

MERCILESS BRYAN HAS CONVENTION GOING, SAYS FITCH

This Special Writer Observes That Democratic Convention Watches and Waits on One Great Leader.

By George Fitch.

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Baltimore, Md., June 28.—Last night when the Democratic convention having survived its organization throes and the ordeal of three days of free and unlimited oratory, was burning peacefully along as per program, towards the nomination of candidate, when half a dozen dagwood statesmen, each one with about 1987 cubic yards of enormity tightly compressed within him, were waiting to release the same in the form of nomination speeches, and when the youth and beauty and chivalry and majesty of the Democratic party had jammed two people into a space where the fire laws only allow one, this man Bryan, of whom more undoubtedly than any before and forever, world without end, amen, entered the hall and without preliminaries or apologies, stood the convention on its head.

Mr. Bryan's Wasteful Course.

It was a waste of time to do. There was no cause for it. The convention had been behaving perfectly. It had been sitting out of his hand without hitting the hand for two days. It had come when he called it had lain down at his command, had rolled over and had jumped through a hoop. It had, in fact, been lying with its feet in the air most of the day and had just been having a harmless little prayer preparatory to a few oratorical refreshments when he up-ended it and then tried to pull it in two by main force.

Cruel, Cruel, Mr. Bryan.

This man Bryan is a monster and brutal in the extreme. He has always been severe with the Democratic party since before he tore off a wing or a leg, we have forgotten which. There is no excuse for it and if he persists, the antivivisection league is going to put him on its black list.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Bryan got away with his rough work last night without objection. When he arose blandly, just as the minister sat down and proposed, without warning or preparation, that Messrs. Belmont and Ryan, sitting delegates, be taken officially by their construction necks and hurled hypothetically out of the hall, off the roll and into the black and Taffish hinterland, a shriek of agony went up which rocked the building and sent shivers through the faithful thousands massed outside and waiting for some doorkeeper to turn his back. A large

part of the shriek was contributed by the New York and Virginia delegations, which are compatriots, or harknessmen, or valets, or something else of the two proposed victims, and for a minute it looked as if they proposed to eliminate Bryan then and there. They did not have the defile worked out, but from the way individual madmen were clanking for drumsticks and whistles, it did look as if the elimination was going to be physical.

So He Is Merciless.

It was a perilous moment. Headed by a huge white-mustached, purple faced delegate, the New York and Virginia men swarmed on to the platform and started for the peaceful leader, breathing outlasses and swivel runs, but four strong men seized the leader and when he landed on the floor below he bounced. Then while Parker and other shocked conservatives pleaded in Bryan's unresponsive ears, the riot was subdued with strong hands, that is the gore-hunters were subdued, but the convention continued to seethe and boil and show every indication of impending dissolution. Devoted old Democrats arose weepingly to declare that this was not the time and place, etc., and to plead passionately for peace, but did Bryan contribute any of this madly sought for article? Not he. It seemed to afford him the utmost enjoyment to listen to the cries of "Riot up!" "Traitor," "sit down," "assassin," "bandit," "wrecker," and other warmed over Chicago language, as he stood forth and explained, painstakingly, between whoops, just what the Belmonts and Ryans et al would do to a nice fat government if they were ever left alone with it a minute.

Speeches Made by Emblem.

We are a business nation, not given to vain dependence on costly failures. If large silk banners and plug hats with snakes around them were not of great assistance in choosing our national

leaders, we would have let the minstrels have a monopoly of them years ago. They cost money. So do purple and gold badges as large as bath towels. Yet all these things are cheerfully paid for every four years and their use is increasing, whereas the man who tries to hand a national convention a 38 minute oration free of charge is in luck if he isn't hauled down by the coat tails after the first five minutes, in the interests of order and expedition.

It was freely admitted last Saturday that there was nothing to it but the "hound dog," and that if he was elected president, Clark would hold his proxy, but this was before the superb oil painting of Thomas Marshall of Indiana was hung in the Belvedere hotel. This picture was unveiled on Monday and when the polished features, neatly drilled hair and fair young mustache of Indiana's pride was revealed, the slump to Marshall was terrific.

The "Win With Wilson" Slogan.

Then the Wilsonites came roaring into Baltimore with a brand new slogan, "Win with Wilson." Millions have been made out of breakfast food and biscuits with poorer slogans than that, and when this slogan went up on a hundred banners all over the city, Tom Marshall's sweet young picture went into the background with Clark's dog in vain the other candidates rushed into the slogan business and plastered the town with "Harmon and Harmony," and "The issue is the Tariff—the Tariff means Underwood," and "Democratic candidates for congress—don't you want Foss to speak in your district?"

The Wilson slogan was too neat and compact and among those delegates who have been trained to buy things through magazine advertising it was irresistible.

