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San Francisco Chronicle (published as San Francisco Chronicle.) - July 8, 1897 - page 16
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BRYAN TALKS BY NIGHT AND DAY TO CITY CROWDS.

Hoarse and Weary From Speaking and Travel.

SILVER'S APOSTLE IS WELL RECEIVED.

ADDRESSES AT CENTRAL PARK AND WOODWARD'S PAVILION.

Wretched Policing of the Evening Meeting—Some of the Guests That Were Invited Are Hustled Away.

It was by sea and not by land that Bryan came to San Francisco—a passenger on a puffy tug, streaming with bunting, escorted by men whose hats were constantly in the air and whose throats were always open to cheer for the apostle of silver.

The Nebraskan had been whisked through Alameda and Oakland, fed in installments when there was nothing else to do, and hurried from appointment to appointment.

Twenty people, perhaps, scanned the horizon for the Vigilant, which was late in arriving at the pier in Oakland. Presently she steamed into view, every rope fluttering with color, and on board as jolly a crowd of Argonauts as ever chased a silver fleece. They were all there—municipal, county, State and Federal Democrats, office-holders and party workers, committeemen and powers behind the throne, from Rottanzl down—or up.

Presently the Ulysses arrived. He was drawn by four spanking grays, with flags at their heads, and the driver, whose proud boast it is that he has personally conducted all the great men who ever visited the Coast. There was a hurried clambering to the tug, a shout from the growing crowd, a prolonged blast from the whistle and the tug was off. But one accident marred the start. There was luncheon on board and at intervals men emerged from the fo'castle devouring a peach or a pie. A case of sauterne was carried aboard for Lawyer Foote's consumption, and one bottle was dropped on the Vigilant's bow, so that she is rechristened. A lady with a poem to read refused to be separated from Bryan, and Foote, with that gallantry which distinguishes the South was forced to put her ashore, gently but firmly, which he did with manifest reluctance and a wry face. The hawser once off everybody saluted the Vigilant, and her whistles gallantly returned an answer. Everywhere jets of steam shot up. Frank Moffitt's launch saluted shrilly, a yacht fired a baby cannon, and a naphtha launch acted as escort. Three little boys in a whitehall set up a treble cheer and to them, as to every one, Bryan responded. Some day those boys will vote.

And the man who was the center of it all? He is not at all like his pictures of the campaign, whether published by friend or foe. Here is no Cassius, but a man, plump and prosperous, who looks as though he had caught the crest of some wave of prosperity. He is rotund, with a comfortable double chin that might adorn a goldbug or a banker. He wears plain black clothes, with a rent under one arm, firmly if not artistically mended, and evidently by his own hand, for Bryan has no valet and Mrs. Bryan is far away. In the lapel of the coat was a white carnation and in the shirt front two small diamond sparks. One does not expect Democratic leaders to appear "some in rags and some in tags and some in velvet gowns," but Bryan's diamond sparks were wonderingly noted by many. A turn-down collar, a checked wash tie, a soft, gray hat and a drab ulster buttoned to the chin, in conjunction with a smooth-shaven face, gave the Nebraskan a decidedly clerical air.

His is a stronger face than it has been pictured. There is nothing youthful about it. On the contrary, it is mature, with strong lines etched about the mouth and kindly ones at the eyes. His lips are thin and the mouth that of the talker; the profile hawk-like, with a prominent chin, and the hair, crisply curling and inclined to sparseness in the back. In his hat and overcoat, Bryan is handsome—without them, reasonably good looking, but not distingue. Always he is cordial and hearty and good-humored.

And as a speaker?

Any one not rapturously in love with the doctrines he preaches has a disappointment in store. His eloquence has been heavily overestimated, or else he was miles below his best in San Francisco. There are local orators who indulge in more thrilling flights. There was nothing to quicken the blood, nothing to stimulate the brain, no logic and less political economy. The evening speech in particular was a maze of sophistries and devoid of ballast that carries far. It appealed to the gallery, to be sure, with many funny stories, most of them old. And in the tickling of their risibilities they forgot that there had been no rounding periods, no rhetorical flights, no pathos, no eloquence, no magnetism—such as the eulogizers of the partisan press had led them to expect. Of all cold-blooded men, Tom Reed of Maine is perhaps the most unmagnetic, but his speech in this same place was a glittering fabric compared with Bryan's.

