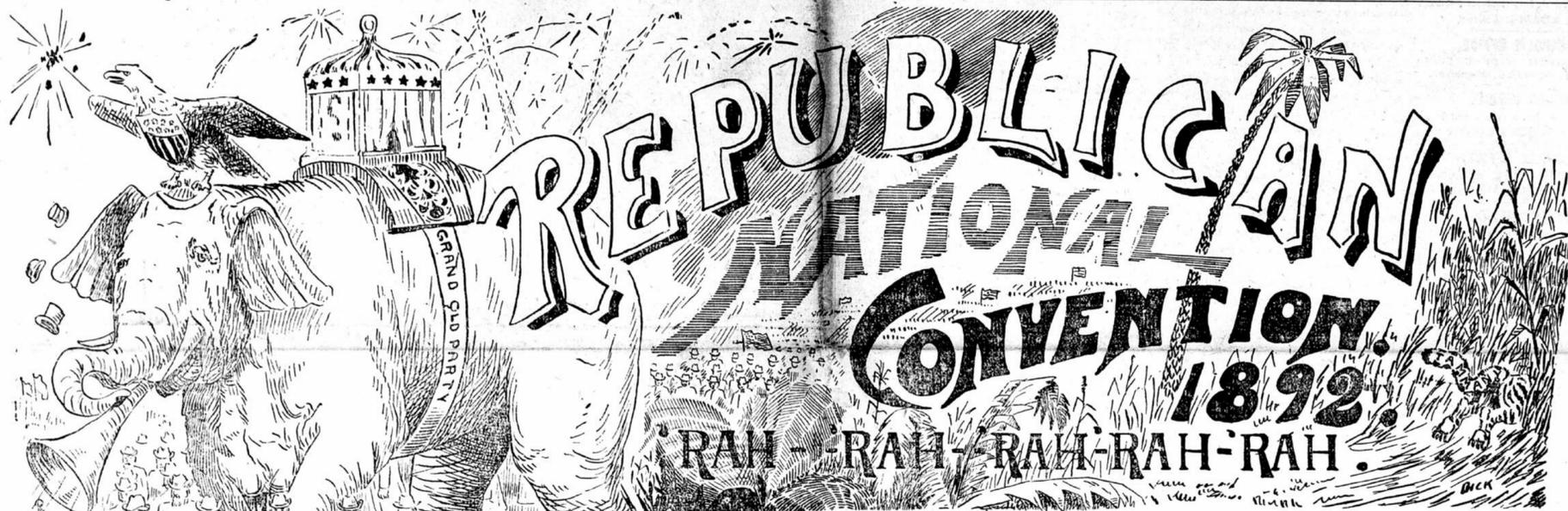


EIGHTH YEAR.

SAIN PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1892.

\$2.40 PER YEAR.



CALLED TO ORDER.

The Tenth National Republican Convention Called to Order.

J. Sloat Fassett, of New York, Elected Temporary Chairman.

The Harrison Men Do Not Oppose the New Yorker's Election.

An ugly threatening day, delegates in thorough fighting mood and everybody ill-natured almost to the point of savagery; that was the opening of the Republican national convention to choose a candidate for the presidency of the United States. The Mississippi in huge murky yellow flood plunging suddenly over the falls within sight of the main entrance of the convention hall, sweeping all sorts of wreckage to more complete destruction was the gloomily sug-

