

and narrow center space between two lines of chairs and made his way to the cross table, just below the stage, reserved for the speakers and special guests. Behind him came Chairman James R. Brown of the Committee of One Hundred, escorting O. H. P. Belmont, who, with his brother Perry, President of Mr. Croker's Democratic Club, constitutes a double-fluked anchor to hold firm in both kinds of Democratic ground. Next came Dr. J. H. Girdner, blazing a path for George Fred Williams, the great Massachusetts back-action, vote-getter, who has made more votes for his opponents than any other politician now extant.

The orator was led to a center seat, next the stage, facing the diners, and Mr. Brewster and Dr. Girdner took the seats on either side of him. Later Dr. Girdner left to look after some committee business, and O. H. P. Belmont "got next." In spite of the alleged fact that Mr. Belmont has made money in Wall street, and Mr. Bryan's well-known conviction that that locality is the roof of Gehenna, the pair seemed to get on pretty comfortably. Money made in evil ways may be sanctified by a righteous use; a maxim which may possibly have been in the orator's mind in connection with hopes of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

All this time the people were shutting and the band was thumping out "Hail to the Chief." As soon as the music was over Mr. Bryan began to eat, and seemed to take a normal interest in his viands throughout the meal. The same cannot be said of the other diners for the next fifteen minutes. They were too much interested in the central figure of the show. It was after they had resumed their seats again that the band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner." Some of the diners at the guests' table pushed back their chairs as if to rise, looking inquiringly at the guest of honor. He made no movements of recognition of the music, but went on placidly eating turkey. As he sat still, nobody rose, and the national air was played through while nearly 3,000 people sat silent. This may have happened before, but the reporter who writes this has attended many public dinners this season, and not at one of them did the diners fail to jump to their feet almost unanimously before the first bar of "The Star Spangled Banner" was finished.

Something started the cheering again a little later, but the band struck up "Get Your Money's Worth," and a sudden silence fell, broken only by the rattle of knives and forks in rapid action for the next ten minutes. Then the people began to crowd forward into the cross aisle back of the head table, where they stared joyously at the back of Mr. Bryan's head, as he was then talking with a man who stood behind his chair.

Dr. Thompson of the committee ascended the stage and tried the Canute act, but the crowd wouldn't be waved back and stuck until the police came and cleared the aisle for the waiters. Thereafter service was swifter at the head table than at the others and the mass of diners were still at ice cream and free champagne (which one of the orators, later, called cider,) 16 small bottles to 1 gallon, when Bryan rose and started for the stage, walking around to the side steps. At this the gallery, which had filled up pretty well, rose and cheered wildly, and then followed a truly remarkable scene. Mr. Belmont, Mr. Brewster, and one or two others followed Mr. Bryan, but the others went at that stage as if they had scaling ladders up their sleeves. Doubtless they wished they had, for the stage is as high as a man's head, and it was no easy climb. Who started the wild scramble will never be known, but once started it entailed scrambling on the part of all the guests who wanted seats

on the platform. Those on the inside of the table, next the stage, were the first to go up. It seemed as if a dozen of them simultaneously jumped on their chairs, knelt themselves up to the platform, then, reaching down, dragged their chairs up.

After them came the deluge. From the further side of the chief table guests crawled up upon it, strode across, scattering dishes and silverware, and, leaping for the desired coign, sprawled with clutching arms and waving legs, belly to the curve of the edge like unpracticed gymnasts striving to surmount a bar. More followed them. The table trembled under the onslaught. The air was full of chairs and bodies. Helpful diners who had attained the goal sought to haul up to their level less agile friends, and sometimes fell in the attempt. One man slipped in a plate of ice cream and plunged to the floor, taking another man with him in a frantic clutch. An unfortunate, in his herculean struggles, split his coat up the back. Not only from the front did the onslaught come, but from the sides, too, men rushing from the side tables to get a place on the stage. Mr. Bryan stared aghast. Later he talked about the perils of an aristocracy, but just then he looked as if the chief perils he saw was that of mobocracy. And the police, who were all over the building eating and drinking \$1.00 odds and ends didn't take any hand, though they must have heard that something unusual was going on.

The air was full of cries and yells, plainly to be heard above the cheers of the galleries.

"Look out above, there! Give us a chance!"

"Come up, then. Bring your chair!"

"Keep that foot still. You're kicking my head."

"Hey! Lend a hand! I'm slipping back!"

"Heads below! He's going to fall."

"Hi, Jimmy! Come 'round to the side and I'll haul you up."

"Here you are, Sol. I've kept a chair for you. Leggo that chair, it's mine!"

There were some lively scuffles for chairs both on the stage and below, for as soon as the places at the guests' table were vacated others rushed for them, and from there sought in turn to scale the platform. A messenger boy who watched the bodies going up over the side or flopping back, piped out:

"Say, dat's like de Al Foster wit' a excursion on an' de fish comin' up over de side."

The rush being over, it was seen that though many of the ordinary guests had gained the stage they were mostly in the rear, for the first lines were of broad shirt fronts, sadly rumped and soiled by the difficult ascent. The room was still buzzing like a beehive when Chairman Brown called the meeting to order. Then followed the speeches.

THE SPEECHMAKING.

After explaining that the purpose of the dinner was to indorse the Chicago platform Chairman Brown introduced George Fred Williams of Massachusetts who spoke in response to the toast, "Trusts and Monopolies."

He said that for twenty-five years the politicians of New York had dictated to the Democracy of the country how much of true Jefferson principles should be embodied in the National Democratic platform.

