

silk banner. It aroused such enthusiasm that it was confidently expected Gray would be nominated by acclamation. This seemed to be good politics. It would probably secure Indiana for the Democrats. Stevenson was popular, but no one expected he could carry his own State, Illinois. But when it came to the test he ran ahead of Gray and most of the States which had reserved their votes then began to turn. The tide set in with a rush and State after State changed for Stevenson until it was evident he was chosen and the vote was made unanimous. Springer, of Illinois, declared privately that Stevenson could carry the State. It was whispered that Cleveland did not want Gray. But the turn of the tide was a surprise and another illustration of the "glorious uncertainty" of politics.

The motion made by Hon. Patrick Collins that conventions hereafter be composed only of delegates, the national committee and members of the press, has in it much merit. It was referred to the National Committee. That body will have to consider not only whether the proposition would be for the public benefit, but whether it will satisfy the popular feeling. But one thing is certain: It is impossible to construct a building to which the great American public can gain admission, and it would not do to hold a convention in the open air. The business of the convention was much hampered by the confusion and interruptions incident to so large an assembly, and the *viva voce* votes were more the decision of the multitude than of the delegates. The galleries, too, had considerable influence upon the floor. In a deliberative and representative body it is desirable that the delegates chosen from all sections of the country should be permitted to represent their constituents without being overawed or swayed in any way by a turbulent mass of spectators.

The wigwam was, in one way, a success. If the people assembled in it had been quiet, a good speaker could have been heard in every part of it. The stand and the speakers could be seen from every point of observation except for the pillars, which had to be put up to support the frame roof after the canvass roof had been wrecked by the hurricane. But it was an ugly looking thing, rough and crude on the inside and worse on the outside. It was not suitable for the unparalleled time of storm and wet which Chicago suffered during the convention. The noise of the torrents of rain upon the immense roof, added to the roaring and frequent artillery-like shocks of the thunder, drowned the voices of the most stentorian speakers, and the cries of "louder, louder!" from the galleries added to the din and made it less possible for the speakers to be heard.

The gentlemen who officiated in the opening prayers were among the clearest and best of the orators. Their voices penetrated the whole audience. It may be that the listeners were quieter than ordinarily. Still there was little devotion among them. Occasionally there were tokens of reverence. Few bowed their heads, still fewer stood during the prayer. At the opening invocation the newspaper men were startled by a small voice, apparently among them, repeat-

ing after the minister the words of the Lord's prayer. It was a telegraph messenger boy who, cap in hand and in reverential attitude, was oblivious to his surroundings. Just before the last words were uttered, "Boy!" called a spectator. The little fellow stopped, started to the caller, but was able to respond "Amen!" before he reached for the message which was held out to him. There was at least one sincere soul in that great irreverent multitude.

At the last session the words of the minister were clearly heard above the rainstorm, and when he asked that the rulers of the land might remember that "a public office was a public trust" the quotation from Cleveland caused a great clapping of hands, and at the close of a prayer, as eloquent as ever delivered to a political convention, a big round of applause proved the appreciation if not the devotion of the audience.

The difficulty of obtaining tickets to the Chicago convention was rendered the more aggravating by the traffic in those precious billets by street peddlers. How so many of them came into the hands that sold them was a mystery to thousands. The aldermen of the city raised a mighty murmur when the time came for the convention to meet, and they had not a single ticket of admission. They talked of taking back permission to hold it on city ground. They made other indignant threats. But the cooler among them obtained control and a strong but measurably polite letter to Col. Brice, brought back the coveted pieces of cardboard with the coupons attached and the civic dignitaries were pacified.

Those representatives of the press for whom applications had been made weeks ahead obtained passes and badges with but little difficulty. But those not so forehanded had to apply again and again at the small and stuffy office where the gentlemen who had the matter in hand were to be found. The place was without any apparatus of ventilation and was crammed full of reporters from country papers of various States until it was impossible for a while to either enter or get out of the building. Not until midnight before the convention opened did some of the struggling and sweating newspaper men secure their tickets and many had to retire crestfallen without the needful token.

Then the accommodations for reporting were extremely meagre. Only a very few comparatively of the members of the press had a seat where there was any sort of desk or plank on which to write. They sat by thousands with the crowds of the general public and used their hats or their knees for a table. A telegraph office was placed within the building and messenger boys were plentiful but the office was inaccessible to the multitude until the sessions adjourned and the boys moved chiefly on the floor of the wigwam. The press arrangements were certainly not to be loudly applauded.

Thousands of people tried to get in without tickets, some pleading their long journeys of a thousand miles or more. Others tried to get in for twenty-five or fifty cents. One woman with three children and a lunch basket was surprised because her offer of two bits a head was refused,

and when told that men were paying as high as \$25 for a ticket her amazement was wonderful to behold. Gen. McClelland of the Utah Commission came from his home in Springfield without a ticket and the old veteran was turned back gruffly by the policeman at the ropes. He gave a grim smile and politely asked to be allowed to stand there until he could hear from the inside. Congressman Springer learned of the trouble and very soon a dozen friends were ready for the rescue and the General obtained a seat on the ground floor of the wigwam.

Kate Field was a visitor to the Convention. She was "a Hill man" at the start. What she was at the close will no doubt soon appear.

Susan B. Anthony was on hand with efforts for a suffrage plank in the Democratic platform.

Dr. Mary Walker, with her pants turned up at the bottom to keep them out of the mud, her silk hat and finicky little cane was conspicuous in the crowd because of her grotesque mannish femininity. She tried to interview some of the New Hampshire delegation and was marched out of one of their rooms by a big Hibernian policeman, to her great indignation and ludicrous assumption of masculine fierceness. She told him her name. "O! knows nothing about that," said he; "they sent for me to take yees out and out yees comes."

There were many ladies scattered through the vast audience some of whom took great and intelligent interest in the proceedings. Others put queries which showed that they had no other impulse but curiosity. One lady asked why it was that Cleveland and Gray were not there, was astonished at their absence and considered it shameful they were not no hand to attend to the affairs of the country.

Two women, surrounded by men, sat together, one quite small. A sudden blast struck the building, then it shook with thunder, the lightning made green streaks around the roof under the eaves, and the rain rattled over head. The little woman shuddered visibly. The other said kindly: "Don't be afraid, little girl." "I ca-a-ant be-e-lp it," she cried. "But I have an umbrella, so let it rain!" "What good would that do if the people rushed out?" The big one smiled in a superior way, and said: "There is only one thing to do—sit still. I shall not stir." Just then a hoarse voice shouted something that sounded like "Fire!" The older woman started up and was about to run, while the smaller one sat still. When the hubbub quieted down the older woman tried to look calm and exclaimed, "That was a different matter, I'd run from fire but never from water."

Many negroes were in the audience. It is singular how many colored people in Chicago are turning Democrats. Colored Democratic clubs are being organized and the darkies are enthusiastic for Cleveland and Stevenson.

The band was a magnificent one and played many popular airs, "Hail Columbia," the "Star Spangled Banner," and "Marching Through Georgia," vied with "Yankee Doodle" and God Save the Queen" in popular applause; but "Dixie" set the audience wild at every repetition. "Wait Till the Clo- - - By" and Floating Down