

# ENTHUSIASTIC DEMOCRACY

## Stirring Scenes at the Denver Convention Described.

The Big Gathering Will Go Down Into History as a Record-Breaker for Enthusiasm—The Interesting Incidents and Side Lights.

By A. U. MAYFIELD.

### HOW THE STATES VOTED.

	John.	Bryan, son, Gray.
Alabama	22	..
Arkansas	18	..
California	20	..
Colorado	10	..
Connecticut	9	5
Delaware	..	6
Florida	10	..
Georgia	4	20
Idaho	6	..
Illinois	51	..
Indiana	30	..
Iowa	25	..
Kansas	20	..
Kentucky	26	..
Louisiana	18	..
Maine	10	1
Maryland	7	9
Massachusetts	32	..
Michigan	28	..
Minnesota	22	..
Mississippi	20	..
Missouri	36	..
Montana	6	..
Nebraska	16	..
Nevada	6	..
New Hampshire	7	1
New Jersey	..	24
New York	78	..
North Carolina	24	..
North Dakota	8	..
Ohio	46	..
Oklahoma	18	..
Oregon	8	..
Pennsylvania	49	3 9 1/2
Rhode Island	5	3
South Carolina	18	..
South Dakota	8	..
Tennessee	24	..
Texas	36	..
Utah	6	..
Vermont	7	..
Virginia	24	..
Washington	10	..
West Virginia	14	..
Wisconsin	26	..
Wyoming	6	..
Alaska	6	..
Arizona	6	..
Dis. of Columbia	6	..
Hawaii	6	..
New Mexico	6	..
Porto Rico	6	..
Totals	892 1/2	46 59 1/2

Convention Hall, Denver.—"I obey the command of my state and the mandate of the Democracy of the nation, when I offer the name of America's greatest commoner, Nebraska's gifted son, William Jennings Bryan." It was an eloquent climax in the nomination speech by Ignatius J. Dunn, and although the mass of people had expected it for hours and hours, it came like a flash of lightning on the azure skies, and the thunder of applause was the unmistakable sanction. For over an hour the cheers, the cries and yells were incessant. If the outburst of the previous day had been indescribable, this one was unthinkable.

It was a Bryan convention from start to finish; no other human being could have filled the bill. Gov. Johnson's name was presented, but it would not take.

He was a good man, but the people wanted Bryan, and Bryan they would have, and did have.

There was never another convention in the world like this one. All others were tame affairs in comparison. Great

men from Europe had come to see it. They marveled. They were astounded. They cheered, they sang, they wept with emotional enthusiasm as did the loyal thousands. It was mighty to behold. American to the core, and the cheers were heard around the world.

The selection of John W. Kern of Indiana, Bryan's running mate, was more commonplace in comparison, although it showed the lung power and the enthusiasm of the convention had not exhausted.

As I write the story here, crowds in upon my mind myriads of incidents that ordinarily would be worth reading, but so paramount is the impression made by the unprecedented exhibition of relating enthusiasm that mere incidents appear insignificant. It was what might best of all success be called a howling success. The cohorts came to name a man, and they named him. They came with tributes to a twice-defeated candidate, and they placed them at his feet. They crowned him with laurels, and if the heaven which was stirred into a riot of fermentation in Denver loses not its savor, there will be something doing next November. Bryan was selected by acclamation after a few rounds of strong support for Johnson. Kern met hard opposition in Towne of New York, John Mitchell of Illinois and other candidates; but by Towne's own act he threw the support that was standing by him over to Kern, and the convention was at an end.

**A Sea of Surging Humanity.**  
Like the great waves of the restless ocean, now dashing against the rocks and shoals of the shore; now refluxing in subdued tides; now roaring and surging in the strong winds of a mighty storm, rocked and pulsated with human animation, sat the great sea of humanity in Convention hall at the opening of the convention. Voices of 20,000 souls buzzed and hummed and groaned. It was a spectacle, fraught with enthusiasm and expectancy, that one would loathe remember. They were waiting—those thousands of joyous, yet sanguine spectators—waiting to hear the gavel fall upon the marble slab at the chairman's stand.

And then at last it came—rap, rap, rap—but no heed was given. The chairman of the national committee, stern and determined in features, held aloft his hands and would have quietude. But none came. The band in the balcony struck up a tune, but the humming and buzzing of voices ceased not. The tension of anticipation of what would or would not happen was too tightly drawn, and the mainspring that impelled the human tongue to wag was not yet run down.

