MEMBERS OF HOUSE ARRESTED

Hauled Before the Bar to Make up a Quorum

Minority Leader Williams' Tactics Responsible for the Order by Speaker Cannon—Occurrences in the Past When Representatives Have Been Put Under Arrest.

Considerable irritation was exhibited by some of the Representatives who, through Minority Leader Williams' filibuster in the Statehood matter, were arrested by the assistant sergeants-at-arms and presented at the bar of the House.

The resentful ones complained querulously of their arrest to the Speaker. Uncle Joe's eyes, however, did not become bedewed with sympathy over their lamentations. He is old-fashioned enough to be willing to do some work for his pay, perquisites, and prerogatives. He didn't advise the complaining ones to tell their troubles to the captain of the Capitol watch, but he brought his gavel down right in the middle of the sad stories of several..

"These fellows haven't been here long enough to remember Buck Kilgore," was Mr. Cannon's private comment on the complaints of some of these brought before the bar of the House. "Buck not only didn't want to stay off the floor, but he kicked his way in."

He referred to the occassion, ten or a dozen years ago when Buck Kilgore the Texas Representative, kicked to finders the main door leading to the House floor. At that time Speaker Reed had in operation his simple but great scheme of just lockin' 'em in to maintain a quorum.

Whenever a sufficient number of Representatives to constitute a quorum filtered in, Czar Tom, with a nod, directed the doorkeepers to close and lock the doors, and the entreaties and prayers of members who wanted to get off the floor for any purpose whatsoever were alike unavailing. Mr. Reed needed them there for voting purposes, and there they stayed. The main door to the floor was thus locked and bolted one afternoon when the brawny Kilgore, who'd been delayed in arriving at the House, swung along.

Buck pushed at the door and found it unyielding.

"Hey, wat's come off here?" Kilgore demanded of the doorkeeper on duty. "Why can't I get in? House adjourned?"

"Speaker's got a quorum," replied the doorkeeper.

"Well, lemme in and I'll add to it," said Buck to the doorkeeper.

"Cai't open anydoor, sir—Speaker's orders," said the doorkeeper.

"That so?" said Kilgore, and he promptly kicked the swinging leather-covered wooden doors to kindling wood, entering the House like a roaring, ramping lion.

Most speakers would have sought the punishment of a Representative for pulling off a trick like that. That, however, was the last thing the big-minded Reed thought of. The audacity of Kilgore's act appealed to Reed's imagination, and it was all right for the Texan.

THE CASE OF CY SULLOWAY.

The most picturesque of the recent arrests was that in which one of the House pages brought Cy Sulloway to the bar of the House.

When a call for a quorum was made the chief page delegated one of the tiniest of his youngsters to go forth and bring Mr. Sulloway. Cy Sulloway is the most remarkable piece of vertical workmanship in the House of Representatives. Nobody knows just how high Cy is, but his elongatedness can't be much inferior to that of the late Chang, the Chinese Giant.

The mite of a page, a boy something over three feet in stature, prowled around the committee rooms for quite a bit before he came upon the languid Cy, who, with an amiable breeze blowing upon him from the open windows looking on the terrace, was cocked back in a chair, with his legs wrapped around each other two or three times and the feet resting on a table reading a newspaper.

"Mr. Sulloway," the three-foot page solemnly squeaked, "you're under arrest and I am to conduct you to the bar of the House."

The monolithic Sulloway unraveled his legs, grinned, stretched his arms, and rose to his vast height.

"Lead the way, mister," said he to the boy, and the page led him to the main door of the House.

Entering the door, the boy, with a fine sense of the dramatic, grabbed hold of the up and down giant's hand to emphasize the fact that he had captured his man. Thus the three-foot kid led the towering Cy down the main ailse, amid the laughter of the House.

Arrived at the clerk's desk the high Cy suddenly reached down and taking the boy in his arms, lifted him up and deposited him squarely on the Speaker's desk, saying to the amused Cannon, "I give you my captor," and the rest was complete.

