

"WILL THEY NOMINATE BRYAN? WELL, IT'S CUSTOMARY" SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK

BY IRVIN S. COBB

"I HOPE they'll be nominating William J. out to Denver this coming week," said the House Detective of the Hotel St. Beckless.

"Oh, by all means," said the Hotel Clerk.

"It's quite customary. The first time they nominated Bryan it was an accident and the second time it was a coincidence, but now it's precedent. He's a fixed institution in the South, like the boll weevil or the Stetson hat, and a movable feast day all over the country, like Easter Sunday, and a regular visitant from the West like the 12-year locust and a hardy annual at all times like the Nebraska wind flows. He's all these things and a blamed sight more. The year 1904, Larry, will go down into history as the strange year when they didn't nominate Bryan."

"Then the campaign oughter to be on a purty soon," said the House Detective.

"Oh, it's been on off and on for quite some time," stated the Hotel Clerk. "Only you didn't seem to notice it unless you were a close observer. You have to have a keen eye to see what's doing in these days when politics has been reduced to an exact science which is considered like Christian science, because in both instances the instructions come from a central body and the members at large take a good deal on faith. It's only been a comparatively short time since a National convention was something like civil war and something like street rioting and something like the annual outing and games of the late Mad Mullah. But now it's a cross between administering chloroform and a job of plain ironing with a touch of expert perch-blinking thrown in."

"Things were different before the introduction into the game of the time clock, the automatic weighing machine and the patented refrigerating process, not to mention the pre-digested clear, the moth-ball enthusiasm and the seamless can. The Republicans would go to their convention and name their ticket and then start in fighting the other side, and the Democrats would go to their convention assuming that they had only one, which was rarely the case, and they'd nominate their tickets and then start in fighting each other. Senator Tillman, abandoning for the nonce his championing tour, where he had been explaining to the intellectual classes of the North why the colored man makes such a poor fire insurance risk in South Carolina, would return to his home state to see to it that none of the Gold-dust Twins was deprived of the blessed opportunity of putting in a full day's work on election day at a point some distance remote from the polling place. The Hon. Cornelius Blies would take steps to inform those captains of industry who desired to put a check upon the reckless policies of the Democrats that it would be the easiest thing in the world, providing the check was properly certified."

"The evening before the election the Democratic National chairman would give out a conservative statement, conceding that the Republicans had a fighting chance for the White House, and would probably carry New Hampshire, owing to the unfortunate internal dissensions among the Democrats of that

state, the one in the southern end having fallen out with the two in the northern section over the Westminster Confession. And at Republican headquarters young Mr. Cortelyou would issue a careful forecast stating that news of the most cheering character had just been received from Arkansas, where the Republicans of the state were holding a splendid final rally under a corn crib, and there was but little doubt about the result in Mississippi, providing the colored vote was got out, not knowing, poor fellow, that the only time a colored voter of Mississippi got out on an election day is to attend his own funeral in a personal capacity.

"And then at last would come the day when the voters of our country, marching to the polls in serried ranks, and some of them pretty blamed rank at that, would by their sovereign voice settle the question whether the same bunch of postmasters should go on handing out stamps for the ensuing four years or not. Election day, Larry, with its hopes and its fears, and its states its lady, after wearing the latest vogue in mid-autumnal modes, but refusing to vote for Henry J. Briggs, its speaker, because he had one of those untidy moustaches; election day with its tin horns, human and real tin; its campaign clairs smelling much like its campaign torches, but not lighting with the same freedom; its great mental bets on the general result and its small ones for cash; its election districts out of 800 in the mighty Third Assembly District of Brooklyn gave Casey, Tam, for Coroner 23 plurality over Schwartz, Ind. Rep.; and then after that, nothing for a while except a cheering message by the telephone from the party manager at the Iron bridge over Mink Creek stating that his normal majority had been increased eight voices and the opposition leaders in that precinct now conceded the defeat of their entire National ticket; and then along came a M. M. Wilson you'd made so many trips to the corner that you had more conflicting emotions in you than the Psychopathic Ward, they'd be hearing from Indiana and Ohio and Michigan, but by that time you'd lost interest in mere figures; and the next morning you'd wake up with a taste in your mouth like a felt inside and a feeling in your head



MID THE BLUE HAZE OF SMOKE AND RATTLE OF GLASS

like a merry-go-round with some rude stranger snatching at the brass rings every time he passed your ears, and you'd read in the morning paper that practically complete returns from everywhere except East Kentucky and the Panhandle of Texas, where they were still holding 'em back to see if it would do any good, showed that if everybody who'd voted for him had been quiet-lets Alton R. Parker would have lacked

only 600,000 votes of enough. Or was the name Parker?

