

## GREAT DEMONSTRATIONS WHEN CLARK AND WILSON WERE NAMED

BALTIMORE, Maryland, June 28.—With the progressive elements far in the lead and Woodrow Wilson apparently the choice of the Democratic convention the assemblage spent the entire night balloting upon the names submitted to it by the various nominating speeches made late last night. The names of the candidates for the nomination are Wilson, Clark, Underwood and Baldwin. Bryan's name was not put in nomination in spite of the fact that he appears to still dominate the party's councils here.

One sweeping victory for Bryan and the progressive elements in the party came late, when, after a bitter fight that lasted for more than an hour, and caused a series of furious outbreaks in the convention, the Bryan resolution opposing the nomination of any candidate obligated to J. P. Morgan, Thomas Fortune Ryan and Perry Belmont, was passed by a vote of 889 to 196. The resolution which is believed to have been aimed directly at Parker and the Tammany element in the party caused one of the wildest scenes in this turbulent convention.

It called for the most "unflinching opposition" to the nomination of any "man who shall have been or is now under obligations to John Pierpont Morgan of New York, Thomas Fortune Ryan, of Virginia, or Perry Belmont of New York, or is in any manner under obligations or connected with any privilege seeking class."

As originally framed by Bryan the resolution was much more radical. It demanded the withdrawal from the convention of delegates alleged to be under the control of Morgan, Ryan and Belmont. This would have expelled a number of delegates from Virginia, particularly those from the so-called

"Mountain Districts," a number of delegates from New York, including practically all of the Tammany contingent. Belmont is a member of Tammany Hall and has been for many years.

This feature was eliminated in the debate that followed the introduction of the resolution on the ground that it would deprive the districts and States concerned of their lawful rights to be represented and that it also interfered with the Democratic doctrine of the States' right to settle the manner in which delegates to national conventions should be elected.

Senator Bankhead, of Alabama, placed Oscar Underwood in nomination in a speech in which he urged the conservative's standpoint upon the convention. There was signal lack of applause. When T. A. Reed, former mayor of Kansas City, Missouri, placed Champ Clark in nomination the convention broke into yells and cheering that lasted without a break for sixty-five minutes. Henry Wade Rogers then nominated Governor Baldwin, and following that John Wescott, of New Jersey, rose to place Woodrow Wilson in nomination.

The convention knew what was coming and Wescott had difficulty in making himself heard. Finally he mentioned the name of the New Jersey governor and what oldtimers declare was the greatest demonstration since Bryan was nominated the first time swept over the assemblage. The gigantic building fairly rocked and quivered with the volume of sound that swelled up and grew far beyond anything that has been heard in Baltimore this week. For eight-eight minutes the tumult lasted and then finally died away from sheer exhaustion of the delegates.

## AT THE BRITISH TITANIC INQUIRY

The Westminster Gazette contains a graphic description of the Titanic inquiry being conducted by Lord Mersey in London.

"Outside the hall," it states, "a couple of police, a commissioner or two, an old man selling evening papers. On the other side of the road, four or five telegraph boys, ragging among themselves, their red bicycles leaning up against the wall. On the pavement, a group of small children from the slums, laughing and chattering in the sunshine. No crowd, no fuss, no officialism.

Inside the hall the same thing. No pomp, no ceremony, no wigs and gowns or legal setting, nothing to suggest a court of law or to emphasize the terrible disaster, which was the subject of the inquiry. Ordinary men, doing their ordinary business, in an ordinary way, intent on investigating facts, on elucidating the truth; shirking nothing, minimizing nothing, exaggerating nothing, but all striving to the best of their power, that blame should fall where blame was due, honor where honor, that disaster should be met with dignity.

A bare large room, with brick unplastered walls, devoid of decoration; a glass roof half-obscured and a bare wooden floor. At the far end of the hall, a narrow raised platform, green carpeted and hung round with heavy red-brown curtains, and above the platform a sounding-board, of unpainted deal. On the platform a row of half-a-dozen men in everyday clothes, sitting behind writing-tables, littered with papers and charts. Below, in a roped-off space, divided by a gangway, more chairs, more desks, more papers, more men. On the end row of chairs a notice, hanging crooked: "Counsel printed upon it. Behind again, in the body of the hall, in a space reserved for the general public, a couple of hundred people sat or stood about listening quietly.

