

DELEGATES GROW NOISY OVER FLOOD OF WORDS

Convention Orators Greeted by Yells That Drown Out the Speeches.

FAVORITE SONS CHEERED

Afternoon Session Given Over to Talkers Just to Pass Away the Time.

June 26. When the convention opened this morning for the second day, a general interest shown in the sessions and on the side lines, there was a notion that the movement of Mr. Bryan on Tuesday afternoon might be followed by tireless proceedings to-day. It didn't work out that way at all.

The day's work had to do with the routine, but the queer turn of the game when lined up Hearst and Murphy against Hearst's old side partner Bryan and the effect that this alignment might have on the chances of candidates produced speculative interest in the proceedings because nobody knew what might pop out of the box where the bosses keep their particular private schemes.

The speakers on the platform of the convention hall and watched the movements of the few big politicians who are making the convention, as well as the others who played a conspicuous part in the fight of yesterday.

Particular interest was shown by the assemblage in the New York man. The New York delegation seemed to be thinned out a little this morning.

Mr. Hinky Dink Kenna of Chicago entered explosively, along with a crew of Roger Sullivan's trained delegates.

Of the Kentuckians most noticed there were the massive O'Learys, J. C. W. Peckham, James B. McCreary and Justice Good.

The Governor of Maine, Frederick W. Plafie, who looks like Foxe of Massachusetts, was applauded by New England Democrats as he took his seat.

One Johnson, the live wire of the Texas delegation, an orator who can fairly lift the roof when he gets a good hitch in his gait, divided interest with Alfalfa Bill Murray and the fire eaters of the Oklahoma delegation.

The same lack of cheering marked the assembling of the convention to-day that marked the preliminaries yesterday.

They were not to waste energy in foolish hurraing. When the crowd strayed in shortly before noon most of the men took their seats and were making private brooms with nickel palm leaf fans.

They were the unimpressible gossamer of the convention, the high cost of living had aggravated them.

There will be no escape from the added burden, due to the high cost of living, of the Democratic ticket here, but make your husband do likewise.

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to hear some of the most distinguished gentlemen in the United States of America. (Loud cheers.) That was as good a way of putting it as any other perhaps, because time had to be killed some way while the real working committee were grinding out the real business for the convention. It kept the delegates satisfied, met their demands for action and turned nothing, not even the Democratic party.

First to show a statesmanlike countenance in the face of the temporary chairman was the ex-Governor of Missouri, Joseph W. Folk. Folk is a sportsman, a staunch friend of the people, and some would give to stoutness. But he can work up a lot of hoariness when he gets going strong. The crowd complimented Folk with yells and handclaps. He told them that the nominee of this convention would be the next President. Of course the party had been licked in 1908, but he opined that if Col. Roosevelt had the same opinion that he has now of Mr. Taft Bryan would have walked in. Folk was all for progressiveness and hot reform.

He put the soft pedal on the talk that flows from the Oklahoma and Texas delegation that Wall Street is merely the vestible to back the Democratic party is not opposed to wealth, said Folk with emphatic gesture, and a delegate from Montana shouted: "All we want is a chance to horn in ourselves!"

Judge Parker Gets Previews. The bustle and rumble grow louder and Judge Parker got a bit peevish. He rose to his full height, which is considerable, and told the delegates that no gentleman would ramble around the aisles and talk to his neighbors while distinguished speakers were talking.

Local pride was recognized when Senator Isidor Rayner of Maryland was called to the platform and invited to speak. There was a good deal of sober interest in Senator Rayner's remarks, because he is an influential member of the platform committee and what he said out loud was expected to cover a number of more important planks that will go into the platform.

The Senator thinks that we will have three political parties in action this year, a Taft party, a T. R. party and a good old fashioned revived Democratic party, whose motto shall be "Thou shalt progress."