"But I don't think it'll ever be that way again, Larry—not since they've brought the card index and the cash register into the system and converted the National convention into a realistic imitation of the commencement exercises at a business college. We'll still have politics, but the ticks will not be so audible as they were, if at all. My young friend Blythe was one of those who was out at the Chicago affair. He craves thrills, and so he went to Chicago. He's just got back. He told me the only exciting thing he saw there, except Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth being made to take off her hat by her husband, a Mr. Longworth, from Cincinnati, O., was the scene that

ensued among the colored delegates when they learned that 20-cent cigars were being given away freely without regard to color, by the John Hays Hammond boom. This, Larry, was the same boom which subsequently expired with a muffled exhaust like a sputter shutting down, deeply mourned by the seven little Guggenheims and a few other close friends of the family.

"But that is neither here nor there nor anywhere else for that matter. I was telling you what Blythe said about the convention. He said that at a fitting moment Uncle Julius Caesar Burrows, who is a serious statesman with long lines like a Gibson Girl or a dachshund, arose in his white cravat and his Prince Albert coat and sort of made a gesture with one arm like a semaphore when the

limited is coming through. And then the limited did come through, barely rearing, with its cowcatcher bearing a striking likeness to a certain set of front teeth, and its headlights looking very much like some nose glasses of a pattern that is familiar to all. And that was practically all there was to it except taking the flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked platform out of its box and pressing it in the stomach to make it say 'papa,' and once or twice a low crunching sound, like a waiter stepping on a cockroach, when some leader of the allies got in the way of the official asphalt roller, and at the last Uncle Joe Cannon and Philander Knox and the rest of their bunch sitting on the back row with that wrapt expression on their faces."

"How d'ye spell that there word 'wrapt'?" asked the House Detective.

"In this case you would spell it 'r-a-p-p-e-d,'" said the Hotel Clerk. "And that's the way it was, Larry, and that's pretty much the way it's going to be out at Denver this week. Nobody that's ever tried it, appears to be able to give the Peerless Brand of indestructible candidate any testimonials, but the boys in the trenches are going to use it again just the same. They've got the habit. To start off with they'll give their matchless leader a vocal tribute that's going to exceed the little 45-minute outburst for

Teddy if it takes the back lining out of every lung in the Nebraska delegation. And then they'll do a platform, saying that whereas providence is supposed to see that not even a sparrow falls, yet nothing has been done for the jays in some time—12 years or so by exacts—and whereas it is incumbent upon the masses of the common people to save the fair land which our grandfathers fought for, and the hands of this wealthy friar, and particularly from those predatory pirates with money, who now clutch a prostrate country by the throat, the legs and the pants pockets, and whereas, there is nothing going with the Cross of Gold at this writing; be it therefore resolved, that we point with pride to the subscription list that the Weekly Lincoln Commoner and would point with equal pride to the Government ownership of railroads if circumstances had been different, and we view with alarm the sheath skirt and the tariff and think something ought to be done about them at once, especially the tariff which has been in the hands of this wealthy friar, entirely too long; and we would suggest that the marriage of rich American girls to titled foreigners is repugnant to the spirit of our institutions and ought to be taken up by the committee on foreign relations without delay; and also the Supreme Court and likewise the civil service; and anyhow the other crowd had had all the decent jobs mailed down for a sufficiently extended period of time. "After which, Larry, they'll name William Jennings by acclamation and nominate some comparative, yet trusting stranger for Vice-President, unless Adlai Stevenson should oblige as he has done from time to time in similar emergencies, and then bolt and go home and maybe bolt a few times after reaching home and then the campaign will be truly on."

"But I don't think they'll cut up and carry on as they did in those balmy days. When a convention has all the ear marks of a death-bed scene it's very hard to keep the campaign from seeming like the trip to the cemetery. And so far everything's been done in an orderly manner, and nothing whatever has been allowed to happen that would bring the blush to the cheek of the most fastidious, even Henry Cabot Lodge."

