

cepted the principle of peace, of reason and justice, as opposed to the principle of brute force. (Applause.) If there were no other reason why the American people should honor our honored guest, that alone should commend him to them and to the coming generation, and to the peoples, not alone of the United States, but to the peoples of the world. (Applause.) I promised our toastmaster—and I have broken my promise, I regret to say — I promised that I would make my response to the toast just that long (indicating), because I know that you gentlemen did not come here to listen to me; I know for whom you are waiting; and with a parting greeting to our honored guest, I bid you good-night. (Applause.)

The Toastmaster, Commissioner Newman: California was interesting; New Hampshire is equally interesting (laughter) if not more so (laughter) — and I am not Irish either! (Laughter.) I take great pleasure in introducing Senator Henry F. Hollis, of New Hampshire, who will respond to the toast "He Kept the Faith." (Applause.)

#### "HE HAS KEPT THE FAITH"

(By Hon. Henry F. Hollis, United States Senator from New Hampshire.)

In all great social movements men of right purpose play those parts which their individual natures compel or permit them to assume. Those who are weighed down by burdens of property, family, tradition or environment, may long ardently for the right and yet lack the moral courage to throw off their burdens and follow the flag. Those who are free when the bugle sounds, or who shortly achieve freedom, will find their special places. Most of them become private soldiers, serving in the ranks. Below them are the armor-bearers and the camp-followers. They are the forgotten millions, finding their joy in the success of their leaders. Above them are the captains. All of these have an idea, more or less definite, of the cause which they support, but most of them are content to follow the flag of their choice, wherever it may lead.

But crises arise when decisions must be made. New countries are to be conquered. Old countries are to be saved. Invaders must be repelled. There is a council of the generals. Who shall carry the flag? What way shall it go? Shall a new flag be adopted?

At such times men divide along new lines. For most of them it is difficult enough to make a sound decision after the new lines are laid. More difficult it is for the generals to choose the lines to be followed from the many that are proposed. Most difficult of all to pierce the mists of the future and discern new lines that are invisible to all but the few.

In such times born leaders of men discover themselves. Their vision is a little clearer than any other. Their perceptions are aquiver; their zeal kindles anew; their enthusiasm is boundless; a subtler magnetism exhales from their bodies. Their faults are the faults of a high spirit, an impatience with laggards, an intolerance of compromise. Men love them better for these human qualities. If infirmities they be, they are the infirmities of a noble mind. (Applause.)

Glass without a flaw permits the passage of light and heat without gaining color or temperature. We love the man who receives the light and passes it to his fellows reflecting radiant and colorful visions, who receives the warmth and kindles a glow in the hearts of humanity. (Applause.) Of such were the prophets of old, and of such is our beloved friend. (Prolonged applause and cheers.)

No need in this presence to recount his deeds or his prophecies. His deeds are cemented in the history of his country. Of his prophecies we are shortly to hear at first hand. He is of that very few whose destiny it is to keep the flag flying, to keep the flame of democracy pure and unwavering, to stimulate his comrades and followers to higher aims and achievements. (Cries of "Good," and applause.)

Others may compromise their principles for private gain, others may linger by the wayside, others may fall into the ways of ease and indolence, or pursue the phantoms of pleasure and luxury. It is his lot, like a true prophet, to see the vision, to interpret the dream, to carry the flag and to keep the faith. While

the democracy has its Bryan, it can not stray unheeding from the true path. (Applause.)

Speaking as a New Hampshire democrat who learned the gospel of progressive democracy from the lips of our friend in 1900, and who has not wavered in his allegiance to him from that day to this, I desire to say in this presence that democratic success in New England in the past campaign was in almost exact proportion to the loyalty of the democratic party to Mr. Bryan from 1896 to 1908. (Cheers and applause.)

New Hampshire was his most devoted follower, and New Hampshire alone cast its vote for the democratic electoral ticket. Rhode Island was a close second and Rhode Island alone elected a democratic senator.

The democratic victory in this campaign was achieved along the lines laid down in 1896 by our beloved friend. He would have succeeded then but for the use of vast sums of money by our adversaries in corrupting the ballot. They tried to accomplish the same result in this campaign by the same methods, and they nearly succeeded. In this campaign Mr. Bryan labored for President Wilson more ardently and more successfully than he ever labored for himself. He has kept the faith for others as well as he has kept it for himself.

At the St. Louis convention last June the democracy gathered in a somewhat heroic mood. After Mr. Bryan spoke, it found that it loved peace. And it won the fight on the peace issue. (Applause.)

Mr. Bryan has led our party into the paths of peace just as he led our nation and the greatest nations of the world to conclude the marvelous peace treaties. I venture the prediction that his work in concluding the peace treaties will live throughout the ages and upon them his fame will rest secure.

