

Scenes and Incidents Attending the Third Formal Notification of Bryan



REV. FATHER NUGENT INVOKING THE BLESSING OF GOD



G. HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN READING THE LETTER TO MR. BRYAN.



CHAIRMAN CLAYTON DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS



CHAIRMAN MACK HOLDING UMBRELLA OVER MR. BRYAN AS THE LATTER SPEAKS.

NONPARTISAN notification meetings in a state house lawn, but they have even a more depressing effect on enthusiasm. Convincing proof of this was furnished at Lincoln on Wednesday, August 12, when some half-dozen members of a committee of fifty, appointed for that purpose by the Denver convention, met to inform Mr. William Jennings Bryan that he had been entered for the third time in the presidential sweepstakes, in spite of his poor showing in the book of past performances.

The good people of Lincoln had built high hopes around the program for the day. It was the first time that any city west of the Mississippi had ever had the distinction of entertaining the representatives of a great national political party, charged with the duty of informing a citizen of it that he had been made the recipient of the greatest honor in the gift of a political party. In the spirit of neighborliness and civic pride the Lincolnites entered into the work of making the occasion a memorable one for their city. Partisanship was laid aside with the work-day clothes and men and women of all parties and all walks of life joined in making notification day a gala day. Out of respect for the wishes of the partisans directly in charge of the affair that the notification should be marked by simplicity, the Lincoln folks restrained their enthusiasm in the matter of decorations and gaudy display. Jeffersonian simplicity does not harmonize very well with banners of rustling silk and busting of sheeny satin, so the decorations were confined very largely to plain cotton of patriotic colors and crayon portraits of the kind that used to be in vogue when the philanthropic artist enlarged one for you free if you would only buy a \$12 frame for it—and some unnumbered thousand pictures of the peerless leader done in the best style of the job printer's art. In the matter of decorations the simplicity observed by the Lincolnites was very much in evidence.

In the preparation of the program, the committee in charge evidently overlooked an essential feature. No provision was made for the enthusiasm, the citizens of the city evidently expecting the visitors to bring that with them, while the result showed that most of the folks who attended the ceremonies were traveling without any baggage. Mr. Bryan's fellow townsmen, most of whom are loyal republicans except on notification days, could not have reasonably been expected to furnish the cheering for the man they intend to vote against in November, and somehow the rest of the visitors appeared to have a desire to respect the feelings of the republicans who had been drafted for the day's duties. Be that as it may, the undisputed fact remains that there was less cheering and other evidences of enthusiasm that would be found at an ordinary political rally in the closing days of the campaign.

Practically the only real excitement of the day's doings was occasioned by the arrival in Lincoln and the march through the streets of the Dahliman Democracy, some



IN FRONT OF THE STATE CAPITOL.

600 strong, from Omaha. These men were cheered liberally as they marched from the depot to the Lindell hotel and received something of an ovation at different points along the route, but the cheers were for Dahliman and not for Mr. Bryan. Mayor "Jim" was alive, tugging and he overlooked no chance to make the Dahliman gubernatorial boom the top-heavy feature of the notification rally.

Mr. Bryan made his first appearance at the Lincoln hotel about 1 o'clock, after he had entertained the notification committee at Fairview and had welcomed various groups of pilgrims who had journeyed out to the leader's home. When Mr. Bryan was driven up in a carriage to the Lincoln hotel the several hundred persons who were gathered in front of the place took his coming as a matter of course. There was no cheering, no spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm and the crowds inside the hotel did not know of his arrival until he was driven in and announced that "Bryan is here." As the nominee entered the hotel, there was a faint burst of applause and he was surrounded by a pressing throng of about twenty persons who shook hands with him while he waited for the elevator to take him to the rooms being occupied by the notification committee. One minute later the excitement in the lobby had subsided and no indication was given of the presence in the hotel of a candidate for the presidency.

The parade to the state house grounds was slow in starting, but when the line of march was finally taken up, about 2 o'clock, the people who thronged the side-



GOVERNOR SHELDON ON THE END-EX-MAYOR DUNNE OF CHICAGO IN CENTER WITH HAT IN HAND.

walks allowed the procession to pass by without demonstration. At several points along the line some enthusiasts both in and out of the procession made an effort to start a demonstration, but it fell practically flat. When Mr. Bryan and the members of the notification committee

reached the platform in front of the state house there was a little burst of welcoming cheers. Perhaps 12,000 to 15,000 persons were massed in front of the speaker's platform, but they failed to evince any special delight at the appearance of the candidate. The lack of enthusiasm was so plainly felt



