

Baltimore Morning Herald
July 9, 1904

Parker's Name Placed Before Democratic Convention Accompanied by Demonstration of Greatest Enthusiasm. Hearst and Others are Brought Before the Delegates.

For Half an Hour Delegates from Many States Paraded, Shouted and Shrieked to Show Their Intentions at the Call of the Roll

Little Feeling was Shown for Hearst.

Men With Voting Powers Remained in Their Seats and Even the Galleries' Cheers Lacked Heartiness.

Clark Leaves the Chair.

Senator Bailey Presided While Name of Cockrell Was Placed Before Convention.

Convention Hall, St. Louis, Mo., July 8.—With a roar the democratic convention convened tonight, with a roar it continued and with a last long, lingering roar it is destined, to conclude at same hour in the morning.

There was an immense throng in the Coliseum when the delegates were called to order at 8 o'clock.

Chairman Daniel of the resolutions committee began reading the platform immediately after the convention was called to order, but not more than one tenth of the thirty thousand persons in the hall heard a word of it.

Tonight the mismanagement of the crowd reached a climax. Doorkeepers admitted thousands without tickets, and ushers and assistant sergeants-at-arms helped friends to good seats and then halted and turned back ticketholders.

Every aisle was blocked and every reservation invaded. Women and children were crowded upon the platform into the press seats. The uproar was so great that nothing could be heard above it but the thwack of Chairman Clark's ineffective gavel.

The narrow exits were blocked completely, and it made the least nervous shiver to think of the frightful possibilities in case of panic.

Senator Daniel struggled manfully against the heat and the hullabaloo. Seeing his black curly hair and black coat, many behind him mistook him for Bryan, and there were loud shouts and cheers for the Nebraskan.

A dozen times the senator halted while the reading clerks appealed to the crowd through megaphones to be still. But appeals and commands were alike useless, and the din continued until the reading of the democracy's revised confession of faith was ended.

A Few Feeble Nays.

It took thirty-five minutes to read the platform and exactly thirty seconds to adopt it.

“All those in favor of the resolution embodied in the report of the committee on resolutions.” said Chairman Clark, “will please say aye.”

“Aye!” roared a mighty chorus.

“Those who oppose it will say no,” said Mr. Clark.

“No, no, no,” came a few feeble voices here and there.

“The ayes seem to have it—the ayes have it.” said the chairman, and thus, in an instant the democratic party had placed free silver behind it for all time. Not a word from Bryan, not a tear, not a regret.

The applause, somehow, did not raise as it should have, and so the band was directed to help it out by playing “Hall Columbia,” but even with this there was but a brief outburst, for directly ahead was the serious business of the evening and the crowd was impatient to come to it.

Nominations Opened.

“The next thing in order,” said the chief clerk, “is the call of the roll of states to receive nominations for President of the United States.”

In a moment Alabama had yielded the right of line to New York and Martin W. Littleton was on his feet naming Alton B. Parker.

Up to this point the New York Judge’s name had not been mentioned in the convention and not a cheer for him had sounded.

Mr. Littleton proved to be a round and smooth-faced young man, with long, curly, chestnut hair and the outward marks of a commencement orator. His voice was heard well enough and his periods were applauded, but it would be an exaggeration to say that he aroused much enthusiasm. That which burst forth when he ended was the child of the occasion and not of the speech.

Despite his appearance, Mr. Littleton did not take himself too seriously. He mopped his brow and his neck and seemed to be having a good time. A blue shirt he thought was dignified enough for the work in hand, and so he wore one and threw open his frock coat to show it.

The Parker Demonstration.

When he sprang forward and yelled “Alton B. Parker !” and then dropped into his chair—well, then came the deluge.

Up sprang the delegates—the delegates this time, mind you, and not the shouters in the galleries—and up bobbed flags and banners and markers, and up rose the long delayed Parker cheer.

Do you remember Lexington Street on Christmas eve half a dozen years ago? The democratic cheer of tonight was the sound of that famous carnival—a long, shrill, piercing mixture of roar and scream.

The Michiganders rushed their banner to the platform and hung a portrait of Judge Parker to it; the Texans waved their lone star; the original Parker shouters of Georgia and the “safe and sure”—democrats of Florida, the New Yorkers with flags, and the Alaskans, the Porto Ricans,

the South Carolinians and the Pennsylvanians—all tore up their red, white and blue markers and began parading the aisles.

Mr. Humphrey D. Wolfe carried Maryland's standard, pole and all. It went round and round the hall, now out of sight and now high aloft. Half an hour passed before it was back at its proper place again.

Half Hour of Enthusiasm.

Fourteen minutes passed and there came a lull. But then the band played "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and "Dixie" and the uproar began all over again.

When it died down once more hisses were heard in the galleries, whence Bryan cheers came yesterday, but these were soon drowned out by still another rising roar.

The first burst of sheering had come at 9.29 o'clock, exactly half an hour later, Chairman Clark rapped for order.

A moment before a huge portrait of Judge Parker, borne aloft on a flagstaff, broke from its moorings and crashed down upon the heads of half a dozen delegates. The superstitious saw an ill omen in the accident, but the great majority merely laughed, and with this laugh the uproar began to die away.

At 10 o'clock the band played, "We Won't Go Home Until Morning" and hisses and cries of "Sit down!" ended the shouting.

Cheers Were From Delegates.

