



The Wife, Children and Farm Residence of the Democratic Candidate for President.

With the one exception of Theodore Roosevelt, there is no man in the United States whose face and personality are familiar to more people than those of William J. Bryan. The marvelous whirlwind campaigns which he conducted after receiving on two occasions the Democratic nomination for the presidency, together with his many lecturing tours and his writings, have made him known throughout the length and breadth of the republic. A poor man and but little known outside his own State, he sprang twelve years ago into the limelight of publicity when he made his famous free silver speech in the Democratic national convention—a speech which made him the presidential nominee of his party. Since that time he has proved himself a marvel of tirelessness on stump and lecture platform. He has visited

almost every nook and corner of the United States; he has made an extended tour of the world; he has conducted a newspaper, run a farm, lectured and written. And all the time he has retained his hold upon the admiration and confidence of hundreds of thousands of persons. For these reasons, aside from any interest felt in themselves personally, the members of his family are of more than ordinary interest to the public. In the above engraving we present in the upper row Mrs. Bryan, who was Miss Mary Elizabeth Baird until she married the coming statesman at Perry, Ill., in 1884, W. J. Bryan, Jr., and Miss Grace Bryan. In the lower row are shown Mr. Bryan's elder daughter, Mrs. W. H. Leavitt, wife of a Paris artist of some merit, and the handsome farm residence of the Bryans, near Lincoln, Neb.

LOVE'S THREADS OF GOLD.

In the night she told a story,
In the night and all night through,
While the moon was in her glory,
And the branches dropped with dew.

'Twas my life she told, and round it
Rose the years as from a deep;
In the world's great heart she found it,
Cradled like a child asleep.

In the night I saw her weaving
By the misty moonbeam cold,
All the weft her shuttle cleaving
With a sacred thread of gold.

Ah! she wept me tears of sorrow,
Lulling tears so mystic sweet;
Then she wove my last to-morrow,
And her web lay at my feet.

Of my life she made the story;
I must weep—so soon 'twas told!
But your name did lend it glory,
And your love its thread of gold!
—Jean Ingelow.

His Social Experiment

"Well, that spoils the evening for me," observed Strong, gloomily fingering a note which said that the grip would prevent a certain young lady from attending the opera that night. "Sorry Gladys is sick—no, confound it if I am! These eleventh hour excuses are getting too frequent. I won't stand for it. I wonder if Elizabeth Miller will go," he mused, continuing his frowning. "No, I'll stay at home to-night. What right has a girl to make a fellow miserable, anyhow? I—come in."

"And here's your mendin', Mr. Howard," said the young woman who entered. She addressed him according to a custom in his family before the death of his parents had given him into an apartment house, where he had found a position for the faithful servant.

"Thank you, Mary," said Strong, without pausing in his wrestling bout with a collar button. "Mary, I have a couple of extra tickets for the theater to-night. Can't you get Pat to take you?"

"It's always Pat you're teazin' me about, Mr. Howard, and there ain't a Pat—not for me. I ain't pretty enough, and then I'm 35. Sure, it's many a year since I've seen a theater. All our money goes to the doctor. I'd have to go alone."

"No, Mary; you must not be neglected in that fashion," he said, turning abruptly from the mirror. "Let me be Pat to-night."

"Oh, Mr. Howard, I couldn't—it wouldn't—no, sir. Oh, Mr. Howard, it's jokin' you are, after all," she exclaimed, as a smile spread over his face.

"No, Mary, I never was more serious in my life. I am going to give you, Mary McGinnis, the best time of your life. Put on your best bonnet and be ready by a quarter to 8. You live at—?"

"On Third Avenue, 2730, back, three flights up. But, Mr. Howard—"

"No excuses, Mary. Now good-bye, or we'll both be late."

Throughout dinner at the club that night Strong's face repeatedly relaxed

at the oddity of the experiment. Its unconventionality did not worry him, for the wealth and social position of the Strong's put him beyond the sting of criticism.

"Opera to-night, Strong?" drawled young Castlewood, whom he particularly disliked, dropping into a vacant seat.

"No; had planned to surprise Gladys Hastings with that new play—Manton's—for a change, but she's sick. However—"

"Well, you needn't waste any time asking Elizabeth Miller," laughed Castlewood, "for I'm going to take her myself."