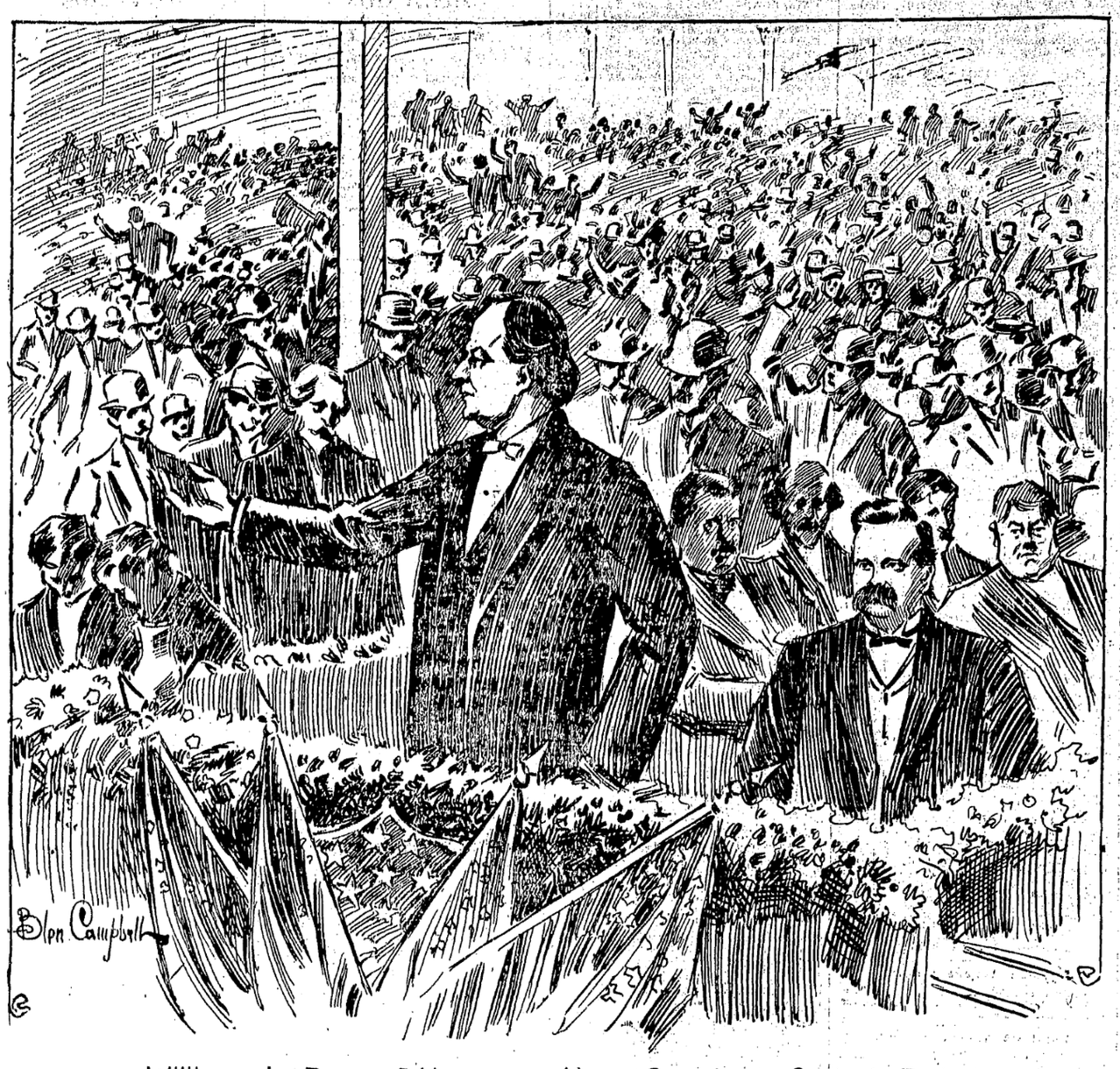
Very likely the man who nursed the Chicago convention to fever-pitch and thereafter held it in the hollow of his hand was too weary last night to be meteoric. One cannot always be at one's best, even if one's nerves are of the ironclad variety. And a great reputation is sometimes a stumbling block.

There is no doubt that Bryan is fatigued mentally and physically. He showed it in his tired eyes on the tug, when, after snatching a bit of luncheon, his aching hand was wrung and twisted by half a hundred politicians as they filed past to be presented. Bowing cordially to the enthusiastic crowd which welcomed him on the Mission-street wharf, he was jolted to the Palace, where he stole an hour to write to Mrs. Bryan. At the end of the time he was driven to Central Park. After the speechmaking he dined and then was carried to Woodward's Pavilion, where he was expected to thrill and interest again. Truly, it was a day's work.

No one seems to know why Bryan is being hustled over the State at breakneck speed. At best he cannot run for office until three years from this summer. There would seem to be no special reason for this terrific haste.

