

Today

A Visit to Mr. Bryan. He's Well and Happy. He'll Be a Delegate. His Castor Oil Story.

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

West Palm Beach, Fla., Feb. 20.—Montesquieu says in his "Spirit of Laws," second chapter of book 25, "Men who are knaves by retail are extremely honest in the gross. They love morality."

That's so, and people are very much excited now about financial and corporation morality in connection with oil wells. Here and there among the indignant wrought few might consent to take \$100,000 cash, if it were offered. A few others, perhaps, would accept a good stock market oil tip if they thought it safe to "play" it. But they dislike such things in others very, very much.

The oil scandal wends its weary way, to end nobody knows where today. Instead of looking into the oil Teapot Dome scandal, you are invited to look into William Jennings Bryan's comfortable Florida home on the edge of the water just south of Miami.

Mr. Bryan never descends to white flannel trousers, buckskin shoes or anything fancy. You see him just as he was in Nebraska, in Chicago, in St. Louis, and in Washington.

His hair is about as long as usual, a little thinner. The tails of his dark cutaway are long, his collar is turned down, his necktie is black. Just as he is he could walk onto a convention platform, out the ground from under some aspiring candidate, and everybody would say, "It's the same old Bryan."

"This place of mine is the most beautiful spot in Florida, and therefore the most beautiful spot in the world," says Mr. Bryan. Happy the man, content with his lot, who never goes sighing for what he has not. His Florida home is a beautiful place, an old-fashioned house that Bryan built, old-fashioned furniture that Mrs. Bryan brought from Nebraska, an old-fashioned atmosphere.

To his visitor Mr. Bryan gives one large coconut, much bigger than his head; one grape fruit, almost as big as his head; both from his own trees. He has seven kinds of fruit on the place, including oranges and lemons; also alligator pears and guava.

It is an ideal place, great palm trees in front of the house, planted by Mr. Bryan and already reaching above the roof—beautiful blue water at the back of the house, flowers, sunshine and peace.

But "there's a cry in the heart, though the lips may be gay," and inside of Mr. Bryan's heart politics is boiling and raging like the lava inside Vesuvius.

It will boil over undoubtedly at the democratic convention in New York. The intelligent, hospitable state of Florida will surely not fail to send Mr. Bryan as a delegate. Florida on three occasions voted overwhelmingly for Bryan for president.

Florida thought him good enough for a \$75,000 a year job in the White House. It surely won't neglect the opportunity to include him among its delegates at the convention.

To do so would be an injustice to the state. Where Mr. Bryan sits at the democratic convention is the head of the table. The passing years have not taken that from him or any of his power. With him in that convention, the attention of the nation would be concentrated on Florida, and on its delegate, W. J. Bryan, who, as everybody must admit, stands head and shoulders above every other American as a fighter in a convention battlefield.

Mr. Bryan said many things about politics, that would interest certain gentlemen who harbor the foolish hope of being nominated. They will find a good description of themselves in the opening words of Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas." They won't learn here what Mr. Bryan said of politics, for that was private. He is saving it for the convention.

Candidates and others might profitably ponder Mr. Bryan's description of the two main classes in our republic. That was not private.

"Leaders of thought in this country," said Mr. Bryan, "are divided into democrats and aristocrats."

The democrat believes that the right thing is to build up prosperity, comfort and happiness from the bottom of the social structure. The excessively prosperous few at the top will get their full part of the general prosperity.

The democrat believes that human society should be built from the bottom on a strong foundation. The aristocrat believes that human society is suspended from the top.

He is sincerely convinced that the right government legislates to enrich the aristocracy suspended above the heads of the masses. Take care of us first, the aristocrat says. Pour wealth and privileges upon us and you may safely trust us as to what we should allow to leak through to the common people below.

Many millions voted for Bryan. Many other millions respect him as an absolutely honest and sincere man, although they may not agree with him politically, or on the subject of our monkey grandfathers.

It will please all to know that Mr. Bryan has the old fire in his eye. He can smell the battle afar off, at least twice as far as Joe's war horse could smell it. And he enjoys a fight as much as that war horse did.

Mr. Bryan speaks of himself as one "getting old," but that's posterior. He is only 64. That ought to be the beginning of really mental life.

Every Sunday at Miami Mr.

Bryan talks to a Bible class so big that the class has to meet in the public square. A man able to talk in the open air to 5,000 and be heard by every one of them is not getting old.

Mr. Bryan says that corporations, in their dealings with corporation candidates, remind him of the little boy that took castor oil. The corporations raise a gigantic fund for their kind of a man, and then kind it they elect him. Then their kind of a man, in office, turns everything over to them, and they get back their corporation funds plus other millions. At the next election the process is repeated.

"The small boy," says Mr. Bryan, "was taking castor oil."

"Do you like it?" "No, I hate it, but ma gives me a nickel every time I take it."

"What do you do with the nickels?" "I put them in the bank until I have a dollar."

"What do you do with the dollar?" "Ma sends me to buy another bottle of castor oil with it."

That, says Mr. Bryan, is about how the powerful corporations treat the common people, and while he has life and breath he proposes to let the world know it.

