

# SIDE LIGHTS OF THE CONVENTION

Some interesting details of the Baltimore Gathering.

During an outburst talk at the convention hall, Representative Henry Clayton of Alabama, one of the speakers who got all "het up" over things in general, made the fatal mistake of starting three sentences in succession with the words "I know." By the time he got to his fourth burning thought 12,000 persons started with him. It didn't bother him, and he kept right on "I knowing."

"I know," roared the Alabama man. "Do you know that you've been talking fifteen minutes?" asked a man in the gallery.

"If you will be patient, there are only half a dozen more speeches," pleaded Judge Parker at the morning session, when the crowd was breaking the anti-noise ordinance.

"Let them all talk together, and then we can go home," was a bit of advice from the floor which raised a laugh.

Mrs. Taft Attends Session. The convention was watched by the "first lady of the lady," Mrs. Taft.

WM. J. BRYAN



His plea for a progressive candidate was heeded by the Democratic convention.

wife of the president, came over from Washington, and was an early arrival in the gallery near the speaker's platform.

She saw an animated scene, for spurred by the promise of lively action, the early crowd took a good start, with the result that a lively, interesting throng was on hand an hour sooner than Wednesday.

For them the first center of attraction was Mrs. Taft. She arrived with Mrs. Norman E. Mack three-quarters of an hour before the convention met.

There was not a ripple of applause on the part of the incoming thousands as Mrs. Taft walked up the aisle and was ushered to a seat on the platform.

As the party went up the middle aisle to the stage Col. John I. Martin, sergeant-at-arms, hurriedly crossed the platform. He was late, but made up for his tardiness by the cordiality of his welcome. Colonel Martin personally led the way to the first row of seats reserved for the Taft party.

Her seat was in the front row of the guests' gallery to the left of the chairman's stand and immediately overlooking the west section of the press gallery. She had read every detail of the story of the Chicago convention, where her husband was renominated, and she was deeply interested in the work of the opposing convention.

It was the first time in the history of the country, so far as the oldest convention fans could recall, that the wife of a president had attended a convention which was to nominate the man who would oppose her husband for reelection.

Unable to Handle Crowd. When Baltimore puts up five or six more hotels and can muster more than one ticket taker for each doorway of its armory it properly may aspire to the honor of having another national convention within the city walls—but not before. It is barely possible that the city could take care of the crowds if it knew how, but it is a long call from the last big national gathering to the present one, and, while the last one was not anything like as big as this one, Baltimore seems to have forgotten the lessons which other cities have learned.

Marooned on Upper Floors. The Illinois delegation had a big banner thrown out from one of the hotels announcing that its headquarters were on the fifteenth floor of one of the leading hotels. If the man who wanted to see Roger Sullivan, or it might have been Mayor Harrison, if valiantly he had gone to the room of the prairie delegation, he either had to walk up fourteen flights of stairs on feet already tired with tramping and standing, or else he had to wait for the hourly chance to board an elevator which carried its heavy burden jamming and perspiring aloft.

Two of the southern negro delegates who recently played a starring engagement in Chicago had evidently got the convention spirit running so madly in their blood that at their own expense they decided to go to Baltimore to see with their own eyes what the Democrats were going to do to one another.

They strolled into the bar at Nixon's about nine o'clock, when the restaurant was practically deserted.

They called for drinks and the bar-keeper served them. Then one of them, emboldened by the first display of courtesy, which they had experienced in Baltimore, exclaimed to his running mate:

"Supposing we dine here, Charles? What do you say? It's too far to go all the way back to de Belvidere, and anyhow, after those splendid meals we had in the Pompeian room at the Congress in Chicago, the Belvidere don't somehow seem to fit my fancy. Did you notice that coffee they had amazement. But casually, quite by why, it was muddy, yes it was; positively muddy."

By this time the bartender's mouth was hanging wide and loose from amazement. But casually, quite by accident as it were, one of his eyes rolled in the direction of the negro head waiter of the dining room, who was standing near by.

"Rufus," said the bartender, "come hitther, I would speak with thee."

Head Waiter Hands Out Kibosh.

Then in a lower tone he continued: "Don't niles this, Rufus. These two colored gentlemen have just arrived from Chicago. They're talking a lot of rum stuff about the last days of Pompeii and I think—I say, I think, Rufus, they are contemplating dining here to see if our chef has got anything on Chicago."

By this time the two negro delegates had sauntered into the almost empty dining-room. But in a moment Rufus was upon them. "Beg pardon, sirs," he said, "was either of you gentlemen inquiring for me?"

"We've just dropped in for dinner. That's, of course, if you have no objections."

"Objections! My, no sah, we don't have no objections, only I regret to say we have not got any empty tables."

"What!" cried the other delegate, furiously. "What's the matter with this one My, there ain't scarcely a living soul in the room."

"But dey is all engaged, sah; every one of 'em. The particular table you was going to sit at is reserved for Mr. Bryan—William Jennings Bryan, sah. Though I take it you is Republican, you may of heard of him. We're expecting him and his friend Mr. Parker, to run in at any moment, so you see, gentlemen, how impossible it is."