YANKED AWAY FROM BALL GAME

The most irritating incident of the arresting business was when some twenty-two members of the Lower House were incontinently yanked away from the Washington baseball grounds right at the critical point in the game.

It was a very beautful day, and the game was a fine one. The Representatives, all of them most resolute fans, were scandalously interested in the contest, and several of them were rooting right out loud. They hadn't attended the game in a body, but were scattered all over the grand stand in the boxes.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth were up above in the President's baseball box—they attended most of the games while the Washington club was playing at home, Mrs Longworth was keeping score, and keeping it in genuine baseball reporter's style—a couple of her baseball score cards were sold for a tidy figure at a recent festival here.

The Washington club hal the St. Louis outfit as opponents. The score was 3 to 0 in favor of the Nationals at the end of the sixth inning. When the seventh inning began the St. Louis bunch immediately filled the sacks and Stone, the slugger, was next man up for St. Louis team. It was a fine looking situation and, with all the rest, the Representatives leaned forward eagerly to see how the thing was going to work out. Then there was a sudden chugging of automobiles pulling up in the space back of the grand stand, and the assistant sergeant-at-arms suddenly appeared in the stand and picked out their men with unerring accuracy.

"Well, let us see this inning out," pleaded the Representatives.

"Nope, that couldn't be done," said the assistant sergeant-at-arms. Call was imperative. The "arrested" members must get into the throbbing automobiles and be conveyed to the House instantly.

The irritated phrase, "dog gone the luck!" broke out all over the stand where the captured Representatives were, but it didn't help a bit. They were corralled, and that's all there was to it. They got up and filed out. The grand stand crowd had got on to the situation, and "Back to school for you!" was the pleasantly derisive shout that greeted the Representatives.

DISLIKD BEING DRAGGD 2

arrest and required instantly at the bar of the House this disturbed Representative fumed and stormed around. But he knew that the summons was not to be denied and he started to dress, while the assistant sergeant-at-arms waited for him in the hall outside.

There is every reason to suppose that the Representative was greatly preoccupied witn his wrath while he was dressing in his cool, darkened room, for when he finally yanked open the door and announced to the assistant sergeant-at-arms that he was ready his captor's face expressed the most acute astonishment.

"Come on," said the Representative, strating astride down the hotel hall and not noticing his captor's expression of countenance. "Got a wagon waiting?"

"What's that?" said the Representative, turning around.

"Er—don't you think, sir that you'd make a better appearance on the floor of the House if—er—you had 'em on?"

The Representative took a look at himself in the streaming light of the hall, and then he made two bounds of it to regain his room.

In his haste and in the dimness of his room the Representative had neglected to don so important an item of his apparel as his trousers.

One-time employes of the Capitol tell an incident of what befell an "arrested" member of the House who was one of that body's most famous characters many years ago.

RED- HEADED ROOSTER OF ROCKIES.

This famous character was Belford, of Colorado, the "red-headed rooster of the Rockies." Belford, a big hearty enough decidely illiterate man, was perhaps the most openly and persistently convivial individual who ever occupied a seat in the Hous of Representatives. Almost unbelievable stories of his progress around the board are still current among the fogies down here, and when the red-headed rooster of the Rockies felt in a convivial mood he regarded the Capitol as just as good a place to indulge his mood as any other.

One day while the horses were racing at the old and long-gone Ivy City race track near Washington there was big business in the House, opposition demanding the presence of a quorum. Belford was known to be out at the Ivy City track, for he had been full of a "good thing" upon his arrival at the House that forenoon. Speaker Carlisle sent an assistant sergeant-at-arms out to the Ivy City track in a carriage to nail Belford.

The scout found Belford swaying happily in a box in the stand. It was just before the fifth race, and Belford was hilariously confident, that his good thing was going to come home alone. He had $50 on the cinch at $50 to 1, and was prepared to make the root of his life when the horses struck the stretch.

