

PRODIGIOUS THE  
GROWING THAT  
CANNOT BE BRYAN

By William Stevens McNeill

San Francisco, June 25.—William Jennings Bryan arrived Friday afternoon in control, he said, of 11 of the 15 Nebraska delegates, assured of a place on the resolutions committee and in a strategic position permitting him to yield whatever of influence he is able to exert.

The extent of that influence is a matter for worry that has been keeping the Democratic leaders half awake tonight. The ghost of a belittled Bryan who has been repeatedly killed off and has been haunting the lobbies and rooms where political architects have been drafting plans.

BRYAN GROWS OLD

Is Bryan a political jock who can be at least successfully laughed at? Is he really getting old? The question is being asked by the sound of a "Gabe's horn" to resurrect him to powerful life. Those are the questions to which politicians here have been wildly seeking an answer.

I met Bryan today at Sacramento. The one-time "boy orator of the Platte" now grows stout and gray and bald, and as he stepped in his car, he was greeted with the manner and appearance of a successful farmer knocked on the state-room door and said, "Sacramento, Mr. Bryan. There is a box of cherries for you, and some newspaper follows that want to talk to you."

LIKE ABOUSED FARMER

There was a weary grunt of acquiescence from within, the sound of a heavy body moving in cramped quarters, and a moment later the man whose shadow has darkened the path of Democratic party leaders gathered here appeared in the doorway.

His eyes were dull with sleep. His clothes were wrinkled and mussed. The fringe of long hair that used to be his considerable bald spot was tousled. His appearance made me think of an old farmer roused from his after-dinner nap by a hired hand to give some necessary order about the work. "Bryan had his shoes on. That was the sole bit out of harmony. To be perfect as the aroused farmer he should have come forth in his socks."

SUDDENLY CHANGES

For a moment he appeared bewildered and somewhat diffident. One delegate was trying to hand him the program of the car, where local committee and some camera men were waiting, and another was trying to tug him out the back way, where a delegate with a representative was poised with a brace of cherries.

"Just a minute, Mr. Bryan," said a newspaper man, "I want to get a short statement from you to put on the wire here, and the train only stops a couple of minutes."

The torpor of sleep went away from Bryan like darkness away from a room where a light is switched on. Where a bewildered, farmer-like-looking man had stood I now saw a delegate carefully laying down the initial verbal barrage of the battle that was before him.

QUIET CHURCH EFFECT

The only equivalent transformation I have ever seen was once behind the scenes, when a watchful David Warfield, who stood by the side of the speaker, carefully laying down the initial verbal barrage of the battle that was before him.

On the morning of the second day I had breakfast with Mr. Gerard and found which is directly opposite my platform which is to keep each and every member of the Democratic party like my principal opponent, Eugene Debs.

In the morning of the second day the second section clumped up with the contents of which was some more Democrats and detective Wm. J. Burns and E. Han. Lewis and Watson. Mr. Burns was sent along to keep an eye on the train-bag and see that Mr. Lewis didn't get robbed.

On the third day we clumped up 8 thousand and 11 high which is probably this years record for the Democrats but while I was eating breakfast with a chicken 60 summers from Pennsylvania the train started to slip back on its haunches and my gal got kind of scared and said I suppose the brakes would hold and I said I didn't suppose they would, but what was the difference as the second section was behind us and would stop at the foot of the hill. This cheered the little kid considerably.

The train finally got started ahead again and a cuckoo brakeman came and told us that this was the great divide, but that don't affect the Democratic party this yr. So we slept the rest of the day and finally hit the Oakland mole and was stopped by a mole trap and came across the bay to where we are at and as I say everybody in the world is here and everybody home.

Ohio Delegation Is At San Francisco Whooping for Cox

San Francisco, June 25.—(U. P.)—Ohio set off the first rail fireworks of the Democratic convention today upon the arrival of her delegation.

Behind the brass bands—on decorated—the Ohioans marched on Market street, whooping it up for Governor Cox and megaphoning the glories of the Buckeye State.

