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### BRYAN'S TURN AS A STAR.

TWICE AS MANY DINERS CHEER HIM AS HAILED CROKER CHIEF.

Once again Bryan has come to "the enemy's country," and last night he was the central figure of the \$1.00 dinner of the Chicago Platform Democrats in the Grand Central Palace. Despite the hostility of the city which he was so eager to assert, about 3,000 of its inhabitants turned out and paid their \$1.00 apiece to enjoy his histrionic ability and incidentally eat the dinner. From the first it was sufficiently obvious that the price paid was regarded as admission to the show, and the dinner as quite a secondary matter. Probably the central figure himself so regarded it, for he didn't make his appearance until the feast was well under way—right in the middle of the soup course, in point of fact. His advent was a serious interruption to the proceedings, a fact which apparently caused him no grief, as he smiled blandly throughout his triumphal progress to his place.

As seen from a point where the whole great room was within the range of vision the dinner was one of the most curious gatherings of the kind on record. Before Bryan came it looked like a huge boarding house, with all the boarders intent on getting their full share of the viands. Indulgence in the usual prescribed forms of apparel being in the mind of every good Chicago Platform Democrat an evidence of plutocratic instincts, the great majority of diners eschewed evening dress, but, with a laudable desire to do a little more than the ordinary, exhibited a leaning toward that curious combination of several costumes—black cutaway coat, a very low-cut vest, any kind of trousers and a made-up white lawn tie. This seemed to be regarded as the truly proper thing, but many of the guests appeared in their business suits. Some few—and these were suspected of being left-overs from the \$10 dinner (orgy, the Chicago Democrats called it)—had the temerity to sport the damnable spiketail coats, which rendered them objects of suspicion, if not of actual contempt to their neighbors. Nevertheless it was said that there would have been more spiketails present but for the fact that the \$10 dinner had taken place only two nights before, and many of the diners there hadn't recovered sufficiently to return the suits and get back their deposit. Later, when Mr. Bryan came and revealed himself in the garb of the gold bug, the spiketails in the audience braced up and felt better, but some of the orator's admirers felt pangs at the unholy sight.

Six-thirty was the announced hour for the feast to begin, and as it was understood that Mr. Bryan would show himself one of the people by eating right through the list from the beginning; the crowd took pains to be there on time, lest it should miss something. It was not yet seven when the signal was given. All sat down to the tables. Mr. Bryan had not arrived, but his picture was there, at the back of the stage on one side, and on the other a picture of Jefferson. The dead statesman was on the right of the living spellbinder, so that if it had been a Presidential banner the ticket would have read Jefferson and Bryan, a combination to which Jefferson would probably object on account of association and Bryan on account of the order. Back of the pictures were flags, and at the front of the stage was a big horse-shoe of red and white roses bearing the inscription:

"16 to 1. Women's Bryan League."

Around the galleries were American flags, and long streamers of blue and white were stretched from the ceiling. In the main part of the room the tables

ran lengthwise; at the sides, beyond the pillars, crosswise. Far off at the sides several tables were entirely vacant. Probably about 2,300 persons sat on the main floor, and 200 more on an upper floor, where dinner was served to those who escorted women. At the outset there was a shock to the diners. Each one found at his place a printed slip embodying a suggestion, first mooted by Coin Harvey in the late Bryan campaign, to the effect that every Democrat subscribe to the National Democratic Committee \$1.00 a month for nine months.

"Tryin' to make this a \$10 dinner after all," said one disgusted diner. "Say, this is enough to spoil a thirst!"

Another blow to some of the guests was the fact that the card containing the program of edibles was headed by the word "Menu." At one table an impromptu indignation meeting was held and a volunteer offered to constitute himself a committee of one to protest. Seeking out a member of the committee he said:

"Here, what's this word? This Mee-noo? That's French, ain't it? What does the blasted thing mean?"

"It's the bill of fare," explained the committeeman. "I don't know as it's French, particularly."

"Oh, particularly," snorted the indignant Bryanite. "Why don't you call it bill of fare? That's American ain't it? It ought to be good enough. And this Entry. That's more French, hey?"

"I didn't make out the thing," cried the badgered committeeman. "Don't blame me for it."

"Well, I bet Bryan wouldn't eat the blamed things if somebody told him about that," growled the objector as he retired. This is what Chicago Platform diners ate under the objectionable name of menu:

Soup.  
Virginia Soup.  
Fish.  
Boiled Haddock with New Potatoes.  
Relishes.  
Prime Ribs of Roast Beef with Boiled Potatoes.  
Dessert.  
Ice Cream, Assorted Flavors.  
Black Coffee.  
Wine.  
American Champagne.

And this is the proportion in which they ate it:

5,000 pounds of beef.  
5,000 pounds of turkey.  
2,000 pounds of haddock.  
100 gallons of ice cream.  
300 loaves of bread.  
2,500 rolls.  
3,000 half-pint bottles of champagne.  
300 pounds of coffee.

To cook this required the utmost endeavors of eighteen cooks assisted by twenty dishwashers, and to serve it 300 waiters under forty captains hustled incessantly. The caterer said that he would lose money on the dinner. As for the quality of the food, every one seemed satisfied with it, and there certainly was enough of it. The first course went slowly owing to the arrival of the soup before the spoons materialized, which caused delay, as the prevailing simplicity hardly extended to drinking soup from the plate.

Once there was a false report that Bryan had come, and everybody rose and howled. At 7:20, however, a man in evening dress appeared at the end of the center aisle and somebody with a circus-announcer's voice shouted:

"Here's the boy! Three cheers for Bryan!"

This time the diners rose upon their chairs. Some stepped upon the tables and wandered about amid the soup. Everybody howled gleefully, and the guest of honor with his bland, wide smile, resting one finger on the hand of Eugene V. Brewster, sidled up the long