But the scout told Belford that he'd have to get into the carriage right away. Belford, however, was stubborn. He was going to see that good thing of his win. House or no House. The assistant sergeant-at-arms finally cajoled the red-headed rooster out of his box in the stand, telling him that he could watch the finish of the race from the lawn below, and then hustle into the waiting carriarge. Belford agreed to that, and, as the horses were already lining up, the scout was willing to permit the Colorado member to wait and see the finish of his race.

Belford let out a huge, trumphant yee-ow! and wow-ee! every minute or so during the carriage's rapid progress into the city, and when he reached the Capitol he was flaming with victory and things. After reporting at the bar of the House, he leaped into the House restaurant and yelled:

"Wine! Baskets of it! everybody line up!"

Those days were different from these. Everybody lined up, Representatives, employes, and all, Belford kept them lined up for hours, celebrating the triumph of his good thing. All of the wine was cleaned out and more had to be hurriedly sent for. Belford's expenditure for the wine item on the strength of his win had just totalled up a matter of $850. when an employ- of the House, who had been out at the races, remaining till the finish of the card, strolled in and informed the red-headed rooster of the Rockies that his good thing had been disqualified for interfering on the backstretch and had been placed last.

Most of those who were present on that occassion are now old men, but they say that for utter picturesqueness, force, clutch, inventiveness, and sheer, shriveling originality, they never expect to hear the observations of Belford of Colorado as made upon that occasion duplicated.—Washington Post.

THE MONTH OF MARRIAGES

Half of the acts of life are guided and guarded by folk-lore. Present-day proclaimed skepticism to the contrary notwithstanding, this statement is ready of proof. Which being the fact, it becomes an of-course that so vastly important a matter as love should be of all things richest in its literature of prediction and omens. The "Who?" and the "When?" and the "How?" of courtship and marriage all are foretold.

Such changes, however, are to the outward seeming only. Love alters not with the passing centuries, nor has its lenghty creed lost materially of the ceremonial tenets of an older day. There is that old warning couplet:

Change the name and not the letter.
Change for worse and not for better.

Miss Brown may ignore it to become Mrs. Bevers and Miss White may laugh at it while telling her intimates that she is to be Mrs. Wells; but do not both of them in that very laughing, doubting apology thereby prove this all-but-immortal folk-lore of marriage, even though, as daughters of the newest of the centuries, they decline wholly to be bound by it? To be sure, an elder and unmarried sister no longer feel it incumbent upon her to dance barefoot at the younger maiden's bridal, so to ward off the hideous threat of spinsterhood, nor has that venerable prophecy its one-time weight — about "Thrice a bridesmaid, never a bride"—but, for the rest, hymeneal superstitions are practically as abundant and as revered as ever they were.

CUPID FIXES THE MONTH.

For the days of engaged impatience and blissful planning, the well-observed dictates of Dan Cupid are all but endless. First must be considered the month. To begin with, Lent, you'll barred; for "Married in Lentt, you'li live to repent," and the average girl will decide such a question without hestitation, even at the cost of waiting forty days longer. May, too, is held unlucky. Perhaps this belief goes back to Ovid's time, for the Latin poet laid a ban upon the month as that in which fell the celebrations in honor of the great dead. Perhaps Plutarch laid his wiser finger on the root of the evil, in calling attention to the fact that a May wedding slighted Venus and Juno, whise months were, respectively, April and June. Perhaps the fifth month is really unlucky; for no other reason than that in it Mary Queen of Scots began her own much-married and none-too-fortunate career. The truth, though its origin is obscure, comes down to this, that those four weeks of lavishly beautiful widowed you'll be before your prime: stage settings are yet looked upon askance.

