

new, a stronger and an all-Chinese government will be established on the ruins of the Manchu dynasty. Any rough western hands will, if applied to the growth of Oriental institutions, injure the cells. But Chinese soil may be enriched and irrigated and the most ancient people in the world introduced to modern life by natural means. I hope that neither America nor any other nation will remain in China as a mandatory power or court of appeal from purely Chinese authority. The Chinese have a literature, a body of law, a religion. They are a civilized people, but something happened hundreds of years ago to arrest their development. This blow delivered by the western world may awaken what went to sleep so long ago. Just as soon as they get into the procession the movement of the crowd will keep the Chinese moving.

Every American who is proud of his race, who is conscious, as we all are, that we are the flower of creation, is racially concerned that the Chinese should be allowed to ripen their Oriental fruitage, only stimulated by necessary gardening.

Forbearance.

In response to an address of welcome delivered at his home on the 16th instant, after his return from Indianapolis, Mr. Bryan said, among other things: "I have felt that it was a great deal cheaper for me to go and see the people than to compel them to come and see me." The only consideration which restrains him from exercising imperial power, the possession of which is implied by this remark, is a pecuniary one, which he stated in these words: "I have felt that it was a great deal cheaper for me to go and see the people." Mr. Bryan presented to the Kansas City convention his platform; his command was, "take it," and they took it. Suppose that, instead of announcing his purpose to go and see the people, he had summoned all his resolution, issued his imperial edict, "Let all the people come and see me," and enforce it as he unquestionably could, what an example would have been presented of government with the consent of the governed. But he is going to see the people and tell them of the dangers which threaten from imperialism and absolute power in the hands of one man.

A Sketch of Mrs. Bryan.

In July 1896, I wrote a sketch of Mrs. Bryan. It is herewith reprinted, because of the interest which every one feels in the wife of a presidential candidate:

Society in Washington, and for that matter, all over the world is much more interested in the president's wife than it is in the president himself. Emerson says that life is only a little conversation, and I say that you cannot have conversation without society, unless one has a constitution like Macaulay's and it is not reported that he talked to himself. His idea of a pleasant party was where one voice and that one his, talked all the time to many ears.

From gay Dolly Madison to the gracious Mrs. Cleveland, the people have intruded upon the privacy of the president's family. The people want to know how the president's wife looks, what she wears, how she brings up her children and what they say and do. By unremitting effort, President and Mrs. Cleveland have kept their children in complete seclusion so far as the newspapers are concerned. In consequence, gossip, unable to understand such conduct, says that the children must be wit-

less. In point of fact they are bright and pretty, and Mrs. Cleveland believes that the idle tales about the children will not hurt them as much as publicity would.

The president is not a sovereign, but his wife occupies the only throne in America. Mr. Cleveland's three hundred pounds of resentment at the American people for taking so much interest in his wife is so much waste choler. Mrs. Cleveland has a gracious, womanly manner, a trick of remembering people and of listening to any one who is talking to her with perfect attention and the manner of being especially delighted with him, that suggests stories of Recamier's fascination. It is thoughtfulness for others that has made Mrs. Cleveland's administration so successful. She applies the golden rule in society and in forgetting herself she will be remembered longer than any one of her predecessors. If the Chicago convention had been allowed to indorse Mrs. Cleveland it would have done it by acclamation.

Mrs. Bryan's life has been one of study. She is an only child and her mother was almost a life long invalid. "She was such a thin little girl," her father said, "I hated to punish her when I thought I ought to." The doctor said she must be kept out of doors. Luckily she did not like indoor life and all day long she tagged her father, and her little dog Frisk tagged her. They dug in the garden and her father made fanny rhymes that she whispered herself to sleep on at night. Long before she could read she knew the names of the bugs and worms that her little hoe and his big one turned up in the garden. The man showed the little girl with what exact perfection all the insects were made, and how they clung to the earth. By the time she was ready for books she was kin to everything books were full of. She idealized the earth and its generating and regenerating character. She and her father sat on the porch at night and he told Greek and Norse stories of the stars. He told her how far away they were from them and from each other though they looked so neighborly. He told her what a speck the world would look if they could look at it from Venus. Then he took her in his arms and crooned his own funny, man's mother-goose. The idea of the immensity of the universe and the relation of the world to the solar system seldom enters a child's mind.—The world is vastness, mystery, but the door-yard is a large part of it. Over there behind the goose-berry bush is a wild spot, and the orchard beyond it is undiscovered still. The sense of proportion and perspective that Mary Baird acquired from her father, has had a great influence upon her. Her father says she never told him a lie. Her words have a Quaker literalness and simplicity of long habit. Early star-gazing or her father's influence trained her to think of things abstractly, nakedly, without the impediments of custom and fashion.

She was born in Perry, Illinois. When she first went to school she did not like it. The books and the confinement were unaccustomed and as hateful as new. She was naturally lazy and she did not want her intimacy with the beetles and birds interrupted. Her father told her that if she did not go to school she would be an ignoramus and all the other children would get ahead of her. So she consented to acquire an education because she did not want other children to get ahead of her. It was her good fortune when she was in the high school of Dixon to be taught by

a man who was passionately fond of mathematics. He was a good teacher and inspired Mary Baird with a sense of the beauty and use of numbers.

