

THE DEMOCRACY

Meet in National Convention in Kansas City July 4.

GREAT ENTHUSIASM IS Manifested by the Twenty-five Thousand People Who Crowd in the Hall to Witness the Proceedings.

Amid scenes of tumultuous enthusiasm befitting such an event and such a day the National Democratic Convention began its sessions at Kansas City, Mo., on last Wednesday, July 4, the natal day of the Republic. It was an inspiring scene that Chairman Jones looked upon when at noon, after beating a tattoo with his gavel he stilled the tumult and declared the convention open. About him were fully 25,000 people, rising tier on tier like the spectators in some vast coliseum awaiting the appearance of the delegates of the party, while on either side stretched away the rows of desks accommodating representatives of the press from every section of the country.

It was clearly not gathering alone of wealth and fashion. The bronzed faces of many of the men, their coarse shirts, collarless and sleeveless, marked them as from the soil. With hardly an exception they took off their coats and sat shirtless and democratic. Many of the women were in cuttings and gingham, rather than in summer silks and lace, and the gorgeous costumes and picture hats were in mass of darker hue. It was a gathering none the less inspired with the patriotic spirit of the day, which found constant expression in wild hurrahs at every sound of "Dixie" or "America."

Early the crowds began to turn toward convention hall and the approaches to the vast edifice were filled with an eager and excited throng, surging toward the many entrances, and seeking to gain early admission to the building. With them came bands, marching clubs and drum corps, and to the confusion of the crash and burrah was added the constant crack, boom, sizz of booms and cracklers as the convention enthusiasts and the small boy vied with each other in celebrating the day.

The convention hall itself, at first glance, looks crude and imperfect, but this is only in its external ornamentation of cornice and column. The substantial elements of the structure are complete, ready to give delegates and a legion of onlookers one of the most perfect convention halls ever offered to the gathering of a great party. The Stars and Stripes swap proudly from a hundred staffs along the gable and at intervals surrounding the entire building.

There are hundreds of these flags toppling the structure, giving an idea of its vastness 340 feet long and 188 feet wide. Only Friday an army of men were busily removing the debris and they have succeeded so well that there is not a vestige remaining. Squads of policemen were early on the ground, keeping back the crowds and maintaining quiet. There was little disorder, however, for the crowds were good natured and their patriotism was tempered with discretion. It was noticeable that a very considerable portion of the gathering throngs were made up of women, who profited by the warm day to put on their gayest finery, thus adding another element of color and beauty to the blaze of tuning every where apparent.

The interior of the building presented a gorgeous spectacle of color, alike a tribute to the patriotic sentiment of the day and to the party abut to assemble in convening. The disposal of flags, bunting and shields is quite effective, but here and there is too great spread and tangle of steel to be subdued by patriotic devices. The great steel roof, supported by massive girders is partly obscured by flags looped into rosettes. The same scheme of flag rosettes make a rim of color for the gallery 40 feet above, sweeping entirely around the hall. Lower down, the front of another gallery is flanked with the coats of arms of the 48 States and territories with here and there long streamers caught up into bows and rosettes, while just back of the platform is a box bearing the red, white and blue inscription of the "New York high school boys." But the eye leaves these details of color and resists the ten magnificent American flags each 37 feet long, which are canopied from the top of the building to the sides, two of these monster emblems flanking the chairman's platform like the wings of a stage. The proscenium is shaped like a great bowl with the presiding officer almost in the centre, while the seats rise tier on tier on every side back to the remotest corner of the building. The hollow of this bowl is where the real business is to be done, for here the delegates and alternates are seated and the platform is located. Arca for delegates is paved with stone. The seats are arranged in a great oval, the side toward the platform. The folding chairs for the delegates and alternates make a little lake of yellow in the bottom of this bowl, marked here and there by the tall standards indicating the various State delegations. Raised about two feet above this stone are the platform tiers just out into the lake of yellow like some cape.

The platform is flanked on each side by rows of press seats, stretching back 200 feet. The platform itself presents evidence of elegance, even magnificence, and is far more elaborate than the counter art at Philadelphia. Beneath the chairman's feet stretches a rich turkish rug of crimson hue, while a great leather seat accomodates the man who holds the gavel. Instead of a table before him the gavel falls upon a strange wooden pedestal, similar to those used in supporting a casket. The secretaries of the convention have another raised platform with a hue of leather elegance, while the lesser officials, clerks and stenographers, have the usual spread of pine before them. Altogether the arrangements are admirable in their detail and combine to give the most perfect machinery for the transaction of the business of the convention.