There is a cordiality about the man decidedly winning. His personality is far more interesting than his public utterances. It would be to Bryan's advantage if men, not principles, were what the people want in a President.

The organ tones of which so much has been written were absent here. Bryan's voice was a wreck—husky, throaty and hoarse. It had simply given out from overwork, and yet, withal, he is a ready, fluent, easy speaker, running smoothly along. If he had not been heralded as great he would be considered good; his funny stories might cover his lack of political economy and his ease and fluency conceal his poverty of logic.



William J. Bryan Addresses a Huge Crowd at Central Park.

THE CENTRAL PARK SPEECH.

About noon the crowd began to gather at Central Park. There were so many more Iroquois badges than there were grand stand seats that the angry owners were blocked in a solid mass to the Eighth-street entrance, and the policemen who guarded the speakers' stand were the meek recipients of advice and abuse.

There were at least 6000 people in the throng, and not more than 2000 melted away when they discovered that Bryan's voice was thoroughly worn out. It was distressing to see the edge of the crowd crumble and fall off in great pieces. People departed by twos and twenties, leaving their seats in the Seventh-street bleachers which some of them had been holding for four hours. The Mission-street seats were entirely unoccupied. Back of the speakers' stand and in the Market-street seats people sat hushed and close together. The main space of Central Park, where footballers have rolled and tumbled, was a solid mass of hats—hats set on red, perspiring foreheads, with the owners glowing beneath them from wearliness and warmth.

Whenever a small boy gained a perch on a lofty cross-tree the good-natured crowd yelled. There were a number of false alarms.

"There's Bryan!" yelled some one.

"No, it's Clunie!"

Another man proposed "Three cheers for O'Brien!" and so they beguiled the time.

But the speaker was prompt to his schedule. The gilt hands of the Odd Fellows' clock had barely touched the half hour after 3 when the crowd parted like the waves of the Red sea and the man appeared. He was detained by hands outstretched to clasp his, and he grasped them all. Behind him were W. W. Foote, W. P. Lawlor and a few others of that devoted band which watches the silver prophet by night and by day.

To a speakers' stand, trimmed with red carnations, white dahlias and lavender sweet peas Bryan ascended, while the crowd cheered and the thousand or two hats that made the foreground flew into the air. Women waved their handkerchiefs and helped in the cheering, and every one stood up, as though obeying a single, irresistible impulse. Bryan bowed and his lips smiled, but his eyes were a bit weary, and he looked as though he would be glad to end it all.

Somebody removed a tall, stiff bunch of gladioli that cut out half the crowd from a view of the speaker's face, and that end of the throng cheered.

Chairman Gould appealed for order in the tremendous uproar and introduced James G. Maguire as chairman of the meeting. Maguire's voice is like the rasp of a file, but it carries. He introduced Bryan as the greatest living Democrat, and reminded the crowd that it was the anniversary of the Chicago Convention which nominated him for President on a silver platform. Maguire remarked that it had been said that Bryan was a man of one idea. He referred to him as a statesman, and recalled the action of Bryan in helping to defeat the funding bill. The roar of applause was soon merged in a greater one when Maguire remarked: "I take pleasure in introducing to you the next President of the United States, William J. Bryan."

The surf at its stormiest season is not to be compared to the roar that followed. There were three cheers for Bryan, to which he gave a smiling response and stretched out his hands for silence. Then he apologized for his voice. The orator's organ tones are husky now, and they can no longer carry to the outskirts of a big crowd.

"I have been talking so constantly since I came to your State," he began, "that even the climate of California cannot keep me from getting hoarse, so it will be necessary to ask you to help me by silence."

The speech that followed had for its keynote the equality of all men before the law. It took up briefly the funding bill only to denounce it; it treated of the iniquitous system of trusts and how it should be bridled of an income tax, of the Supreme Court, and, lastly, of silver as American money. The Nicaragua Canal was also favored.

"We who were nominated on the Chicago platform," he said, "are not here to disturb existing conditions, but we want to go back to the day when the Government was for all the people, regardless of social conditions. This is what the Declaration of Independence was for, and it will take a bigger party than the Republican party ever was or ever will be to repeal the Declaration of Independence. We say that every court, from the Justice Court to the Supreme Court, must respect the principle of the equality of all men before the law. We tried in the Fifty-third Congress to carry out this principle in the matter of taxation.