"If monopoly has taken possession of the avenues of industry in this land," he said, "the Democracy can take possession of those avenues and drive out the idlers. Our courts must be in safe hands. We need a leader, young, devoted, simple, sincere and pure-minded. Here is the occasion and here is the man."

The speaker pointed to Mr. Bryan and the audience let loose a mighty yell.

When the speaker referred to Governor Roosevelt and said he would demand new worlds to conquer, a voice in the audience cried out:

"Good for Teddy!"

"If the Democracy is not equal to this opposition to trusts and monopolies," continued the speaker, "it must give way to a greater and a nobler party."

O. H. P. Belmont was the next speaker, on the subject of "Unity of the Party."

"I am no hater of money or the man who makes it, but I do hate the man who is not free to live and let live," he said. "Let us have in our party no rich or poor, no capital or labor. The issue of 1900 is whether we are to be controlled by the cosmopolitan money power or shall be freedman. If the Democratic party will nominate Mr. Bryan as the standard bearer for 1900 I will give him my support and work for his election."

John C. Ridpath spoke about Thomas Jefferson. "The greatest statesman and noblest Democrat of this nation—I was going to say without exception, but I hesitate when I look at our principal guest here tonight," said the speaker. "Right you are!" several voices responded.

At the end of Mr. Ridpath's address one of the committee on the stage presented a large floral horsehoe to the Nebraska Colonel.

John S. Crosby was selected to respond to the toast, "Civic Liberty."

"We have political and religious liberty, but we lack industrial, economic and social liberties," he said. "We want all men to understand that while a man is ready to fight for his country and his flag, yet he has civic rights that the Government should not be permitted to take or with hold from him."

"I want to remind you of the principles of Henry George. Every true follower of Henry George is a Democrat. So is every true believer in Abraham Lincoln."

A LIVELY KENTUCKY JUDGE.

The next speaker was Judge James P. Tarvin, a Kentucky Circuit Judge, with aspirations for the Vice-Presidential nomination on the Democratic ticket.

"A hundred years ago the men of the North and the men of the South made this Union," he said, "and I say to you today you must look to the men of the South to preserve the Union. I want to remind you of the difference between the true Democracy of Jefferson and the brutal Democracy of Cleveland [cries of "Good! good! Hit him again!"] I want to remind you also that it is those men who are engaged in amassing wealth in this country who are most anxious to keep up the cry of the 'masses against the classes.' One class owning the money and the other class owning labor keep up the turmoil and industrial unrest in the country. The creature of legislation in this land has driven out the creature of God. The industrial has no chance of fighting for life with the corporation. Those in control of the Democracy in large cities have no conscience. There is no difference between a Croker and a Platt. I say it is the part of a coward to seek any concessions from them. We have no such people in Kentucky, because they have all moved to New York."

BRYAN INTRODUCED.

Mr. Towne retired in a tumult of applause, and instantly shouts of "Bryan! Bryan! Bryan!" rang out all over the hall. Chairman Brown smiled and bowed to the crowd, and then he picked up the big bunch of American Beauty roses, and, walking over to where Mr. Bryan sat, he said:

"Colonel Bryan, I am directed to see that this is presented to you, this bunch of American Beauties, on behalf of your

American admirers. You, Colonel, are like this rose, in that you are the nation's choice."

Then the crowd whooped and yelled some more and Colonel Bryan blushed. Chairman Brown, walking to the edge of the platform, said that over thirty years ago a man had come out from the west, unexpected and unlooked for in an hour of the nation's peril. History repeats itself and the world travelled in a circle, and now in another hour of the nation's peril another man had come out of the west to bring it back to virtue and liberty. Then he introduced the Boy Orator of the Platte.

As Colonel Bryan stepped forward the diners rose en masse. They leaned on chairs and tables, they swung the bottles around their heads, they put their feet in the ice cream dishes, they waved hats, coats and handkerchiefs, and howled so loud that the band, which had begun to toot the moment Bryan stepped forward, could not be heard. The demonstration continued without interruption for a full minute. Then there were signs of its waning, and the Colonel, with that old, familiar smile, held out both hands in gentle protest to keep her going—at least that was the effect of it. The noise was renewed and the band played on. Another minute passed. In the wild enthusiasm champagne bottles and dishes were broken. Men climbed up on each other, the women in the galleries added their shrieks to the stentorian roar that came up from the lower floor. At the end of this second minute there was another suspicion of a let up, and again the Colonel, the smile broadened to cover his whole face, raised his hands, palms outward, and commanded it to go on. In the third minute he kept waving and smiling pretty regularly, and the band played on. The third minute passed and fifteen seconds more. The noise died out. "Too-o-o-toot!" went the band and up rose the crowd again and they yelled out another thirty-five seconds of welcome. Then came silence.

POLICE GET THEIR CLUBS TO WORK.

When Mr. Bryan finished his speech, there was prolonged cheering. He stood smiling and bowing, when suddenly there was a rush for the stage. The crowd poured over the platform, and Mr. Bryan was surrounded by a howling, pushing mob, all fighting madly to shake hands. Mr. Bryan was rudely jostled about and his face became very pale, but he continued to smile.

The police made a rush to his assistance, but soon found that ordinary pushing and shoving would not drive away the too enthusiastic admirers, so they drew their clubs and literally clubbed a passageway to him. Then with two policemen ahead of him, two on each side and two behind him, a way was forced to the sidewalk, where another crowd made things interesting until they got him in a carriage. He was rapidly driven away.—New York Sun.

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