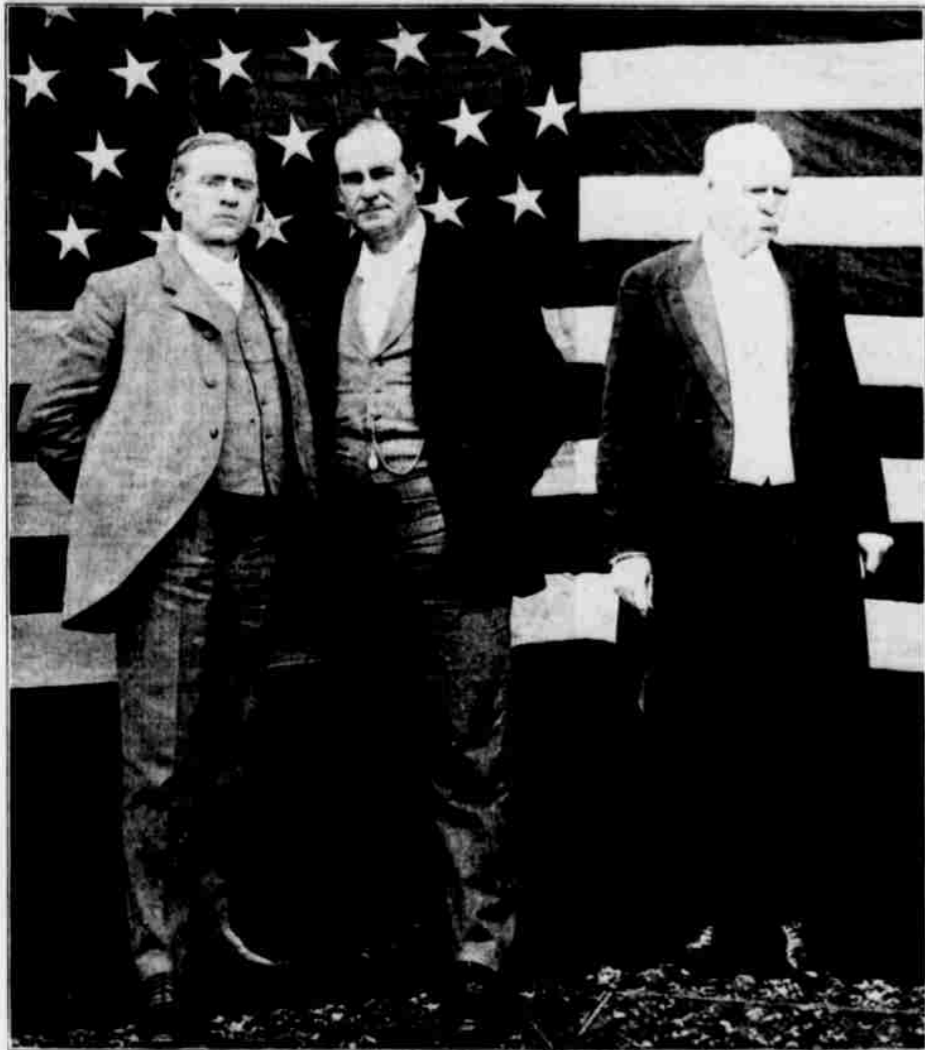


William J. Bryan Facing a Political Dilemma



BRYAN, TOWNE AND STEVENSON.—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.



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Side Lights on the Kansas City Convention

A great national convention always affords unexcelled opportunities for observing men who figure prominently in public life. While the convention at Kansas City, composed of representatives of the democratic party from all the states in the union, did not compare with the famous Chicago convention for the number of noted delegates, nevertheless it presented numerous picturesque figures which attracted general public attention. Perhaps the center of curiosity among the spectators in all that vast assemblage was the New York delegation, which was not only the largest, but supposed to represent the most heterogeneous elements. The two most prominent members of the New York delegation were Richard Croker, head of Tammany Hall, and ex-Senator David B. Hill, who headed the faction antagonized by Tammany. Mr. Croker sat with the delegates most of the time while the convention was in session, behaving in a most unobtrusive manner and conferring from time to time with his associates. His seat was close to that of John F. Carroll, immediately behind former Senator Edward F. Murphy, and near that of Andrew Freedman, the great base ball magnate. Senator Hill did not mingle in this group, but kept his place alongside of the delegates from country districts.

Nebraska Delegation.

The Nebraska delegation was seated well to the back, toward the left of the speaker's platform, and was inconspicuous except for the fact that it hailed from Bryan's state and was accorded the honor of making the nominating speech for the successful candidate for presidential favor. The best known of the Nebraska delegates, of course, was John A. Creighton, who had participated in the Chicago convention four years ago and

whose benevolence is attested far and wide. Assistant Attorney General Oldham got considerable advertising out of his nominating speech, which is yet a subject of divergent discussion as to delivery and effect.

