible] "ems" wide and set in what printers know as "10-point." A column is a fraction over one-third wider than a daily newspaper column.

Charles W. Bryan, brother of the editor, was selected as business manager, with Richard L. Metcalfe, then editor-in-chief of the Omaha World-Herald, and Mr. Bryan's assistant when he was editor of the World-Herald, was employed to render such editorial assistance as Mr. Bryan might deem it necessary to ask for. W. M. Maupin, then Mr. Metcalfe's assistant, was employed to furnish paragraphs and a page of special matter, [illegible] political monopoly, as Mr. [illegible]

"How many subscribers do you think I can get?" asked Mr. Bryan of Major Smith while the [illegible] were [illegible]. "I figure that I [illegible] to secure a circulation of [illegible] 000."

"You will be doing well if you get 15,000 the first year," said Major Smith.

Having considerable confidence in Major Smith's judgment, Mr. Bryan secured a force adequate to the printing of a paper with 15,000 circulation. This force consisted of a [illegible], an office clerk and a [illegible], with one assistant. The [illegible] never had a mechanical plant of its own, position and presswork [illegible] by contract. The Western Newspaper Union contracted to do the mechanical work and felt amply able to handle the paper for all time to come.

Having made all these arrangements Mr. Bryan announced through the Associated Press that "The Commoner" would appear in January, 1901, and waited with some trepidation for the "15,000 subscribers" to make themselves known. Within 24 hours the mails brought upwards of 5,000 subscribers, and inside of three days the "office force" was buried from sight under an avalanche of letters containing subscriptions. The office force was hastily doubled, and still the avalanche descended. Again it was doubled, but despite this increase the letters accumulated. Before the first edition came from the press 40,000 subscriptions had been received and the Western Newspaper Union was figuring on how to get 48 hours' service a day from the two flatbed presses at its disposal. A couple of months demonstrated that the Western Newspaper Union was utterly unable to cope with the job. By that time The Commoner had 60,000 circulation, and still the subscriptions rolled in.

Luckily for Mr. Bryan and The Commoner there is published in Lincoln a German weekly newspaper known as the Freie Presse. It is one of the most widely-circulated German newspapers in America, and has a mechanical plant second to none in the west. To the Freie Presse Mr. Bryan turned in his extremity. A contract was soon made whereby The Commoner was to be printed on the German paper's immense quadruple perfecting press.

Up to this time Mr. Bryan had insisted on having all the type set by hand, refusing to let it go "on the machine." He also insisted on superintending the make-up. In the meanwhile Mr. Maupin resigned his position on the World-Herald and came to Lincoln to work regularly on the Commoner. Being a practical printer he began scheming to have the paper "machine set," but it took quite a while. First he succeeded in having the editorial paragraphs put on the machine and set in 8-point. Then he succeeded in getting the "poetry" and miscellany set in 6- and 8-point. Then came a lucky accident. Mr. Bryan was late in getting his editorial copy in one week and in a hurry to superintend the make up and get out of town to fill a lecture date.

"It will take a couple of days to set it by hand and less than a day to set it on the machine," said Maupin.

"All right; set it on the machine," said Mr. Bryan.

The first machine-set issue was in November, and the change struck Mr. Bryan so favorably that he discarded the 10-point hand-set matter and continued under the new arrangement.

Before the Commoner was a month old the subscribers began complaining about the absence of advertising. They missed this feature of a newspaper and said so in no uncertain tones. Also the pressure of the advertising agents became terrific. Finally Mr. Bryan decided to accept a few advertisements but made it known that no trust-made goods, no questionable medical preparations, no stock company schemes would be allowed space at any price. The first advertisement accepted was that of a patent preparation advertised as a substitute for coffee. This advertiser has been represented in the columns of the Commoner ever since.

In April, 1901, the Commoner was enlarged to 12 pages, seven of them having three columns to the page and five of them four columns to the page. The four-column pages carried the advertising, the "Home Department" and humorous department, and the general miscellany. By this time the office force had been increased to some 40 members and the circulation had passed the 80,000 mark. In July, 1902, the paper was increased to 16 pages, which size it has maintained since save when special issues of 20 and 24 pages have been demanded by pressure of advertising.

At first several patent medicines were advertised, but Mr. Bryan finally decided to cut them out. It is safe to say that for every dollar of advertising that has been accepted by the Commoner, ten dollars' worth has been refused.

The business office force now numbers about 50 and the circulation is well beyond the 200,000 mark. Each copy of the Commoner is wrapped by hand separately, the wrappers being printed on two stencil machines in the office. Nearly one ton of wrapping paper is required each week and an average of eight tons of white print paper are consumed each week.

The Commoner force works on the eight-hour basis, with Saturday afternoons, every legal holiday and one "picnic day" a year off. Every member of the force gets a week's vacation on full pay each year and the superintendent of the office force seems unable to notice absence on account of sickness—that is, so far as the time book is concerned, but always manages to ascertain if there is anything the sick one needs.

