

PROGRESSIVES MEET

ASSEMBLE IN LINCOLN AND ENDORSE REPUBLICAN NOMINEES.

NAME TWO NEW ELECTORS

But the Six Said to Be Opposed to President Taft Are Given Endorsement.

Lincoln.—In a lengthy session, interspersed by a long recess and by an eloquent address on the issues of the day by the progressive candidate for vice president, Hiram Johnson of California, the progressive party of Nebraska figured out what it considered its salvation, says the Lincoln Journal. It endorsed, or renominated as its candidates, Congressman G. W. Norris for United States senator, Chester H. Aldrich for governor, and the entire republican state ticket, regardless of the fact, known to the convention, that four of the candidates have a personal preference for President Taft. It endorsed six of the republican candidates for presidential electors, those said to be opposed to President Taft and who are said generally to be ready to refuse to vote for him if elected, and named in place of the two Taft adherents on this ticket two known progressives. It presented a platform which aided in cementing the progressive faction of the republican party by embodying in this declaration of principles most of the planks of the republican platform adopted on July 30, and adding just a few new ideas.

Called first to order shortly after noon Tuesday the convention did not adjourn until almost midnight. At one time during its deliberations the floor reserved for active participants in gathering contained about 800 persons, a number of whom were women who could not legally be counted as having a voice. Many of these left the hall at the conclusion of Governor Johnson's address, and the real business session was transacted by a number which towards the end was reduced to not more than 250 persons.

The gathering was conspicuous for the intermingling of persons of different former political faith. There were men who had been most active in the pre-primary republican fight, several of them having been delegates to the Chicago convention. There were populists who have many years have been closely identified with the fight of that party, such being C. B. Manuel and John C. Sprecher. There were democrats not far removed from active effort in that party. E. O. Garrett, democratic candidate for lieutenant governor in 1908, took an active part in the debate.

Henry C. Richmond, democratic candidate at present for state auditor, was mingling with the delegates in the lobby of the hotel, attended the non-partisan reception to the chief speaker of the day, and was an interested onlooker at the convention. Several republican candidates for state office visited the hotel at times during the day. Two or three of them watched proceedings from the galleries. The candidate for lieutenant governor, S. R. McKelvie, was wearing a bull moose badge during the day although he was not present in the convention hall. E. R. Bee of Fairbury and other members of the present state committee of the republicans were onlookers, and in apparent sympathy with the movement. Harry Sackett of Beatrice, prominent in republican politics of his county, made an especial trip to watch the convention, and to take part in the reception to Governor Johnson.

As the progressive ticket will be made up when it is presented to the secretary of state for a place on the November ballot and for a party designation thereon, it will contain the names of these candidates for electors: A. V. Pease of Fairbury, W. J. Broatch of Omaha, W. E. Thorne of Bladen, A. R. Davis of Wayne, Allen Johnson of Fremont, George S. Flory of Pawnee, City, W. O. Henry of Omaha, and O. G. Smith of Kearney. The latter two will not have the republican designation after their names, they having been named as progressives alone to take the places of Wesley Wilcox of North Platte and A. C. Kenney of Omaha, republican electoral candidates who are for Taft.

Aside from these two changes the ticket will be identical with the republican state ticket. Paul Clark was nominated by the progressives of the First district as their candidate, but no other congressional conventions were held.

These decisions did not come without a lively tilt, which apparently ended without any sore spots. A committee on nominations had been named shortly after noon and was in session most of the afternoon. It recommended to the convention the action

that was finally taken. John C. Sprecher of Schuyler, a member of the provisional executive committee, led the fight to secure the passage of a resolution asking the six electors to withdraw from the republican ticket and to run as straight progressives.

The committee recommended the endorsement of Governor Aldrich and Congressman Norris. Approval was secured without debate and without a dissenting voice. It recommended the rest of the state ticket in a lump.

Mr. Van Deusen, who was opposed to this, said that he had been asked to see the state officers and find out their positions. He reported that Addison Watt, Grant G. Martin, W. A. George and W. B. Howard were Taft men, and that the others favor Roosevelt. The Taft candidates desired the progressive endorsement and admitted that without it they had little chance of election. They promised to remain neutral as candidates and to give financial aid to the party. Van Deusen said that personally he was against Mr. Howard, but that he thought the entire ticket should be nominated. This statement led G. L. Klingbell to read a telegram from Mr. Howard in which he admitted he was for Taft, but promised to be neutral during the fall neither giving aid to Taft nor fighting Roosevelt. E. O. Garrett rose valiantly in defense of Grant Martin, telling of the progressive fight he had made with the attorney general when both were populists and Bryan men.