When the time came that she must go away to school she and her father traveled over most of the middle west to find the best one. They inspected many and finally decided upon Monticello. Her first winter at this school was interrupted by repeated illnesses of her mother. The next winter, though she hated to leave this excellent school, she wanted to be nearer her mother, so she went to a girls' school in Jacksonville, Illinois.

It was in this town that a young man by the name of William Jennings Bryan was attending college. At the beginning of the school year the teachers and pupils of the Fem. Sem. held a reception in the parlors of the school. On this occasion Mary Baird was standing in one of two large rooms when a group of young men entered the other one. She looked up and noticed one of them in particular and asked who he was. The friend said, "Oh, that is young Bryan, you ought to meet him." At the same time he looked out into the parlor and noticed a young woman standing in the centre of a group and he asked who she was. And there you are.

By spring they were engaged. When they were graduated they were the valedictorians in their respective classes. The winter following graduation, that most trying and disappointing period of a girl's life Mary Baird and her mother and father went to Florida and traveled about from St. Augustine and Jacksonville to Tallahassee. The next winter Mary decided she must know how to keep house and cook. So when they got home she did the house-work.

Mr. Bryan decided to build a house and the betrothed spent many hours discussing the plans. When the workmen began on it Mr. Bryan's imagination had it finished and furnished many times before even a door was hung. He wrote to his sweetheart one day that "The cellar was dug and the back fence up and it looked quite homelike." Like Tommy Twaddles and his centre table, it was the sign and symbol of house-keeping and a family, and when he looked into that cellar he and his wife were living in a house whose walls were not yet reared, the furniture was beginning to look worn and the table was set for more than two.

Young Bryan made it a rule in his courtship never to give anything to his lady that he had not purchased with money of his own earning. The first gift was a volume of Bryant's poems, bought with the prize money won at an oratorical contest. The engagement ring was the guerdon of another oration.

After they were married they decided they wanted to study. They were asked to join card clubs, but declined because they had not time.

After Ruth was born, Mrs. Bryan decided to study law, not because she had the slightest idea of practicing it, but because she wanted to understand her husband when he talked about his cases and also because, when they were married, they were together and she did not want to fall behind. It was the same impulse that induced her to study in the beginning of her studious career. She began studying when the baby was eight months old. She read in the evening and when the baby took her daytime nap.

They moved to Lincoln in 1887 and Mrs. Bryan was admitted to the bar soon after.

Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Bryan and a few other ladies organized the Lincoln

Sorosis which has had such a successful career. Mr. Bryan and Mr. Sawyer organized about the same time "The Round Table." The latter was supposed to include only the husbands of Sorosis women. But this was a poor rule, for it would not work both ways. Frequently the man of the house is found to be fond of discussion and argument and light on subjects like free silver and kindred topics; on the other hand some Sorosis husbands prefer cards and refreshments. It was found impossible to keep the rule and continue the Round Table, so the rule was abolished. The first meeting of Sorosis was held at Mrs. Sawyer's house. Mrs. Bryan led with a discussion on Henry George's single tax theory.

When Mr. Bryan went to congress, his wife and family went with him. They were strangers and went with delight about the beautiful old city that was as new to them as if it had been built the day before their arrival.

The youthful joy in life that Mr. and Mrs. Bryan possess is enviable and all whom they admit to their friendship are stimulated to new youthfulness by their enthusiasm. The four years that they were in Washington they spent in exploring, in study, in expeditions to the environs, they went to the theatre, they heard the different preachers, Jewish, Jesuit, Buddhist, Cuf'ud. It is doubtful if they will ever enjoy Washington so much again.

Anti-Expansionist.

Dismal reports come from the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty, on Pitcairn island. There are one hundred and forty-two of them and they are woefully weakened by the intermarriages that have been going on since 1789, despite the absence of liquor and the existence of a quite fervid religious feeling among the people. The last report says that the young men evince a desire to leave the island and its idyllic, but boreome do-nothingness. The case of the Pitcairn Islanders is a presentation in little of the evil effects of a community trying to live by itself and do things without the aid or consent of other communities. The fate of the survivors of the mutineers is the fate of all communal experiments. Their faculties have been numbed for want of use. The people have stagnated by keeping to themselves. They deliberately set themselves to the task of refusing expansion and keeping out of touch with the world of modern civilization. And now they have become, in a little more than one hundred years, mental and moral weaklings. Expansion is growth, and those who reject it reject progress. Conflict is a developer of strength, and those who avoid it seek degeneration. The life of "glad idleness" is a delusion and a snare, and the more so as the "idleness" ideal comes nearer a realization. What applies to a community on a little island will apply, on a larger scale, to a great nation that rejects expansion and avoids conflict. The case of the Pitcairn Islanders is recommended to the attention of anti-expansionists in the United States.—The Mirror.

Knicker—You say your son is a contractor. What is his special line?
Bocker—Debts.

He—So you won't marry me?
She—No; let us remain friends.—Town Topics.