"Oh, don't worry," replied Strong, nettled.

"No offense, old man; knew you were inclined in that direction, though between two fires at present. But, by the way," he added, aiming a parting thrust, "I hear that Count de Migny arrived here to-day, en route for San Francisco. Guess you've heard Gladys speak of him. Keep your eye on him. He's a clever chap."

"Smooth might better describe him. I know absolutely that he's bogus," replied Strong.

"Oh, have your way," drawled Castlewood, departing. Strong was between two fires, and knowing it, resented all the more these insinuations. Which disturbed him more, the thought of Castlewood's recent marked attention



"I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO THE OPERA."

to Elizabeth or the arrival of the count? He could not determine.

At first Mary was ill at ease that night with Strong, the luxurious carriage, his evening dress and polished manners being strange to her, but his gentleness soon put her at ease. On the way he stopped at a florist's.

"These violets are for you, Mary, and the roses for another nice young lady who is ill," he explained.

"Thanks, Mr. Howard, and it's the lady with the beautiful eyes that is sick? Oh, I am so sorry," she exclaimed.

"Yes, she has beautiful eyes, Mary, but where did you see her?"

"At the tea you gave in your apartments last year. She thinks everything of you, Mr. Howard. I could see that plain, and if she grows up to be as fine looking as her mother, why, you'll—"

"But her mother was not there," he said, coming to her rescue.

"Oh, yes, she kept saying Elizabeth this and Elizabeth that. She—"

"But I am not talking about Elizabeth. These flowers are for Miss Hastings, the girl with the heavy auburn hair," replied Strong amused.

"Oh, I remember her," she said disappointedly. "I am so sorry. I thought it was—I meant—oh, I don't know what I mean. I'm an old goose, Mr. Howard," she finally exclaimed, much distressed.

They were now at the Hastings' where Strong has ordered the coachman to stop.

"How is Miss Hastings?" Strong inquired at the door.

"Why—why—oh, she's better," replied the well-drilled man, recovering himself. Strong left the flowers and returned to the carriage with strange misgivings.

Strong did not heed the many wondering glances his friends cast in his direction that night, for he was doing his best to make it a red-letter occasion for Mary. Moreover, he was having a heart-to-heart talk with himself, in which two young women prominently figured. What Mary said and what Mary did in a situation new to her is another story, but when it was over she sighed as if waking from a beautiful dream.

"Hello, Strong, got here after all, I see," came to his ears as they were entering the foyer. Turning, he saw Castlewood and Elizabeth Miller.

"How are you, Elizabeth?" he inquired. "Miss Miller, let me present Miss McGinnis; and Mr. Castlewood—Miss McGinnis." Castlewood, gazing in wonder, forgot to bow, but Elizabeth greeted Mary cordially. It was a friend of Strong's. That was sufficient for her. Soon they passed on.

"Oh, Mr. Howard! That's the girl with the beautiful eyes," exclaimed Mary. "Ain't she handsome, though! And you don't care—you—"

"I have not said I did not care, Mary," he said simply, but earnestly.

"An, oh, Mr. Howard, there is the girl with the auburn hair, too!" she interrupted. "Why, I thought she was the sick one."

"Gladys Hastings," involuntarily came to his lips, as he followed Mary's gaze. In a moment, he was opposite her and their eyes met.

"Oh, Howard—I—I thought we—I thought you were going to the opera," she exclaimed in confusion. "You see, the count came and I was so much better I couldn't disappoint him, as he is here in New York for only one evening. But pardon me—let me present Mr. Strong—Count de Migny." And then her eyes wandered haughtily to Mary.

"And let me introduce the Duchess of Kilkenny—Miss Hastings and Count de Migny," said Strong gravely, though smiling inwardly. The count's French manners brought forth a low bow, while Gladys scarcely nodded.

"And wasn't that the girl?" asked the mystified Mary when they were in the carriage.

"Yes," Strong replied, but he was silent for a long time.

"She was so upplish to me," Mary finally ventured, "while Miss Miller treated me as if I was a real lady."

"And you are, Mary; a thousand

times the lady that some one thinks she is," he said seriously.

"But why did you call me duchess?" "That was a little joke on the bogus count," he replied, his face relaxing. "That will make both of them think a bit. But here we are at your home. And you say your father is too ill to work, and you support the family? Well, you are a noble girl, and I don't half appreciate the way you look after me and my apartments," he said, as he assisted her from the carriage and slipped a \$50 bill into her hand.