Against the wall to the left of the platform, a raised and colored model, some fifteen feet long, of the Titanic, and further down the wall a white route chart of the North Atlantic.

"That was all. And yet impressive, immensely so. Impressive because of its perfect simplicity, because of the calm, business-like order of the proceedings; because of absence of all effort to obtain effect, judicial or otherwise; because of the quiet courtesy

of counsel to witness, speaking as equal to equal, as man to man; because of the lack of mere vulgar curiosity or of sensation-hunting in the silent crowd of men and women gathered there to listen; because of the lack of all visible emotion on the faces of those concerned. If there was heartache behind those faces it was proudly hidden. But most of all was it impressive because of the hush or reverence, the reverence of the living for the dead which hung over the hall. The atmosphere was one difficult to define. It was not that of a law court, nor that of some place of prayer, but in its grave reticence, in its dignity, in its simplicity, it partook of the nature of both.

Over by the bricked-up fireplace, half-hidden by the white route chart, a group of men stood together. They were witnesses waiting to be called—some of the few men whom the sea had given back alive.

At the back of the hall, people slipped in and out. There was that mysterious sense of hushed coming and going that one finds in cathedrals abroad.

Question and answer. The resonant voice, so full of timbre, of counsel, the rough uneducated English of the young seaman answering him. A series of minute technical questions, demanding, on the part of counsel, an accurate acquaintance with nautical terms unfamiliar to the average landsman; and on the part of the witness, an equally accurate memory and close observation of detail in that awful moment of crisis through which he had come. Questions and answers piling up, till gradually, out of an apparently undramatic, inchoate mass of details, the picture of the catastrophe developed itself, just as the details of photographic plate develop—black and colorless.

Question and answer. Now and then, tense moments of silence while the witness, a man trained for action and not a man for speech, searched in his brain for words with which to make his meaning clear. As a rule the words used were very simple ones, words of one syllable.

"Did you see the Titanic go down?" "No, sir. Last time I looked I saw the lights, and then I did not see them any more."

Or else:  
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## TOLD IN CHICAGO IN CONVENTION TIME

AVIATION AND POLITICS. Paul Studensky, Russian aviator, whose specialty for a number of weeks has been falling and fracturing a rib or two at the Cicero aviation field, paid a visit to the Congress hotel today "to see the show." He is only a short time out of the hospital and is taking things easy and getting acquainted.

"What do you think of things?" he was asked.  
"It is very interesting," said the flyer. "There are so many of them they ought to do something, nest-ce pas? Do you speak French? No? But yes, it is interesting."

"More interesting than flying?"  
"Ah, no! But it is, I am told, more dangerous. Aviation is safer than politics. In politics they fight too much, I should dread to have two politicians of different belief as my passengers. Mercy! They would upset the machine."

"They have machines in politics, too, you know."  
"So I have heard."  
"Yes," broke in a delegate, who had overheard the conversation, "but the machines are of the steam roller variety. However, politics is like aviation in one particular. Its followers are usually 'up in the air!'"

MR. FLYNN'S REPORTEE.

Dennis T. Flynn, Taft adherent, who holds the proxy of the national committeeman from Oklahoma, is "there" when it comes to repartee, take it from those who know. He gave an example of verbal celerity today when an alleged Roosevelt supporter—supposedly a local resident in no way connected with the convention—undertook to "bawl him out."

Mr. Flynn had just stepped onto the pavement of Congress street, wearing a gorgeous Taft rosette, when a low, rakish craft bore down upon him about "three sheets in the wind." Said the "craft":

"Are you a Taft man?"  
Said Mr. Flynn: "I am."  
Then the "craft" in harsh, comprehensive language, told Mr. Flynn just

what he thought of President Taft, and all Taft supporters, with particular reference to the one he was addressing.

"Say, friend," said Mr. Flynn, "you're on the wrong side of the street. You belong on the Roosevelt side. There's the sign of his rump convention on the opposite side."

"What—where?" said the other, somewhat bewildered.  
Mr. Flynn pointed to the entrance of the Auditorium theater and read the signboard aloud:

"A Midsummer Night's Dream!"

FLEEING FROM THE CAMERA.

A modest man is E. L. Morse of Excelsior Springs, Mo., Taft leader in the western section of that commonwealth. He doesn't like to have his picture taken. Also, Mr. Morse is some sprinter. He can do 100 yards in :10 flat, it is said, when it is necessary to escape swashbucklers of the camera. Today he gave evidence of his ability.