The Gem City Democratic club of Dayton, arrayed in green Norfolk jackets, white trousers and shoes and straw hats with red, white and blue bands, evoked much applause from onlookers as they swung along behind a band. Each member was equipped with red Cox pennants.

In route to their headquarters at the El Granada hotel, the Ohioans staged a vocal and musical demonstration in front of every hotel they passed.

DEMOCRATS TAKE  
UP COAST EST TODAY

By Harold D. Jacobs

San Francisco, June 25.—(U. P.)—The first open fight between administration and anti-administration forces was scheduled for today when the Democratic national committee took up the contests for all of the 38 seats from Georgia and one contest from the Fifth congressional district of Missouri.

Senator James Reed, bitter opponent of President Wilson, claims one of the seats from his home district in Kansas City, which was declared vacant through the action of the Missouri state convention.

The faction headed by Senator Hiram Smith and Thomas Watson, former congressman, disputes the right of delegates elected under leadership of Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, running on a "pro-administration" platform, to represent Georgia in the national convention.

John L. Schuylerman, Portland, Or., was the first to contest the seat from the committee, today said he would appeal to the credentials body. He ran fifth in a field of 12 candidates in a state primary, from which four delegates at large were elected. When the fourth delegate at large died, Schuylerman laid claim to his seat. The state executive committee, headed by E. H. Roseburg, to fill the vacancy. The national committee voted unanimously to uphold the action of the state body.

It was the action of the national committee over whether the contests should be conducted secretly or in the open. The committee voted 26 to 20 for open sessions.

Speaking of strategy, however, each camp has its own idea of how the battle should be fought. In the administration camp it is whispered by the Cox men that Palmer and McAdoo will get into deadlock, and will be wiped out as the logical choice. In the Palmer headquarters, they talk about making a drive for the attorney general, taking the lead in forcing the issue, and in the event of the long lead that Palmer will be shown to have above his competitors.

Now the McAdoo strategists figure that if their principal opponent, between Cox and Palmer, and that both will appear as unable to get two thirds. Then, if the Cox men are unable to get the Cox behind McAdoo to come out in the open. One would infer from this that McAdoo delegates would on the first few ballots support either Cox or McAdoo as the case may be and perhaps give scattering votes to favorite sons, only to shift at the psychological moment and support the candidate for McAdoo when the drive does begin.

Out of this kind of business may, of course, be made a very heavy profit. Being at Chicago—namely the elimination of the main contenders in favor of a dark horse. Among those reserve or "wild card" candidates are Carter Glass, Homer Cummings and Secretary Meredith have been mentioned.

But at present writing the momentum behind McAdoo is growing. He is hailed as the friend of labor, a business executive who has demonstrated his ability in the big office of the treasury department and in managing the transportation systems of the country during the war. He is considered by many as the most capable man, but the possible use by the Republicans of the son-in-law argument is advanced by the Cox men. They believe that turning to other candidates. The men behind McAdoo, however, aren't dismayed. They seem to have perfected a smooth working organization. It is handicapped by the absence of that master mind in Democratic politics, Daniel C. Hooper, former commissioner of internal revenue—who would have this convention going out of his hand if he had come here. What is really needed is not merely a strategist but a harmonizer to gather in reserve strength for the final ballots. How much of this McAdoo men have accumulated is difficult to tell. One finds Texas solid for McAdoo, Wisconsin strong for him, California, Iowa, Nevada, New York, divided but the western states inclined toward the former secretary of the treasury. Opposition from Tammany will probably be an asset for McAdoo. At this writing he appears to have the better of it. His statement, according to the Cox men, is that he will not make the delay of the board has been the chief cause for dissatisfaction, and leaders of the men wanted the president a serious situation would develop unless substantial increases were allowed at once.

Belief here is that the board will not allow the full requests, which would add more than \$100 million annually to the railroad labor bill. Hooper, who believed the recommendations would be for a large share of the amount.

