

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, THE MAN.

James Creelman, the well known newspaper correspondent, writes of W J Bryan, the candidate of the democracy for president, as follows:

The moral passion which dominates and enfolds Mr Bryan's public life is also the key to his private character. When Cicero spoke the people said, "How eloquent is Cicero!" but when Demosthenes spoke the people said, "Let us go up against Philip."

Recently in Chicago a committee of fifty strangers called to escort Mr Bryan to a public banquet. Mr Bryan went on having himself before a mirror while talked to the committee, and presently his visitors were busy putting his studs in his shirt bosom.

Mr Bryan is temperance incarnate. He loves literature rather than art, the trout stream rather than the theatre, the farm rather than the city, the church rather than the cathedral.

There was a time when Mr Bryan felt that some day the crimes of lawless wealth and rapacious corporate power against the toilers of the country would bring on a physical struggle.

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Nothing can be more graceful than his unaffected, sincere home life. It may be true that many of the present elements of social life in the White House would be modified if Mr Bryan should be elected president, but he would bring to that place the glory of a manhood that it has not known for many years.

I have met almost every great man of my time in the principal countries of the world, but I have never met a greater man than Mr Bryan. As a rule, one finds the idealist a man of frail body, physically incapable of making a continuous struggle.

Four years ago Mr Bryan was a Western man. Today he is national—almost international. Then he was an agitator; now he is a statesman. His life and conduct are based on what he believes to be the truth, and nothing can induce him to abandon a cause if he thinks it to be righteous.

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HIS PROPOSAL.

She knew he loved her by each glance, Though he'd not spoken; His hand's quick pressure in the dance, Each flower and token.

He sang to her in verses sweet, His accents sued her; He played the banjo at her feet, In ragtime wooed her;

On smooth yacht decks all golden glow, Where starlight blended, Till she began to think him slow As well as splendid!

She led him into quiet spots, On stairs, demurely, Where lights were low and tender looks Might pass securely,

And when the band throbb'd some deep hymn Or old song story She stored him gently for the dim Conservatory!

But in a crowded cable car One rainy morning They rode with merrily a jolt and jar, The weather souning,

Till swerving round a curve she leaped Against his shoulder, And solely by her big hat suspended 'Twas then he told her!

—Kate Materson in Saturday Evening Post.

THE MAN WITH A CLAIM.

A Pathetic Figure Who Is Regularly Snubbed at Town Meetings.

The most pathetic figure at a town meeting is the man with a claim. The man who has the claim or grievance goes to the selectmen each spring and has them put an article in the warrant bringing this matter up.

Then, when all the oratory has been spilled into their ears, some long eared man from the back districts will rise and will draw with a grin:

"Move we pass over that article," and forthwith the article is passed over with a whoop. And the man is around next year as usual. It is a curious thing, but the average town appears always ready to repudiate these matters of long standing.

Why? Oh, well, it's "an old matter," and the town is irritated by the persistence of the man who keeps coming to claim his own. When a town gets set in that direction, there is no reputation so heartless and so conscienceless as that which marks its action.

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NOT MUCH OF AN ORATOR.

A Conductor to Whom a Woman Gave the Wrong Coin.

"Is this all you've got, madam?" asked the conductor on a North Side car as he scrutinized the coin in the semidarkness of the tunnel.

"What's the matter with it?" she asked in such frigid tones that the conductor looked confused.

"Nothing, but"— "Then if there is nothing the matter with it why do you want me to give you another nickel?"

"Nothing, but that"— he ventured again. "Well, then, somebody else must have given it to you. I didn't have a penny in my purse."

"Yes, but you did give it to me, madam, and it's all right, but"— She had got red in the face. The other passengers were watching her outcome, and one youth who was standing craned his neck and got a good look at the coin.

There is no royal road to success on the stage. It is an exacting profession. No man, no woman, reaches success without a great deal of hard work and many hard knocks at the unrelenting hands of experience—no dainty taskmaster.

In a century there are perhaps but two exceptions to this rule—David Garrick and Mary Anderson—to both of whom success came with comparative ease.—Francis Wilson in Collier's.

Disease on Stair Ralls.

"I make it a rule never to touch a stair rail, especially in an office block or a public building," said a prominent physician of this city.

There is a historic example, by the way, of the readiness with which certain forms of eczema may be transferred through some such agency as I suggest. During the siege of Toulon, Napoleon, who was then a sublieutenant of artillery, is said to have snatched the swabbing rod from a clumsy gunner and helped serve the piece himself for several rounds.

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Swindling a Bank.

A few years ago a well dressed man presented himself at a certain national bank and laid down a check for \$3,000.

It was signed by a well known wholesale whisky house, and upon the check were the words, "Identification waived." At the same time a well dressed man entered the office of a live stock firm at the stockyards and asked if he could wait in the office, as he expected a telephone message.

When it was discovered that the check was a forgery, there was an awful kick, as Smith said Brown was as good as gold. Smith declared that he had talked to no one, and the result was an argument between Smith and the bank teller. No one knew about the accomplice answering the phone, and the result was that Smith took his account from the bank, and no one ever knew who it was who answered the telephone.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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A Gift Not Appreciated.

Two well known clubmen were strolling along Chestnut street the other afternoon when a young fellow of rather sporty attire stopped them and attempted to borrow \$5.

"I don't think I can lend you the money today," said the clubman. "Come on, there's a good fellow," coaxed the other. "You'll get it back tomorrow, sure."

"No; I won't lend it to you," was the reply. "But I'll tell you what I will do. If you're so devilish hard up, I'll give you \$5."

"All right; give it to me," was the unblinking rejoinder. "You've got it already," said the clubman. "Do you remember the five you borrowed from me three months ago? Well, don't bother about paying that back. Nice day, isn't it? So long!" Then he rejoined his friend.

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An Englishman's Manners.

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The Origin of Phoenix Park.

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Advertisement for Scott & Brown's Sassafras Compound, featuring a bottle image and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Tobaccos & Cigars, featuring the text "Dealer in Tobaccos & Cigars" and "Manufacturer".