

the nomination of Taft at Chicago seeks to force its man upon the Democracy at Baltimore. He knows that the Democracy will die if it does not rid itself of this incubus. He knows that the interests seek to name at Baltimore the prototype of the man named at Chicago. And knowing these things he seeks to purge the Democratic party of these forces of evil. Naturally his stand is opposed by those who seek to emasculate the Democracy; who are endeavoring to insure the re-election of Mr. Taft through the prostitution of the Democratic party. For that reason the errand boys of privilege mock and revile Mr. Bryan. . . . But the people know. They are awakened to a knowledge of the fact that Mr. Bryan stands for what will benefit them, not the privileged classes.

The Auburn (N. Y.) Citizen (ind.) July 1.—If Mr. Bryan never had done and never does anything else for the Democratic party, he has rendered incalculable service in placing the issue squarely before the convention and in setting the onus of boss rule and predatory control exactly where it belongs. We hope to see today the Baltimore convention so proceed as to purge the Democracy of any remote suspicion of alliance with these reactionary forces. The only way the Baltimore convention can do it is by nominating an out-and-out progressive; and that progressive is Woodrow Wilson.

The (Ottawa, Ontario) Citizen (ind.) June 29.—In that remarkable resolution offered by Mr. Bryan at the Baltimore convention, and accepted by a two-thirds vote of the delegates, the clear division was drawn between the two antagonistic forces whose conflict has caused all the chaos and confusion at both Baltimore and Chicago, and puts the Democratic party fairly in line with the progressive.

San Francisco Star (ind.)—Mr. Bryan gratefully realizes, as many of the rest of us do, that the People are in no mood to dally longer with those forces that make for a soulless plutocracy.

Will Maupin's (Lincoln, Neb.) Weekly (ind.), July 5.—Whether or not you agree with Bryan; whether you coincide with his views on this or that; whether you stand for what he stands or oppose the things he stands for, you've got to admit that he is today the biggest single force in America—and that means that he is the biggest single force in the world. Bryan is big, not so much because he has a splendid brain, not so much because he is a deep thinker and a student, not so much because he is an orator without equal—it is because men know, whether they will admit it or not, that he is honest, incorruptible and always ready to fight for what he thinks is right regardless of its effect upon himself. Because of this belief in his moral character men instinctively follow him. And because of it he made the Baltimore convention stand true to Democracy as Bryan defines it, and prevented it from being turned over to special privilege, lock, stock and barrel.

## RELATED THINGS

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#### GET TOGETHER!

For The Public.

Get together, Friends of Freedom, get together!  
They are only brittle sticks that keep apart.  
Oh, it's huddle for the flock in stormy weather;  
But for earnest men and true, it's heart to heart!

Get together, Men of Visions, get together;  
Help us find the way that's worthy of us all;  
What though some have always worn a different feather—  
They are brothers who respond to brothers' call.

Get together, all Progressives, get together!  
All who hate to see our country standing still.  
Shall the progress of the world be held in tetter?  
Then, Progressives, get together with a will!

FREDERICK LEROY SARGENT.

## THE TALE OF THE BALTIMORE FIGHT.

As Told by James W. Faulkner in Correspondence of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

If any person pretending to the possession of knowledge gives it out oracularly that in the late fracas at Baltimore, Md., William Jennings Bryan was run over by a steam roller, had his tail feathers pulled out or lost his hold on the party, bet him one million dollars in pennies that he is full brother to the monkey of the jungles. It is true, possibly, that William lost the consideration and respect of certain politicians whose little game he blocked most beautifully, but it is not true that he lost anything else. And do not let any one, however high his brow may be, get away with the story that the bosses ran the convention. That is one of Hon. Theodore Roosevelt's hallucinations.

The politicians were like the celebrated pack of fox-hounds that a misguided man imported into a country infested with wolves. He took them out for a trial run and they disappeared in the timber. Whipping up, he followed the trail until he came to a cabin by the roadside in front of which sat a man with sandy chin-whiskers, who was meditatively smoking a corncob pipe.

"Neighbor," said the foxhunter, "Did you see anything of a pack of dogs around here?"

The smoker nodded.

"How were they doing?" asked the owner, with pardonable pride.