And without more words Rufus bowed the two delegates out of the door.

Brisbane "Boosts" Cheer Leader. During a Woodrow Wilson demonstration in the convention hall during

## HE NOMINATED WILSON



John W. Westcott of New Jersey Who Nominated Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency at the Baltimore Convention.

the Tuesday night session the wild applause was suddenly doubled. A "whoop" arose that put to shame all the previous cheering. The enthusiastic cheer leader was more surprised than any one else in the building.

As he excitedly stepped from one writing bench to another in the press stand his progress was checked. The Wilson lithograph he had been waving was dropped for a moment and then the cheer leader was catapulted through the air into the crowd below.

When the police had taken the matter in hand, it was found that the second actor in this successful effort of arousing the crowd was Arthur Brisbane, chief editorial writer for William Randolph Hearst. He objected seriously to having his "copy" walked on and acted promptly. Later he said he merely "boosted" the offender out of the way.

Nobody knew why the time at which the demonstration began was selected by the Wilson forces as the "psychological moment," but the evidences all pointed to a well laid-out plan to storm the convention.

It began when a New Jersey delegate climbed into the press stand surrounding the platform. He was clad in white flannels, and with arms stretched to their fullest extent he held a Wilson lithograph. This he turned toward one side of the house and then the other.

## LOST IN A CAVE.

How Samuel Clemens, America's Greatest Humorist, and His Pals Became Lost While Exploring a Cave.

When one thinks of Hannibal, Mo. his mind reverts unconsciously to Mark Twain. The two are inseparable; and, although it is now an important and progressive city, Hannibal's chief claim to fame will be as the home of America's greatest humorist—as the place where he gathered the materials for the two books so dear to the heart of every boy. And Hannibal is proud of the distinction. The commercial club is now making plans for the dedicatory exercises when the home of the author will be presented to the city and preserved.

Not long ago it was said that the home of Mark Twain was to be torn down to make room for a modern apartment house. Hannibal was indignant. To prevent this desecration George A. Mahan, a wealthy lawyer of Hannibal and a great admirer of Mark Twain, bought this house and gave it to the city.

When Mark Twain's father moved to Hannibal from Florida, Mo., in 1839, it was already a corporate community and had an atmosphere of its own. It was a town with a distinctly Southern flavor and a smug, contented, slave holding community, tranquil content. It had its own aristocracy and was proud of it. The chief characteristic of the place was the natural beauty with which it was surrounded. There were gorges and cliffs and islands with caves which would inspire the imagination of any boy of an adventurous nature. And with the broad Mississippi in the foreground there was little to be desired in the way of setting.

So it was into this community that Judge John Marshall Clemens moved his family November 13, 1839. He built a two-story house on Hill street, said to be the first of its kind that the town could claim. And it is this same house, still fairly well preserved, that will be officially presented to the city of Hannibal with appropriate exercises.

Young Clemens and his "gank" ranged from Holiday's Hill on the north to the now famous cave on the south, and over the fields and thru all the woods about. They navigated the river from Turtle Island to Glasscock's Island—now Pearl, or Tom Sawyer's Island, and far below; they penetrated the wilderness of the Illinois shore. It is no wonder that among these surroundings the youth formed a restless, roving spirit, and that many of his stories were merely of his experiences, assisted by the unlimited fund of humor and fertility of imagination that have made the name of Mark Twain famous.

The thrilling experience of Tom Sawyer, Becky Thatcher and Injun Joe in the cave is founded on fact, and the old cave is now the chief point of interest in Hannibal. Tourists often go out to wander over the great cavern so graphically depicted in "Tom Sawyer," and some enterprising easterner has installed electric lights in it. At the time the incident described in Tom Sawyer took place the cave had been open to visitors only a few weeks, it having been closed by its owner, an eccentric physician of St. Louis, once connected with the earliest medical college established in that city.

For some unexplained reason he had the entrance to the cave closed. This proceeding naturally excited the curiosity of the whole community. All desired to know what mystery was concealed in these underground chambers. They would go out and gaze at the door in perplexity. One day a few more bold than the rest tore down the massive door which blocked the entrance and explored the winding galleries. They were rewarded beyond their anticipation. A strange and uncanny object was found in the "coffin-shaped chamber," and many were the stories told the boys of a corpse with long, black hair, which swung from chains in a metal coffin—the cavern's silent and only inhabitant.

These alluring stories were too much for the adventurous youngsters in the town, so one day Sam Clemens gathered them together and proposed that they explore the wonderful cave. All the members of the band agreed to the proposition and preparations were made for the journey—the next morning. The band met at the foot of Lovers' Leap. The party was composed of Samuel Clemens, John Briggs, Barney Farthing, John Meredith, Gulliver Brady, Frank and Tom Pitts and Robert Bodine. On their way to the cave the boys met Tom Blankenship, the original Huckelberry Finn, who was fishing from the hurricane deck of a steamboat, and he was quickly induced to join the party.

When the boys gazed into the mouth of the dark cavern many would have turned back had not pride and fear of taunts from Clemens and John Briggs prevented.