Not one of the months but it has its own prediction. Thus runs the best known of the formulae:

Married in January's hoar and time,
wodowed you'll be before pourt prime;
Married in Febr'ys sleety weather.
life you'll tread in tune together.
Married when March winds shrill
and roar, your home will lie on a foreign shore;
Married 'neath April's changeful
skies, a checkered path before you lies;
Married when bees o'er May-blooms
flit, strangers around your board will sit;
Married in queen-rose month of
June, life will be one long honeymoon;
Married as July's flower-banks blaze
bitter-sweet memories in after days;
Married in August's heat and drowse
lover and friend in your chosen spouse
Married in gold September's glow,
smooth and serene your life will flow;
Married when leaves in October thin,
toil and hardship for you begin;
Married in veils of November, must
fortune your wedding ring has kissed.
Married in days of December cheer,
Love's star shines brighter from year to year.

It may be amusingly evident from this that the seers at Cupid's shrine have tried hard to say nice things of pretty nearly all the units that go to build up the year ("playing safe," would be the term used of their craft by the betting fraternity.)

WORK FOR THE BRIDE-TO-BE.

Every single day of the preparation has its own time-honored instructions for the happy little woman in the case. If she is wise, she will add to her inward rejoicings, as well as satisfy the Fates, by doing herself a good part of the work upon her trousseau. And by all means should she help mix the bridal-cake; she may not spoil it, and she certainly will advance her chances for that joy of life, which (of course!) she deserves.

Everyone knows it is bad luck to put on the entire wedding-outfit before the final dressing for the ceremony itself, and almost every bride knows that the color of her gown for that most momentous of all moments is a matter not to be settled merely by what is becoming. What is written in the hymeneal law and prophets?

Married in gray, you will go far
away;
Married in black, you will wish
yourself back.
Married in brown, you will live out
town;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in pearl, you will live in a
whirl;
Married in green, ashamed to be
seen;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your
fellow;
Married in blue, he will always be
true;
Married in pink, your spirits will
sink;
Married in white, you have chosen
aright.

Then, arises the question of the day of the week, where the jingle is perhaps widest known of all:

Monday for health,
Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for lossees,
Friday for crosses,
Saturday no luck at all.

So comes at last the day—and is is safe predicting that at least the she of the "high-contracting parties" will, first thing of all, fly to the window for a look at the weather; for "Happy the birde the sun shines on."

And when she begins to don those pretty things that represent the busy labors of happy hours, what then? Well, she will put on her right shoe before her left; that points to success in life. She will use no pins; they betoken spite. She will take good care that the Only-man-in-all-the-world doesn't see her till she comes at last to be joined to him for life; for there's a saying about the ill luck of that, too.

Mr. Bridegroom (of whom scant notice is taken by the originators of all this mass of sage advice) here comes in for a single warning: He is not to stand at the junction of a cross-roads or besides a barred gate on this wedding-morn. If he does, look out!

Of the march to the church there is much to say. The fairies of ill omen announce that no funeral must be met on the way, and they fortell dire results if the steeple clock should perchance strike while the ceremony is going on. The fairies of promise declare that the attending maid who catches the bride's boquet thrown among the guests when Miss has become Mrs., will be first married, and that she who gets the ring, deep-buried y)cda.ietiuvlvytfidffIsl;htsogk wwawj, in the great cake, will join for life the man of her heart's own choice before the year is out.

THE BEST MAN OF OLD-TIME

Those same bridesmaids, it is relevant to remark, were in the "once upon a time" regarded as no more and no less than pretty scapegoats, whose very presence should attract the evil eye, and so divert from the bridal pair the ill omens in the air around. The original best man, too, was far from the purely ornamental creature into which he has degenerated today. He seems to have made his debut when weddings were strenuous affairs; when the groom, more likely than not, carried off his chosen one by force or craft, and made his peace with the "old folks" afterward if he could. In those days the best man had to be just that.—Sundap Magazine.

JUST HOW HOLE-Y MAY PEEK-A-BOOBE

When Congress has disposed of the beef scandals it may be called upon to consider the peek-aboo waist.