"Honest, boys," he said to the "pestiferous photos" who demanded his picture or his life, "I'm not looking for notoriety. I've had my picture taken less than any man in the world. I'd rather not appear in the paper in that way."

But when the Missourian stepped out of the door into Congress street no less than four cameras were leveled at him. Morse's leap was swifter even than the shutter. He took to his heels and fled east in Congress street with the apparent intention of seeking safety in the lake.

But the newspaper man had him. And the picture they had of him was that of a frantic man, running wildly with coat tails flying and hands outstretched.  
The next time Mr. Morse showed up he was held up in a shameless manner and told that if he did not pose the "sprinting" picture would be used.

TAWNEY IN A ROLLING ROLE.

Former Congressman James A. Tawney is one of the nation's notables frequently seen about the hotel

lobby these days. He is a star rapid fire Marathon talker, too, and is usually engaged in earnest conversation with some one. He is never at a loss for a reply, either, when twitted about anything.

"I understand you are here to run the steam roller, Mr. Tawney," suggested a reporter, subtly.

"You do eh?" grunted Mr. Tawney. "Well, let me tell you something, young man. If they want a driver for that machine they couldn't get a better man than I am. The first job I ever held was running a traction engine and I made good. I stuck to it and got better all the time. And I'm not out of practice, either. I'm better right now than ever I was."

"My application is in now. And if a first class, sober, steady and hard-working driver is really wanted for that roller thing I'll undertake to roll it all over the convention."

PARAGRAPHS HERE AND THERE.

T. Coleman du Pont is national committeeman from Delaware. The first roll call in the committee showed him lined up with the Roosevelt men. Now certain Taftians are speaking of the "powder trust," and declaring that Mr. Du Pont is the "latest flower in T. R.'s bouquet of trust beauties."

Gen. Powell Clayton of Arkansas gets wrath whenever he hears Roosevelt mentioned as being like Lincoln. As a civil war veteran, Gen. Clayton feels that he knows something about Lincoln himself. "Roosevelt and Lincoln were as far apart as the poles," he said. "They haven't a single characteristic in common."

Four years ago two delegates, after a midnight supper, consisting largely of champagne, rose unsteadily to their feet and solemnly waded through the fountain in the Pompeian room, shoes and all, thereby causing great excitement and prompting the management to board up the spouting font. Until something of the sort happens this year, however, according to Paul Gores, manager of the Congress hotel, the fountain will continue to gurgle.

## BOLD FEMALE PIRATES WHO ONCE SAILED FROM BRITAIN

Long before ever the suffrage was an issue in England, in a time when women for the most part spent their lives by their own hearthstones, there flourished two women pirates, British born. Real buccaners they were, who swaggered and swore right lustily and sailed the Spanish Main and slew folks with broad cutlasses and did all the other things that well-regulated pirates were in the habit of doing. Their names were Mary Read and Anne Bonny, and their records are still to be read in certain ancient British court records, though they seldom are.

Mary was one of those strange women who have gone through life dressed as men. She kept her secret from all except a very few. Before she was eighteen she enlisted as a sailor in the British navy, and a history of the pirates published in London in 1724 by Captain Charles Johnson tells all about her. She did well enough as a sailor, then enlisted in the army and went with a British regiment to Flanders, where she fought through a number of campaigns and was distinguished for reckless bravery and helped keep up the reputation for profanity which goes with soldiers in Flanders. She called herself Frank Read, and apparently no one suspected that she was a girl.

But, being a woman, she could not refrain from falling in love, and finally was married to a fellow soldier of whom she had grown very fond. Then they both left the army, bought a little inn in Flanders, and settled down to housekeeping. At this seems a long way from piracy—but do not be impatient.

Mary's husband died in a year or two, and she went back to her wild, masculine life, shipping as a sailor on a Dutch merchantman bound for the West Indies. Before the vessel reached its destination it was halted by British pirates, who, being in need of a sailor, took the lusty Mary, never suspecting that the recruit to their crew was a woman.

Mary pirated for a little while with the boys, and then the ship put in at New Providence, one of the Bahama Islands, and took advantage of a general pardon offered to every British pirate except Captain Kidd and Captain Avery. They all promised to be good, the crew disbanded, and there was Mary out of a job again.

