

Delaware's "dry" territory, while dealers in New Castle county, which is license territory, were prohibited. Delaware has only three counties. An attempt to secure the enactment of a more rigid law affecting the two counties failed. Failure also attended an effort to obtain favorable license legislation.

At this writing the Wisconsin legislature was still in session. No prohibition bill was pending in either house, but several restrictive measures were waiting action. In those states that have not been mentioned either no action was taken on the liquor question or the legislatures were not in session.

**THE JINGO FURY**

[Caldwell (O.) Press.]

The mouthpieces of the predatory interests and the puppets of the plunderbund can't say anything too hateful about Bryan. These are the papers that earlier in his career execrated and reviled him with a malignity as only such "kept" papers employ against anyone who threatens their dignified piracy.

These papers have always been against Bryan and the Bryan policies because they were dangerous to their graft. They have not been so active the past year or two because a righteous public sentiment would not stand for their billingsgate. But now that they think they can safely do so, they have loosed the floodgates and unleashed their tongues to their old style of attack. These are the papers whose cheerful custom was to kill Bryan at least once a day and froth at the mouth the balance of this time. Intemperate judgment and venomous expression was their stock in trade. It is so again and probably will be so long as Bryan remains in the public eye. They never, never can forgive him for preaching and teaching a civic righteousness so far above them as to be incomprehensible. It helped to spoil their graft and they mouth and gnash their fangs in impotent fury. It reminds one of a bunch of bench-legged, hairy-mouthed fisties ky-ying at the heels of a great mastiff. He trots along with his head in the air insensible to their angry clatter, as though they did not exist. They don't so far as he is concerned.—J. R. Keenan.

**BASE INGRATITUDE TO BRYAN**

[The San Francisco Star.]

In the San Francisco morning papers we read many things that are not only untrue, but have no shadow of foundation. The Chronicle prints a letter from a person signing himself "Jeffersonian," asserting that the "local Federal Brigade, who for the most part, owe their appointments to his influence, now, that he is no longer a power with the administration, shun him" — William Jennings Bryan—"as though he had the plague." Of course, "the Federal Brigade" should not act in that manner—if it does.

A few days after the eruption of "Jeffersonian" in the Chronicle, the always reliable Hearst said editorially:

"When Mr. Bryan—no longer secretary of state and wholly out of favor—came to San Francisco the other day, the absence of the Federal Brigadiers from any place that Mr. Bryan was apt to be was at once noticeable and unanimous. With one accord they all had business elsewhere."

That puts the "Federal Brigadiers" in rather a bad light, doesn't it? Hearst's editorial assertion was published July 13, five days after the luncheon given in honor of Mr. Bryan at the San Francisco Press club. At that luncheon, seated at the

speaker's table with Mr. Bryan, were the following "Federal Brigadiers"—obviously placed in a conspicuous position so that they might shun the guest of honor:

The postmaster of San Francisco; the assistant postmaster-general; the surveyor of customs; the collector of internal revenue; the appraiser of customs; the secretary of the United States senate; the naval officer of customs. The last named member of the "Federal Brigade" was one of the speakers. The collector of customs was not at the luncheon, but entertained Mr. and Mrs. Bryan at another time.

After the luncheon, which was attended only by members of the Press club and invited guests, the foregoing basely ungrateful "Federal Brigadiers" remained to spend half an hour with Mr. Bryan, who talked with them and did not appear to notice that they were absent on account of "business elsewhere."

The San Francisco "Federal Brigadiers" further emphasized their base ingratitude and determination to shun Mr. Bryan by appearing at other functions when he was the guest of honor, and by calling on him at his hotel. Which goes to show that ingratitude has more than one way of manifesting itself. And it may be taken as evidence that sometimes Hearst—even the truthful Hearst—is somewhat careless in his statements. Several Hearst reporters were at the Press club luncheon to Bryan, and doubtless noticed the absence of the "Federal Brigadiers" who were present.

**THE WORLD CAN NOT AFFORD TO LOSE SO GREAT A MAN**

[From Sacramento, Cal., Bee, July 3, 1915.]

Crying out through the lips of Bias, the voice of Ignorance clamors against William Jennings Bryan, shrieking, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

If one were to heed the ranting of the unthinking—of those who defy and dethrone as prejudice directs—the retiring secretary of state forever has written himself outside the pale of those Americans to whom the future will grant a moment's consideration, not to think of laurel leaves.

These shallow minds measure the great by their own brain tapes.

With them, a public act which even the best friends of the retired secretary of state must acknowledge to have been a lamentable error, outweighs a lifetime of achievement.

Much of this bitter and unfair repudiation comes from malice.

With many, the wish that Bryan would be dead forever as a moral force is father to the declaration that he is.

As many of these critics are tools of "the malefactors of great wealth" whom Bryan figuratively has skinned alive more than once, their estimate may be taken with considerable salt.

But there are some who have been with Bryan hitherto on more than one occasion, who have been led astray by the clamor of the moment and who begin to fear the usefulness of the man is past.

That is far from true. What they mistake for a total eclipse is but a temporary shadow.

Let us be just, even as we censure!

No man who knows Bryan can feel that he did as he did from other than motives of the noblest purity, from wellsprings of the highest conscience.

His whole life gives the lie to any other thought.

And not alone this nation, but the whole world—yea, great Humanity herself—owes him a deep debt of gratitude which never can be fully paid.

For years libeled, maligned, cari-

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captured, misunderstood, the Bryanisms that other days sneered at are today woven into the very warp and woof of our national statutes.

Never president, he has secured and maintained a nest in the heart of hearts of the American people which very few presidents ever have held.

William Jennings Bryan made Woodrow Wilson the president of these United States.

In the tempestuous times at the Baltimore convention, when every day was an Iliad and every night an Odyssey, there was not an hour in which Bryan could not have nominated himself for the presidency.

But he was loyal to principle. He sank self to advance honor.

Vowing the party should not become the thrall of Ryan, Belmont, and Murphy he at the same time was determined its regeneration should be free from the slightest suspicion of personal ambition.

All official Washington knows, the president himself acknowledges, and history will attest, that as secretary of state, Bryan was to his chief as a faithful Newfoundland dog to his master.

He submerged self entirely—thus confounding those marplots who would have it that he intended to be the administration.

This great American is now in California.

He honors the state by his

presence—the presence of a man whose past work for humanity will glow all the brighter as the years go marching on—a man whose splendid laurels, honorably won, can not be filched from him because of any error in the present—a man destined to add many new immortelles to a crown of achievement that is today an honor and a glory to the American name.

For William Jennings Bryan is too big a man, too great a character, too noble a soul, to be lost to a world which ill could afford to be deprived of his genius and his counsel.

And those who hope, and pray, and work, and fight for better things for mankind and womankind feel that, if God spares him, Bryan will be for many years to come a torch-bearer to light the downtrodden and oppressed of this earth on to the Mantua of their hopes.

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