"Thanks, Mr. Howard," she said gratefully, thinking it was her monthly tip of \$5. "This will help father a lot. Mr. Howard, you've given me the best time I ever had. I—"

"Tut, tut, Mary. It's been a selfish pleasure with me, I fear. I took you as an experiment and a lucky one it's proven. You have helped me open my eyes to the true woman—the woman of my heart, I can never forget that. Good night."

THE ART OF GARGLING.

Not the Same Thing as the Process Usually Followed.

The proper method of gargling is thus described by a writer in the Medical Record:

"The patient (at first under the guidance of a physician) should sit well back in a chair, take a swallow of water in the mouth and bend the head as far back as possible.

"Now he must protrude the tongue from the mouth (the tip of the tongue may be grasped with a handkerchief), and in this posture with protruding tongue he must try to swallow the water. The physician should control the patient's vain efforts, for it is impossible to swallow under such circumstances.

"The patient has the sensation as if he actually had swallowed the water. Now he must start to gargle, to exhale air slowly. One can see plainly the bubbling of the fluid in the wide open pharynx.

"After gargling thus for a while the patient is ordered to close the mouth and quickly throw head and body forward. Thereby all the fluid is forced through the choanae and nostrils, washing the throat and nose from behind and expelling all the accumulations that had been present with great force.

"This should be repeated several times, as the first trial is not always successful and satisfactory. It is an act that must be learned.

"When properly executed the sensation, as the patient will assure you, is that of great relief not had by any other method. It will be wise for the practitioner to try the method first on himself. Even small children who are at all clever learn the method readily and rather enjoy it."

GIGANTIC OFFICE BUILDINGS. STEEL CONSTRUCTION'S CLIMAX.

With the announcement from New York that the Equitable Life Assurance Society intends to erect the tallest building in the world arises the question how far architects and builders will go before reaching the limit of their efforts to pierce the clouds. A few years ago the Masonic Temple in Chicago and the World building in New York were looked upon as miracles. They are commonplace to-day.

The projected Equitable Life building is to be sixty-two stories high and its top will be 909 feet above the sidewalk. The flagstaff crowning this stupendous structure will be 150 feet above the roof, making the height to the tip of the pole 1,059 feet, or about one-fifth of a mile. The Eiffel tower in Paris is seventy-five feet lower, being 984 feet above the ground.

Following are the tallest buildings and other structures in the world:

Buildings.	Stories.	Feet.
Eiffel Tower	75	984
Equitable building (proposed)	62	909
Metropolitan building	50	693
Singer building	41	612
Washington Monument	155	555
Pyramid of Cheops	148	451
St. Peter's, Rome	148	448
St. Paul's, London	134	364
*Top of cross.		

An Uncanny Plant.

On the shores of Lake Nicaragua is to be found an uncanny product of the vegetable kingdom known among the natives by the expressive name of "the devil's noose." Dunstan, the naturalist, discovered it while wandering on the shores of the lake. Attracted by cries of pain and terror from his dog he found the animal held by black, sticky hands, which had chafed the skin to the bleeding point. These bands were branches of a newly discovered carnivorous plant, which has been aptly named the "land octopus." The branches are flexible, black, polished, without leaves, and secrete a viscid fluid.

Fun in Space.

I dreamed last night that I was present at a committee meeting of the sun, earth, moon and stars.

"I'm no coward," said the earth.

"No, but you have two great fears," said the sun hotly.

"And those are?"

"The hemispheres."

"You've forgotten the atmosphere," put in the moon. And the comet, who had no business to be there, wagged his tail with joy.

Confidence.

Jackson—Heaven bless him! He showed confidence in me when the clouds were dark and threatening. Wilson—In what way? Jackson—He lent me an umbrella.—London Telegraph.



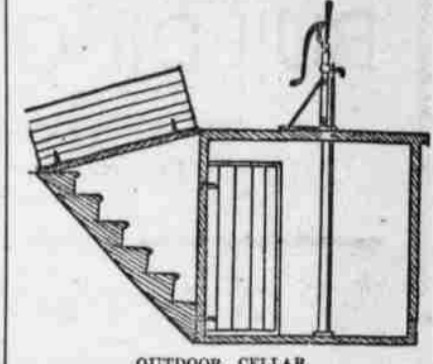
Cultivation of Corn.