Now, the British governor of New Providence was fitting out a privateersman at that time to harry Spanish commerce. Privateering, by the way, was the respectable and legal way of being a pirate, and was countenanced because the owner of a privateer had to divide his spoils with the government. Mary became a member of the crew of this British privateersman, and, incidentally, it was a very tough crew she joined. One member of it was a pirate named Rackam. Another was his wife, Anne Bonny, a buxom wench, who, like Mary, was disguised as a man. Anne was the real "tough," Captain Johnson tells us, while Mary was an honest working girl whom cruel fate had made a pirate quite against her will.

However, Mary does not seem to have put up any very violent struggle against cruel fate.

However that was, the rough and ready Anne Bonny fell in love with Mary, who she fancied, was a man. Of course, Mary had to explain, and they grew very chummy, and, being women, couldn't resist embracing each other frequently, so that Rackam, Anne's husband, grew very jealous of the supposed "Frank" and had to be let in on the secret for fear he would sneak up to Mary and insert a dirk between her shoulders.

The bold Rackam couldn't bear the thought of being a subordinate and dividing up the spoils of war with the government, so he led a mutiny, soon reached the officers of the ship overboard, and moved his belongings up to the captain's cabin.

It is not known whether he hoisted the Jolly Roger at the masthead.  
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## NEGRO REFUSED TO BE BRIBED

CHICAGO, June 16.—Taft managers tonight made public an affidavit sworn to by F. H. Cook, a negro Taft delegate from the Fifth Louisiana district, charging that he was offered \$1000 if he would swing to Roosevelt.

The affidavit came as the culmination of a day of bitter verbal conflict involving the defection of Southern delegates from the Taft ranks.  
Cook, who is pastor of the Zion Baptist church at Vassalla, La., named in his affidavit "Mr. Thompson," said to be from Colorado, as the man who offered him the bribe. The affidavit follows:

"F. H. Cook, being first duly sworn, makes oath and says that on Thursday night, the thirteenth of June, 1912, a gentleman who claimed to be Mr. Thompson from Colorado after being introduced to each other (he and I), after finding out from me that I was a delegate from the Fifth Congressional district of Louisiana, said to me 'If you will come over with the T. R. crowd, here is \$1000, which of course I refused. He had the money in his hand and attempted to count it out to me.'

"I make this sworn statement because it has been going the rounds by some irresponsible person that I had agreed to sell out. All of which is untrue and false upon its face. There are many friends on each side, and we are friendly towards each other, not because I am on one side and they on the other makes us enemies."

"All such reports saying that I have or am, going over are untrue. I came from my district to vote for Mr. Taft, and the first and last thing I'll do will be to cast my vote for the renomination of Mr. Taft. I make this affidavit on my own free will and accord."

F. Bell Carnahan is given as the notary public before whom the affidavit was sworn.

George H. Jeffries and Fred More are given as witnesses to the signature.

Many a good woman prays for her husband, but she keeps an eye on him just the same.

## PRESBYTERIANS OF CANADA VOTE FOR BIG CHURCH UNION

EDMONTON, June 16.—Rev. W. J. Clark, D.D., reported amid great enthusiasm this afternoon for a special committee of the General Assembly on the matter of church union. He was glad to be able to present a series of resolutions that were a unanimous finding of the whole committee. He expressed his desire and the desire of the committee to keep the Presbyterian Church united.

A church with such a history should not be ruthlessly rent, and now by patience and honesty of effort the assembly's committee, composed of men who had not been in agreement on this point, was able to agree in a finding that will eventually unite this church with other churches, and keep its own place and union unbroken until such time as that union shall have been consummated.

This absolutely assures the organic union of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches by the action of the assembly, the vote following being unanimous.

A service of praise was then participated in, and telegrams of congratulations sent to sister churches.

Committee's Recommendations. The committee recommends the following as the deliverance of the assembly: "The assembly rejoices at the large measure of agreement among the negotiating churches, which the proceedings of these recent years have disclosed and which, it believes, will prepare the way for a larger measure of union among Christ's people in this land than at present exists. The assembly believes that the fact that a large majority of those voting have declared themselves in favor of organic union, is a strong indication that the result of the present movement will be the consummation of such a union. It pledges itself to do all in its power for the consummation of such a union. It pledges itself to do all in its power to maintain and deepen the unity of spirit which has marked the course of negotiations and to continue to promote the fraternal intercourse and conference with the other churches which have made the present vote possible.