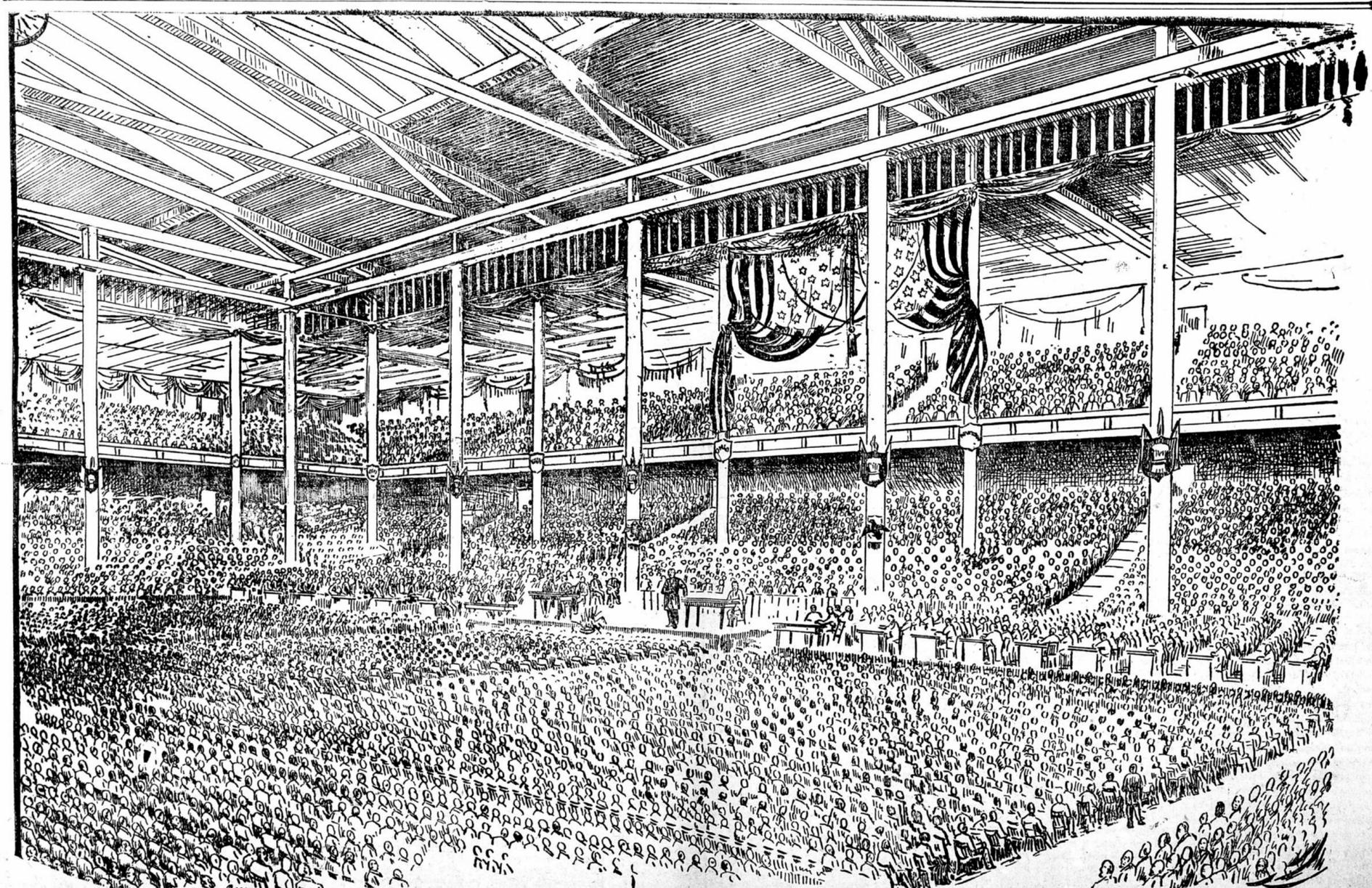
gestive spectacle that had presented itself as the hurrying hundreds poured into the building. Probably never before in the history of American political conventions, so thousands seemed to feel, had an opening prayer of record-breaking power been more urgently needed than when soon after 12 o'clock this afternoon the words to the Almighty that marked the opening of the proceedings were heard by the listening thousands who all morning had silently or otherwise been cursing the rain and the mud and the tangle situation as to presidential candidates. Before the prayer there had been only one thing which anybody seemed inclined to look at with even half-pleased eyes—the interior of the big hall that was from today to be famous for years to come in the annals of the Republican party. The eagle-surmounted chair of the presiding officer was left until almost the last moment to be placed in position, and the task fixing it exactly right upon the magnificent 20 feet square covering the speaker's stand was watched with interest by most of those in the hall while others scanned the seating arrangements and decorations, for everyone wished to remember, but which might be lost sight of when the latter royal that was expected to begin almost at the fall of the gavel, was once fairly under way. A sudden burst of sunlight helped to dispel the intense blueness of the 200 foot long skylight as well as the blueness of the rapidly arriving delegates and spectators and enabled the more cheerful light coloring of the broad ceilings in the wings and the harmonious tinted seats and aisles to show to advantage, obstructed only by four large national flags, artistically draped—one each side of the immense square auditorium. The old-gold pillars, each bearing a sheaf of golden grain, were scarcely distinguishable against the maze of 12,000 chairs, while the