The democrats had applauded Judge Parker for thirty-one delirious minutes. Wednesday they howled for Cleveland for eleven, or as some say, for thirteen minutes, and yesterday it took twenty-seven minutes to beat down the roar for Bryan, the fallen.

But Parker cheers came from the delegates and the Cleveland and Bryan cheers from the galleries, and in this fact lay a gigantic difference.

There are only 1000 delegates, but each one has a vote that outweighs the shouts of 25,000 mere spectators.

Hoots for Carmack.

Senator Carmack, who arose at 9.10 to second the nomination of the New Yorker, was attacked at once by the Bryan horde in the gallery, and in ten minutes he was interrupted ten times by yells of "Hearst!" and "Bray!" and sarcastic applause. He soon found it impossible to proceed and very wisely cut his speech short and stepped down.

Then the roll call was resumed, and California put forward E. K. Delmar to place in nomination her favorite son William Randolph Hearst, the friend of all those that labor and are heavy laden.

Last Chance of Hearstites.

It was the last chance of the Hearstites, the Bryanites, the trust busters and the Simon pure silver Jeffersonians, and when the name of the million-hating millionaire was flung out to

them they rose up on their legs in the galleries and on the floor and tore the air with their mighty whoops.

It was the Parker demonstration all over again, amplified and elaborated, ten times as riotous and ten times as loud. The Hearst states—South Dakota, Iowa, Wyoming, Rhode Island, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada and Kansas, and turbulent little Hawaii—arose with standards bearing Hearst's portrait and began parading the hall as the Parker men had done.

The other delegates sat stolidly in silence, and the band played irrelevant tunes like "The Wearing of the Green" and "Die Wacht am Rhine" to drown the uproar, but it kept on and on for five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes, twenty minutes.

A huge portrait of the yellow journalist of the sort used during his campaign for Congress was dragged to the platform and waved, California and Hawaii arose with their banners, and a big flag, appropriate enough, with a yellow border, was dropped from the gallery over the platform.

A Riot Threatened.

"Hearst! Hearst!" howled the crowd louder and louder. Spellbinders arose in the galleries and men fought on the floor, hats were thrown in air, railings were overrun and broken down and twice there were rows that came near becoming riots.

The Hearst men were determined to outdo the demonstration for Parker, and they tackled their task scientifically and with the skill born of careful preparation. Twenty minutes slipped by, and twenty-five minutes, and still the din increased, louder, louder, louder, and around the half hour. Then a few minutes more and the Parkerites were overcome.

After that it was simply a case of rubbing it in. Three, four, five, six minutes more and the Hearst men sat down and mopped their brows. Their leader, they knew, was numbered with the dead, but they had given him a wake that would be remembered for ages. They had done their duty. They had earned their salaries.

After the Hearst men dozed off other spellbinders arose to inflict more speeches upon the multitude. O'Donnell, of Colorado, and Cummings, of Connecticut, arose to second the nomination of Parker, but no one listened.

Then came Levin I. Handy. Of Delaware, to present the name of Judge Gray and the crowd grew impatient. It was nearly midnight, and in the roll call of states the clerk had come only to the letter "D."

Senator Bailey, of Texas, took the chair at 12 o'clock and the avalanche of nominating and seconding oratory continued. From Florida came a second for Hearst. From Georgia, "which is not a doubtful state." Said its spokesman, came another for Parker. Then Illinois Hearst men sent up a man to speak for them.

Then came John W. Kern of Indiana, himself a candidate for Vice-President, to once more second Parker. The crowd tried to drive him off with cries of "Hearst!" and "Bryan" but he would not be driven.

Of the 30,000 people that packed the hall at 8 o'clock fully 25,000 remained, and these hung on doggedly, seemingly determined to remain until Parker was nominated and the show was over.

After midnight the air gradually grew cooler and the terrific heat of the early evening was forgotten.

Wright's Sensational Charge.

And then came a sensation. Delegate Sam S. Wright, of Iowa, sprang up and demanded the floor.

“I wish to speak,” he yelled, “for the unpurchasable democrats of Iowa!”

The crowd thought that he was going to second the nomination of Hearst, for whom the Iowa delegation is instructed, but when, after a huge uproar, he got to the platform he launched into what was practically a charge that Hearst had bought the state and ended by seconding the nomination of Judge Parker.

When he returned to his delegation there was a riot and for five minutes business was suspended.

Rinehart Not Bought.

Chairman Bailey, when quiet was restored, explained that Wright had been recognized by mistake, and thereupon Delegate Rinehart, of Iowa, came forward to defend his friends. His speech provoked another Hearst-Bryan uproar.

“I defy any man, he yelled, “to prove that I ever received a dollar.”

“Hearst! Hearst!” yelled the crowd, and then Rinehart began a sarcastic attack on Parker.

This aroused the Parker men and they tried to hoot him down, but the Hearst men beat them and Rinehart delivered himself of his speech.

Hearst men were in the galleries, strong armed men, well trained and well paid, and as the night wore on their efforts increased. By and by their shouts made a continuous tumult, and the chairman pounded the table until his gavel almost broke.

Feeble Boom for Miles.

David Overmeyer, of Kansas, bobbed up with a farcical boom for Gen. Nelson A. Miles, and his long-winded nominating speech so tired the delegates that after a sharp and warm debate they adopted a four-minute time limit rule.