"How d'ye dope it out this early in the game?" asked the House Detective.

"Well," said the Hotel Clerk, speaking as one who's studied the literary aspect of the proposition, "I can only say to you, Larry, that Teddy wrote a book once called 'The Winning of the West'—and he did—and his fellow author William J. wrote one called 'The First Battle,'—and it was—with massacre features."

"But is Bryan going to lose?" persisted the House Detective.

"His can't lose," said the Hotel Clerk. "A man that's been beaten three times for President can certainly get better terms for his lecture dates than a man that's only been beaten twice."

Conversation with an Old Sport

IN WHICH HE SHOWS THE ADVANTAGE HELD BY THE KID WHO LOOKS HIS JOB

WHAT kid of mine has received an offer from some hayseed league some place or other, and now he's got the baseball fever for fair. I can't drive it into his knot that he oughtn't to quit his job in the bank right away and start around the circuit batting bunches of fame and reputation into the family. The Old Sport's friend looked at him inquiringly for a moment and then continued: "Now you've been through the mill, and I'd like you to get hold of his ear and whisper a few words of advice into it and see what you can do with him. I've tried to show him that he's got good prospects in the banking business and that he's taking a long chance to quit a sure thing to grab hold of a shadow, but I can't drive it into his knot that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"Well, John," replied the Old Sport, "you may be right in your deductions, and your kid may do a blamed sight better in the end to stick to the money stabling. I've seen the kid playing ball, and I want to tell you that he's a pretty nifty article around these parts, but at that he may be a flash in the pan when he stacks up against the real thing. I'll admit that he's taking a long chance, but I wouldn't give a tinker's damn for the kid who hasn't got enough of the gambler in his system to draw down to his hand. Take it from me, John, the guy who hasn't got enough nerve to split a little pair to take a chance on filling a flush is going to plug along through the game of life holding a hand that is just good enough to make him stay in the pot and lose out."

"I know it's the general practice for a lot of old fossils who imagine that they've been preserved by the Almighty for the purpose of perpetuating the wisdom of the past ages, to try to nail a kid to the home gate post by shoving it into him that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but you can take it from me that the truth of this saying all depends upon the point of view; if I was the bird I'd a blamed sight rather be the two in the bush. And anyways, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush only to a bum hunter. If a kid is there with the goods he'll do a blamed sight better to grab a gun and kick around through the underbrush for the other two."

"No, John, take it from me, that bird in the hand does a losing tip. It is the motto of the guy who never finds his limitations, and who, therefore, never gives the world his best efforts. And right alongside of this old bunk at the stagnation point on the road to success, you'll find its companion piece, 'Let well enough alone.' The stagnation point on the road to success is splattered with sign boards containing these two old mottoes, and lying around in the gutter you'll see a lot of merit and ability that the world is getting no use of."

"The kid who lets well enough alone may always make a living, John, but you can take my tip that he'll never get to the point where the world gives a brass-mounted continental whether he's making a living or not, and he'll not leave any hole that can be plugged

with a better man when he butts in on the angels."

"That's all right, Dad," interjected John. "But you know the old story about the greedy dog that dropped the substance to grab for the shadow? All I want is for the kid to be sure he's right before going ahead, and I don't want him to throw away his meal ticket to chase a mirage."

"Well, that dope of Dad Crockett's may have been all right back in the age of coonskin philosophy," replied

whether his job is winning pennants in the baseball world or fortunes in the financial world. The only guy who can't afford to look his job is the gold-brick artist and come-on specialist.

"Now, take your money staber in a coin repository. A guy might have Pierpont Morgan and Rothschild chased clear under the table at the financial game, but do you think they'd ever stick him at the cashier's desk or in the president's joint if people were apt to take him for the janitor when

had the chance, but if he looks like a mill man with his Sunday clothes on he'll get a diamond in the rough, but when he asks the editor for a job, and then they'll keep him there. And the guy who looks like a cab driver stands just as much chance in a clothing store as a sky terrier does in a sausage factory.