The Rev. Father George M. A. Schoerner, of Rochester, Pa., who interrupted the sermon at St. Cecelia's Roman Catholic Church last Sunday to order two women in peek-a-boo waists from the building, has created a precedent. He told his parishoners to go home and take off those "bathing suits," adding: "This is a church, not a bathing house."

The attention of purity organizations is thus pointedly directed to a threatening evil, and legislation may presently be demanded to prescribe the number and size of the holes in the "lingerie" waists, which shall admit the breezes and incidentally afford tantalizing views of the shoulders of the wearer.

Since the hue and cry over open work hosiery, which began with the merest pin-pricks and has now come to a finish no thicker than a face veil the matter of our national modesty has had some fearful shocks in woman's wear. Mere man might have worn open-work socks and peek-a-boo shirts till the crack of doom, and no one would have credited him with more than an ingenious desire to keep cool. But the vision of pink plumpness throgh these ride-and-seek arrangements which meet you on all types of the female form divine is "a horse of a different color."

Had Father Schoerner been conversant with present-day fashions he would have realized that, as a matter of fact, he was casting an undeserved aspersion on the bathing suit in comparing it with the peek-a-boo. The bathing dress of today is infinitely more discreet than woman's street garb. Of silk or mohair, it exposes only the throat. It reaches below the knee, the black stockings are without an aperture, and the arms are covered half way quite to the elbow.

Set this demure figure of a girl in cut out embroidery waist and mark the difference.

LARGE CHUNKS CUT OUT.

The linen is cut out in large chunks to accomodate the design and the effect is luminous. A large leaf of warmly tinted flesh is charmingly outlined in eyelet embroidery, or a piece of satin skin looms up as the center of a rose. If it is a conventional pattern, you have flesh formed in squares and angles. More often—and by far the most piquant—it is just holes; holes that have increased in dimensions through the seasons; holes that give you kaleidoscopic and embarrassing visions. You gasp at impending revelations.

At first the excursions into the peek-a-boo were as mild as the first open-work stockings. In the summer of 1909 it was confined to a modest little yoke which outlined a pretty girl's neck and gave such fleeting glimpses of the interior decoration that it was hailed as a positive inspiration. Our descent has been rapid: By 1902 we had adopted graphic openwork border to the yoke which left in a question no flight. The year 1904 found us with Vs that strayed to unaccustomed depths and apologized for themselves with large blue bows on the lingerie beneath. By 1905 we had arrived at "panels," with islands of modesty between, and in the present year of grace we have "all-overs"—an occasional dot on the open-work to save the situation. The sleeves have risen from elbow length half way to the shoulder.

NOW THE OPENWORK CORSET.

But this is not all! Some genius doubtless to keep pace with the times has introduced the open-work corset.

We now only await shredded lingerie before the fashions of the Fiji Islands belle are accurately followed. Law or the brown-tailed moth alone can save us!—New York World.

MR. SIMMONS A BRYAN MAN

Official Head of Old North State Democracy Authorizes Statement of His Belief That Conditions Now Point to the Wisdom of Nominating the Former Candidate—Mr. Simmons Pleased With Committee Appointments.

Senator Simmons, the official head of the democracy in the Old North State by reason of his position as state chairman, is watching with keen interest the rising tide that promises to make William Jennings Bryan the democratic nominee for president in 1908. In fact, Mr. Simmons today declared himself in favor of Bryan and like Col. Watterson, entertains the while the very "liveliest and largest hope." The North Carolina senator looked with favor upon the candidacy of Judge Parker when the campaign came on two years ago, but today he authorized a statement of his belief that conditions now point to the wisdom of nominating the Nebrasban. He says that Bryan and Aycock would be about the right thing, and he believes that Mr. Bryan and North Carolina's former chief executive would make a combination that would appeal powerfully to the country.