The Senator touched on the tariff and said that a tariff for revenue must be a big issue for the campaign. He added: "We shall be called on to shape and guide the destinies of the republic," and a man from the New Jersey crowd piped up in a thin, falsetto voice: "Woodrow Wilson can do it."

The Senator advocated the election of United States Senators by direct vote, and full primaries.

The supply of speakers seemed to be running out. Judge Parker looked over the crowd and asked the delegates to "think it over and send up somebody" to take the place of the speaker who had just finished. There were ironical calls for Murphy, but the Tammany boss merely loosened the corners of his tight little mouth with the hint of a smile.

Henry D. Clayton of Alabama, who was permanent chairman of the convention of 1908, finally rose to the call and turned loose a speech which was very pleasing until the delegates got so noisy that nobody could tell what Mr. Clayton really had in his mind.

Clayton Gets Into Trouble. He did say that he wanted to see the women vote, because he believed that every good woman would not only vote the Democratic ticket herself but make her husband do likewise.

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them from New York, Indiana, Illinois and Massachusetts. High up in its coop the band played "Maryland, My Maryland." "Old Folks at Home" and other tunes that play upon sentiment and emotion. But they missed fire with the real business for the convention. It kept the delegates satisfied, met their demands for action and turned nothing, not even the Democratic party.

As a matter of habit these delegates get up from their seats and enter upon the Wilson mania, but they were not to be so easily lulled. They were not to be so easily lulled. They were not to be so easily lulled.

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"HOUN" DAWG SUNDAY RIVALS WILSON SONGS

Only Lady Chauffeur of Soda Fountain in Baltimore Invents a Drink.

NOT LIKE HOT DOG SUNDAY. Hon. Fats Lewman, Naughty-Seven, Picks Jersey Ditty Out of His Own Head.

Baltimore, June 26.—Two matters of moment that will affect vitally the future of the rival candidates are the arrival in town to-day of the Hon. Fats Lewman, Princeton, naughty-seven, with a new batch of Wilson songs which Hon. Fats picked right out of his own head, and the simultaneous announcement on the highest authority that Miss Gazelle Hooper, who operates a Lexington street soda fountain and is the only lady chauffeur of a soda fountain in town, has just invented a "houn" dawg sundae, to further the candidacy of Champ Clark.

Miss Hooper especially asked the New York political reporters who rushed out to verify the story of the invention to tell the home folks that the "houn" dawg sundae had nothing in common with a "hot dawg" Sunday at Coney Island. [Applause and hearty laughter.] When the crowd that had been soaking

the best grace possible. Nobody knows what the "houn" dawg sundae is about. Don't know, probably the greatest high barytone in all of Munhall, a suburb of Pittsburgh, came out flatfooted to night to a school for Bryan as a Presidential candidate. Mr. Mung has been boasting for some days that he can swing every honor and brass in the Bryan Club of Pittsburgh for the Commemorative and to night he managed to get it.

After getting his followers into a close harmony chorus, he gave forth with the assistance this ultimatum written entirely by himself: "Champ Clark you're a dandy. The people have been doing about it. As Speaker you're the candidate. And now just what to do. You'd make a daisy President. On that we'll agree."

And even with that hour song, waiting as a contingency of going to all I have except my vote, for Really don't you see?

CHORUS: I'd kinda like to vote for Bryan. Now, honest, wouldn't you? I'd kinda like to vote for Bryan. For this time he'll pull through. I'd kinda like to vote for Bryan—William Jennings Bryan. I'd kinda like to vote for Bryan. And that's just what I'll do.

Besides this Baltimore was excessively warm to-day and there are many complaints to about the annoying swarms of flies that are beginning to cause cussing among the visitors.

During the forenoon and early afternoon the visitors had a choice of the "Houn" Dawg," the Princeton or the Pittsburgh songs all over the hotels, or of waiting flies, or finally of going to the convention hall and listening to the orators. A great many of the choosers selected the oratory.