Thus it was for nearly an hour—not an obstreperous audience, wild and hilarious, but an audience that was getting acquainted with itself—buzzing, humming, swaying, and good natured. But it was to have its visit out, and the time came for restoration of order—and it was had.

**The First Outburst.**  
Dry, statistical-like reports of a convention like this would be impossible. They said it was a cut-and-dried affair. Maybe it was; but the man who did the cutting and drying knew the contracting and expanding qualities of the slices. He knew that dried apples

would swell and rise bulge and burst when anointed with the liquid of inspiring waters. When the great commoner, in his workshop at Fairview, quartered, sliced and laid the bits upon the drying board he knew those quarters and slices were impregnated with the germ of enthusiasm, only waiting the touch of a finger or the breath of suggestion.

If anyone ever tells you this was a gathering of chilly propensities, you tell them different. Who ever heard of a long and delirious applause following the solemn invocation of a man of God on such an occasion as this? But that is what happened here. The good man from Wyoming, who asked divine guidance for the men who were here to deliberate and act upon the surest and best means of making a president of these United States, had no sooner closed his lips than a burst of applause and hearty "Amen's" came from every section of the auditorium.

**Theodore Bell Sounds Keynote.**  
When Temporary Chairman Theodore Bell of California took the reins of the convention in his hands he soon came to the realization that he was not pulling the ribbons over any tame steed. He smiled and looked solemn in quick succession. His speech was the keynote of the campaign that is to come. Of this speech Col. Bob Taylor of Tennessee said:

"It was the grandest portrayal of Democratic principles I ever heard." Rap after rap was handed the president, and then he said: "The people built the White House and elected one man at a time. Under the law no man can transfer his personal property." He went after the tariff with hammer and claws. "The tariff must not be made the accomplice of the great monopolies in robbing the American people," he said, and the audience said amen. He said the Republicans had promised many things that they had forgotten after the votes were counted. They had promised the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, but that "the long distance between the ballot box and the senate gave the promised relief too long a time to dally with the corporate powers," and it was reduced to a phantom when it reached the White House. Bell wanted an exclusion act that "would not only keep the Chinamen out, but one that would exclude other Asiatic immigrants."

He closed amid a storm of applause.  
**A Little One Grown Up.**  
So far the convention had not shown any material difference from the ordinary country convention, except that it was grown up. Enthusiasm was always on tap; but even that is found in the back districts where the road supervisor is to be named. There was the routine of business—the appointing of committees, the drafting of resolutions, the settling of contests, the lobbying and the buttonholing—just like you see in your little home conventions; but it was all good-naturedly. The first day

closed with a resolution in respect of the memory of the late Grover Cleveland.

### The Second Day.

So far as Colorado was concerned, she had ordered a perfect day. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the snow-capped peaks of the eternal Rockies glared in the distance. But they always glare, for every day in Colorado is a day of sunshine. How different, too, was the atmosphere from that dished up by the weather man when the Republican convention was on at Chicago. In Denver there was no waving of fans. No coats were removed—no perspiration rolled down the face of the fat delegate from New Jersey—all was cool and invigorating.

Possibly this mile-high atmosphere had something to do with the endurance and yelling power of the lungs that were to be tested later in the day. The convention opened with prayer—it closed with a whoop. The parson thanked the good Lord for "the best type of citizenship the world has ever known," and the ball was on its way. It was coming, first slowly, now bounding in spontaneous leaps of enthusiasm, and again in smothered rumblings. There was a cloud, "not larger than a man's hand," hovering over Convention hall. Of this I will tell you later.

The Associated Rose Marching club, of Milwaukee, entered the hall, led by a band. They played "Dixie," and the crowd roared. Dixie always brought the house down. Now and then the Volunteers of Nebraska would raise their banner, bearing Bryan's portrait, and there was applause. Then came the dry routine again. Chairman Bell must be a humorist. When things got too quiet he interrupted the proceedings by reading a fake telegram which stated that John F. Whalen, secretary of the state of New York, was wanted at the long distance telephone by Gov. Hughes. This enlivened things. Another notice was read. It said:

"Lost—The delegation from Michigan has lost its Bible." This was the first intimation anyone had that Michigan had a Bible, and the convention smiled out loud.