A PORTRAYAL OF THE SITUATION

A political writer recently said: "With the democratic national convention two years off, Mr. Bryan, wrapped in contemplation of Old World wonders, has stamped his party more effectively than he did in 1896 and 1900. Democracy now finds a truth in the old song 'Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder.' Democrats of half a dozen states, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio and South Dakota, have formally proclaimed him their choice for the presidency in 1908. Wisconsin, Minnesota and New York and nearly all of the southern states are expected to fall in line in the Bryan procession." This, perhaps, may be regarded as a true portrayal of the situation, only Ohio has not formally declared for Mr. Bryan. The democrats of the Buckeye state may be depended upon to do so, however.

HAVE CONFIDENCE IN BRYAN.

Representative Charles A. Towne, who left the republican party in 1896 to follow the Bryan banner, recently expressed the sentiments of numerous democrats in Washington, when he said: "The spontaneity and sincerity of the demand for Mr. Bryan's nomination in 1908 are only the natural sequences of the political history of the past ten years. The people of the United States want progress with safety and reform with justice. They do not propose, in correcting the evils of monopoly, to run the excesses of either socialism or benevolent despotism. They have implicit confidence in the self-poise, the courage, the sincerity, the honesty and the ability of Mr. Bryan. No man in our political history has ever run the gauntlet of criticism and come out of it with such increased prestige. I look upon his nomination as already practically assured and upon his election as little less certain. Much will depend upon the result of congressional elections this fall. Should they give the democratic party a majority in the house, a task of the utmost difficulty will confront the legislative leaders of that party. They would have the responsibility without the power, and, under circumstances where false steps would be both easy and costly, should the republicans carry the house by a narrow margin, their task would be only less troublesome."

PLEASED WITH COMMITTEE ASSIGNMENT.

Senator Simmons says he is very much pleased with his assignment to membership on the committee on commerce, as it is the committee that deals with the rivers and harbor appropriations. He had, he said, voluntarily given up the position he held on the committee on postoffices and grounds, upon the condition that he was to be succeeded by Senator Overman. He said the present arrangement he regarded as most fortunate for the material interests of the state. The state is now represented by Senator Overman on the committees of public buildings and grounds, elections, military claims and forest reservations, and by himself on postoffices, agriculture, inter-oceanic canals and commerce. Senator Overman is in a position to give attention to the forest reserve bill, while the inland waterway scheme and the other river and harbor works, including the canal on the Cape Fear from Wilmington to Fayetteville, can be looked after by himself as a member of the commerce committee. "We can look after," said Senator Simmons, "by virtue of our position on these committees, postal matters, claims, pensions, the great interests of agriculture, and the south's interest in the canal."

MONUMENT WILL BE BUILT.

Senator Overman brought up in the senate today and secured the passage of the bill appropriating $30,000 for the erection of a monument on King's Mountain battlefield. — Washington Special to Charlotte Observer.

A Wife's Reproach.

Admiral Capps, in an address to a temperance society, told how drink had once caused the downfall of a brave soldier.

In the course of the sad story he said:

"Sometimes, after a debauch, the man would be repentantly humble. He would promise his wife to do better. But, alas, the years taught her the barrenness of all such promises.

"And one night, when he was getting to be an old man—a prematurely old man, thin-limbed, stoop-shouldered, with red-rimmed eyes—he said to his wife sadly:

"'You're a clever woman, Jenny; a courageous, active, good woman. You should have married a better man than I am, dear.'

"She looked at him, and, thinking of what he once had been, she answered in a quiet voice:

"'I did, James."

News from San Francisco is rather scarce, but it is understood the burnt city is struggling to get back on the map.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

OUTLOOK BLUE FOR THE BOSSE

Slum Kings of Pennsylvania Ma be Dethroned.

Citizens are Aroused and are Lining Up Against Leaders of the Gang. Indignation at Penrose—Guffy Not Able to Control the Democratic Party.

