

Their Silver Anniversary



MR. AND MRS. W. J. BRYAN

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary at Fairview October 1. These are their latest photographs by Townsend.

The silver anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Bryan occurred October 1. The Lincoln (Neb.) Journal of October 2 printed the following report:

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage yesterday afternoon and last evening at their home at Fairview. In the afternoon their home was thrown open to their neighbors in the vicinity of Normal and College View. Early in the evening they received the employes of The Commoner office, and later several hundred people from the city enjoyed their hospitality. Mr. and Mrs. William Bryan, Jr., of Tucson, Ariz., were here to assist in the celebration, and many guests from out of town were in attendance.

The smaller affairs were marked by entire absence of formality. The people came as neighbors, dropping in for a chat and a few words of congratulation. In the evening more formal arrangements were necessary, but the spirit of neighborliness was still predominant.

It was the largest reception held in a private house in Lincoln for many years. Nearly 600 invitations were issued and a surprisingly small number of regrets were received. The guests were ushered into the east entrance, passing up to the dressing rooms on the second floor and down by the main stairway to the parlors to the receiving line. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bryan, Jr., Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, Miss Grace Bryan, Alex Berger, father of Mrs. W. J. Bryan, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Levering. A. R. Talbot assisted in presenting the guests. The line passed slowly, as each person seemed to have special words of congratulation and genuine friendliness. The guests halted before the young people for a long time also, as for most of them it was their first opportunity to greet them since their marriage. The admirers of the former Miss Helen Berger and the friends of William J. Bryan, Jr., including members of the Sigma Chi fraternity, who were there in force, made it appear at times as if the young couple were full equals with Mr. and Mrs. Bryan in the celebration. The notable thing about the formal reception was the lack of stiffness and the good fellowship that prevailed. As the time went on Mr. Bryan was called to the telephone to receive additional congratulations. He was in a happy mood and the nature of the verbal and written message received during the evening added appreciably to his enjoyment.

The guests passed from the reception line to the curio room, where they enjoyed a sight of the numerous interesting articles collected by Mr. and Mrs. Bryan on their numerous journeys in strange parts of the world. The dining room in the basement was next visited. The decora-

tions throughout the house were profuse in flowers which had been sent to the home by admiring friends. The dining room was entirely in green and white, and one of the quaint suggestions of the olden times was the cakes which were served with frosting inlaid in candied peppermint hearts. Those assisting Mrs. Bryan were: Mesdames W. M. Leonard, A. S. Raymond, A. J. Sawyer, C. W. Bryan, T. S. Allen, B. F. Bailey, C. F. Ladd, Olive Watson, G. M. Lambertson, A. E. Hargreaves, T. C. Munger, F. W. Brown and Paul Holm. The refreshments were served rapidly to large relays of guests. On leaving the dining room each gentleman received a carnation pinned to the lapel of his coat by Miss Ruth Raymond.

The house was thronged between 8 and 10 o'clock. After the latter hour the lingering guests were able to see more clearly the beauty of the decorations. The injunction to give no presents had not been held to be a bar to floral offerings, which had been sent in profusion. Some gifts had also been received, it was rumored, but these were privately given outside the public reception.

A significant feature of the celebration was the "Bulletin Board," upon which had been posted some fifty telegrams received early in the



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At the time of their marriage at Perry, Ill., twenty-five years ago.

day. Others that poured in later could not be posted. They were from influential people and personal friends in many different states. All expressed congratulations, many looked forward confidently to the golden anniversary, and a number mentioned the national leadership plainly with the White House in their minds. The letters and other mail connected with the celebration when all collected will reach a large volume.

AN INTERESTING RELIC

A copy of the coat of arms engraved on a spoon was sent to Mrs. Bryan yesterday by a relative in the east. The design was used by relatives of Mrs. Bryan in England. The seal belonged originally to Rev. Gregory Dexter of England, a great grandfather of Mrs. Bryan. Rev. Mr. Dexter was prominent in early days, as he was the one who made the journey back to England to secure the charter for the state of Rhode Island.



WILLIAM R. MORRISON

The public has read, with sorrow, of the death of William R. Morrison at his home at Waterloo, Ill. While the advanced age of this democratic warrior precluded the hope of many more years, still we are never ready for the end of a life so full of service. He has been a conspicuous example of large and faithful public service, and his career has been both an aid to his country and an inspiration to his fellowmen. The cause of tariff reform is stronger because of the contribution which he made, and his name will not be forgotten when the final triumph is won for a tariff for revenue only. It was Mr. Bryan's good fortune to meet him in his home a few weeks ago and profit by his counsel and encouragement.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

"Rich man, Poor man, Beggar man,
Thief, Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief."

I.

Highway, stretched along the sun,
Highway, thronged till day is done;
Where the drifting Face replaces
Wave on wave on wave of faces
And you count them, one by one;
"Rich man—Poor man, Beggar man—Thief;
"Doctor—Lawyer—Merchant—Chief."
Is it soothsay? Is it fun?

Young ones, like as wave and wave;
Old one, like as grave and grave;
Tide on tide of human faces
With what human undertow!
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief!—
Tell me of the eddying places,
Show me where the lost ones go.
Like and lost, as leaf and leaf.
What's your secret, rim refrain
Back and forth and back again,
Once, and now, and always so?
Three days since and who was Thief?
Three days more and who'll be Chief?
Oh, is that beyond belief,
Doctor—Lawyer—Merchant—Chief?

(Down like grass before the mowing;
On like wind in its mad going;
Wind and dust forever blowing.)

Highway, shrill with murderous pride,
Highway, of swarming tide!
Why should my way lead me deeper?
I am not my Brother's keeper.

—Josephine Preston Peabody, in Scribner's Magazine.