WAGES NOT CARED FOR

One of the immediate effects of increased wages has been that the railroads will ask higher freight rates. They now have asked a 25 per cent higher schedule, which the interstate commerce commission is expected to approve. Higher wages is included, railroad executives asserting that the entire added income will be needed for greater operating costs and expansion.

If the full demands of the workers should be met, it would mean another 25 per cent higher freight rates, adding something over a billion dollars, adding to railroad income.

New Shoes Wear Out During Rose Festival

Washington, June 25.—(U. P.)—Senator Harding left Washington today for a week-end rest at the home of a friend in New Jersey. He will return to Washington Monday night. The senator was accompanied by Mrs. Harding.

Harding Leaves for New Jersey to Rest

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PRE-CONVENTION  
SPLENTS

By "Bugs" Bear

(Copyright, 1920, by Universal Service.) San Francisco, June 25.—The splents are packed to the cars with candidates at large, delegates at loose and politicians at seas.

Nobody knows where they are going. Which may be a successful diagnosis. Maybe they ain't.

Both the masculine and feminine sex are represented at this convention. The law recognizes no other.

The Democrats having copped the gravy during a lull in good judgment four years ago, the public is naturally contemplating a morbid curiosity in the mob of organized office-holders who have been chewing up the folk's income taxes like moths in a wool vest.

A politician is a queer bird and if about the only leader who can't be arrested for vagabondage.

He spins a lot. But he does not tell. When simply sipping from the public's boulevards to be despised or mole hills to be maintained, then you will find the nimble politician ready to save his hide no matter what the odds.

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WOMEN DELEGATES AT  
TO CONFERENCE PLANK

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(Copyright, 1920, by Universal Service.) San Francisco, June 25.—(U. P.)—An anti-administration coalition on the League of Nations issue of William Jennings Bryan and Senator James A. Reed of Missouri.

David I. Walsh of Massachusetts and Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma, was under way today.

A conference between Bryan, the three senators and other Democratic leaders unalterably opposed to the president's proposal to have the Democratic convention make the league the paramount issue of the campaign, was to take place during the day.

WALSH PLANS FIGHT

Walsh declared he intended to fight, as the Massachusetts member of the resolutions committee, for a plank he himself was drafting which would place the Democratic party on record as favoring the commitment of the American people to a league only with such safeguards as would protect the rights of the people.

Advocates of an "Irish plank" admit the best they expect from the convention is a "mild" plank, such as is understood to have been agreed to by former Governor of Illinois and Frank P. Walsh, who attempted to present the Irish cause to the peace conference.

IRISH PLANK ADVOCATED

This plank is quoted as follows: "Resolved, That this convention deprecates to place on record its sympathy with all oppression, and its recognition of the principle that the people of Ireland have the right to determine freely without dictation from the outside the form of their government, institutions and their international relations with other states and peoples."

Where the Repubs amputate, the Democrats merely make the wound a little deeper. Where the elephant gobbles, the donkey simply nibbles and stretches out the meal for two administrators. The smooth sandpaper against the rough file with the same result.

You can't spot the difference between a Dem delegate and a Repub delegate, unless you grab a squirt at the bank account. Each party has a number of this club, wear baggy trousers, suffer from aphasia on the instructions and are good to their mothers. A piece of stoneware would indicate that Jimmy Valentine was a pharisee of this campaign.

The delicate lady delegates are also sisters under their face enamel. Round heads are epidemic in both parties. The lady delegates' chorus was never picked out by the crowd of the Senate. Admitting that the finest Chicago speeches were tossed off by women, that's as it should be. Look at the practice they've had.

The boss type is also identical. All have fat noses, hair smacking of certain rubber-stamp qualities. They look very wise walking around, which may be the reason for their promotion to the moon when the classification of minor operations.

Like poets, bosses don't care who makes the laws, provided the treasury chest is filled with gold. They care that they control the rubber on the end.

As to the minor convention type such as candidates and things, well, they are the same Chicago stamp with different colored ink. It will make no difference to the working man whether it is Jimmy San Francisco coppers the gravy, except that he will have a new administration to blame it on.