On January 23 of each year the force celebrates the anniversary of the paper's establishment, usually at the home of William J. Bryan, or that of his brother Charles W. Bryan. These anniversaries, together with the annual picnics, are always looked forward to with great pleasure. Mr. Bryan is always present at these affairs and is, of course, the life of the occasion.

The oldest Commoner employe in point of service is Miss Adelaide George. She became Mr. Bryan's stenographer in 1890 and her name was the first to go upon the Commoner's payroll. Lin Fitch, who was a member of Mr. Bryan's regiment, the Third Nebraska, has had charge of the mailing and carrying of the mail from the start. The Commoner is mailed in the office and is not handled by the local postoffice save to be weighed before being taken to the trains. While Lincoln is about the fiftieth city in point of size in the United States, it is about [illegible] in point of amount of second-class mail matter originating [illegible]. The Freie Presse with about [illegible] circulation, the German American [illegible] with a circulation of [illegible], the Commoner with upwards [illegible], three big daily papers, a [illegible] insurance journals and [illegible] and college papers—these [illegible] the Lincoln postoffice one of the largest in the country.

On [illegible] last Mr. Bryan announced his withdrawal from the editorship of the [illegible] owing to the immensity of [illegible] devolving upon him as a candidate for the presidency, and also [illegible]. He felt a delicacy [illegible] the columns of his own [illegible] his own candidacy. [illegible] Metcalfe is now editor-in-[illegible] Charles W. Bryan is publisher. [illegible] whatever Mr. Bryan contributes [illegible] Commoner will be over his own signature.

THOUGHTS ON LOVE--By Maurice Maeterlinck

PERHAPS we do not yet know what the words "to love" mean. There are within us lives in which we love unconsciously. To love thus means more than to have pity, to make inner sacrifices, to be anxious to help and give happiness; it is a thing that lies a thousand fathoms deeper, where our softest, swiftest and strongest words cannot reach it.

At moments we might believe it to be a recollection, furtively but excessively keen, of the greatest primitive unity. There is in this love a force that nothing can resist.

Which of us but will feel in himself the recollection of certain strange workings of this force? Which of us when by the side of the most ordinary person, perhaps, but has suddenly become conscious of the advent of something that none had summoned.

Was it the soul, or perhaps life that had turned within itself like a sleeper on the point of awakening? [illegible] do not know, nor did you know and no one spoke of it, but you did not estrange from each other as though nothing had happened.

To love thus is to love according to the soul and there is no soul that does not respond to this love. For the soul of man is a guest that has gone [illegible] these [illegible] back and never [illegible] be summoned twice to the [illegible] feast.

[illegible] souls of all our brethren [illegible] waiting only for the [illegible]. But how many beings are there [illegible] their life long have not dared make such a signal.

It is the disaster of our entire existence that we [illegible] thus away from [illegible] and stand in such dread of the slightest movement [illegible] smile [illegible] we should be [illegible] eternal life.

[illegible] the woman feels with [illegible].

This divine [illegible] in the same fashion [illegible] that it has [illegible]. Let him [illegible] himself and seek out whether he has never been good in the presence of that fellow. For myself I have never met anyone by whose side I have felt my invisible goodness begin itself, without he has become at that very moment better than myself.

Be good at the depths of you and you will discover that those who surround you will be good even to the same depths. Nothing [illegible] more infallibly to the [illegible] of goodness than the [illegible] of goodness that is near.

While you are [illegible] good in the [illegible], all [illegible] will unconsciously do things that they could not do by the side of any other [illegible].

[illegible] that has no [illegible] that knows [illegible]. It is as though this [illegible] where is the soul [illegible] for there are [illegible] forgotten their [illegible] condemned [illegible] to rise. [illegible] they all draw [illegible] in the divine [illegible] goodness the most [illegible] endure defeat.

[illegible] we are told [illegible] "What of [illegible]. Is it all [illegible] that we can [illegible] weigh unerringly [illegible] soul search [illegible] extraor[illegible] is it possible that [illegible] with unheard-of [illegible] eternal life [illegible] know of it, nor [illegible] yourself?

[illegible] nothing is changing [illegible] put to the test [illegible] and this goodness [illegible] smallest fear. It [illegible] divine has hap[pened] [illegible] must our God [illegible] be the supreme [illegible] bring to birth the [illegible] ourselves, and do [illegible] we add to ourselves [illegible] something of the in[illegible] that slumbers in every [illegible].

[illegible] awakened love that [illegible] again. The soul [illegible] regarded, that has [illegible] holy tears of the [illegible] may behold, will [illegible] resentment, not even [illegible]. It will not even [illegible] of forgiving. [illegible] one knows not what [illegible] henceforth dim or [illegible] the smile that it wears [illegible] an ever separate two souls which for an instant have been good together.

But She Doesn't Bet $25 Wrong.

From the Chicago Journal.

The instinct that causes a woman to attend a murder trial makes a man give up $10 to see a prize fight.

Obeying the Impulse.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Slowly, almost reverentially, the young clergyman who was taking his first trip across the Atlantic bowed his head over the vessel's rail.

"I'm doing this," he muttered with pale lips, "in response to an inward prompting."

Thereupon the other drew away in silence and left him communing with the great deep.