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Important sale today Bags, Suit Cases, and Steamer Trunks

that have said Good-bye to former prices!

Whatever you need for travel, you can get it at Saks—and that goes whether you are bound for Jersey, Jerusalem or Japan.

But these special values today are more particularly for those who are bent on a week-end or about to start on a two or three weeks' vacation.

There are really some remarkable values here, and if you but follow hard upon the heels of this announcement, you will get a bargain worth while.

Genuine Black Walrus Bags regularly 18.00 special at 8.95

Made of genuine walrus, and made of selected skins, too. On an English frame, with brass inside lock and shackle catches. Large hand-sewn corners. Leather lined, with three inside pockets. Single or double handles. Sizes 16, 17, 18 and 20 inches. Refined to look at, but a roughneck for wear.

Black Enameled Week-end Cases regularly 10.00 special at 5.95

Black enameled leather suit cases or week-end cases, extra deep, with inside tray. Protected at corners and strapped all around. Looks ready for contingencies. Will wear indefinitely, or thereabout. Sizes 24 to 32 inches. A wonder.

Invisible Cane Bellows Cases regularly 8.50 special at 5.95

Made of the finest cane and bound with sole leather where necessary to insure wear. Has two straps around it. Linen lined, and has a cute inside pocket. Extra light in weight.

Fibre Steamer Trunks regularly 15.00 special at 10.00

A gentleman in looks, but an ox for strength. Made of three-ply basswood between layers of fibre that are diabolically tough. Solid hardware, best of trimmings and spring lock. Linen lined, with divided tray. Just the trunk for a short trip, though it can go the limit if necessary. 34 and 36 inches.

50 Odd Traveling Bags regularly 5.50 to 6.50 special at 4.50

Many sizes and styles, but all tarred with the same brush so far as quality goes. Made of stout leather and leather lined. In russet, black and brown. Bargains if ever there was one.

Saks & Company Broadway at 34th Street



CHAMP CLARK'S HOUND DOGS

in large groups of convention hall oratory, until the audience decided that too much was sufficient, had made a break for the hotels. Hon. Fats Lewman was right on hand to greet the shirt-sleeved through and lead his snare dancing Princeton songsters leaping into it through the lobby.

The chief chorists assisting the Hon. Fats were world famous leaders of the people, such as the Hon. Skinny Orriek, Princeton, '12; the Hon. Neckkin Mather of the same class; Billy Baxter of Yale, '12; the Hon. Rod Paine of Princeton, '12; and the young leader who gave his name as the Hon. Thirsty Paine, who broke from his shell with a terrible yell in the class just graduated from Princeton this year.

The Hon. Fats Lewman admits readily that he tried and tried to write his "Whoop it up for New Jersey" song right here in this soul disturbing convention city last week, but that he soon realized that only in the classic quietude of Princeton could the thing be done. He says he went back to Princeton on Saturday therefore and by Monday night had finished the effort.

The song, which not only is the last word in rhyme and time but also is twenty, with forty thought in every line, here is given to The Sun readers in its entirety. Oh, well, whoop it up for New Jersey. Well, whoop it up for New Jersey. A Jolly set of men.

Oh, well, whoop it up for New Jersey. Well, whoop it up for New Jersey. With our Wilson we will win. With a Wilson, rah, rah, rah!

CHORUS: Rah, rah, rah, rah, sis, boom, ah! With our Wilson we will win. Rah, rah, rah, rah, sis, boom, ah! With a Wilson, rah, rah, rah!

The only discordant note when the song is rendered every few minutes in the hotels comes from the Hon. Judge Jones, Princeton, who insists upon shouting "Shall win" while the others are singing.

The Hon. Fats Hooper, Princeton, '12, issued a statement late to-night, however, from the Hotel Emerson, that strong pressure was being brought upon both Hon. Jones and the song writer to submit the "shall" or "will" dispute to some authority, preferably a Harvard man, for arbitration, instead of taking the fight to the floor of the convention.

