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Enthusiasm Lacking in Democratic Hosts

Buttonholing Goes on While Delegates Withhold Cheers Until the Clouds Lift.

St. Louis, Mo., July 4.—“Well we’ve got enthusiasm, at any rate.” said a Southern delegate this afternoon as the Kings County democracy of New York marched into the Southern.

“You bet we have,” agreed a man from the far Northwest; “and you don’t notice any of the apathy they had at Chicago, do you?”

This last was addressed to a newspaper man, who smiled and stopped his ears to keep out the bang of the band. But he didn’t say “Yes,” and if he had he would have been toying with the truth, for as a matter of fact, the democratic enthusiasm on tap here is no more and no less hearty and no more and no less intoxicating than the republican brand that vented itself in formal cheers and polite huzzas at Chicago two days before the convention assembled to nominate Mr. Roosevelt.

There was as large and noisy a crowd in the lobby of any of the Chicago hotels as that which packed into the Southern today. There were just as many bands—to wit, one—and there was just as much cheering and buttonholing and scurrying about and rumor-trading.

Receiving News Calmly

At Chicago the slate was ready and all the talk was about the platform. Here the subject of discussion is Parker against the field. On the surface it would seem to be more exciting, but the democrats as they troop in seem to receive the news handed about quite calmly.

The Kings County cohorts, who brought the first band to make the echoes resound, stalked into the Southern, headed by State Senator “Pat” McCarren. They made a subtle bid for Southern cheers by having their musicians play “Maryland, My Maryland,” “My Old Kentucky Home” and “Dixie.” The last-named brought forth a mild yell, but it was evidently unsatisfactory, for the leader was instructed to tackle “There’ll Be a Hot Time in Old Town Tonight.” When this, too, failed to arouse the crowd, the band and the Kings County democrats faded from view.

Efforts at Cheering

“Gorman! Gorman! Three cheers for Gorman!” yelled a man near the main stairway as they passed him. Senator Gorman’s son. State Senator A. P. Gorman, Jr., stood halfway up the stairs watching the procession, but he did not join in the modest cheer that followed.

Later one of the New Yorkers called for buzzas for a gentleman whom he carefully and painstakingly described as “Chief Judge Alton B. Parker, of the state of New York.”

The Kings countians yelled “Horray” and then scurried out to overtake their band, which had already broken ranks.

The natives are celebrating the Fourth vociferously in St. Louis today, but the crash of bomb and rattle of firecrackers has not aroused the democrats.

Not Rooting Too Soon

“I think we’d better wait a while”, said one delegate tonight. “If we don’t we may cheer for the wrong man.”

“But it’s sure to be Parker,” ventured another.

“Oh, of course,” said the first, “but let us wait. When the time comes.”

“Yes, when the time comes,” said the other. “Then we’ll raise—”

Evidently the time has not come. It is still the hour of “working” and campaigning and fighting in committee rooms and dark corners. Later, when all is plain sailing—then the tumult and the shouting.