At another democratic convention in St. Louis, twelve years ago, our beloved friend gave voice to an utterance, lofty in its sentiment, prophetic in its quality, which applies to him today as it applied to him then. Those of you who were present will never forget the words. I can not close better than by quoting them:

"Eight years ago a democratic national convention placed in my hand the standard of the party and commissioned me as its candidate. Four years later that commission was renewed. I come tonight to this democratic national convention to return the commission. You may dispute whether I have fought a good fight, you may dispute whether I have finished my course, but you can not deny that I have kept the faith." (Cheers and prolonged applause.)

The Toastmaster, Commissioner Newman: In the absence of the Honorable Claude Kitchin, who is ill at his home, and therefore unable to be here, we are favored this evening to have as the responder to the last toast, before Mr. Bryan, a man who, it seems to me, is particularly in harmony with the subject to which he is to respond. I used to live in San Antonio, and I used to see the Honorable James L. Slayden walk down Commerce street, around Military Plaza, up Houston street, around the Alamo Plaza, and drop into his office, on a bright spring afternoon; and I couldn't help thinking then, what I have so often thought since, and what I think tonight, in introducing him to you, that he is truly a monarch of the old southern statesmen regime.—Hon. James L. Slayden. (Applause.)

#### "SOUTHERN DEMOCRACY"

(By Honorable James L. Slayden, Member of the House of Representatives from Texas.)

Mr. Toastmaster, Mr. Bryan, and Gentlemen: In defense of my own reputation (laughter) and to prevent you from acting under the delusion that perhaps may have been created by the flattering remarks of the toastmaster, I think I ought to do what every substitute should do, fire one round and fall back. (Laughter.) I was drafted, as he very frankly states, late this afternoon, by my distinguished friend from Mississippi, who frankly said to me that he knew that I did not know enough and could not acquire enough matter to talk about to detain you more than two or three minutes between the date of his invitation and the time when I would be called on to speak! (Laughter.) As usual, he was right! (Laughter.)

If Mr. Bryan will pardon the metaphor, which will perhaps make a stronger appeal to my

friend from California, I will say that good wine needs no bush (laughter); and the loyalty of the democracy of the south needs no eulogist. It has spoken for itself on so many occasions, and spoken in such a way that you know now how it will speak again at the next opportunity (applause) — and the next.

This very beautiful speech made by my friend from California was a wonderful and attractive mixture of metaphor and fact. He spoke of those hours of doubt and uncertainty, when democrats from New Hampshire, and from California in the West, and from Dakota in the north, down to Texas on the Gulf, were looking about, casting about for the dawn of hope. He said they looked toward the south, and were gratified to see on the horizon the rising sun of a victory won! (Laughter.) Great heavens, sir! What did you expect to find? (Laughter and applause.) Why do you cast doubt on what Texas and the south will do? (Laughter.) Just a few hundred yards to the south of us, beginning with the state that our distinguished friend across this table comes from, begins a region of absolute unswerving loyalty to democracy and to its principles, and, I say to you now without any peril of my reputation as a prophet, that as it has been, so will it be time and time again. And these gentlemen who describe themselves as progressive democrats, and who speak of this new union between the south and the west, forget that the progress has been from the west, forget that the progress has been from the west toward the south. We struck twelve on democracy a long time ago, and we welcome them, and rejoice in the fact that they describe their march towards us as "progress"! I hope that they will not falter in the faith, that they will absorb Jefferson and finally say simply I am a democrat. Then their "progress" will have come to an end and they will stand with the south. (Laughter and applause.)

Now, gentlemen, I will gratify you by getting out of the way and giving you an opportunity to hear from our distinguished friend, who has rejoiced me on occasions for twenty years by just such speeches as I am sure he is going to make tonight. (Applause.)

The Toastmaster, Commissioner Newman: As an introduction to the next speaker, I propose the health of the Honorable William Jennings Bryan!

(Whereupon the toast was drunk in water, all standing, amid cheers and prolonged applause and the waving of handkerchiefs.)

#### DEMOCRACY'S DEEDS AND DUTY

(By William Jennings Bryan.)

"Out of the twilight of the past  
We move to a diviner light,  
For nothing that is wrong can last,  
Nothing is immortal but the right."

Mr. Toast Master:

I can find nothing in the masculine vocabulary that expresses my grateful appreciation; let me borrow a woman's phrase and say: "It is sweet of you," my good friends, to assemble about this hospitable board and cheer my heart with your smiles and generous words. The presence of the chief executive of the capital city as toastmaster, the presence of this committee of senators, the men who took upon themselves the responsibility for this dinner before they knew whether anybody would attend, the presence of these members of the cabinet with whom my relations have always been the most friendly and whom I shall ever remember as a very delightful group, the presence of these representatives of the official life of our country and of these in unofficial life—all combine to make this occasion memorable among the many memorable occasions of the last twenty-five years.

I am conscious, of course, that you are guilty of gross exaggeration, but I will not chide you. Language, as well as metal, expands under the influence of heat, and the warmth of our mutual regard has quite naturally affected the speeches.

It is necessary, too, that a man in public life should be over-praised by his associates to make up for unmerited abuse from his opponents; having had my full share of criticism, I need an excess of praise.

You credit me with what others have done because you do not know them so well. In pol-