There was a lull. People seemed to be waiting, breathlessly, for something to turn up. A calm always precedes a storm. It was calm—painfully so. They were waiting for the committee on credentials to report. Many had gone to the convention hall without their luncheon. They were hungry and restless. It was the first sign of dullness, and no one knew why. Then came a cry for "speeches!" "speeches!" That was what was needed.

Someone wanted to hear Senator Towne of New York, but he was not to be found. Kentucky then wanted to adjourn until night. The vote was put, but there were too many "noes." And they waited—that vast audience did, not knowing what would happen next. The steam chest of enthusiasm was filling up and something must happen to let out the steam. It happened, and from the most unexpected source. Among other prominent speakers asked to "talk a little" while the committee was making ready, was Senator Thomas P. Gore, the blind senator from Oklahoma. He pressed the button at an unexpected time, but the current of enthusiasm that went through that great auditorium was electrified a thousandfold as the weary heads of the clock ticked on. He had not spoken a dozen sentences until his voice had reached a pitch of eloquence. With his hands extended heavenward, and his sightless eyes apparently sweeping the sea of upturned faces, he dramatically declared:

**A Wonderful Demonstration.**  
"Taft waged war against our constitution, and asked us to give up our right to liberty and self-government. But the greatest apostle of human liberty advised us to accept it, and by a majority of over 100,000 Oklahoma rejected the advice of Taft and accepted the advice of Bryan!"

It was enough.  
The pent up sentiment of the waiting audience had burst from its bonds. The storm cloud that had been gathering was upon the multitude. Like the rush of many waters came the torrent of applause. It was spontaneous, mighty and unceasing!

Before the storm-burst the humming and the buzzing of the opening session paled into insignificance. This was a powerful tumult that shook the very walls of the auditorium, and echoed and re-echoed block away.

The name of the great commoner had been mentioned.

At first the applause was ordinary. Then it grew in proportions and strength. The flood-gates of enthusiasm had been crushed to earth and the roar of voices, the hammering upon seats, the waving of flags and the tossing of hats and coats, the air added to the most clamorous, delirious demonstration this world has ever seen or heard.

It was inspiring!  
It was dramatic!  
It was pathetic!

A man—a man without the sight of eyes—had pressed the button.

He came from the youngest state in the union. He was proud that his cooling state had been given a place with the grown-ups at the first table. He rejoiced that the advice of Bryan had been taken. There he stood, calm, happy—silent—sightless.

The mighty enthusiasm went on. It was growing into screams! Men and women were climbing upon their seats and crying aloud with approval. Half an hour had passed. There was no abate.

Directly opposite the chairman's stand hung the enlarged portrait of Grover Cleveland. About the gilt frame crape was resting softly. In that silent face there seemed to be animation. It looked down upon the seething mass of wild humanity, and seemed to say:

"What manner of man is this?"  
It was impressive! It was grand!  
It was solemn! It was strange!

The cheering continued.  
"What manner of man is this?"  
There must have been something akin to supernatural in the mention of the name—Bryan. No one could stay the storm, and no one tried.

For one hour and 28 minutes there was no abate. The bands played everything from "Dixie" to "Auld Lang Syne," and the chairman made no interference. He had no show. One could hardly imagine human beings raising such a rumpus. But it was American—it was Democracy turned loose.

When quiet came there was no remonstrance to the motion to adjourn and it was so.

### Hobson Gets a Frost.

How different from the demonstration at the afternoon session was that at the night session. Another man was upon the platform.

Richmond P. Hobson of Alabama—hero of Spanish bravery and kissing popularity—was invited to the rostrum. Hobson had some good ideas but he was too long in getting to them. He predicted war with Japan, and his prediction was met with vigorous disapproval. He wanted to talk about a better navy, but the altitude was too dry for the audience to listen to it. They were too far from water—and, in their minds, too far from war. But Hobson is persistent. He would not down. The climax came when Hobson said he had talked with President Roosevelt a week ago and that the president expressed his belief that the United States would have war with Japan.

There were cries of "No," "No," all over the convention hall. Hobson tried to go on, but they wouldn't let him. He lifted his clenched hands above his head in defiance, but the frost was on the convention and there was no chance for the captain. Hisses began buzzing over the great hall, and not until Chairman Bell threatened to clear the balconies was peace restored.