The resolutions were adopted without a dissenting voice and without debate. Chairman Don L. Love read them and received only a reasonable amount of applause as he made the points. The preamble expresses an abiding faith in the national platform of the party and in Roosevelt's confession of faith, and pledges the party in Nebraska to aid in carrying them out. The plank relating to insurance was amended from that of the republican platform in that promise was given state insurance companies of legislation to protect them from the inroads of foreign companies.

For the most part the platform was so similar to the republican state platform that it contained the same language. These planks are new in the progressive platform as compared with the republican platform:

Official publicity pamphlets.

Open school houses for public meetings.

State-wide registration.

Limitation of use of money in campaigns, and stringent corrupt practices.

Continuing, the platform embodies the following:

"We believe in the principles brought forth by our great leader, Theodore Roosevelt, in his confession of faith before that convention, and we pledge ourselves to embody those principles in the statutes of the state of Nebraska, as far as it is possible to."

"We believe in a permanent non-partisan tariff commission, and we demand that those schedules of the present tariff which have already been proven exorbitant be immediately reduced.

"While we believe in the strict enforcement of the Sherman anti-trust law, and the prosecution and imprisonment of all violators thereof, we do not believe that this will settle the trust problem, and we believe that non-partisan industrial commission should be created, with the same power over the monopolistic trusts that the interstate commerce commission did over the railroads, because we do not believe that the common people of the nation will permanently permit any set of men to control the output of any commodity, as well as the price.

"We believe that the people who elect presidents have the right to nominate them, and we call upon congress to speedily enact a general presidential primary law.

"We believe in the direct election of United States senators.

"We can not ignore the fact that all over this land there is a growth of distrust of the federal judiciary, and we demand that congress enact a law limiting the power of inferior federal courts to set aside statutes of sovereign states, and we advocate the passage of a law that will require the president of the United States in sending to the senate a nomination for federal judge, to send therewith all the endorsements, written or oral of said candidate and objection thereto.

"We believe in a thorough revision of our public road laws, looking to a more efficient system of road administration, to the end that the farmers may have better means of transportation from their farms to the markets.

"We believe in equal suffrage of women, and we pledge the progressive party of Nebraska to do all in the power to bring it about.

"We favor the enactment of a uniform marriage and divorce law.

United States Senator Newell Sanders of Tennessee, who obtained his place recently by appointment, announced he would not be a candidate for re-election.

AS SEEN UNDER A TARNISHED MOON

Neither Water Sprite Nor Spirit of Lake.

By KATHERINE HOPSON.

When Kenneth Maldon, tennis-garbed and carrying a racket, passed down the sandy, pine-bordered road leading from Sandoon hotel to the tennis court, he saw, instead of the athletic figure of Jean McNarh, who had agreed to join him there in a game, a puny-haired, organdy-clad vision seated on the bench in an attitude of strained expectancy.

At his approach she rose and began to spell rapidly on her fingers and to motion across the lake.

"Deaf and dumb!" he ejaculated, and mentally called down maledictions on the faculty for not including the mute alphabet in his college course.

"Where are your friends? May I not see you to the hotel?" he began confusedly, and motioned in that direction.

Her blue eyes watched his hands, and she shook her head, again pointing toward the lake.

He motioned inquiringly in the direction of Glen Echo, a small summer resort on the opposite shore. She nodded a relieved smile breaking over her face.

"If I could only find out who she is, and why she happens to be here alone!" he exclaimed, and vainly searched his pockets for pencil and paper. "Of course those articles are missing when I most need them. Well, anyway, it's evident she wants to go across the lake."

By the water's edge was tied a small rowboat, and he led the way thither, pointed toward it, then again motioned questioning toward Glen Echo. She nodded, so he helped her into the boat, untied it, took the oars, and they started in that direction.