The Deadly Cigarette.

The cigarette has proved to be deadly, even when being smoked by another person. In Norristown, Pa., the other day Charles Fricke, a non-user of tobacco, attended an open air concert. Near him sat a smoking cigarette. The smoke floated in Fricke's face and he inhaled it unintentionally. As a fit of coughing ensued. It caused the rupture of a blood vessel and the young man died.

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BRYAN THE LEADER

Unanimously Nominated for President by the Democrats.

STEVENSON SECOND PLACE

Proceedings of the Greatest Democratic Convention Ever Held.

A Disgusted Republican Comes Out for Bryan.

At 10:30 o'clock the streets surrounding convention hall were densely packed and every minute added hundreds more to the eager, surging mass. Laces of wire cable had been thrown around the building 10 feet from the wall to keep back the throng, and within this area policemen maintained a clear space while the tide of humanity pressed up to the cables and threatened to take the building by storm. The doors were not opened until late, as the doorkeepers were being drilled, and there was no relief for the waiting multitude. Inside the building officials were shouting orders to their armies of attendants, pages and messengers were being sent to their stations and the last details of preparation were being executed. At 10:45 several of the doors were opened and the great sweep of seats began to be dotted with groups of spectators. Soon the aisles leading from the public entrances became moving currents of men and women hurrying to the points of vantage. Gradually the huge circle took on motion, animation, color, and repeatedly, stilling the tumult and then above the din his voice could be heard announcing: "The convention will come to order. The sergeant-at-arms will see that the aisles are cleared." Greeting to the Democrats of the Nation:

Five thousand Democrats now celebrating the hundred and twenty-fourth declaration of independence at Tammany hall wait to join you in hoping for a vindication of the principles enunciated 124 years ago today by the immortal Thomas Jefferson.

Thomas L. Feitner.

"Grand Sachem."

The reading of the telegram was received with tremendous applause, the New York delegation leading in the demonstration. The committee on credentials not being ready to report the convention adjourned to half past 8 o'clock in the evening, when it was adjourned, Ex-Gov. Alford, of Illinois, was introduced and delivered an able address to the convention, which was heartily applauded. All during the strains of the band turned to "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," at which the entire audience, as with a single voice, joined in a mighty and swelling chorus.

Amid the bellowing of flags could be seen a tall standard bearing the inscription: "Forcible annexation would be criminal aggression" — William McKinley.

The first burst of applause that greeted the mayor's speech of welcome came when he spoke of the universality of Democratic doctrine which had penetrated, he said, wherever liberty was known and loved. He dwelt at some length on the progress of the principles of the Democratic party which originated, he said, with the liberty-loving people of France and England, and came to this continent for its larger growth and ultimate development. His allusion to the early leaders of the Democratic party, Jefferson and Jackson, was heartily applauded. All during the speech there were cries for Hill. All the committees made their reports and the convention was permanently organized by the selection of J. D. Richardson, of Tenn., as chairman. A committee escorted the gentleman to the platform and he assumed the gavel. He delivered a most patriotic address.

The first token of approval given to his address was that which greeted his mention of 16 to 1. The applause, however, was rather feeble and scattering. Much more energetic was the shout that followed the declaration that the coming campaign was to be a trial of the republic against the empire.

The conclusion of Chairman Richardson's speech, which he had arranged under 16 separate heads, was the signal made by the Democratic party in the cause of human rights. Mr. Reed grew impassioned in his eulogy of the good work done by it through all the years of its existence. A yell of applause greeted his announcement that the convention was gathered upon Democratic soil and as the guests of a Democratic constituency that had always been in the forefront of the political fights of the country. When he declared that in the name of Democracy he bid the visiting delegations welcome, and prophesied certain victory at the polls in November, he was interrupted by loud cheers and the applause when he ended his address.