Hobson soon closed. It was cruelly pathetic. Brave, noble Hobson—hero of a war—hissed and insulted in his party's convention. Maybe the audience is not to be judged. It was there to hear of the commoner, and not of war. It perhaps loved Hobson for his heroic deeds he had done, but it didn't want him now. Bryan was the one man—the one theme—and courtesy was thrown to the winds.

### The Close.

But there must come a time of ending to all things earthly. Even Bryan enthusiasm, aided by the sustaining atmosphere of Colorado, could not last en masse forever.

"Sine die," must be written at the end of the page. Finis must appear. The curtain must fall and the lights must go out.

Thus ended one of the greatest gatherings this country has ever known. Thus closed a convention that has induced more genuine enthusiasm than any like gathering in America.

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## Samuel Warns Saul and His People

Sunday School Lesson for July 19, 1908  
Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—1 Samuel 12:1-5, 13-25.

Memory Verses, 23, 24.  
GOLDEN TEXT.—"Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart; for consider how great things he hath done for you."—1 Sam. 12:24.

TIME.—About B. C. 1054 (Usher).  
PLACE.—Gilgal, in the Jordan valley; a little north of east of Jerusalem.

### Comment and Suggestive Thought.

The Scene.—It is midsummer with clear skies. We are still present at the great coronation assembly of the leaders of all the tribes, which Samuel had convened after Saul had proved himself a great general and leader of armies by his victory over the invading Ammonites from the northeast.

Gilgal was hallowed by many sacred associations, calculated to inspire every patriotic heart. Here was the heap of stones set up to commemorate the miraculous crossing of the Jordan. Here the covenant had been renewed. Here was celebrated the first passover in the Promised Land. Here had been maintained a camp during the early conquest (Josh. 9:6; 10:43). Here the first king had been crowned with impressive ceremonies.

Saul had returned in triumph, "every inch a king." The people were now enthusiastic over the splendid-looking man. Every tongue of opposition was silenced. It was probably the last opportunity Samuel would have of meeting the nation as a whole, flushed with victory, and rejoicing in the king that Samuel to his own cost, had presented to them.

The account has almost the form of a dialogue. Read it.

Samuel goes on to say that although the people seemed to fear that God would not continue to save them as of old by judges, and thus showed a lack of faith, yet God had proved, by the victory their new king had achieved, that he would be the same to them under the new regime as under the old.

The One Eternal Condition.—1. Positive. V. 14. "If ye will fear the Lord," etc. Samuel proceeds to name five things the king and nation must do, if they would win God's favor and maintain their own safety: they must (1) fear the Lord; (2) serve him; (3) obey his voice; (4) not rebel against his commandment; (5) continue (persevere) in following the Lord. "Then shall both ye," etc. A better translation continues the condition: "And if both ye and also the king that reigneth over you continue following the Lord your God." The conclusion, perhaps "It shall be well with you," is to be supplied, as in Ex. 32:32. "Samuel piles up one upon another the conditions of their happiness, and then from the depth of his emotion breaks off, leaving the blessed consequences of their obedience unsaid."—Dean Payne Smith.

2. Negative.—V. 15. "But if ye will not obey," etc. In stating the alternative Samuel names only two out of the five conditions just laid down; but these are the most important. Indeed, the one word, obedience, would include them all. "Then shall the hand of the Lord be against you," not from hatred, but of necessity. Just as a stream is against an oarsman that pulls up it.

Samuel was to be no longer chief ruler of the nation, but was to continue his moral and religious work for many years, as the chief religious factor in the development of the nation.

Hence, he gives his farewell message from his political vantage ground.

1. Fear Not.—Rest assured of the forgiveness of your sins.

2. Serve the Lord with all your heart, turning not aside to any idol anything that pretends to help you. For all things outside of, or contrary to, the service of God are "vain things," (v. 21), mere "nothings," "emptiness," "bubbles" that burst with a touch.

3. Trust God, "for the Lord will not forsake his people" (v. 22). You can trust him to the uttermost.

4. Realize your destiny, your purpose and work in the world, to which God has set you apart. This is one of the great sources of strength, when we realize that we are doing what God made us for.

5. Serve God because you shall have the continued help of the prophet.

(a) Samuel would pray for them without ceasing. And they had just seen how the prayer of the righteous availeth much.