"Wa-al, it appeared to me they were a leetle bit ahead of the wolf," was the answer. And that's the way the bosses won at Baltimore. They nominated Governor Woodrow Wilson—after Bryan

was through with the job. 'The houn' dawgs, the Tammany Tiger and all the other forelooping animals of politics were the fox-hounds, and the Nebraskan was the wolf of the story.



The gentleman from Lincoln outmaneuvered the whole crowd of them. Like a first-class checker player, every time he lost a "man" he jumped two of their pieces and landed in the king row. When they started they had a majority of the convention, they had the machinery, the money, the crowds and the claue. When they finished he had everything they began with except the money. So deftly did he work his plays that all the money outside the United States Treasury couldn't have bought the nomination for one of the Twelve Apostles. The convention was clean in that respect, and he made it so. The gathering may have been noisy and rough at times, but it was on the level. His opponents fought hard, but he fought harder, and while they may be sore over his triumph, they certainly were impressed with his prowess.

His winning was simple enough in its methods. He appealed to the great mass of the Democratic voters outside the convention, while the leaders of the opposition were operating upon the thousand delegates within the hall. Reduced to ordinary arithmetic, he offset the thousand with the six million and a half voters. His tactics were bound to win in the end if he could get sufficient time. Enmeshed in their own foolish devices, they gave him more time than he needed. They seemed to forget that there was such a thing as the magnetic telegraph or the daily newspaper in existence. The limit of their field of operation was the city of Baltimore. His extended from ocean to ocean and from Canada to Mexico. Like the muscular party at Donnybrook Fair, with the blackthorn shillalagh, his work was "beeyoutiful." It showed what one plucky man with sense could do with a clutch of fat-headed politicians who were playing the game under the rules of 1860. It wasn't until the avalanche of indignant telegrams descended upon them, propelled by aroused sentiment at home, that they began to discern how skillfully he had trapped them.



To begin with, he knew every card they held in their hands when the game began, and they weren't aware of what he was holding. They thought he was a candidate for President—and he let them think so! To smoke him out they put up Judge Alton B. Parker for Chairman and chuckled. The Nebraskan sought out a private room and did a Highland fling in exceeding great joy. He had them. Reappearing with a face that resembled that of an undertaker at a \$500 funeral, he appeared to be very much concerned for the safety

of the Republic. In the language of the sporting world, they fell for it, and fell hard.

"Here's where we hang the binger on Bill," they chortled as they proceeded to push Parker over the line. Right then and there he won the game.

Inside of an hour the country was ringing with his declaration that the predatory interests were endeavoring to seize the high parliament of the Democracy and sell it into bondage to Wall street. Daringly enough, he singled out those two shocked persons, Thomas Fortune Ryan and August Belmont and used them as Exhibits A and B, respectively, to prove that the money devil and his imps were there in their proper persons. They were merely modest delegates, but William had them on exhibition in an entirely different guise. Inside of 12 hours the telegraph companies began to reap a golden harvest from the frightened Democrats "back home," who sent messages to their chosen representatives to resist with all their power this fiendish attempt to throttle liberty. If they couldn't see their way clear to do this, the messages said, they were requested to remain in Baltimore the rest of their days or run the risk of being tarred and feathered and carried on a rail if they dared to show their faces in Cohosh or where-soever they hailed from.



Just as they were breathing easier after the first batch of telegraphed indignation and peremptory orders, William delivered the second installment by offering his now memorable resolution, inviting Messrs. Ryan and Belmont to go away from there and pledging the party not to nominate any one who owed them money, marbles or chalk or who believed that they were otherwise than direct descendants of the Accuser of the Brethren. That finished them for all offensive purposes and then he landed the knockout or bacon-producing punch by leaving Hon. Champ Clark for having accepted the support of New York. They couldn't get away from his blows. Like the more or less punk pugilist who was receiver-general for a fine fusillade of wallops, "their feet stuttered." Hon. Champ fell exactly 1,000 feet and 6 inches straight down into oblivion, emitting loud cries as he whizzed bottomward. Now, Bryan was on to Clark's game for months and months. He was aware that there was a deal on right here in Ohio with the Harmon outfit which kept the Speaker's name off the preference primary ballot. The proof came when Clark came rushing over from Washington and in his rage demanded to know "why Ohio had not kept that agreement." What agreement? For an answer please address a postal card to the now closed Harmon headquarters here. Clark's action was water on his wheel. So was the blistering attack of John B. Stanchfield, of New York, referring to him as a lot of things that were extremely "un-nice." William simply smiled inscrutably.