"In view of the existence of a minority which is not yet convinced that organized union is the best method of expressing the unity sincerely de-

sired by all, the assembly deems it unwise to proceed immediately to consummate the union, it believes that by further conference and discussion, practically unanimous action can be secured within a reasonable time and meanwhile resolves as follows:

"(1) That it be an instruction to the home mission committee to arrange with the other negotiating churches for the further delimitation of territory within which they shall severally establish new missions as well as for the fuller application of the principle of co-operation already adopted by the assembly.

"(2) That it be an instruction to the foreign mission committee to confer with the mission boards of the other churches with a view to co-operation in every possible way.

"(3) That similar instruction be given to the board of social service and evangelism.

"(4) That it be an instruction to the committee charged with the publications of the church to enter into correspondence with similar committees of the other churches as to the possibility of combining their work in whole or in part.

"(5) That it be an instruction to the boards of the colleges to consider the possibility of co-operation with the colleges of other churches situated in the same localities so as to avoid unnecessary duplication in teaching.

"(6) That the union committees be authorized, in conjunction with the other negotiating churches to provide for the oversight of union congregations not originally connected with any of the three churches.

"(7) That all suggestions made by presbyteries, sessions or individuals, or that may be made before November, 1912, be referred to the union committee for their consideration in the hope of removing objections and with a view to further conference with committees of the negotiating churches."

Union motion moved by Dr. Clarke of Westmount Church, Montreal, and seconded by Principal MacKay of Vancouver.

The scene at the General Assembly following the vote and prayers was very affecting, hundreds of eyes being wet at the knowledge that the great question of controversy had been settled amicably.

## A SCHOOL SATURDAY

(From Annals of the Honolulu School for Boys.)

Saturday is always looked forward to with great eagerness by the school, more being crowded into that day than into any other. On this day the sandy stretch of beach just below the Diamond Head light is usually the scene of feverish activity, this being frequently the Mecca of our afternoon excursions.

The boys, under the charge of a master, leave the school immediately after lunch. The "hike" is a pleasant if rather hot one, terminating in a most exciting descent of the face of a cliff. The ascent is not so exciting! When the sand is reached the boys break into various groups, each with varying pursuits. The smaller boys construct most wonderful sand castles, and intricate railway systems, exhibiting marvelous feats of engineering in the matter of viaducts, tunnels and embankments. The swimmers who are brave but cautious find places of the exact depth suited to their requirements, while the bigger boys wade for deep water to play water games.

Besides furnishing sports for bathing, the fauna and flora of the place are abundant, and the master is kept quite busy answering questions of how, where, when and why. When anything rare or unusual is discovered the crowd is called together and an illustrated lecture is the result. So many curious and beautiful things have been found on these trips that the idea of establishing a school museum for the specimens collected by the boys is gradually taking form.

When swimming pools, the beach is a great place to practice rolls, tumbling, pyramid building and other gymnastic feats. About 4 p. m. the return

journey is begun. Strange to say, the return journey always occupies a longer time than the outward hike. The changing sea, the difference in the shore line and the expectation of picking up something unusual give the afternoon the fascination of something that is old, yet ever new.

The mountains offer an alluring change from the sea shore as a means of exercise and recreation. One of the most enjoyable jaunts of this kind was taken one Saturday, the whole day being devoted to it. The school was divided into two parties. One followed the Palolo Valley road for some miles, then climbed the hill and lay in ambush to surprise the others, who, going straight up Wilhelmia Rise followed the crest to Palolo Hill. The latter party was surprised in a most exciting manner. The first patrol had taken cover in tall, rank grass, being absolutely invisible, and when the second patrol were in their midst they rose up as if out of the earth and overthrew the newcomers as much by strength of lung as limb. The enemies celebrated the peace that followed by coasting down the side of the mountain on bunches of ti leaves.

The pangs of hunger assailing the crowd, the entire outfit clambered down a rocky ravine through a mountain-apple grove to a small creek where luncheon was eaten. The brook itself was a source of amusement to the small boys who paddled about in it hunting for pollywogs.

On the return journey the crowd bore trophies of everything from roots of wild ginger to sticky squirming frogs. On sighting Kaimuki, the company fell into military order and marched steadily to the school tired, and with ravenous appetites.

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