Even more serious from the standpoint of the world politics was the bombshell statement made right on the eve of the Presidential nominations by enemies of the Hon. J. Ham Lewis of Chicago, that he had a double here. The charge that the Chicago statesman's pink whiskers and teeth were not unique merely aroused hearty laughter among Mr. Lewis' thousands of admirers, who they heard the story. They looked upon the statement merely as a silly attempt to detract from the fame of a great and good man and so the thousands just shook their heads—when they didn't laugh.

But the shoe was on the other foot when the dissimulators of the story were prodded on to the point of making good. They led scoundrels into the lobby of the Hotel Caswell and pointed out a splendid figure of a man standing near the desk. It was at the same hotel earlier in the week that Baltimore learned there are two William J. Bryans registered in town, one from Abilene, Texas and the other from Chicago. But there could be another union of whiskers and rakes, for identical with Hon. Lewis seemed indistinguishable.

Sure enough, there stood the double in the Caswell. His name is Peter Lewis and he hails from Minnesota. The Lewis man had to admit defeat and retire with

book on this field of horses, and a delegate screamed "Oh, you Woodrow Zowie!" They were off again. Papa Martin's rage was terrific. To him the delegates, were a mass of bad little boys, snidled little boys, who needed a licking. The second fit of noise was over in a minute or two. Then Mr. Reilly of Massachusetts, who had left his Christian name down on the floor, went after the applause. Mr. Reilly was big and broad and wordy. It was apparent that he had found his opportunity, but the turmoil rose again and what Mr. Reilly had intended to say was drowned in the confusion.

At this point the Champ Clark people tried to stir things up, but they couldn't turn the trick. Reilly was much surprised, because it was a matter of common knowledge that many of the Clark delegates were so sore over Clark's description of the Fearless Leader that they had to get their "Houn Dawg" badges and had thrown them away. So the Clark demonstration was a pretty sad affair.

Senator Gore of Oklahoma was led to the platform. He was sincerely applauded. Gore was the only speaker who managed to hold the attention of the crowd from first to last. He told them that the Republican party was a goner, that it was half alive and half dead and that only Democratic suicide could save it.

Roosevelt, he told them, tried to give it the breath of life, to wake up the petrified body, but that the mummy would not stir. He asked everybody to support loyally whatever candidate was named, and the cheers that greeted this appeal loudest the leaders, who have worked hardest for a united party.

The last speakers were of John Temple Graves, who talked in a little next voice; Mayor J. Harry Preston, an aspirant for the Vice-Presidential nomination, and ex-Gov. James E. Campbell of Ohio. Then the convention adjourned until evening.

LISTEN TO MR. CLAYTON, SUH. Alabama Congressman Gently Chides the Elevator Boys.

Baltimore, June 26. Shortly after the gallant Congressman Clayton of Alabama, suh, had mounted the convention rostrum and had told the connected section of the convention this afternoon how beautiful are the fair sex, he returned to his hotel just in time to get into an elevator from which the elevator boy was shouting "Only room for one one."

George-man Clayton escorted his wife to the door of the lift and passed her in. Then he tried to enter the car after her. "No more room, sir," insisted the boy. "Come, boy, come," said the Congressman gently. "You just stop your trifling, and let me get into the lift."

"You all ain't married," remarked the Congressman to the boy. "No? There, I'll know you all wasn't. Now, if you ain't got married, boy, you all won't want to be separated from your wife either. Now you all cease trifling and state this cab," which was done.

SULLIVAN DELEGATES WIN. Credentials Committee Sustains Temporary Roll Calling.

Baltimore, June 26. The committee on Credentials called all afternoon on cases of contested delegates involving in all the seats of about eighty delegates.