The scenario is the same, although the location is changed. Party planks are different. Each party has a number of this club, wear baggy trousers, suffer from aphasia on the instructions and are good to their mothers. A piece of stoneware would indicate that Jimmy Valentine was a pharisee of this campaign.

But no man can say what November's ballots will bring forth.

Provided they count 'em.

SWITCHMEN TAKE  
MAGNANIMOUS PROTEST

E. E. Herberling of the switchmen's union.

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RAISE ASKED FOR, IS BELIEVED

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NEGRO CONFESSES  
SHOOTING MAYES,  
O-W. BRAKEMAN

The Dalles, June 25.—Finally giving way under six hours of grilling, "Ole Brown, colored, alias 'Little Ole,' of Pensacola, Fla., calmly, and in a spirit of bravado, confessed to District Attorney J. V. Galloway and Sheriff Levi Christmas Friday morning at 5 o'clock that he shot and killed Otis Mayes, O-W. R. & N. brakeman, Wednesday night near Chatfield, and threw his body from a gondola car in extra 2127, headed west.

Brown and his negro companions, Joseph Freeman and Lloyd Hayden, were forced to accompany him at the point of a gun, were captured at The Dalles, a hunting camp 25 miles from Hood River, Thursday afternoon, by Sheriff Levi Christmas of Wasco county and deputies. After trailing the men for 25 miles through deep underbrush, they came upon them in a clearing near the camp.

SLAYER TELLS STORY

When Brown saw capture was imminent, he reached for his gun, but Sheriff Christmas stepped out of the bushes, covered him quickly and disarmed him. All were brought here Thursday night.

Through Brown's confession and their own admissions at an inquest held Friday morning, Henry Allen of Kansas City, Councilman of Portland, and Councilman Oliver of Norfolk, Va., both colored, will be held as accomplices, they having assisted him (Brown), it is said, to throw the body of Mayes from the train. Brown's confession was full of detail. Ape-like in face and motions, he waxed enthusiastic at times in his story and seemed not to be perturbed by his crime or future.

He admitted killing a policeman in Columbus, Ohio, and serving time.

SAYS HE SEET TO GO AWAY

Brown's confession, in substance, related that Mayes sought to collect money from him and six others to ride, that he had none and said so, and that Mayes made a threatening move as they were about to start. Brown then drew a .38 caliber Colt revolver, covered Mayes, and said:

"Now you are a hard-boiled! You ought to be a president. I may get down on top of a boiler and sought to talk to Brown, saying, 'You wouldn't kill me for that much money, would you?' Mayes then made a move for Brown, and he shot to scare him, said Brown.

"When Mayes' body crashed to the floor of the car, Brown said that he and Allen and Oliver picked it up and heaved it over the side of the car. Brown forced Freeman and Hayden to accompany him and the trio left the train as it neared Hood River.

THREATEN LYNCHING

All the men in the car—Thomas Burr of Centralia and Bert Mitchell of Valmora (colored); Councilman Oliver of Norfolk, Va.; Henry Allen of Kansas City, Mo.; Joseph Freeman and Lloyd Hayden, residence unknown, colored, will be held awaiting the trial of Brown.

Judge F. W. Wilson called the grand jury to meet here Tuesday, June 23, and stated that he expected Brown and his alleged accomplices, Allen and Oliver, would be tried here the middle or latter part of July.

Feeling is high among the railroad men that several negroes who had been lynched, but there is hardly any prospect of such action taking place. The majority of the people feeling that the negroes should be put to death in the gallows shortly. The body of Mayes was taken to his home, 128 Graham street, Albina, Friday morning for burial.

Shriner of Deadwood Dies En Route Here

Claud Williams of Napa temple, Deadwood, S. D., died last Sunday at Ellensburg, after having been taken from the special train. Telegrams to Mrs. Williams went astray and his relatives did not learn of his death due to influenza and rheumatism, until Friday.

On Friday, May 28th, one of the best plants at Ellensburg was completely destroyed by fire. Clearing away the ruins started