NEARER VIEW OF THE CROWD ON THE LAWN.

by the democrats directly in charge of the meeting that, when Mr. Bryan arose to respond to the speech of notification by Congressman Clayton, the leaders in the platform resorted to convention tactics to work up the enthusiasm of the crowd. Candidate Kern, Mr. Clayton, Mr. O'Sullivan, Judge Dunne and other members of the notification committee waived flags and tried over and over again to start the popular outburst, but it failed to start, and Mr. Bryan was allowed to respond to the notification without any interruption from his hearers. Before he had proceeded far with his address, at least one-half of the crowd, being unable to get close enough to hear, had dispersed, and when Mr. Bryan concluded his audience was only large enough to comfortably cover the stone fragment in front of the state house steps.

Only twice in the course of his address did Mr. Bryan arouse any cheers or marked applause, and that was when he declared he would, if elected, call a special session of congress to pass a law calling for the election of United States senators by a direct vote of the people, and again when he criticized the management of the house by the existing system of rules—a system, by the way, which was in force when Mr. Bryan was in congress.

The habit of a crowd can be very accurately determined by the manner of its dispersing. Had the 50,000 visitors so confidently expected by the Bryan enthusiasts been in Lincoln the streets would have been thronged for hours after the conclusion of the ceremonies at the state house. As a matter of fact, within thirty minutes after Mr. Bryan had concluded his address the streets of Lincoln had assumed their normal appearance. The women, who in Lincoln the streets would have been turned to their homes to prepare the dinners and the men had returned to their business which had been temporarily laid

aside to make a nonpartisan holiday. The limited number of visitors from Omaha and other towns and cities of the state had no difficulty in finding room in the hotel lobbies, where they talked state politics and personal affairs until time to catch their trains from home. The attendance must have been a distinct disappointment not only to the democrats in charge of the affair, but to the citizens of Lincoln who, regardless of politics, had done their best to make the event a memorable one.

The significance of the slim attendance and the lack of enthusiasm were the subjects of much comment and speculation by politicians in Lincoln. Democrats naturally argue that there was no particular reason for enthusiasm, as the notification was a purely formal affair and was not calculated to arouse any hurrahs. They argued, too, that the nonpartisan character of the notification ceremonies naturally worked to the suppression of partisan demonstrations, but they have little to offer in explanation of the promptness with which the democratic masses acquiesced in the policy of silence. The developments of the day failed very signally to harmonize with the reports that are being persistently circulated that the town of Lincoln and the state of Nebraska are on fire with enthusiasm for Bryan and that neighborly love and state pride are being relied upon to take Nebraska out of the republican column this year. The ovations that were started at different times during the day for Governor Sheldon, and which were suppressed largely through the efforts of the governor himself and his republican friends, were significant indications of the fallacy of the claims of the Bryanites.

Another explanation of the lack of attendance is that the farmers and business men of the state have their hands full right now. With the best crop prospects the state has had for years, the farmers are taking every precaution to care for their 25-cent wheat, their 15-cent corn, their 50-cent oats, their 7-cent cattle and their 6-cent hogs, and the merchants are engaged in getting new goods in stock to provide for the record-breaking trade that must come between this and election day. These folks are not deeply concerned about Mr. Bryan and his policies. The record shows that the farmer's interest in Bryan decreases as the price of farm products advances.

The lack of attendance of enthusiastic democrats from other parts of the country must have been more disappointing to the Bryan managers than the failure of Nebraskans to be present at the ceremonies. Less than a score of members of the notification committee were present and there was absolutely no democrats of prominence there from any part of the country. The visitors from Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Wyoming, Colorado, Montana and Idaho, the states which the Bryanites are claiming could have all come in a special car, while Norman E. Mack, the chairman of the democratic national committee, and Humphrey O'Sullivan, secretary of the notification committee, were the only visitors from the east. No democrats who have even state prominence in New York or New England came of his own account and no greetings came from the absent leaders.

From the Story Teller's Pack

Feed for All.
AFTER a certain jury had been out for an inordinately long time on a very simple case, they filed into the court room, and the foreman told the judge they were unable to agree upon a verdict. The latter rebuked them, saying the case was a very clear one, and remanded them back to the jury room for a second attempt, adding, "If you are there too long, I will have to send you in twelve suppers."
 The foreman, in a rather irritated tone, spoke up and said: "May it please your honor, you might send in eleven suppers and one bundle of hay."—Everybody's Magazine.