Inside the convention hall John B. was hailed as a hero. Outside of it he was regarded by the now raging rank and file as a demon with pronged horns, a cloven hoof and a long and prehensile tail. General result: More telegrams in bunches, baskets and bales.



After that it was a cakewalk. The bosses whose heads were not completely swathed in adipose tissue began to take counsel with themselves. They were hearing the thunder and seeing the lightning. If there is anything the politician despises and fears it is getting caught out in a shower of popular indignation. Up went the umbrellas one by one, and one by one the bosses began scooting for shelter.

Like the penitent thief on the cross they sent word to Bryan to remember them when he came "into his kingdom." On the exterior they pretended to be brave, but on the interior their cowardly natures were at work. "Bryan or Wilson" was the ultimatum that the people were sending, and their teeth were chattering lest the chances to act would get away. They saw to it that it did not. There was a fine "bunk" play over "releasing delegates from their obligations." That was the slapstick number on the program. The fact was that the delegates were releasing themselves, and doing it, doing it, doing it. Each boss, bosslet and bossikin was watching the other so that there shouldn't be any advantage gained in hopping across the line. So all at once, on the forty-sixth ballot, Mr. Bryan, calmly fanning himself with an evening newspaper, watched with twinkling eyes the whole herd bolting through the gap in the fence he had opened. All the power of the bosses, all their tricks and all of their money had resulted in naught. One man with gumption and sand had whipped the entire gang. And that man laughed at them!



## WOMEN IN AUSTRALIAN POLITICS.

From an Article by Theresa Hirschl Russell, which  
Appeared in *The Coming Nation* of  
May 25, 1912.

Across wide Collins street in Melbourne (which all loyal Victorians hold to be the handsomest street in the world), on a bright mid-summer day in February swung a banner illumined with these words: "Headquarters Australian Women's National League—Enroll Here."

I went in. The rooms of the headquarters were partly filled with a scattering of well-dressed women mainly occupied in drinking tea. One of these, carefully groomed and manicured, sat apart at a desk and seemed to occupy in informal fashion yet with an assured poise the position of presiding officer of the assemblage. She proved to be en-

tirely willing in gracious manner and modulated utterance to answer any inquiries in regard to the Australian Women's National League and I added to my store various information in regard to the scope, influence and statistical strength of the League. Then prompted by some inaccurate association of ideas, I asked:

"One of the members of your organization ran for parliament recently, did she not?"

Horror froze the gracious lady's face.

"Oh, no!" she stated coldly. "Our organization countenances nothing of that sort. We are quite opposed to a woman placing herself in any such position as that. There was a young woman who so far forgot her duty to her sex—her name, I think, was Miss Vida Goldstein—but she does not belong to our League. She belongs to the Women's Political Association, which is a different organization—quite."

She placed a distinct emphasis upon the word "quite."

Having naturally assumed that the members of the League were all sympathizers of woman's political activity I was taken aback.

"But are you not a political association? What is your position in the matter? Or do you believe in a woman's voting but not holding office?"

"The ballot," was the reply with dignity, as of one that should enlighten inexcusable ignorance, "was thrust upon us. That being the case we think it our duty to make the best possible use of it."

In view of the long and bitter struggle that had smoldered and raged in New Zealand and Australia before equal rights of citizenship were finally granted there, "thrust upon us" was an unexpected expression. The agitation for woman's rights began in those colonies as early as 1850 and grew from an unpopular and ridiculed cause, whose little band of devoted adherents were jeered at for years and regarded as fanatics, to a great, popular and compelling movement which in 1893 reached its first successful culmination. In that year the Upper House of New Zealand, in response to persistent petition finally passed by two votes a measure that had been repeatedly defeated conferring equal rights of citizenship upon men and women. And only after successive bitter struggles and arduous campaigns did the women of the various Australian states gain similar political rights.

So "thrust upon us" seemed scarcely the term that an accurate historian would employ. But I was gaining information.

"And may one ask what in your opinion is the best possible use to make of the ballot?"

"To be sure." The well-dressed lady's graciousness was entirely restored by my assuming humility. "Here is a copy of our Aims and Objects, which may interest you."

She gave me a pamphlet in which I read the