"It's all right for a lot of wise guys to hand out this dope about a man being a diamond in the rough, but take it from me, the world would a blamed sight rather have their diamonds polished. And I'm not so blamed sure but they'd rather have a paste diamond with the glitter in it than a real gem that was shy of show. When there's an opening in any business, I don't give a brass mounted continental what it is, you just watch the boss look over the line of applicants and pick out a kid that looks the job for the place. He may get the worst bum in the bunch, too, but if the kid is there with the looks he'll start in with a prestige that will be mighty hard to shake, while the kid who doesn't look the job would have to show the goods right at the get-away or beat it."

"Now, you may not be next to it, but it's the same way in baseball. I'll gamble that there isn't one manager or scout in twenty, when he's kicking around among the bush leagues to scare up future greets, who doesn't take a player's look first and his real performance last. When there's a big league scout perched up in the stand, if there's a kid in the game who looks his job and pulls off a fair representation of the National pastime he'll get a trial, but the kid who doesn't wear the label may put up a star game and the scout will think it's an accidental performance. I'm not saying that the kid who doesn't look the job will never get a show, but you can take it from me that he will have to show a thundering lot more of the real velvet before it becomes generally wisened around that he's a real ball-player and not an accident."

"Every Spring you see instances of a bunch of kids being drafted from the minors and then being turned back into the bushes without even getting a trial from the big league managers, and the public wonders why they were drafted if they aren't at least worth a trial. Do you know the answer, John? It's because they don't look their job. These kids are drafted on the strength of their real performance as shown by the printed reports without the manager ever having piped off their looks, and when they report and the manager trims his lamps on them in action and sees that they don't look their job, it's back to the wheat belt for them without even a trial."

"The kid who wears a wad of tobacco in his mug and get-down-in-the-dirt style has the manager and the public with him from the start, and they'll excuse his first slip-ups and say 'Just wait till he strikes his gait, and he'll have to fall down mighty hard before they pass him up. It's the way of the world, John, and the guy who cops success in this old dump of a world is the wise guy who takes ad-

vantage of the world's fads and fancies. If you want your kid to succeed stick him where he'll have the advantage of complete harmony with his surroundings, and take it from me, if there's anything in him he'll get onto

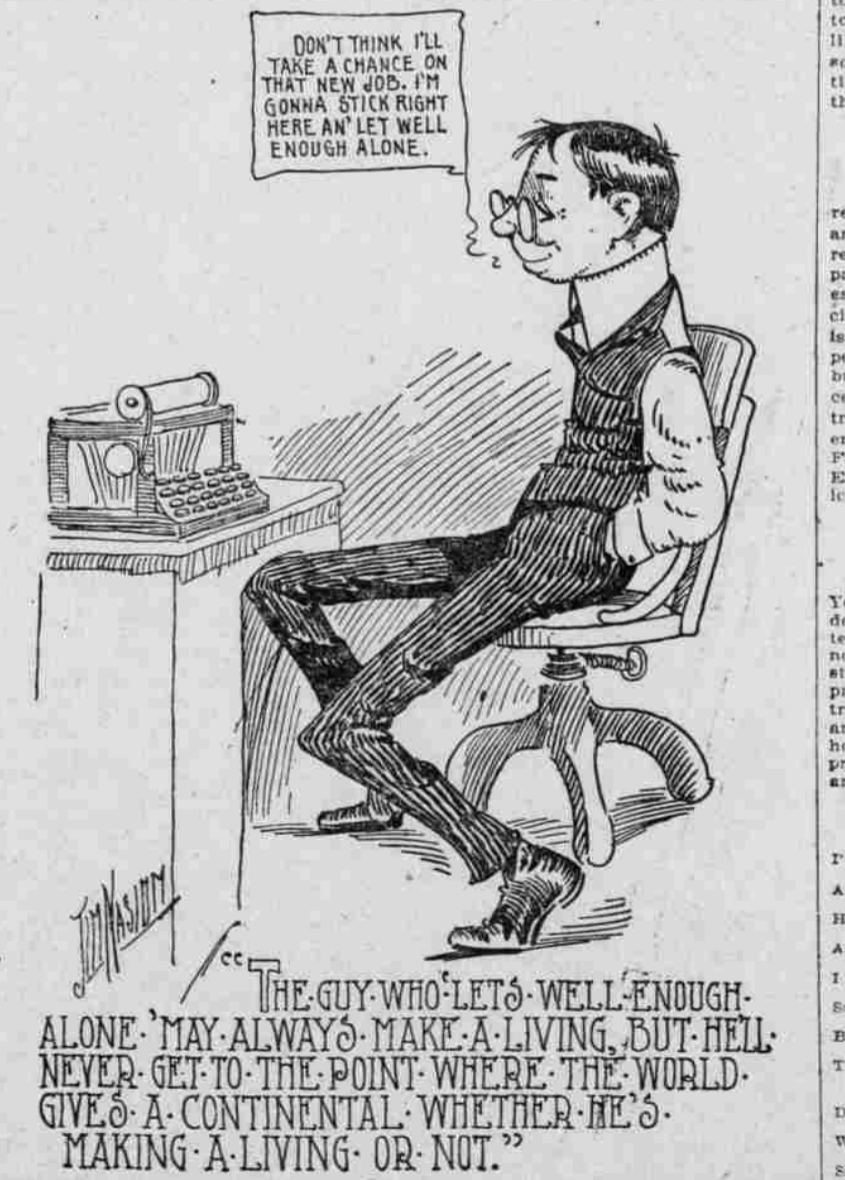
"Not exactly," replied the Old Sport, "but at that, when it comes right down to cases a successful blacksmith is a blamed sight more desirable citizen and excites my admiration and respect a blamed sight more than an unsuccessful blacksmith."