Cure for a Church Cough.
 The brilliant and learned, Henry Van Dyke of Princeton was discussing the church cough.
 "In my boyhood there came to German-town," he said, "a gentle minister who, stopped effectually his coughing congregation."
 "It was a congregation, too, singularly addicted to coughing. Rattling volleys of coughs ran over it every few minutes. The minister, indeed, that first Sunday, could hardly make himself heard. He had rather a weak voice."
 "Well, after his sermon had proceeded for ten or twelve minutes, now audible enough, now drowned under great waves of coughs, he took a resolution, and when the next outbreak was at its height he ceased preaching."
 "At once the coughing ceased. There was a profound silence. The minister smiled."
 "My friends," said he, "it seems that when I stop you stop."
 "From that day in that church they coughed no more."—Boston Herald.

Temperance and Base Ball.
 Hal Chase, the famous first baseman,

was advocating totalism among ball players. He argued well, and in the midst of his argument he told a story.
 "Leroy Vigors, a friend of mine," he said, "turned up to play in an amateur game with a skate on."
 "When Vigors stepped to the bat he smiled a silly smile and said to the umpire:
 "I see three bats and three balls here. What am I to hit—do?"
 "Hit the middle ball," said the umpire.
 "But Vigors struck out."
 "Durn ye, Vigors," said a coach, who didn't you hit the middle ball, like the umpire told you?"
 "I did," says Vigors, with an injured air, "only I hit it with the hit—outside bat."—Washington Star.

A Fine Dodger.
 Carol's grandfather had served in the civil war and Carol liked to hear of the many battles in which he had fought. One day, after listening to the vivid recital of many heroic deeds, Carol said:
 "Grandfather, you went through all those battles?"
 "Yes."
 "And the shot and shell fell all around you?"
 "Yes."
 "And soldiers were falling and dying everywhere?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, grandfather, what a fine dodger you must have been!"—The Delinquent.

Honor Everywhere.
 "Oh, yes," Senator La Follette reluctantly admitted of a corrupt politician. "I suppose the man has some sense of honor. Where won't you find some sense of honor, though? You know the story of Judson of Madison."
 "Judson of Madison was showing his country cousin the sights of the city."
 "But there are crooks and blacklegs here, Joe," he said. "You must look out for them."
 "And half by way of a joke, half by way

of impressing the city's perils and pitfalls on Joe, Judson slyly slipped his cousin's handkerchief from his pocket.

It Wasn't Fire—Nor Water.
 A. M. Downes, late secretary of New York's fire department, related at a dinner a fire story. "At the end of the first act of a drama," he said, "a man leaped hurriedly to his feet. 'I heard an alarm of fire,' he said, 'I must go and see where it is.' His wife, whose hearing was less acute, made way for him in silence, and he disappeared. 'It wasn't fire,' he said, on his return. 'Nor water, either, said his wife, coldly.'—Everybody's Magazine.

He Was Not Surprised.
 Associate Justice D. R. Brewer, the wit and story teller of the United States supreme court, is credited with the following: A millwright was converted to the way of thinking of a sect which periodically was inspired with a foreknowledge of the imminence of the day of doom and set the date, preparing for Gabriel's greeting.
 The date was set and the day came. The millwright donned his white robe and went out into the fields to await the coming meeting with the celestial throng. The day passed until it was late in the afternoon, and the millwright, having risen at the stroke of midnight on the morn of the eventful day, grew drowsy, and, throwing himself down upon a pile of hay, fell asleep at his watch.
 Boys discovered him and, with the natural mischievousness of boys, they set fire to the hay. The smoke and the heat soon woke the slumbering millwright, and, sitting up with a start, he cried with the anguish of the lost:
 "Just as I expected! In hell, after all!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Goold's Block System Story.
 One of George J. Goold's stories is about a western man traveling on a branch railroad in the north. After a series of sudden bumps and unexpected stops he became uneasy.
 "Look here," he said to the porter, "is this train safe?"
 "It sure ain't," said the porter.
 "Well, have they a block system on this road?"
 "Block system, sah? We hab de greatest block system in de world. Ten miles back we were blocked by a load of hay, six miles back we were blocked by a mule, just now we were blocked by a cow, and I reckon when we get further souf we'll be blocked

by an alligator. Block system, boss? Well, I should smile."—Rochester Herald.

Took All His Attention.
 "I met Alfred Vanderbilt," said a tourist at a Plaza luncheon, "at the London horse show. He talked about the riding, especially the riding of the Italians, with their close knee grip. He ridiculed the German."
 "He said the German reminded him of an old general who used to ride—he had been an Infantryman—in Central park in his old age."
 "A friend, spying the general on his horse one morning," he trotted up his dog's some mooted change in the pension law."
 "General," he began, but got no answer.
 "General," he said, "I'm riding!"
 "General, General, I say," he shouted.
 "The old general, bounding high in the air, turned a purple and frowning face on his interrogator."
 "Great heavens, man," he cried, "can't you see I'm riding?"—New York Times.

