

the state department, Mr. Secretary Bacon never threw up a window. He was the soul of dignity. Besides, the building was well ventilated in those days. We had men at the head of the state department then. Things are so different now."

They gather at teas and dinners and in hotel corridors and at clubs and in committee meetings and on the street, these staple and fancy deplorers, and they talk of laws and wars, of shopping and cigars, of babies, books and bonds. But in the end the conversation turns to the man who is at the head of or on the neck of or part way under the state department, according to various authorities.

The Bryan disapproval is not a mere political criticism. It is a comprehensive, whole-hearted, constitutional, fundamental, temperamental, social, religious, anatomical, gastronomic, and sartorial disagreement. It is the sort of disapproval which reaches out, like a corporation, for more things to clutch. It falls, like the mantle of charity, on all objects within its scope and automatically embraces any new feature touched or appertained to by the secretary of state. President McKinley served water and other flat things happily and safely through his administration. It remained for Mr. Bryan to canonize absinth frappe, blitz cocktails, and extract of tarantula in Washington by serving grape juice. People who had never tasted the stuff rushed out and drank it in order to loathe it with more vigor. If we were to take too seriously the groans of Bryan dinner victims, we would think that in times past people went to state dinners for the purpose of being hauled out by the legs in a condition of alcoholic coma—whereas American state functions have always been comparatively arid affairs.

It simply became borne in on the amalgamated deplorers that there must be something blighting about sobriety because Mr. Bryan indulged in it.

The Chautauqua incident was discussed all over the country. In Washington it became a brooding horror. A lot of Washington people had never heard of chautauquas until they found that Secretary Bryan was frequenting them. Then they tried to read up on the thing in Gaboriau's library of crimes. It wasn't the awfulness of the deed which shocked Washington. It was the lack of dignity. No secretary of state had ever chautalked before. It hadn't been done at all. It was impossible to conceive. The smallness of the salary was no excuse. Knox and Bacon and Hay couldn't live on their salaries either, but nobody saw them rushing around the country exhibiting in a tent. They sawed wood in the back yard and eked out their pittance in proud silence. And, besides, anyone who spends that much money is extravagant. Nothing contributed more to the popularity of economy in Washington in 1914 than the fact that Bryan couldn't live on \$12,000 a year. It was almost impossible for some time to find a republican congressman who would complain about his little old \$7,500 and mileage to Australia. Some of them went so far as to brag that they saved money on \$7,500—whereas the general line of conversation had previously conveyed the idea that when a congressman draws his trifling donation from the government he hands it over to his landlord and borrows enough from some friend to stake him to a light lunch in a lean-over restaurant.

Still, Secretary Bryan could live on \$2,000 a year and serve his state dinners in a beer tunnel without coming any nearer to suiting his Wash-

ington critics. It is a hopeless case with him. He just naturally doesn't suit. He wears his hair long. No secretary of state has ever worn so much hair in the same place. His clothes are out of focus. His shape is obsolete and annoying. He is said to perspire in hot weather. Eminent visitors from other countries have caught him using a palm-leaf fan. He wears slippers at home. John Hay never did this—or, if he did, he set a guard around the house and kept his shame to himself. His trousers bag worse than Cleveland's. He wears a plug hat. Everyone in Washington wears a plug hat—but if Bryan keeps on doing it, he will make the custom unpopular and ruin an investment of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

He is too polite. He is also heartless and unfeeling. He makes orations instead of pronouncing speeches, as a secretary of state should do. He has made changes in the state department customs. He walks too much and mingles shockingly. He is austere and rides in automobiles to excess. He gets down to work too early. He takes work home with him. One would think he was paid by the hour. He doesn't work at all on Sundays. No man ought to imperil the diplomacy of a government for a religious scruple. The state, war, and navy building is running down. The climate has been bad of late. Gas bills are higher. If they start jitney busses, he is likely to ride in one. The gypsy moth is getting into the trees in the district. What can you do with a man like that!

These are serious indictments and not easily quashed. But they cover, it seems, only Mr. Bryan's minor peccadillos. It takes an old-line fighting republican to discuss his large sins. When the remnants of official

republicanism get busy around the capitol on his case they criticize him with a whole-hearted enthusiasm which must be a great relief for some of those older statesmen whose principal duty has been to be conservative and cautious about everything. Bryan is a safety valve for them. There has been a great disposition among republicans to be fair with the new administration as far as comment goes. They have given the president the benefit of the doubt and have been as unpartisan toward the cabinet as could be expected from a party which hopes to eject the said administration with loud shouts in 1916. Everybody speaks a kind word for our honored president and then gives the secretary of state both barrels with nails in the charge. It is a beautiful system and keeps the republicans feeling broad-minded and virtuous because criticizing Bryan doesn't count. The open season on him has lasted about twenty years now.

Naturally one would expect that a gentleman who has been so unanimously deplored might show some marks of the fact. But Mr. Bryan seems to carry the burdens of the state department as comfortably as he carried the comatose democratic party some fifteen years ago. That everything he does is regarded with cold disapproval by a large number of spectators does not seem to lessen his weight, his cheerfulness, or his activities. Undoubtedly he fell heir to the largest mess of international snarls since Seward's time. . . .

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