

left him in no doubt whatever that he was wrong. Murphy ought to have seen it. Sulzer did not want to persist in his ruling, and asked Charlie White to get Murphy to release him from it, but that statesman stood pat, and when the uproar subsided Sulzer repeated it, reluctantly, but still he repeated it. Then there was more uproar.

From a parliamentary standpoint he was right, but there are times when parliamentary rules had better be discarded. One of them is when everybody knows that the most important statement made in any convention for many years is about to be enunciated. Sulzer himself knew the hopelessness of his position, and was not at all pleased with the role Murphy was making him play.

Bryan, meanwhile, stood on the floor, with his arm around the Nebraska standard, insisting at every lull in the noise on his right to speak. The Ryan-Belmont men yelled, "Vote, vote," and "No, no," and hissed him virulently. The Bryan men came to the rescue with shouts for him and for Wilson. The whole Texas delegation climbed upon its chairs and shouted, "Free speech! Free speech!" Delegates all over the hall were trying to get the floor with points of order.

Senator Stone of Missouri, the Champ Clark floor manager, arose to make one of these, and was immediately greeted with a wild shriek of "Bryan" from Texas. There was no chance for him to get a hearing, and he ought to have known it. It took him five minutes to realize it, but he did at last, and he sat down. Then he got up again and went on the platform to confer with Sulzer, amid yells to Sulzer of "You will let Stone up there, but you won't let Bryan there."

Murphy conceived the idea of having Sulzer rule that Bryan had asked unanimous consent to make a statement. The idea, of course, was that all the anti-Bryan men would object and that Sulzer would then be perfectly justified in ruling Bryan out of order. Sulzer, who did not like in the least the part he was being forced to play, made the ruling.

In the midst of the storm he suddenly left his place in the Nebraska delegation and walked up on the platform, where he stood beside Sulzer facing the crowd. Whether Murphy at last realized the hopelessness of his position and released Sulzer from his orders or whether Sulzer rebelled and violated his instructions as a matter of simple common sense can not be known, but at this point he cried out:

"This is a democratic convention, and every democrat has a right to be heard. Mr. Bryan is recognized."

Bryan was never in better form. He dropped all his tricks of oratory. He did not even make a gesture, except those natural movements of the arm which a man can not help making when he is delivering a speech. He spoke with a clear incisiveness that was in strange contrast with his old rotund way of talking, and whenever the opposition men tried to interrupt him or shout him down he cowed and broke them not with any oratorical tricks, but with a stern, direct, and dominating air.

It was a new Bryan. It was a greater Bryan, oratorically speaking, than had ever been seen before. The "Boy Orator" of 1896, even the man who delivered the theatrical speech at the opening of this very convention, had disappeared, and in the place of those two there stood a man who talked straight business and talked in such a way as to intimidate a hostile audience—a man to whom interruptions were welcome and whose sharp retorts were smashing. The delegates who were against him were turbulent and

noisy, and tried to break him up with questions about his party loyalty, but nothing could stop him, and he dominated them and quelled them with his lightning-like retorts and his masterful manner.

He did not mince words. He called Judge Parker "a democratic reactionary," and he named Charles F. Murphy as the man who controlled the New York democracy and who made it impossible for him to participate in the nomination of a candidate supported by New York. He said he was quitting Clark because Murphy was for him, and that although he was going to vote for Wilson he would quit Wilson if Murphy voted for the Jerseyman. Under no circumstances would he vote for anybody whose nomination was secured through the ninety votes of the state of New York.

NEBRASKA DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION

The democratic electors of the state of Nebraska are hereby called to meet in delegate convention in the city of Grand Island, Tuesday, July 30, 1912, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of drafting a democratic state platform, the election of a democratic state committee, and the transaction of any other business which may properly come before the convention.

The representation in said convention will be based upon the vote cast for presidential electors in 1908, and each county will be entitled to one delegate for each 150 votes, or major fraction thereof, cast at said presidential election, and one delegate-at-large from each county, giving the several counties representation as follows:

- Adams, 17; Antelope, 11; Banner, 2; Blaine, 2; Boone, 12; Box Butte, 6; Boyd, 7; Brown, 5; Buffalo, 18; Burt, 9; Butler, 15; Cass, 17; Cedar, 13; Chase, 3; Cherry, 8; Cheyenne, 6; Clay, 14; Colfax, 9; Cuming, 12; Custer, 20; Dakota, 6; Dawes, 6; Dawson, 14; Deuel, 4; Dixon, 8; Dodge, 19; Douglas, 105; Dundy, 4; Fillmore, 14; Franklin, 10; Frontier, 7; Furnas, 12; Gage, 22; Garden, 4; Garfield, 3; Gosper, 5; Grant, 2; Greeley, 8; Hall, 16; Hamilton, 12; Harlan, 9; Hayes, 3; Hitchcock, 5; Holt, 13; Hooker, 2; Howard, 11; Jefferson, 13; Johnson, 9; Kearney, 9; Keith, 3; Keya Paha, 3; Kimball, 2; Knox, 15; Lancaster, 58; Lincoln, 10; Logan, 2; Loup, 2; Madison, 14; McPherson, 2; Merrick, 8; Morrill, 6; Nance, 7; Nemaha, 12; Nuckolls, 11; Otoe, 17; Pawnee, 8; Perkins, 3; Phelps, 9; Pierce, 8; Platte, 18; Polk, 9; Red Willow, 10; Richardson, 16; Rock, 3; Saline, 16; Sarpy, 8; Saunders, 19; Scotts Bluff, 5; Seward, 15; Sheridan, 6; Sherman, 7; Sioux, 4; Stanton, 6; Thayer, 12; Thomas, 2; Thurston, 6; Valley, 8; Washington, 11; Wayne, 8; Webster, 10; Wheeler, 3; York, 15. Total, 978.