The boat was supplied with cushions, and she leaned back like a confiding child. Though hatless, she carried a pale green parasol which brought out the exquisite shell tint of her cheeks. Occasionally she glanced up with a smile, but for the most part kept her blue gaze downcast and watched the water, as she trailed one little hand among the lily pads.

After Maldon had guided the boat into the current, he put down the oars, rested against the cushions, and took out his pipe which he held up inquiringly. She shook her head, so he lighted it, and watched her through the smoke.

"I don't care to stare her out of countenance just because she cannot speak or hear, but the temptation is great," he breathed. Perhaps her fluffy femininity made a stronger appeal because of the fact that khaki and camping outfits were the rule among the girls at the mountain resort where he was spending his vacation.

"Such loveliness, and such an affliction!" he said. Every once in awhile, forgetful of the fact that she could not hear, Maldon broke out with a remark; but she paid no heed, unless she happened to be glancing that way, then she would give a brave, pathetic little smile.

Drooping, silver-leaved poplars bent over the water's edge, and the two seemed alone together on the heart of the lake. Over all was that peculiar silence, which, in lonely places, precedes the sunset.

All too soon for Maldon, they gained the opposite shore, and regretfully he helped her to alight. He started to lead the way in the direction of the settlement of Glen Echo, but she shook her head and started down a winding path leading among the pines. When she had gone several rods she paused, and, standing on tiptoes with a butterfly motion, placed one hand on his arm, the other against his broad chest, and touched his forehead with a soft, light kiss. Then she gathered up her fluffy skirts and ran like some wild creature of the forest, and disappeared among the trees before the surprised man realized what had happened. In a moment he plunged after her, but all his eager, earnest search proved fruitless. The girl seemed gone from the face of the earth. Forgetful that she could not hear, he called and implored her to come back. Until darkness fell he searched, then retraced his steps back to Glen Echo, but nothing had been seen or heard of a girl who answered his description, and he was obliged to recross the lake with the mystery unsolved.

Next day he returned, and for several succeeding days he made himself a nuisance with his attempts to find some trace of her. With a young man's usual fear of ridicule, he said not a word about it to the other boarders at the hotel where he was staying. Jean McNarh, a life-long chum, alone was taken into his confidence.

Though sympathetic and interested to a satisfying degree, she could offer no solution.

"Maybe she was a water sprite, or spirit of the lake," she laughingly suggested; but promised to lend him her aid.

It was not until the days had lengthened into a week that a trace of her was found.

"The first of the week there was a bunch of college girls having a house party at the old Clemmons place, on the other side of the hotel," remarked Sam Clovis, the Sandoon postmaster. "They're all likely lookin', and the young woman you describe may be in the party; but judgin' from the clat-

ter they make when they come for their mail, they ain't none of 'em deaf and dumb."

"You say they were here the first of the week; are they gone now?" demanded Maldon.

"Gone for awhile. Another girl on the other side of the mountain invited them to finish out the week with her on the ranch. But I understand the whole bunch are comin' back Saturday night to attend the hop at the hotel where you're stoppin'."

No further news was to be obtained from the old man, so Maldon was obliged to possess his soul in patience till the night of the dance.

"Her affliction makes no difference to me; her eyes and her smile make up for all."

Saturday night he was on the hotel veranda when a large car drove up and six girls alighted. They made a pleasing picture, but with their long coats and enveloping veils he could not distinguish one from the other.

He stationed himself where he could see them come from the dressing room, and as he waited he felt the reaction from his keyed-up hopes.

"Probably I am mistaken, and she isn't in this crowd. It is unlikely that I shall ever see her again. Oh, why did I meet her, only to lose her so soon?" He glanced out at the happy couples strolling up and down in the soft summer night, then, up at the moon which, to him, looked tarnished and dull. "The light seems to have gone out," he said.

So preoccupied was he that he looked up with a start at the sound of Jean McNarh's voice saying: "Miss Lander, let me present Mr. Maldon." He found himself looking into the blue eyes of a lady-like girl. "I'll let Lillian do her own explaining," mischievously added Jean, and left them alone together.

"I think I do owe you an explanation, Mr. Maldon," laughed Miss Lander.

For a moment he stared at her in blank amazement. "You—you speak?" he bluntly asked.

"Quite fluently, I've been told," she gayly responded.