(b) He would continue to teach them the good and right way. Instruction and devotion, teaching and prayer are the need of all men.

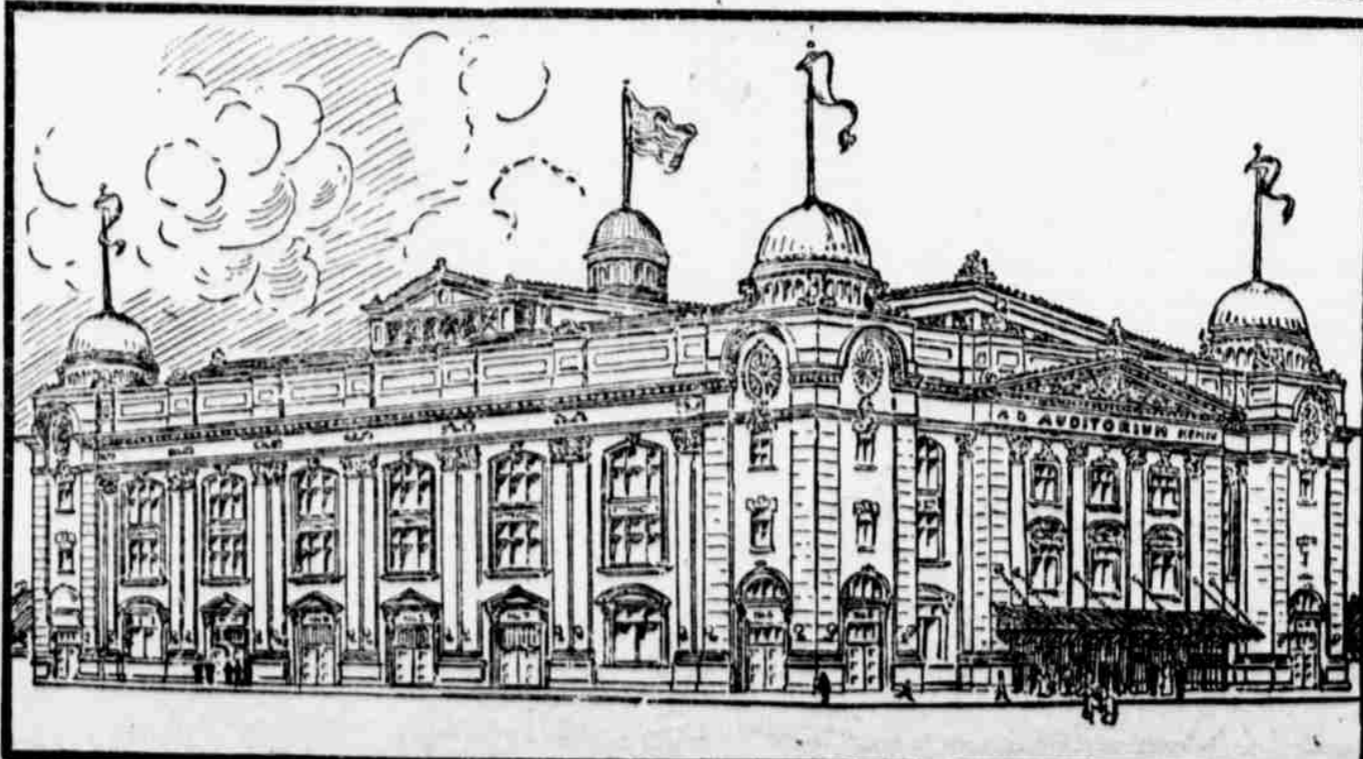
6. Feel the force of the great motives, which will be a perpetual inspiration.

(a) Gratitude for what God had done (v. 24).

(b) The certain consequences of wrongdoing (v. 25).

To realize this fact is not abject fear, but a reasoning, common sense judging of any course of action by its consequences.

**Practical Points.**  
"If we fill the corner where we are with light, we shall sooner or later be set on a candlestick high enough for the light that is in us."  
Self-seeking is a root of all evil, the curse of politics, of business, and of society.  
Samuel was a good man. The investment of his saintly character has yielded large dividends.  
It often requires some heavy calamity, such as the loss of friends, or health, or possessions, to dethrone our pride and make us see that happiness and success depend on God alone.



AUDITORIUM, DENVER, SCENE OF DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.