Corn makes a rank growth both above and below ground, and for that reason requires treatment somewhat different from what is given to wheat or oats. Planting in rows is necessary not only to permit full development of the stalks, but also to give plenty of feeding room to the roots. Corn roots, if they have a chance, will occupy every inch to the depth of from three to five feet, and the yield of the corn will depend on the completeness of this occupation. The feeding ground, or, in other words, the corn root pasture, depends mainly on the preparation and cultivation of the soil. It may be limited in many ways, so that the farmer, instead of using from three to five feet of his field as soil, will use only a small portion of it. If the land is not properly drained, either naturally or artificially, the corn roots cannot penetrate into the regions saturated with water, for the water shuts out the air. If hard pan comes near the surface the corn roots cannot reach into that, and he may be cultivating but six, eight or ten inches of the field as soil. If the land be heavy and ploughed wet, full of lumps on the surface or resting on the plough pan or bottom of the furrow, the corn roots cannot utilize these, and hence his soil is limited. If he has ploughed under, in a dry time, coarse manure, so as to shut off the supply of water from below, the corn roots are again limited. It is, therefore, about as necessary for the farmer to understand corn roots and their habits and ways as it is for the surgeon to understand the anatomy of the system, where the bones lie, and where the arteries, veins, nerves and muscles are hidden under the skin.

The corn plant, it will be seen, has no top-root. The first roots start out from the seed grain and go down.

Concrete Outdoor Cellar.

A simple method of constructing a cool, outdoor cellar in localities where the common house cellars are too warm for use during the summertime, is shown in the accompanying sketch. It is a cellar made under the pump, so that the water pumped by the windmill has a very cooling effect. In places where it is difficult to obtain ice, it will prove indispensable to the dairyman who keeps a few cows. Another important item is the fact that a man does not find it necessary to pull up all of the pipes every time that he finds it necessary to repair the pipes and pump. It is constructed of concrete. The top is re-enforced with one-half-inch steel rods placed one foot apart each way and the concrete is about six inches thick. The sides are made by using a form and the stairs are also made of concrete and are re-enforced by small steel rods. The cost,



OUTDOOR CELLAR.

Including the labor, amounted to about \$50. In the west and southwest it will also answer the purpose of a storm cave, which is considered a fixture on all farms.—Farm and House.

A New Swindle on Farmers.

An entirely new but highly successful scheme to separate farmers from their money has been worked in South Dakota during the past few months.

An oily grafter calls on a farmer and makes a bid for his land. The figures are absurdly low at first, but by degrees are raised as high as \$60 an acre, and the farmer consents.

Then the visitor explains that he is only an agent, but that he can sell the land at the price named if the owner will agree to pay for advertising at the rate of 50 cents an acre.

The "agent" promises orally that the advertising money will not be payable until the land is sold, but this stipulation is not contained in the contract that the farmer signs.

In a few days he receives a copy of an ad and not overcourteous demand for money.

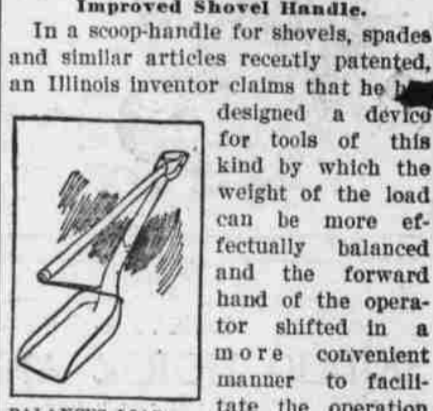
It is said that twenty-two agriculturists were caught with this bait in Brown County and that one of them gave up \$320.

Thunder and Milk.

To many persons the curdling of milk in a thunderstorm is a mysterious and unintelligible phenomenon. Yet, according to scientists, the whole process is simple and natural. Their claim is that milk, like most other substances, contains millions of bacteria. The milk bacteria that in a day or two, under natural conditions, would cause the fluid to sour are peculiarly susceptible to electricity. Electricity inspires and invigorates them, as alcohol, cocaine or strong tea affects men. Under the current's influence they fall to work with amazing energy, and instead of taking a couple of days to sour the milk they accomplish the task completely in a half hour. With an electric battery it is easy on the same principle to sour the freshest milk.