His dazed faculties awoke with fervor. "We cannot talk here without interruption. Let us go where it is more quiet," he suggested, and led the way to a cozy corner of the veranda.

"Really, Mr. Maldon, I owe you a big apology," she began when seated. "It all must seem like a dreadful mystery."

"A delightful mystery—but perplexing."

"Wait till I tell you all," she dimpled. "You see it is part of our seniority initiation to pose in some unknown place as being deaf and dumb, and trust to the first person we meet to guide us back in safety."

"But the disappearance act! How did you elude me?"

"Just behind that big clump of pines near where we were standing is a hole among the rocks leading to a natural cave. There the other seniority girls were waiting for me. You kept us in captivity a long time that day while you scoured the woods."

"I couldn't find a single trace of you and at last would have sworn it was all a dream if it hadn't been for—the end."

At the mention of that, she flushed a little. "We are obliged to thank our guides that way," she shyly explained.

"In that case, I should like to be your guide—always," he laughingly declared, but his keen eyes were very earnest.

This time it was Maldon who took the initiative, and it was she who was surprised. And the old yellow moon, which a short time before had seemed to him so dull and tarnished, now shone brightly.

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LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS

Death of Harold Left Norman Conquerors Free to Seize the Realm of England.

On rush the Norman knights. But Harold is already in the breach, rallying around him hearts eager to replace the shattered breastworks.

"Close shields! Hold fast!" shouts his kingly voice.

Before him were the steeds of Bruce and Grantmesnil. At his breast their spears; Haco holds over the breast the shield. Swinging aloft with both hands his ax, the spear of Grantmesnil is shivered in twain by the king's stroke. Cloven to the skull rolls the steed of Bruce. Knight and steed roll on the bloody sward.

But a blow from the sword of De Lacy has broken down the guardian shield of Haco. The sword of Sweyn is stricken to his knee. With lifted blades and whirling maces the Norman knights charge through the breach.

"Look up, look up, and guard thy head!" cries the fatal voice of Haco to the king.

At that cry the king raises his flashing eyes. Why halts his pride? Why drops the ax from his hand? As he raised his head, down came the hissing death shaft. It smote the lifted lance; it crushed into the dauntless eyeball. He reeled, he staggered, he fell back several yards, at the foot of the gorgeous standard. With desperate hand he broke the head of the shaft and left the barb, quivering in the anguish.

Gueth knelt over him.

"Fight on!" gasped the king. "Conceal my death! Holy Cross, England to the rescue! Woe—woe!"

Rallying himself a moment, he sprang to his feet, clinched his right hand, and fell once more—a corpse. —From Bulwer Lytton's "Harold."

In the PUBLIC EYE

CARDINAL IS GENIAL AND DEMOCRATIC



"The most popular man in Baltimore, bar none, is Cardinal Gibbons," says a newspaper reporter who served a term of six years in that city. "He is also the most democratic man and maybe that's the reason for his popularity. He is not only revered for his learning and his wisdom, but liked personally by every one, Jew and Gentile, Roman Catholic and Protestant. And the children—they put him next to Santa Claus in their affections. The cardinal is as fond of the children as they are of him."

"Some of the cardinal's best friends are newspaper men. All of them have the greatest respect and liking for him. He is always open and frank with them. He has been interviewed thousands of times and I don't think he has ever been misquoted or his confidence betrayed. He was wont to receive the reporters on Saturday afternoon, when they desired to get his sermon for the next day. He would bring out his sermon, written in a composition book and let them go to work."

"The cardinal is a familiar figure in the streets of Baltimore, or was when I was there. He enjoyed walking and walked much even in his rooms in his residence, just back of the cathedral."

MRS. FISH'S DOVE AND BUTTERFLY BALL

The Louis XVI. ball given by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish at Newport the other night, in honor of her niece, Miss Helena Fish, daughter of Hamilton Fish of New York, was the greatest ball that Newport has seen in a generation.