Woman's Will Uncertain.
 "Don't always rely upon the ready wit of a woman," said the man who is sometimes pleased to consider himself an oracle.
 "That ready wit business is sometimes prone to get 'way off."
 "For example, my wife and children had been staying in the country for several weeks and I was regular with my letters, and I was regular with my letters, and I was regular with my letters. Finally on a very loving husband should be. Finally on the day before my wife was to start for home I concluded my letter to her with these words:
 "This will be the last letter I will write

to you for a long time, long time."

Burdens Borne by Turks
 (Continued from Page One.)
 "When I got down to my office the next morning I found a telegram from my wife waiting for me. 'What on earth do you mean?' read the dispatch.
 "Later a registered letter came from her. She had blotted almost every line with tears. 'What it was all about I could not imagine.
 "Then my telephone bell rang, and when I answered I heard my wife's voice speaking over the long-distance phone.
 "'O John,' said she, 'is that really you? I thought you had committed suicide!'"
 New York Sun.

Turks, and no more foreign concessions corruptly bought, and no more foreign troops policing Moslem soil.
 "Perhaps this matter of bribes is an Oriental question. It was not just the same as if an American should take a bribe. According to the Oriental idea all the parties to a transactions must make something out of it. Otherwise how could the official live? Not on a salary, for in the first place it was inadequate and in the next place it was seldom paid."
 "If you were to work for a Turk and tell him you wanted your money every Saturday night he would look upon you with suspicion. He would keep you, give you a share of the profit when he himself made a stake and let you have all the opportunities possible for making money off petitioners or shopkeepers, but a fixed salary, never."
 "If a man in this country gets away with a big steal he is pretty likely to make a considerably display of it. Not in Constantinople. In the first place if he should get away with a \$10,000 deal he would have to distribute \$8,000 at least to keep other persons in good humor. And if you did keep the money you couldn't make any display with it in Constantinople. You can't keep race horses or yachts or give balls. Spies are always on your track."
 "If the sultan had any desire to know of the corruption throughout the empire he could not find it out from the spies and sycophants with whom he has surrounded himself at the Yildiz Kiosk. The principle of espionage that prevails in all departments of the government is of his own making, and the encouragement given to informers produced a class of blackmailers that threatened to make trouble at the palace for any one who refused to pay them. Many young men found that the way to favor lay through such channels and they succumbed to the temptation to be informers."
 "The evil reached such dimensions that the Turk ran the risk of exile for any act or word that might be twisted into a sign of disaffection. I remember an instance of a schoolboy friend of mine who gave a light from his cigarette to a servant of the heir of the throne, with whom it was treason to have any intercourse. The boy

was sitting beside the man in a tramcar and didn't even know of his position.

"It would be impossible to estimate the number of men who have been exiled on mere spies' tales. In some districts practically the whole of the effendi, or official and legal class, is composed of exiles for their opinions."
 "It was from all these different classes the Moslem population of European Turkey had to draw its army of recruits. It was every one with a grievance, and Allah knows that every Turkish subject has one, from the humblest peasant and most obscure soldier to the wealthiest merchant of Bezesin and the most worthy official."
 "Our cause flourished without a recognized leader, for every one with a grievance a leader would soon have been put out of the way. Ahmed Risa, who is at the head of the Young Turk party in Paris, stands in a more or less representative capacity in Europe."
 "Our field of activity has been the disaffected parts of Macedonia and Albania. The whole of European Turkey is to be fought for, those two provinces merely selected for the initial struggle."
 "Every Turk or Moslem is eligible for membership in the organization and the oath of fealty is taken by placing the hand upon the Koran, on which rest a grievance and a knife. Every village has a committee with power to act. A tax is levied upon members and penalties are imposed for desertions and failure to perform duties. The families of those killed before or during the revolution are to be provided for by the organization."
 "Everything at present in the line of power is drifting into the hands of the young Turk. I have a letter from Ahmed Risa in which he says that although the sultan has given in our party will not disband."
 "We ask," he says, "nothing better than to see the sultan hold to his promise. As long as he does so he will be sacred in our eyes, and he introduces truly liberal constitutional government he will find no more faithful subject than the young Turkish party. Carrying out his promise he will bring a new era of peace and prosperity to the Turkish empire."

to you for a long time, long time."

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