never be noticed; when the world is looking for apples they go to the orchard.

"So to get back to your own case again, John, I don't think I'd better talk to your kid, as I am mighty apt to say the things you don't want him to hear. I'm one of the world, and, like the rest of the world, when I'm sorting out the goods I never take time to open the packages, but stack them up according to the labels."



THE KID WHO DOESN'T LOOK HIS JOB HAS TO PLUG ALONG THROUGH THIS WORLD UNDER AN AWFUL HANDICAP.



DON'T THINK I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON THAT NEW JOB. I'VE GONNA STICK RIGHT HERE AN' LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

THE GUY WHO LETS WELL ENOUGH ALONE MAY ALWAYS MAKE A LIVING, BUT HE'LL NEVER GET TO THE POINT WHERE THE WORLD GIVES A CONTINENTAL WHETHER HE'S MAKING A LIVING OR NOT.

his job before the world discovers that he's hanging up a blum.

"Now, don't think that I've got it into my knot that it's impossible for the kid who doesn't look his job to succeed, but what I want to shove into you is the fact that he's got an awful handicap to overcome before he catches up with the field. To sum up, the kid who doesn't look his job is accepted as a failure until he has proved that he is a success, while the kid who looks his job is accepted as a success until he has proved that he is a failure."

"According to your dope, then," spoke up John, "if a kid looks like a blacksmith he ought to be planted behind the anvil with a hammer in his mitt and kept there."

successful banker. But the advice I would send out is that if you have any aspirations for your kid you'd better fix up the label he wears and get him into looking the job before he tackles the job, and then you'll save him a thundering lot of bad moments and get him off to a better start. You know 'as the twig is bent the tree is inclined,' and from the way some trees are inclined the twigs must have been trained up to an auger bit. So if you want your kid to attain his full growth plant him in the right soil and start him straight, and you can take it from me that he'll not require so blamed much cultivation and pruning when he grows up. But if he looks like an apple tree don't plant him in a spycamore grove or he'll

of Post-Mortem Pranks.

Louis E. Thayer, in the New York Sun, I've noticed a fellow die, no matter what he's been—

A saintly chap or one whose life was darkly steeped in sin—

His friends forget the bitter words they spoke by his side—

And now they find a multitude of pretty things to say.

I fancy when I to rest some one will bring to light

Some kindly word or goodly act long buried out of sight.

But, if it's all the same to you, just give to me the flowers in an endeavor to stop such accidents, one of the most promising of which consists of a chain tread, which can be quickly buckled on and as quickly taken off the foot of a horse without the use of tools. It is practically self-adjusting, strong, cheap and durable.

Popular Mechanics.

In large cities like Chicago and New York icy asphalt pavements cause the death of hundreds of horses every Winter. Many styles and shapes of shoes are now being introduced in an endeavor to stop such accidents, one of the most promising of which consists of a chain tread, which can be quickly buckled on and as quickly taken off the foot of a horse without the use of tools. It is practically self-adjusting, strong, cheap and durable.

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