The Iowa delegation scarcely made any mark in the proceedings of the convention, although it was made up of representative democrats, several of whom had figured previously in the national conventions of their party. Four years ago Iowa was one of the storm centers, with Horace Boies as its favorite son, but this year Boies was not even honored with a commission to Kansas City and no one else was put forward for attention from the Hawkeye state.

One of the noticeable features of the convention, which, however, has not yet received much comment, was the large attendance of women. At all of the sessions the women were everywhere in their bright summer costumes, not only in the galleries, but on the floor. The platform seats reserved for distinguished guests were occupied almost exclusively by women; the women crowded out the delegates and press representatives whenever they could make their way into the enclosure. Some of the women, of course, belonged to the families of members of the convention, but a large proportion were

spectators pure and simple. One of the pictures caught by our photographer shows a group of women, whose husbands occupied prominent places on the official list, caught by the camera in the act of eating their lunch between the sessions of the second day, having been favored by the sergeant-at-arms, who had made up the party, and permitted it to remain in the hall during the intermission when every one else had been excluded to enable the attendants to restore order and tidiness.

Another set of convention spectators who seemed to enjoy the spectacle more hugely than any others was the large retinue of boys employed in various capacities; they were boys ranging from 10 to 16 years of age, serving as pages and telegraph messengers, and they seemed to drink in everything as if they were enjoying the greatest time of their lives; some of the more thrifty drove a flourishing business in the distribution of fans, passing ice water, finding chairs for people who were standing and making

was marked by clean discouragement on his part. His last piece of bacon was eaten, his last stick of gunpowder fired and his credit utterly used up. Still, he believed the ore to be there, but he recognized the utter futility on his part of trying further to get at it. Lonely and out of spirits, just at sunset he stood at the door of his cabin looking for the last time over the scene of his useless efforts, when down the winding trail came a stranger astride of a broncho. Taking in the situation at a glance, the man reined in his cayuse and called out to the lonely figure in the cabin doorway. "Say, partner, what will you take for that played-out claim of yours?"

"Hope sprang up and gleamed from the miner's eyes as he firmly replied, 'Played out nothing. It'll take \$1,000,000 cold to buy me out.'

"The stranger slowly gathered up the reins. 'I'll give you \$8,' he said tentatively. "All in cash?" queried the late prospective millionaire, eagerly.

"'Yep,' was the response.

"The claim's yours on the part of the mine owner closed the transaction."

James Payn says in "The Backwater of Life" that as soon as he became deaf his friends tried to hearten him by collecting anecdotes of those who have made humorous mistakes through suffering a like infirmity. The efficacy of this method may be doubted, says Youth's Companion, but such as it is many have had to endure it.

One story is indeed to be tolerated, because it refers to a gentleman who, although deaf, was

not so much so as he pretended to be. A friend came to him one day and shouted:

"Will you lend me half a sovereign?"

"What?"

"Will you lend me half a sovereign?" was the still louder petition.

"What was that?"

"Will you lend me a sovereign?"

"You said half a sovereign before."

We telephoned to the intelligence office for a cook, says a writer in Lippincott's. As Annie was the only name given on her card from the office, we inquired her surname.

"Annie," I said, "what is the rest of your name?"

"That is it," was the reply.

"Yes," I continued, "I know your name is Annie, but Annie what?"

"That is it, I tell you, missus," she said with a broad smile.

"You have two names, surely," I insisted, "a first name and a second name. Now, what is your second name?"

"Oh, missus," she exclaimed, with some impatience, "I tell you that is it."

With rising displeasure, thinking she was trifling, I said very decidedly, "Your name is Annie what?"

"Oh," she cried enthusiastically, "I am so glad you know! I think you will never know. Yes, that is it!"

"Annie," I asked very mildly, "what is your father's name?"

"Michael," was the doleful reply.

"Michael what?" I almost gasped, feeling that I was suddenly becoming a parrot.

But like the eternal "Nevermore" of Poe's "Raven" came the echo, "That is it!"

"What do you put on your father's letters?" I next interrogated.

"That is what I must put on or he would not get them," was the sobbing response.

Unwilling to give up after such a trial of patience on both sides, I asked gently, "How do you spell it?"

Slowly came the solution of the enigma—"W-a-s-h-t."



NEW YORK DELEGATION.



NEBRASKA DELEGATION.

themselves generally useful. Young America was in its element amid the excitement and enthusiasm displayed by delegates and other grown people which they supposed was reserved exclusively for mischievous boys.

Comparisons made likened the convention to all sorts of large gatherings from street parades and circuses to race tracks and base ball games, and certain it is that it reflected elements of each.

Bunch of Short Stories

"These fabulous stories you hear everywhere nowadays," said V. W. Green of Denver to a New York Tribune reporter, "of the wonderful discoveries made and prices received for claims in the mining regions bring back to my mind a story that used to be told in the earlier days of Colorado. A young chap had there located a claim, in which he had every confidence that ore existed, but, try as he would, he was unable to locate the precious metal, and little by little he became sicker and sicker at heart until at length there came a day whose closing



IOWA DELEGATION.