So, with these two leading, the band entered the cave. For a short distance the descent was made thru a steep, high arched way, then a slight descending passage, which they traversed for what seemed a good many miles. By the dim light of their tallow candles they finally reached the "petrified spring," where the young adventurers satisfied their thirst and bathed their heated faces a quaking, exhausted group.

After resting a few moments they sat down the long passage in spite of the entreaties of some to turn back. The passage grew narrower until progress was difficult. Then Clemens, who was in the lead, stopped abruptly. The band gathered around him, looking over his shoulder in fear to see the weird mysteries of which they had heard so much. One hurried glance was enough. As the candles cast a flickering light into the gloom of the vaultlike chamber they saw a coffin swaying to and fro, suspend-

## FODDER PULLING.

Press Bulletin No. LXXX of Clemson College.

The fodder pulling season of South Carolina is near at hand. This is a farm practice which has been a costly one to the farmers of this State for many generations, but some of the more progressive individuals of our various communities are beginning to appreciate the drawbacks of this expensive operation, and are using better roughage in its stead.

The chief argument made by most farmers for the continuance of this practice is that fodder comes in at a time of the year when roughage is scarce, that it is a feed which is easily handled during the feeding period, and one which is relished by all horses and mules. Grant that the above reasons are good ones—will they offset the following facts which have been carefully worked out at most of our Southern Experiment Stations. First of all, fodder pulling reduces the yield of shelled corn per acre. The Florida Experiment Station reports the smallest loss of any station, which was 2.9 bushels per acre. The Mississippi Station reports the greatest loss, which was 8 bushels per acre. The other stations reporting gave losses ranging between the above weights the average being 6 bushels for all the Southern states reporting. At the same time the average yield of fodder per acre was 440 pounds.

With the average prices of corn at \$1 per bushel and fodder at \$1.25 per hundred pounds, and assuming that the above weights are representative of any given farm, the man who pulls fodder loses fifty cents per acre in addition to the cost and pleasure of pulling it.

While corn fodder may be a palatable feed, it has a poor feeding value, when compared with other forms of hay which can be easily grown in South Carolina, such as cowpeas, oat, and vetch hay. These two crops can be grown and harvested for about \$5.00 per acre each, and on average land each should give about one ton of good hay per acre, which is worth at least \$20 per ton. Both of these crops have a high feeding value, so if those farmers who practice fodder pulling would discontinue it and plant oats, 1 1-2 bushels and vetch 1-4 bushel in the fall, harvesting it in May, followed by cowpeas, they would make more rough feed per acre, which would have a higher feeding value than fodder, and would not decrease their corn yields from 3 to 8 bushels per acre, and at the same time they would be growing two leguminous crops on their land each year, thereby increasing the fertility of their soil.

## Explaining a Resentment.

"I am an American citizen," said the man who got into trouble abroad. "Well," replied the Oriental official, "in that case you can consult some of your own statesmen and understand our resentment of pernicious activity in politics."

ed by chains from the ceiling, or it may have been that the wavering light produced the illusion.

One boy cried out suddenly and then the whole band retreated hastily. Stumbling over stones, falling against the walls of the cave, they ran on and on until they came to a spot where the passage divided into two similar galleries. They were undecided as to which one to follow, but one was finally chosen and the band proceeded on its weary journey to find the "petrified spring."

But they wandered on and on without finding any trace of the spring. Finally Samuel Clemens stopped and told the rest of the band that they were lost. The more timid ones then set up a wail of despair, their fear being intensified by the weird shadows cast on the wall by their flickering and almost consumed candles.

Their cries echoed down the cavernous passage until they died away in the distant gloom. They had heard their parents tell many times of the man who was lost in this cavern, wandering for days, until at last he died of starvation. They wandered aimlessly around until exhausted, when the entire party fell asleep. Their candles all burned out while they slept, and when the first boy awoke, a cry of terror burst from his lips. The others immediately awoke, the echoing cavern was filled with their cries.

At last they heard the welcome sound of voices, and the light of a dozen torches appeared carried by a searching party. Weak from wandering and lack of food, they were carried out, after having been lost in the cave 30 hours.

The mystery of the grewsome figure in the cave was soon made known. The physician who owned the cave had obtained a body from the medical college with which he was connected, and had put it in the cavern to test the petrificative qualities of the water, which had been claimed for it.

For many years those who had visited the cave asserted that Mark Twain made a mistake when Tom and Becky were made to wander in an undiscovered portion of the cave where stalactites and stalagmites abounded, for they asserted it was a geological impossibility for crystals to form in that kind of stone. But the theories of these scientists were disproved when another branch of the cave was discovered in 1892, the walls of which sparkled with crystals.

The cave was an enduring and substantial joy for all the boys in the town. For young Clemens it had a fascination that never faded. Other localities and diversions might pall, but any mention of the cave found him eager for the three-mile walk that brought them to its mystic door. With its long and tortuous passages, its possibilities as the home of a gallant outlaw band, it contained everything that a romantic boy could desire.—Kansas City Times.



## One Very Important Thing

you should take account of in buying clothes is the way you will look in them when you are away from home, as well as when you're here around town.

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