It is recommended by the state committee that no proxies be recognized by the state convention, but that the delegates actually present from each county be authorized to cast the full number of votes to which the county is entitled under this call.

In addition one delegate-at-large from each county.

J. C. BYRNES, Chairman.
LEO MATTHEWS, Secretary.

CLEVER HOST

Wise—"We had quite a prominent actress as a guest at our house the other evening."

Acum—"Gracious! Didn't you find it hard to entertain her?"

Wise—"Oh, no! She amused herself for hours. We just handed her a bunch of photographs, among which were several of her own."—Catholic Standard and Times.



Whether Common or Not
By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Wilson
Good morning, Mr. Wilson! Here's a cheerful howdy-do!
We are feeling mighty happy all the while.
Everything is to our liking, and we're all supporting you—
Will we "slug 'em o'er the ropes?"
Well, I should smile!
We have buried bitter feelings, laid our hammers all away;
Donned our fight clothes in earnest and we're in the fight to stay;
And we'll whoop it up for Wilson till we win election day,
For Woodrow Wilson, governor of New Jersey.
Woodrow! Woodrow!
In you go!
Eat 'em up, eat 'em up,
O, Woodrow!

Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey!
Listens good to waiting ears;
Has the promise of a victory for right.
It's promise of redemption after many weary years,
And we'll boost for you with all our main and might.
We have fought our party battles all inside the party walls;
Now we're standing close together to respond when duty calls;
And we're going to smash the grafters lurking in the nation's halls,
Led by Governor Wilson of New Jersey.
Woodrow! Woodrow!
In you go!
Eat 'em up, eat 'em up,
O, Woodrow!

You can hear the people shouting clear from Oregon to Maine,
From Michigan down to the Rio Grande.
Everywhere you hear the music of democracy's refrain—
A mighty happy, scrappy, fighting band.
All the hosts of graft are fleeing as the dark before the sun;
Special privilege is frightened for it knows its day is done;
And the hosts of greed are scattered and their leaders on the run,
Chased by Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey.
Woodrow! Woodrow!
In you go!
Eat 'em up, eat 'em up,
O, Woodrow!

Some Objections

We started out the other day to ascertain what objection might be voiced to the election of Woodrow Wilson to the presidency. Here are a few of them:

"His father was a schoolmaster and I went to school to him. He licked me one day, and I'll not vote for the son of the man who did that."

"I'm told that he used to play base ball. I've no patience with any man who ever frittered away valuable time playing ball."

"I am reliably informed that he takes no interest in our national pastime. That settles it with me. I'm against any man who is not interested in base ball."

One man was interviewed who used to poke fun at the populists and call them "bewhiskered fanatics." He is now against Wilson on the ground that he will not support a man who keeps his face as free from beard as a woman's.

"He proved untrue to the man who started his candidacy."

"He is too opinionated."

"He lets Bryan dictate to him."

"He won't listen to reason."
"He is not open to conviction. I couldn't convince him he is in the wrong, no matter how hard I might try."

"He wears eyeglasses instead of good old-fashioned spectacles. That proves him a dude."

"While in college he wore peg-top trousers and a dinky little cap."

"He is one of the bally reformers who think that platforms are made to stand on, when you and I know that they are made to get in on."

A Correction

No, Rinaldo; that humming sound you hear from down east is not the buzzing of New Jersey mosquitoes. Far be it from so!

It is the sum of approval. The people are expressing their opinion of the nomination of the gentleman from New Jersey.

Short Arm Jabs

In the formation of a "third party" it is extremely difficult for one man to rally around himself.

The steel trust was allowed to gobble up its chief competitor. That may have enabled it to deliver structural iron and steel, but it didn't result in making it able to deliver the political goods.

Every day makes it plainer that Mr. George W. Perkins fooled his political putt.

How often we are reminded of the dog that dropped the real chunk of meat to grab at a mere reflection.

A steam roller in the reverse motion is the same old steam roller.

The Smithsonian institute will have to plug along without one political hide promised by Bwana Tumbo.

That "third party" movement seems to have Jimflynned.

In due time the people of this republic will have an opportunity of noting the difference between occupying a presidential chair and merely filing it.

The last lingering doubt about New Jersey's admission to the union has been removed.

Among other points of difference we would mention the fact that the Baltimore convention adjourned whole.

Strange

"Billsby seems to take great interest in politics."

"Yes, and I can not understand it?"

"Why?"

"He never had any principle."

Brain Leaks

A lot of people are always worrying because the things they dread never happen.

We have outgrown the political torchlight parade, but it seems that we are still lingering in the vocal pyrotechnics age.

The average man fails to appreciate what the mother of his five little children has to endure during the first two or three weeks of vacation from school.