The anti-boss tide is rising in Pennsylvania and promises to drown Penrose and Guffey. The outlook for slum politicians and vote hucksters is blue and the gloom deepens as reports come from different sections of the keystone state. The real citizens of the commonwealth are rousin themselves, and when this happens in the game of politics the trickster is usually beaten. The outcry over the bronze doors for the new state capitol is significant of the general public indignation against Pennace, Pennypacker and others. When the doors were received from the foundry it was seen that in the border, composed of the heads of distinguished Pennsylvanians there had been moulded the heads of Penrose, Quay and Pennypacker. The demand is now made that these faces shall be removed from the doors and in the information is given out that the offensive heads will be replaced with bronze rosettes.

Guffey, so-called democratic leader and friend of the republican machine, is in the run. The Philadelphia North American today says:

"Angered in the superlative degree by the revolt of democrats throughout the state against the dictatorship, James M. Guffey, democratic state boss admitted yesterday in Pittsburg that he was 'entirely out of the fight.' Those democrats, including a score of leaders and workers in his own Allegheny county, who have had the temerity to oppose Guffey, were roundly abused by the millonaire oil producer, whose words of condemnation, according to a dispatch from Pittsburg, were too hot for publication.

"Boss" Guffey at first announced that the democratic convention should not indorse Emery, the Lincoln candidate, but that it must nominate a straight-out democratic ticket. That would play into the hands of the Penrose machine by withholding support from the ticket of the Lincoln party. Guffey now says the convention may do as it pleases, but that he is still opposed to Emery on personal grounds.

GUFFEY BACKS DOWN.

The Philadelphia Ledger today says:

"Col. Guffey, the democratic state leader, has taken a positive position that he will not accept ex-Senator Emery as the democratic candidate for governor. The feeling between Guffey and Emery is personal and of many years standing. Guffey has no hestitation in declaring that his opposition to Emery's nomination by the democratic convention's is personal, and he has repeately said so to delegations of Lincoln party men who asked him to be for Emery for governor.

"When Col. Guffey declared for a democrat for governor he did not expect the storm of protest that would arouse in his party because of his opposition to Emery. He and his friends now realize that the storm has grown to such dimensions as tr threaten his leadership. While his followers are confident that he can control the state convention and force the nomination of a democrat for governor, they feel that it would be disasterous to the party. They are, therefore, seeking for a loophole by which the colonel may recede from his position without yielding so far as to consent to Emery's nomonation."

The Philadelphia Inquirer today says:

LINING UP FOR THE ENEMY.

"Most interesting in the developments over the state yesterday in the gubernatorial contest in the democratic party was the desertion of more democrats from Guffey's standard to that of Emery in Allegheny county. William T. Creasy was indorsed for governor by Columbia county; McKean, Emery's home county, instructed its democratic delegate for its fellow citizen; Crawford was for Emery; Lycoming passed a vote of confidence in the Lincolnite; Chester left its delegates free to act as would best help the party. A combination of Bucks, Northampton, Lehigh, Schuylkill and Carbon county delegates was formed for Emery. The convention is two weeks off. The fusion sentiment is growing stronger daily, and the convention may be taken out of Guffey's hands."

A dispatch from Pittsburg last night says

"The revolt against the leadership of Col. James M. Guffey is becoming more marked daily. The insurgent democrats of Allegheny county declare that they have him defeated in the fight for delegates and they will announce their list tomorrow or next day. Today a dozen or more of noted democratic workers declared themselves aligned against the colonel and in favor of a fusion ticket with Lewis Emery ,Jr., at its head. Among those who declared for Emery were G. W. McNeil, Attorney James E. O'Donnell, Joseph B. Howley, former democratic chairman; Frank B. Baloy, Alderman Festus M. King, Attorney Charles B. Payne, William Dillon, John B. Doyle, Frank Thompson, John D. Hughes and Thomas O'Brien. These men represent all sections of the city and county, showing the spread of the revolt. William J. Brennen, the chief lieutenant of the Guffey forces, declares the fight is not being made for Emery so much as it is against Col.. Guffey. The insurgents admit this and say that it is purely a fight for independence and against a one-man-power state convention. They object to being delivered as they claim Col. Guffey intended to deliver them."—Washington Star.