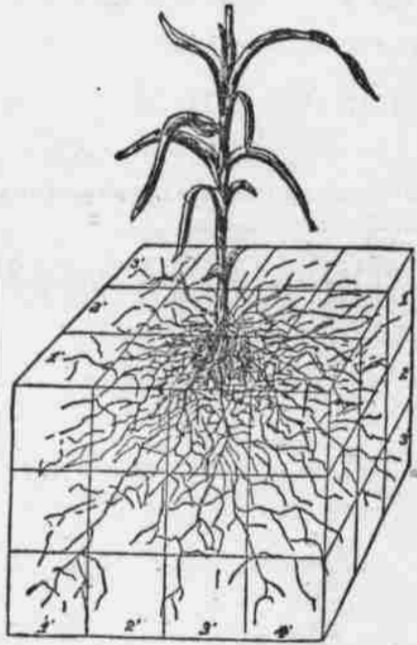
Improved Shovel Handle.

In a scoop-handle for shovels, spades and similar articles recently patented, an Illinois inventor claims that he has designed a device for tools of this kind by which the weight of the load can be more effectively balanced and the forward hand of the operator shifted in a more convenient manner to facilitate the operation of the tool in scooping and lifting. The operator is also relieved of the necessity of stooping so low as he does in shovels of the ordinary construction. He introduces a supplemental handle, which is secured to the handle of the shovel, the opposite end extending forward of the rear end of the blade, being supported from the latter by braces. The supplemental handle is engaged by the forward hand of the operator, the latter being thus greatly relieved of weight. It avoids the twisting strain of the body caused by lifting a heavy load when the forward hand is placed low down upon the usual handle. The hand of the operator can be readily slid back and forth in the various manipulations of the scoop, rendering it more convenient and efficient in use, adapting it to be used with decreased power and strain.



The Coddling Moth.

About one-fifth of the first laying of eggs by the coddling moth is on the fruit, the rest being on the leaves and branches. The young larva that hatches from the egg is able to feed on the foliage to some extent and may come into maturity without entering the fruit, although it rarely does so. About 80 per cent of the first brood finds its way into the apples at the calyx, while the rest eat in at other points, principally at the stem. Only about 28 per cent of the second brood enters at the calyx, the others eating in where the apples touch each other, or a leaf at the stem end. The average life of the adult insect, or moth, is about four days.



DISTRIBUTION OF CORN ROOTS IN SOIL.

After this the roots are sent out in whorls of from two to ten. As the plant advances toward maturity, these whorls rise closer to the surface. The first roots thrown out immediately above the primary roots run sideways and occupy ten or fifteen inches below the surface. These lateral roots throw out fibrous or feeding roots, which run in every direction through the soil and occupy every inch within a radius of from two to five feet. It is evident, therefore, that if we plough corn immediately after planting, or after it is first up, we can plough as deep as we like, and generally the deeper the better. When, however, the roots begin to rise and occupy every square inch of soil within reach, it will not do to plough deep. Our cultivation must, therefore, be limited to the surface, and with the end in view of killing the weeds and forming the mulch of dry dirt which will shut off surface evaporation, and spread out the water which is continually rising from below within reach of the roots. The older and larger the plant the shallower should the cultivation be. In fact, if the ground is well prepared, ploughed deep when there is no danger of cutting off the roots, the only thing the farmer needs to do during the latter period is to maintain the mulch of dry dirt on the surface.

Farm Help Less Expensive.

Farm labor is cheaper than it was at this time last year and is pretty sure to continue so for the season. There has been some curtailment in manufacturing throughout the country, the result being that a great many men are out of work. With this condition farmers find that they can get help more readily now than they have been able to for several years.

It is ascertained that where contracts have been made in the Middle West and Southwest for farm hands the rate of wages averages about \$5 per month lower than that prevailing a year ago.

A common rate of pay for farm hands at this time is \$25 per month, as against \$30 last season. Competent men with experience in special departments of farming will command more, but not as much as in 1906 and 1907. Good live stock hands receive \$35 to \$45, but above this there are few men hired even for fancy farming or the specialties who are receiving more.

Youths and inexperienced immigrants are offering their services for from \$15 to \$20 per month.