

# When the Bosses Fell Down at Baltimore

Special dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer: Columbus, Ohio, July 5.—If any person pretending to the possession of knowledge gives it out oracularly that in the late fracas at Baltimore, Md., William Jennings Bryan was run over by a steam roller, and his tail feathers pulled out or lost his hold on the party, bet him one million dollars in pennies that he is full brother to the monkey of the jungles. It is true, possibly, that William lost the consideration and respect of certain politicians whose little game he blocked most beautifully, but it is not true that he lost anything else. And do not let any one, however high his brow may be, get away with the story that the bosses ran the convention. That is one of Hon. Theodore Roosevelt's hallucinations.

The politicians were like the celebrated pack of fox-hounds that a misguided man imported into a country infested with wolves. He took them out for a trial run and they disappeared in the timber. Whipping up, he followed the trail until he came to a cabin by the roadside in front of which sat a man with sandy chin-whiskers, who was meditatively smoking a corn-cob pipe.

"Neighbor," said the foxhunter, "Did you see anything of a pack of dogs around here?"

The smoker nodded. "How were they doing?" asked the owner, with pardonable pride.

"Wa-al, it appeared to me they were a leetle bit ahead of the wolf," was the answer. And that's the way the bosses won at Baltimore. They nominated Governor Woodrow Wilson—after Bryan was through with the job. The houn' dawgs, the Tammany tiger and all the other forelooping animals of politics were the fox-hounds, and the Nebraskan was the wolf of the story.

The gentleman from Lincoln outmaneuvered the whole crowd of them. Like a first-class checker player, every time he lost a "man" he jumped two of their pieces and landed in the king row. When they started they had a majority of the convention, they had the machinery, the money, the crowds and the claque. When they finished he had everything they began with except the money. So deftly did he work his plays that all the money outside the United States treasury couldn't have bought the nomination for one of the twelve apostles. The convention was clean in that respect, and he made it so. The gathering may have been noisy and rough at times, but it was on the level. His opponents fought hard, but he fought harder, and while they may be sore over his triumph, they certainly were impressed with his prowess.

His winning was simple enough in its methods. He appealed to the great mass of the democratic voters outside the convention, while the leaders of the opposition were operating upon the thousand delegates within the hall. Reduced to ordinary arithmetic, he offset the thousand with the six million and a half voters. His tactics were bound to win in the end if he could get sufficient time. Enmeshed in their own foolish devices, they gave him more time than he needed. They seemed to forget that there was such a thing as the magnetic telegraph or the daily newspaper in existence. The limit of their field of operation was the city of Baltimore. His extended from ocean to ocean and from Canada to Mexico. Like the muscular party at Donnybrook Fair, with the blackthorn shillalagh, his work was "beeyoutiful." It showed what one plucky man with sense could do with a clutch of fat-headed politicians who were playing the game under the rules of 1860. It wasn't until the avalanche of indignant telegrams descended upon them, propelled by aroused sentiment at home, that they began to discern how skillfully he had trapped them.

To begin with, he knew every card they held in their hands when the game began, and they weren't aware of what he was holding. They thought he was a candidate for president—and he let them think so! To smoke him out they put up Judge Alton B. Parker for chairman and chuckled. The Nebraskan sought out a private room and did a Highland fling in exceeding great joy. He had them. Reappearing with a face that resembled that of an undertaker at a \$500 funeral, he appeared to be very much concerned for the safety of the republic. In the

language of the sporting world, they fell for it, and fell hard.

"Here's where we hang the binger on Bill," they chortled as they proceeded to push Parker over the line. Right then and there he won the game.

Inside of an hour the country was ringing with his declaration that the predatory interests were endeavoring to seize the high parliament of the democracy and sell it into bondage to Wall street. Daringly enough, he singled out those two shocked persons, Thomas Fortune Ryan and August Belmont and used them as Exhibits A and B, respectively, to prove that the money devil and hisimps were there in their proper persons. They were merely modest delegates, but William had them on exhibition in an entirely different guise. Inside of 12 hours the telegraph companies began to reap a golden harvest from the frightened democrats "back home," who sent messages to their chosen representatives to resist with all their power this fiendish attempt to throttle liberty. If they couldn't see their way clear to do this, the messages said, they were requested to remain in Baltimore the rest of their days or run the risk of being tarred and feathered and carried on a rail if they dared to show their faces in Cohosh or wheresoever they hailed from.