Man Laughs Himself to Death in Theater

Reading, Pa., Feb. 21.—A hearty laugh resulted in the death of Emmet Crowell, 64, in a theater here last night.

With a neighbor, Crowell was enjoying a comedy and laughed uproariously. Suddenly he slumped in his seat. He was taken to a hospital where physicians pronounced him dead.

Banker Dies

Fremont, Neb., Feb. 21.—Thomas Lorenzen, 80, pioneer Saunders county resident, director of the Cedar Bluff bank and land owner, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. F. Thomsen, near Cedar Bluffs.

Vanderlip Says Welcomes Suit

Hopes Court Proceeding Will Broadcast News "Great Papers Didn't Print."

By Associated Press.

New York, Feb. 21.—Frank A. Vanderlip, retired banker, in a reply today to the \$600,000 libel suit filed against him yesterday by the owners of the Marion Star declared he welcomed the suit and expressed the hope that it would be the forerunner of "court proceedings that would make public some of the news that the great newspapers did not see fit to print."

"I am prepared to spend quite as much as has been asked for in these court proceedings in an effort to make public this news," the statement said, adding that "there is nothing in this country needs so much at the moment as some court proceedings initiated by grand juries and pressed by incorruptible prosecuting attorneys."

The statement continued: "Twenty-two months ago, in April, 1922, the senate, by unanimous resolution, called for the facts in the Teapot Dome leases. That resolution was so framed that the red flag of suspicion was run up. For weeks of answer at all was received and none was presented for and thereafter until quite recently the search for the facts was made without vigor. What were the newspapers doing for 22 months? What was Senator Walsh doing? It looks as if somebody had been asleep at the switch—or perhaps asphyxiated at the switch. At least, no court proceedings have yet resulted from the Teapot Dome situation."

Matter of Record

"Nor have there been, so far as I am aware, any court proceedings initiated as a result of the criminal mismanagement of the veterans' bureau. The wholesale dishonesty there is not a matter of rumor; it is a matter of official record in the committee proceedings and the proceedings of congress and Mr. Forbes and his friends have as yet encountered no court proceedings."

"There have been no proceedings nor even a thorough investigation of alien property administration. There are other directions in which court proceedings would be admirable. "Congress today is spending" its time solemnly and partially debating an income tax measure. It is like discussing the size of a faucet you would put in a barrel leaking between half the stove. If we can have honest administration of the taxes that are collected, the rate of income tax will take care of itself.

Rest Big Factor in Fighting T. B.

Relaxation Allows Patient's Own Forces to Overcome Disease, Doctor Says.

By Associated Press.

St. Louis, Feb. 21.—That rest is one of the greatest factors to be observed in combating tuberculosis was the thesis advanced by Dr. F. M. Pottenger of Monrovia, Cal., in an address before members of the American Congress of Internal Medicine in session here today. Rest, he explained, increases the patient's body resistance to such an extent that his own defensive forces will overcome the disease.

"The explanation of this is a physiologic one," said Dr. Pottenger. "At rest man breathes in from 25 to 30 liters of air, and on extreme exertions, such as a hundred-yard dash, as much as 150 liters per minute may be required."

"The demands upon the circulatory system likewise show the importance of rest," he continued. "When at rest the work done by the heart is equivalent to pumping seven and one-half tons of blood through the body per day, or raising of a tone of blood 120 feet. On exercise this is greatly increased. When we realize all the blood must pass through the

Woman, 29, Youngest Grandmother in West

Quincy, Ill., Feb. 21.—The "youngest grandmother" contest took on new interest today when Mrs. Martin, 29, joined the ranks. Mrs. William Van Baskirk, her 13-year-old daughter, became the mother of a baby girl. Mrs. Martin was married when she was 13 years old and her daughter when she was 12.

Woman, 96, Dies on Visit Here

Blair, Neb., died Wednesday while visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. A. Beatty, 4211 South Twenty-third street.

Man Is Robbed.

George Davis, 2407 N street, reported to police he was held up by two men and robbed of \$5 at Twenty-sixth and N streets Wednesday night at 10.

Child of Omaha and G. E. Child of Moline, Ill., and three daughters, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. H. C. Burnham and Mrs. Emily Chenoweth of Blair. Funeral services will be held Friday morning at 10 at the Hoffman funeral home. Burial will be in Laurel Hill cemetery.

Advertisement for George Washington, Aristocrat and Democrat. Includes a portrait of George Washington and text celebrating his 192d anniversary.

Advertisement for Edward Reynolds Co. featuring a 'Delightful New Showing of Spring Coats' for \$29.50.

Large advertisement for YE DIAMOND SHOPPE featuring 'Our First Anniversary Sale' with various jewelry items and prices.

Advertisement for 'Musical Night at the Auto Show' featuring Jaffy and his Music Masters.

Advertisement for Gibson Banjos, Mandolins and Guitars, and Schmolter & Mueller Piano Co.

Advertisement for 'SUFFERED FOR THREE YEARS' regarding Gland Treatment and Cuticura.