Fanny Davenport.

A Cub Reporter's Note Book

Continued from Preceding Page.

The city editor launched some conversation into a rubber speaking tube. The cub's pencil flew tirelessly across the long yellow sheets. And the next morning, for the first time in his life, the novice gloated rapturously over the product of "his favorite author," spread headed, well leaded, displayed first column, front page.

No later triumph, methinks, was ever quite so sweet. This one meant that the novice had passed his novitiate. The squire had won his spurs.

Not quite a year later came a first professional meeting with James G. Blaine. He was nearing the end of his 1884 campaign for the Presidency. Philadelphia's tribute to the Plumed Knight on September 23, 1884, was worthy of that Gibraltar of Republicanism. Senator Blaine and his campaign managers at that time were supremely confident of the result. The unhappy Burchard, I think, had not yet tossed into the arena of destiny his fateful bomb, fraught with its alliterative shrapnel: "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

There was a great afternoon reception for the nominee by the Union League Club, of which George H. Boker then was president. It was there, with Mr. Boker and Charles Emory Smith (later Minister to Russia and Postmaster General) as my sponsors, I first grasped the hand of the Maine statesman. Our chat was commonplace enough—the usual campaign platitudes. But this was the theme of one of the writer's first political dispatches to THE NEW YORK HERALD, the accredited Philadelphia correspondent of which he had become in May, 1884.

Through all the lurid hours of that hectic night 30,000 hysterically jubilant Republicans, marching sixteen abreast, tramped past the reviewing stand in front of the Union League. Gen. John F. Hartranft, afterward Governor, led the column.

"This is the greatest political demonstration I have ever seen," declared Stephen Elkins. I stood close behind the Plumed Knight as he nodded smiling assent.

For an hour the nominee stood bowing as the endless ranks of torches swept past, their bearers pausing only to cheer their idol. Then Mr. Blaine began to feel the stress of a day of ceaseless ovation and handshaking. Moreover, he was due to leave for New York at 10 P. M. The Union League officers rose to the emergency. One of their number, a courtly Philadelphia physician, bore a startling physical resemblance to James G. Blaine. The tired candidate was smuggled inside the clubhouse and, after a hasty supper, out to a carriage at a side exit.

A moment after Mr. Blaine's exit from the reviewing stand the white whiskered physician, dignified, smiling, frock coated, top hatted, the perfect replica of his famous double, was reviewing the marching multitude. He still was bowing to the homage of its cheers when Mr. Blaine, a hundred miles away, was comfortably resting in the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

Save only the few who were behind the scenes, nobody was the wiser. THE NEW YORK HERALD, on September 24, carried my two column account of the Quaker City's tumultuous welcome. At the committee's request those in the secret held inviolate the story of the little subterfuge. So far

Continued on Page Twenty-nine.

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