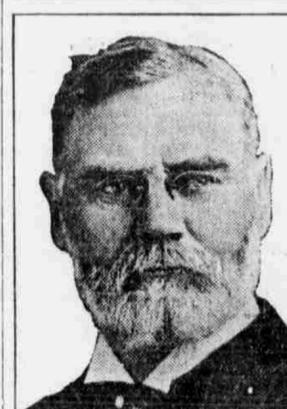
More than 400 invitations had been issued and Mrs. Fish had a large addition, 50x60 feet, built to the east of the ballroom at Crossways, her Newport home. The addition was left open on the west side. Beyond it was a bower of roses of delicate pink and red hue. In the arbor was a fountain, in which swam myriads of goldfish, and there were gorgeous tropical water plants floating on the surface and bending over the brink of the fountain.

The ballroom was decorated with numerous Louis XVI. baskets and garlands, blue and pink. In the corners were large orange trees, laden with fruit, and large French mirrors also played an important part in the most magnificent decorative scheme.

The ball was opened shortly before midnight by a dance of nymphs, done by professionals, the lights in the ballroom being turned on in moonlight effect. While this dance was in progress thousands of butterflies were liberated and fluttered about the flower-bedecked walls and stairways.

At the same time hundreds of snow-white doves were set free and flew around, billing and cooing. These came as a surprise to the guests, as had many others of a minor nature, such as changes in the electrical display in the garden, which was strung with thousands of incandescent globes of many hues.

JAMES R. MANN, THE "GREAT OBJECTOR"



Hon. James R. Mann, the Republican leader in congress, is known as the "great objector." Whenever he rises the house expects his opening words will be "I object," or "I reserve a point of order," and the house is usually justified in its expectation. Probably in recent years no one has surpassed Mr. Mann's record in this respect. He will filibuster indefinitely to make his point, and appears to be no respecter of persons.

From the standpoint of the parliamentary tactician Mr. Mann's selection as leader is commendable, for with the exception of Mr. Hinds there is probably no man among the Republicans who is more a walking encyclopedia of precedents and decisions than Mr. Mann, and he will have Mr. Hinds at his side. He has given Speaker Clark many uneasy hours, for the gifted Missourian is not so strong as he might be in parliamentary law. Oratory is his forte, whereas Mr. Mann is only an ordinary speaker, who speaks for his purpose. That purpose in the house was to embarrass the speaker, within the limitations of legitimate parliamentary warfare.

GLADYS GRACE, LAST OF "FOUR GRACES"

Gone is the last of the Graces—"The Four Graces," as London calls the four beautiful daughters of Michael P. Grace, brother of the late William R. Grace, mayor of New York two decades ago.

Three of the sisters have already made brilliant marriages. Now the fourth, and the fairest, as well as the youngest, Miss Gladys Grace, is to marry Capt. Hamilton Grace of the Eleventh Hussars. The gallant officer is no relative of his bride-to-be, but both originally came from the same old Irish stock. The wedding takes place toward the end of the year, when the great estate, Battle Abbey, leased by Mr. Grace, will be the scene of as splendid a wedding as any of the three that have preceded it, as one by one the fair Americans wedded power, title or wealth—matches equally as important as this newest one is to be.

The eldest daughter, Eliza Mercedes Grace, married the Hon. Hubert Beaumont, member of Parliament, and an important man in politics, the younger son of Viscount Allendale and brother of the present holder of the title. The second daughter, Elena Grace, became the wife of the Earl of Donoughmore, formerly under secretary of war, and now chairman of committees of the House of Lords. The third daughter, Miss Margharita Grace, is Mrs. John S. Phipps, son of the Pittsburgh multimillionaire, Henry Phipps. And the last of the quartet, the most beautiful of the four beauties, now goes to the British army.



California Primaries

San Francisco.—Figures received at this meeting from primary election indicated that Taft congressional nominees had carried the Third, Fourth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth districts. Roosevelt republican candidates won in the Second, Fifth, Ninth and Tenth districts. The First and Eleventh are in doubt. In 588 precincts the total republican vote was 30,066; democratic, 3,874; socialist, 1,606. There were democratic contests in only four districts of the state.

Big Fire in Beach Resorts

Los Angeles.—Fire, which originated from a defective flue at the Casino cafe on the pleasure pier at Ocean park caused one death and property loss estimated at \$2,250,000. For a time it threatened to devastate the twin beach resorts of Ocean park and Venice, eighteen miles from Los Angeles. High wind spread the flames so rapidly that seven men were caught at the end of the Frazier pier, on which the Casino was located and were forced to jump into the breakers to save themselves.