

MR. BRYAN'S ADVISORS

News item in Baltimore Sun: When, in company with his brother, Charles W. Bryan, the commoner walked back to the Belvedere Friday night the entire Bryan party was waiting for him in the suite of rooms.

With that belief in the judgment of his wife which has always been one of the Nebraskan's strong points, he went over the entire situation with his family.

It was after this family conference that it was decided the Colonel should prepare the explanation of his vote so as to have it in readiness in case the occasion which no one doubted would arise should come earlier than expected.

Determined to keep himself free to act in any emergency that might arise, Bryan asked his brother to look out for all visitors and attend to those things not directly connected with the fight he was about to wage.

"Colonel, we know you are with us," said one delegate, as the party worked its way through the crowd in the lobby. "The people from my state believe in you and know that you are square," was the assertion of a man wearing a Missouri delegate's badge.

At the Armory there was a brief conference between several of the steering committee and Mr. Bryan in one of the rooms of the hall and then leaving his hat in the room the Nebraskan hurried to his place with the delegation.

"Well, we are ready for the fight now," was his parting shot at Senator Luke Lea as he walked through the crowd.

His jaw was tightly set, but there was the same glad light in his eyes, while to the many greetings which met him as he wended his way through the aisles he returned many cheery answers.

As soon as he arrived in his seat he glanced toward the galleries where were seated his wife and the rest of his family. Perceiving them he waved his hand gayly and then turned to converse with the members of his own delegation and many others who came up to grasp his hand and urge him to continue his fight against the New York men and the predatory interests.

Always it was the same encouraging answer they received.

"The democratic party must not yield to the dictation of the interests as did the republican party," was his terse fighting motto. "The odds against us should make no difference. We must show the people that the democratic party will not betray the trust they repose in it."

And by his jubilant victorious manner the colonel sent his interrogators away much cheered.

"I thought we were going to have harmony," was his smiling reply to one delegate who stated that certain delegations did not seem to care much whether or not the dove of peace made its home in the democratic nest. "But that crowd seems to think more of running the steam roller on the public highways than of harmony."

Friends from different delegations continually sought out the commoner where he sat in his place in the Ne-

braska delegation with an inseparable palm-leaf fan trying to keep up a semblance of being cool, which his thoroughly soaked clothing belied.

Rumor after rumor of this delegation switching or splitting was continually told him with a question as to his opinion.

"I will not comment on rumors," was his invariable reply.

Smiles at Murphy Rumor

One rumor that caused him to smile broadly was that Murphy would be willing to swing the New York delegation to Wilson if they could be assured that Colonel Bryan would stick by the New Jersey man.

"I am not in partnership with Murphy and will make no deals with the New York delegation," declared Bryan. "I may not have been so long in politics as some of these men, but during the time I have been in it I venture to say I have been a whole lot busier."

"They are talking of switching in order to see if you will stand," one delegate informed Bryan.

"I can switch as fast as they can," was the instant reply.

Sitting behind his brother, Charles Bryan corralled the numerous messenger boys that bore telegrams for the colonel. Before the session was half over he had accumulated a hatful and still they continued to come.

Scores of them were of a congratulatory nature on the splendid stand he had taken in fighting for progressive principles. These his brother kept. Others requesting that certain things be done were passed to Bryan.

As the vote for Wilson climbed higher he sought out his wife and daughter in the gallery back of the speaker's stand. Every time his eyes turned in that direction his wife always met him with an encouraging smile, and when one ballot showed a decided Wilson gain he waved his hand to the family party following his interests so closely.

With true loyalty to the husband and father, both the wife and daughter refused to express themselves as favoring any particular candidate. They did not want any compromising statements emanating from the Bryan family. It was more to them that the head of the family was winning his own fight than that any candidate should win.

When the attempt to recess until 8:30 in the evening was made, which the Wilson forces so bitterly fought, they looked anxiously at the colonel.

LET US BEAR UP

St. Louis Republic: It becomes our duty to note the fact that that portable landmark of democracy, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, is on the move again. Once more he has uttered words of valedictory and stepped outside the ranks. As we go to press the democracy is worrying along without Mr. Hearst's support.

This is no time for either regret or exultation. We have no way of judging of the future except by the past. If anything is to be deduced from the record, the party is not thus lightly to be rid of this silent statesman and saffron editor. If not when the daffodils blossom in spring, then far off in summers which we sure shall see Mr. Hearst will return. The easily affected should curb their emotions, for in so many months or years Mr. Hearst, having returned, will rend himself from us again. We may as well begin to brace ourselves now to endure the shock. It is battleships this time. It may be garden seeds or gypsy moths the next.

Comets are of three classes: those that move in elliptical orbits, those whose orbits are parabolic and those of hyperbolic paths. The elliptical comet may fly with frenzied speed toward outer darkness, but sooner or later, albeit with a vast



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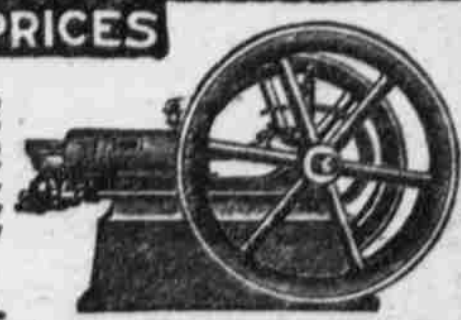


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interval unaccounted for, it will be back in the solar system, cutting square across the orbits of regular and well-behaved planets and spreading its tail like a peacock across the heavens. The comets which follow parabolic and hyperbolic paths never come back.

William R. is a comet of elliptical orbit. We have only to wait, and the sweet sorrow of parting from

him will suffuse our eyes once more, for the outer dark can not contain him. Auf wiedersehen; Good-by, Bill, an' take keer o' yerself!

The Prisoner—"There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?"
Policeman Casey—"Phwat? Run away and never come back again? You stand here and I'll run after your hat."—Everybody's Magazine.