Just as they were breathing easier after the first batch of telegraphed indignation and peremptory orders, William delivered the second installment by offering his now memorable resolution; inviting Messrs. Ryan and Belmont to go away from there and pledging the party not to nominate any one who owed them money, marbles or chalk or who believed that they were otherwise than direct descendants of the Accuser of the Brethren. That finished them for all offensive purposes and then he landed the knockout or bacon-producing punch by leaving Hon. Champ Clark for having accepted the support of New York. They couldn't get away from his blows. Like the more or less punk pugilist who was receiver-general for a fine fusillade of wallops, "their feet stuttered." Hon. Champ fell exactly 1,000 feet and 6 inches straight down into oblivion, emitting loud cries as he whizzed bottomward. Now, Bryan was on to Clark's game for months and months. He was aware that there was a deal on right here in Ohio with the Harmon outfit which kept the speaker's name off the preference primary ballot. The proof came when Clark came rushing over from Washington and in his rage demanded to know "why Ohio had not kept that agreement." What agreement? For an answer please address a postal card to the now closed Harmon headquarters here. Clark's action was water on his wheel. So was the blistering attack of John B. Stanchfield, of New York, referring to him as a lot of things that were extremely "un-nice." William simply smiled inscrutably. Inside the convention hall John B. was hailed as a hero. Outside of it he was regarded by the now raging rank and file as a demon with pronged horns, a cloven hoof and a long and prehensile tail. General result: More telegrams in bunches, baskets and bales.

After that it was a cakewalk. The bosses whose heads were not completely swathed in adipose tissue began to take counsel with themselves. They were hearing the thunder and seeing the lightning. If there is anything the politician despises and fears it is getting caught out in a shower of popular indignation. Up went the umbrellas one by one, and one by one the bosses began scooting for shelter.

Like the penitent thief on the cross they sent word to Bryan to remember them when he came "into his kingdom." On the exterior they pretended to be brave, but on the interior their cowardly natures were at work. "Bryan or Wilson" was the ultimatum that the people were sending, and their teeth were chattering lest the chance to act would get away. They saw to it that it did not. There was a fine "bunk" play over "releasing" delegates from their "obligations." That was the slapstick number on the program. The fact was that the delegates were releasing themselves, and doing it, doing it, doing it. Each boss, bosslet and bossikin was watching the other so that there shouldn't be any advantage gained in hopping across the line. So all at once, on the forty-sixth ballot, Mr. Bryan, calmly fanning himself with an evening newspaper, watched with twinkling eyes the whole herd bolting through the gap in the fence he had opened. All the power of the bosses, all

their tricks and all of their money had resulted in naught. One man with gumption and sand had whipped the entire gang. And that man laughed at them!

### WHEN CLARK MISSED HIS CHANCE

San Francisco Star: Bryan "came back" next day, while the band played "Annie Laurie," and thenceforth, to the very end, he was the acknowledged leader and guiding spirit of the convention.

He could not be cajoled, nor flattered, nor betrayed, by the enemy. He defied all threats and resisted all blandishments.

He did not deny the charge that he was working to secure the presidential nomination for himself—a charge made by scheming cowards who never did, never will, and never can understand the true greatness of his character. He simply rammed and jammed the lie down their throats by doing the very things no man would have thought of doing if he only wished to gratify vaulting ambition.

For instance, the famous resolution, which will become historical, denouncing by name, and in their presence, the arch-conspirators who pose as democrats, and all members of the "privilege-hunting and favor-seeking class," was not calculated to give Bryan a two-thirds vote for president in a convention which had failed to give him a majority vote for temporary chairman! No, it was meant to make the democratic convention democratic. And it did so.

When Bryan styled the New York delegation, Murphy's "ninety wax figures," or puppets moved about by Wall street wires; and when he withdrew his support from Champ Clark because the latter and most of his friends in the convention had been too "yielding" to the corrupt combination there, did this in Bryan "seem ambition?"

Bryan's fight throughout was that of a patriot. It was for principle, for genuine democracy, and for the plain people, of whom Lincoln said: "God must have loved them pretty much, or he would not have made so many of them."

If Champ Clark had not made William Randolph Hearst his chief adviser, we do not believe he would have been so non-committal when asked on which side he stood as to Parker for temporary chairman. One blast from his bugle-horn would have prevented Parker's selection, and made Clark the democratic nominee for president.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide, In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side; Some great cause, God's new Messiah offering each the bloom or blight, Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right."

Wilson's greatest asset when he entered the convention, was the fact that he had come out strongly against Parker for temporary chairman. That, with the splendid record he has made as an uncompromising progressive during the past few years, together with Bryan's support and Hearst's vicious opposition, made him the democratic nominee for president, to which high office we confidently believe he will be elected in November next.

WHY?  
Portland (Oregon) Journal: It was almost national acknowledgement that, through all these years, Mr. Bryan has been right and his opponents wrong. It was thunderous indorsement, after 20 years, of that for which Mr. Bryan has striven, and a thunderous clamor from the rank and file of an opposing party for the application at Washington of the policies that Mr. Bryan had never abandoned, never compromised and never failed to defend.  
If Mr. Bryan fought for progressiveness when it was friendless, why should he not fight for it in its triumph? If he fought for it when it was jeered at, why should he not fight for it when the whole country wants it?  
When the things he has battled for throughout his political career are on the eve of triumph, why should Mr. Bryan permit thimblerrigging politicians at Baltimore to cheat him, and the country, out of the fruits of his struggle?