single floral decoration was a great vase of green ferns and white lilies on the platform. This and the noble looking canopy of golden silk at the main entrance were the only features to distract attention from the instant and lasting impression of VASTNESS, SIMPLICITY AND COMPACTNESS that was the first idea to make itself felt on nearly every mind. Notwithstanding a large number of people were in the hall an hour or more before the hour set for the convention to be called to order, the big notables—the McKinleys, Foraners, Depews, the Platts and the likes were still conspicuous by their absence. The sergeants-at-arms, up to this point, were the most conspicuous persons present, as with beribboned batons of brightly polished rose wood they rushed about seating delegates and spectators, and keeping down the din of hammers of the carpenters yet busy in the aisles. Telegraph messengers caused momentary excitement at times by jumping on chairs and yelling the name of some distinguished citizen for whom they had presumably dispatched OF LIFE AND DEATH IMPORTANCE to some candidate for presidential honors. "Joseph B. Foraker," snorted one little blue-nosed fellow, holding aloft a yellow envelope. Every newspaper man in the hall, and there was a swarm from all parts of the nation, looked up expectantly, and the people in the galleries picked up their ears. Gen. Foraker, however, did not answer this initial popular call for him, and the reporters put an extra sharpening to their nibs and resorted themselves for the moment when the champion stump speaker should really be called for. It was now past 12:15 p. m., and fully one-third of the chairs were filled, and many more hundreds of people than enough to occupy the remainder were moving about the floor, while the orchestra were peeling forth one note after another. The white and gold banner of the California delegation was brought straight into their old time place to the right of the speak-

er. Their division as to presidential preferences deprived their entrance of the furore that marked it in former conventions. INGALL'S WARMLY GREETED. A moment later a storm of cheering broke out in the back of the hall. Whether a larger number of people were now present or for what reason, it certainly was the greatest outbreak of enthusiasm thus far, and everybody looked to see the cause. A slim man with white closely cropped hair, peculiarly retreating forehead, with goggles-like spectacles, was seen stepping along a side aisle, and preserving an appearance of utter unconcern whether he was applauded or not. It was the peppery ex-Senator Ingalls, of Kansas. At 12:25 a formidable-looking manuscript, which proved to be the roll of the convention, was being unfolded at the speaker's desk, a momentary hush fell upon the convention. The band ceased a stirring "Yankee Doodle," and a feeling that the start was at last close at hand was evinced. Broad-shouldered, pushing Tom Reed, of Maine, was the first man of national fame to peep into the hall, but slipped out again before being generally observed. Naturally enough, however, exactly coincident with Reed's arrival the music began. It was only the orchestra pulling themselves together, though out of sight above the golden canopy, and preparing for the first number on their program as soon as the carpet layers seemed willing to give the concert a chance. This was at 11:35 a. m., and the convention hall now presented a decidedly lively appearance, with animated groups eagerly discussing the outlook. Powell Clayton was in close confab with Senator Hiseock, Delegate Kohlman, of Illi-



At 12:30 the reading of the call was concluded, and Chairman Clarkson arose and announced that he was instructed by the committee to present to the convention, for its temporary chairman, Hon. J. Sloat Fassett, of New York. There was a round of applause at this announcement, led by the New Yorkers. The following officers were then announced as having been selected by the national committee: Secretaries—Charles W. Johnson, Minnesota; Carson Lake, New York; George Lee, California; Joseph T. Brown, Pennsylvania; W. P. Brownlow, Tennessee; F. M. Allshuret, Ohio; Albert Clark, Mass. Assistant Secretaries—Theo. F. Simmons, Colorado; Phillip Q. Churchman, Delaware; Aaron Bradshaw, District of Columbia; Charles Hopkins, Ohio; A. W. Monroe, Maryland; Charles S. Morris, Kentucky; J. W. Demmick, Alabama; James Blaine Walker, Montana; T. V. McAllister, Mississippi; Otto Gramm, Wyoming. Reading Clerks—Charles F. Haney, Minnesota; James H. Stone, Michigan; H. S. Oliver, North Dakota; Charles Curtis, Kansas; Charles Partridge, Illinois; Thomas B. Miles; W. E. Riley, Kentucky. These temporary officers were selected by acclamation, and it was ordered that, until the permanent organization should be effected, the convention should be governed by the rules of last preceding republican convention. Ex-Senator W. J. Sewell, of New Jersey, presented the following:



THE NATIONAL CONVENTION CALLED TO ORDER BY CHAIRMAN CLARKSON.