On Tuesday, the Tuesday, the Underwood Marching club, all the way from

Alabama, marched on the street in front of the Belvedere and swept all before them. For a few minutes there was nothing but Underwood, but within an hour 10 carriage loads of fat Tammany chiefs with United States flags and pictures of Gaynor held reverently in their hands, rolled down the same street and made a million votes in two blocks and that afternoon Clark was once more put far ahead by a Missouri man who paraded the city wearing a Clark button as big as a big dinner plate. People fought for that button and went because they could not have one and the evening satras conceded Clark's election.

High Power Explosives Sent For.

The fighting on Thursday was desperate and no extremes were spared. The Underwood forces rallied and hurled 80,000 buttons and 3 varied of badges into the foe. The Clark forces threw bound dog quartets into every hotel lobby and the Wilson brigades wired for reinforcements in the shape of three more bands and a bale of lithographs, a Woodrow Wilson cigar, a 35 minute yell in the armory and 10 lineal miles of hat bands. The Underwood men defended themselves magnificently with a parody on "Everybody's Doin' It," nine parades and 49 great gross of half pound badges. The Harmon people made a flank movement with a new slogan written by one of our best \$100 a word ad artists and gradually, as the din of battle thickened last night, the whole town became an inferno of banners, hat placards, open faced parades, hand bills, necktie pins, lithographed handkerchiefs, trumpets, policemen's rattles, caparisoned automobiles and dogs and monkeys, rampant, couchant and dormant. Did all this advertising pay? Well, of course, all of it doesn't pay. At least it doesn't win. But there were two candidates who didn't advertise at all: Burke of North Carolina and Gov-

ernor Baldwin, who ran for president on the strength of what T. Roosevelt said about him two years ago. Both of these men refrained scrupulously from publicity. Look at the vote they polled, but then this may only be a coincidence.

GUARDSMEN ARE GIVEN QUARTERLY INSPECTION

About 350 men were on the drill floor of the Armory last night when the quarterly inspection, muster and review of all the troops of the Oregon National Guard stationed in Multnomah

county took place, making a record for attendance. The men were dressed in field service uniforms and their marching throughout the drills was marked by military bearing. Adjutant General Finzer presented medals to 14 expert riflemen, 11 sharpshooters and 37 marksmen of company 34, who were awarded marksmen decorations for the 1911 target season. Lieutenant Richard Deley was awarded medals both as an expert rifleman and expert platoon leader. Following the military ceremony an informal dance was given in the ballroom of the Armory, and was well attended by friends of the members of the guard.

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Yes, Gentlemen! Just Four (4) More Days Left for you to take advantage of this PHENOMENAL SALE. Everything in the men's line MUST GO REGARDLESS of what it costs. Don't be misled—Come and see for yourself. Artistic clothing by the finest tailors in America—REAL VALUES, NOT SPECIAL SALE VALUES, but what is of more importance THEY ARE WORTH THESE PRICES and are selling in a way that proves their worth to good keen representative men.



SUITS

\$12.50	Men's Fine Suits in many sizes and colors; the last four days only	\$5.00
\$18.00	Men's Suits, including blue serges; last four days only	\$7.50
\$25.00	Hand-Tailored Suits are offered for the last four days only	\$10.50
\$30.00	Tweeds and serges; tailored, very fine goods; last four days only	\$12.50
\$50.00	All remaining Full Dress Suits; last four days only	\$16.50

An Opportunity to Fit Yourself Out for the Summer at a Little Expense

\$3 Felt Hats, Name Stamped on Band, LAST FOUR DAYS ONLY \$1.49

\$3 Straw Hats, Bloom & Koch, other well-known brands, last 4 days, only \$1.29

FURNISHINGS

50c-75c Underwear, all standard makes, LAST 4 DAYS ONLY 39c

\$1 Union Suits, not a great many left, LAST 4 DAYS ONLY 59c

\$2.50 Union Suits, all trademark goods, finest to be had, LAST 4 DAYS FOR ONLY \$1.28

\$1.00	Lisle Underwear, what's left must go, LAST 4 DAYS...	49c
\$2.50	Silk Pajamas, LAST 4 DAYS ONLY.	89c
\$5.00	Silk Pajamas, LAST 4 DAYS ONLY.	\$2.48
50c	Solid Silk Ties, LAST 4 DAYS ONLY.	17c
50c	Silk Hose, LAST 4 DAYS ONLY.	23c
25c	Mercerized Hose, LAST 4 DAYS ONLY.	13c
25c	Arrow Collars, LAST 4 DAYS ONLY.	5c
\$1.50	Dress Skirts, LAST 4 DAYS ONLY.	59c
\$2.00	Dress Skirts, well-known brands, LAST 4 DAYS ONLY.	69c



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Doors Open at 9 o'clock Sharp Saturday Morning, June 29th

FRIEDMAN'S CLOTHES SHOP

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