Of these the most important were the contests from Illinois, which involve a question of regularity of credentials between the Hearst-Harrison and Roger Sullivan slates. The committee in each case sustained the finding of the National Committee, which is Peter Lewis' agency but contain the Sullivan delegates

TICKET SCALPERS ARE LOSING MONEY

Many Seats in the Convention Hall Vacant for Lack of Buyers.

Baltimore, June 26.—The sale of admission tickets to the convention has caused much criticism. Somehow big blocks of tickets got into the hands of the ticket scalpers, many of whom are here from New York city. Maybe the scalpers got a little money on the opening day of the convention, but yesterday they were shouting that they had tickets in their hands, tickets for which they had paid good money, and were unable to dispose of them. There were many vacant seats in the balconies at this afternoon's session of the convention.

Robert Crain, who is chairman of the local committee on arrangements, made a raid on the ticket scalpers this afternoon. Two were arrested. One was made to surrender twenty delegates' tickets and eighteen general admission tickets. The speculator said his loss would be \$200.

The speculators have been getting \$5 for a single ticket and \$20 for a block covering every session of the convention.

A youth who sells newspapers in Times Square met a New Yorker this morning and told a tale of woe. He had wandered down here and bought tickets for the convention, which he said were not hard to get. He paid \$5 apiece for them. Today he couldn't find purchasers for them at \$2 a piece. Complaint has been made that doorkeeper at the convention hall have been taking up tickets and selling them. Col. John I. Martin, sergeant at arms, said he had not appointed the doorkeeper and it was the first time in twenty years he had not done so. Charley White, chief doorkeeper, said that he took his orders from Norman E. Mack, Roger Sullivan and Thomas Taggart and he was not taking orders from Sergeant at Arms Martin.

The speculators have been very bold in selling tickets. Some of them put up signs saying that they had them for sale. A man walked up to a group of reporters in one of the hotels last night, not knowing that he was adding newspaper men who had been established with tickets. "Want to buy tickets, boys?" he asked. "How much do I want for them?" Oh, \$10 apiece.

About ten badges and a few admission tickets went astray between the factory and the convention hall.

URGENT BRYAN FOR PRESIDENT. Nebraska Wire Him Asking Him Not to Refuse Nomination.

Lincoln, Neb., June 26. Nebraska supporters of William J. Bryan to the number of 150 to-day sent him a telegram in which they urged him not to refuse the Presidential nomination at Baltimore in the event it is offered him. The telegram says in part:

It is important that the Baltimore convention nominate a candidate upon whom all progressives can unite. Knowing the high confidence and esteem in which you are held by the great body of the common people of the country, we, the undersigned citizens of Nebraska, take this means of urging that you do not discourage or refuse to accept the nomination at the hands of the Democrats at the convention.

"WIFE BEATERS" ARRESTED. Slapstick Dealer and Pickler Barred by Baltimore Police.

Baltimore, June 26. As the result of roadblock in the streets at night, the law have shut down on the use of picklers and the "wife beater," a particular device about eighteen inches long, something like a slapstick. Men have been using it on girls and women. Several arrests have been made.

SECOND PLACE "UNIMPORTANT."

Dashing Harry of Baltimore Nodded About His Candidacy.

Baltimore, June 26.—Mayor Dashing Harry Preston of Baltimore, who has ambitions in the direction of the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, evidently has no illusions about the importance of the actual nominating speech for second place. Mayor Dashing Harry has a flag draped headquarters across the street from convention hall and a visit there to-day during a lull in things resulted in the discovery that just at that particular time a lone old man had the entire house to himself.

When, later on, Mayor Dashing Harry himself was found by a reporter, he was asked who had been selected to place his name before the convention.

"I do not know just who will place my name before the convention. I don't think any one has been selected yet for the nominating speech, as I have said is just a brief unimportant matter that requires only a few minutes."

It is understood, however, that Alonzo L. Miles will be chosen to make the speech as important as possible.

NO FINE BIRDS AT BALTIMORE. Democrats Go in Their