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Death of Rear Admiral Philip. Rear Admiral John W. Philip, who commanded the battleship Texas in the Santiago fight died recently in Brooklyn, where he was in command of the navy yard. Rear Admiral Philip will live in fame as the gallant sailor who would not let his men cheer their victory in the presence of the defeated and dying Spaniards of Cervera's squadron, and as the Christian officer who in the hour of triumph did homage to the Almighty rather than to his guns and armor; but he will be remembered in the south for more than this—for the magnanimity, the true Americanism, that prompted him to remove from camp captured in the war between the States the "foul, dishonoring word," "Rebellion." When he took charge of the Brooklyn navy yard, there was in a conspicuous place a big piece of rusty iron labeled, "taken from the rebel ram Mississippi." "Scrape off the w. r. l.," was the admiral's order as soon as he noticed it. "There are no rebels. There are no longer any North or any South, and, anyhow, I don't like the word." Being a man of such character, it is to be wondered at that "Jack" Philip was the best loved officer in the navy.

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Negro Labor No Good.

The Columbia Record says: "There are probably 50,000 negroes in Charleston, nevertheless the cotton mill in that city which is being operated with negro labor finds it extremely difficult to secure the hundred or so hands that it needs. Of the colored population, probably one in every three may be called an idler, while only one of the other two works steadily the year around. All that the mill requires is that the employee shall take an interest in the work and put in full time, but it seems that the Charleston darky, carefree, and without, will not, comply with these simple and reasonable conditions."

Republican Hypocrisy.

The Columbia Record calls attention to the fact that while the Republicans carried Oregon by 10,000 majority, a proposed amendment to the state constitution repealing that section of the instrument which forbids "any free negro or mulatto to come to, reside or be within this State, or hold any real estate, or make any contracts, or maintain any suit therein," was snowed under. This is one of the many evidences of the sort of love Northern people entertain for the negro. They only take sides with him against the white people of the South."

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When Mr. Hampton had concluded the tremendous applause fairly shook the building. When the orator had finished the declaration of independence and the applause had ceased, Miss Fulton, the wife of the chairman, was introduced and sang "The Star Spangled Banner," the audience standing and cheering and applauding after each verse. It was an innovation at a national convention. Then as she finished the last strain the band took up "America," and led by Miss Fulton, the great mass of 20,000 people broke into the stirring words "My Country 'tis of Thee," singing it through with unison and closing with a cheer.

The convention having adjourned for dinner reassembled at half past four o'clock. As soon as the convention was called to order Charles S. Hampton of Potosi, Mich., advanced to the front of the platform and read a telegram from the Democrats assembled in Tammany hall, celebrating the 124th anniversary of the declaration of independence. The telegram was signed by Thomas L. Feitner, grand sachem of the Democratic party, and was as follows:

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As he proceeded each plank was greeted with applause. The senator accompanied his reading with emphatic gestures, striding up and down the platform, turning this way and that, after his manner in the senate. There was a howl of approval as he clenched his fist and fiercely arraigned the course of the administration in Cuba. But it remained for his reading of the declaration that "imperialism is the paramount issue of this campaign" to evoke a storm of applause. The delegates sprang to their feet, standing on their chairs, waving hats, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, flags, while the galleries took up the chorus and carried it along for many minutes. Senator Hill could be seen marshaling the hosts to cheer. He held a fan high above his head and added his voice to the shouting. A second time Senator Tillman read this declaration, and now even a greater demonstration than before carried the convention off its feet. Suddenly hundreds, then thousands of miniature American flags were passed among the delegates and the whole floor of the vast structure became a sea of flags. At instant the flags swept over the galleries like a mass of flame. Banners of them were tossed upon the seats and distributed. The scene was magnificently inspiring and the great audience was worked up to a fever heat. On each flag was the device: "The constitution and the flag are in separate, now and forever. The style and with all the force and magnetism of an orator Mr. Davis began his address. He denounced as a "malicious lie" that he had been forced to leave his office in the present national administration. He pictured in brilliant and flaming sentences the "brutalities" and aggressions practiced by Great Britain upon the forces of South Africa. He expressed his intense satisfaction that the Democratic party had incorporated in the platform a plank so cordially and enthusiastically endorsing the course of the Boers, which was the cause of liberty and justice. As he felt that this great republic should not chain itself to the chariot wheels of the empire that was crushing liberty to death in South Africa, he believed it to be his duty to ally himself with the Democratic party.