"In what proportion should taxes be paid? You will all agree that people should pay in accordance with the protection they receive from the Government. The people pay more in proportion to their numbers than in proportion to their wealth. Import taxes are laid on food and clothes. Are these proportional to ability? Not at all. They say that the poor man is hunting food for his stomach and the rich man hunting a stomach for his food. A rich man does not eat a hundred times as much as the poor, or wear a hundred times as much. Instead of laying the burden equitably upon the backs of the people, the poor man every year pays a larger proportion of his income for taxes.

"We tried to levy an income tax. I say the income tax was just. I care not what justification you may make for the Supreme Court, which by a mere majority reversed the law. I say the American people have a right to put a provision into their Constitution which will make an income tax possible. Suppose there should be a war and all ports should be blockaded. Should this Government go down because we cannot compel the rich to pay an income tax?"

Then Bryan devoted himself to the trusts. He said they were a menace to the people, for whose benefit they had been created and allowed to live.

"Trusts live now," he went on, "by contributing vast sums to campaign funds and binding candidates by promises, which they are obliged to fulfill when elected. Corporations should be forbidden by law to contribute to campaign funds or to meddle with politics."

He said the trusts were trying to change the laws of competition and gave their competitors a choice between conspiracy and ruin. He exhorted his hearers to see the danger before it was too late.

"I want to show you," he said, "how that principle of equality before the law applies to the money question. We must first have a definition of an honest dollar. I can't tell what your gold bugs would call an honest dollar. I don't mean to apply it offensively, and when I use the phrase I want to use it with all that kindness of feeling which characterizes the gold bug when he calls me a lunatic. (Laughter.) The term lunatic is the mildest one applied to us. When they call us that they relieve us from all moral responsibility as from all mental responsibility for our acts. I do not object to these terms, and the fact that I do not has been a great blessing to me in the past year. If a man calls me a thing and I'm it, I can't blame him for finding me out. If I'm not it, all his calling will not make me so.

"Ask a gold bug what you mean by an honest dollar and he looks wise—the gold bug always looks wise. Ask him what he means by an honest dollar and he'll tell you that he means sound money, but when you get him down he'll tell you that he means a dollar that will stand the melting-pot test. The Mexican dollar is one that will stand that test. This definition leaves out of consideration the only important thing in a dollar—the purchasing power. That is the test of honesty in a dollar."

Then Bryan told a humorous little story to illustrate that one kind of money was as good as another if it only bought as much. He declared that there was a palpable fallacy in the assertion that enough silver could be bought for 50 cents to coin into a dollar, his implication being that silver would necessarily go up with the establishment of bimetallism. This, too, was punctuated and nailed down with a joke. It's a favorite argument with Bryan—the use of ridicule.

"I will assume for a moment that I am the advance agent of prosperity," he continued, "and give you a plan by which every one of you can get rich, if you can get rich under free coinage. It's only occasionally that I give this plan. I've given it only in five silver States, but this State came so near it I'll make no exception. But suppose you should become rich and then turn into goldbugs, as so many of them do? Well, I'll risk it."

The plan was that they should all go out and buy property at half price and then sell it immediately in the market at full price.

"An honest dollar would be a dollar," he went on, "whose general average purchasing power would be the same yesterday, to-day and forever. They say an honest man is the noblest work of God. An honest dollar will be the noblest work of man. We've been having a dollar with a tendency to larceny, and the more the dollar stole the more honest it was called. The gold standard is barely sufficient in time of peace. It would fail utterly in time of war. You can never have an American policy nor resent an insult to the flag until you have a national financial policy.

The speech ended very simply and quaintly.

"Now I've talked as long as I feel able," said the orator, with a smile, "having another speech to make tonight, and I bid you good afternoon."

Then a crush and a rush, hand clasps, and a gasping crowd that jammed and mashed itself to see him, a rolling hack, and Bryan was far down Market street.

THE EVENING ADDRESS.

The evening bill was late. The crowd had early thronged Woodward's Pavilion, which was charmingly decorated with the purple and gold of the coming convention, which had lent the house for a consideration. If it had been decorated for a gold meeting it could not have been yellower. Butterflies, crosses of gold and sunflowers made the place gaudy. Oddly enough, the shield of Nebraska was nearest the stage.

The crowd was as wretchedly policed and handled as well could be. The committee had issued a limited number of invitations to the large platform and had instructed the holders of tickets to present them at a side door. Through the crass stupidity of the policemen in charge these invited guests were clubbed off the sidewalk. As a result, some fifty unoccupied seats on the platform were filled by the uninvited, and two rows of seats in front were left vacant. Neither ushers nor police seemed to have heard of the invitations.

For some untold reason it takes a brace of speakers to introduce a great man. In the afternoon it was Gould and Maguire, in the evening Alford and Phelan, and then, as if the Mayor, who had remarked gracefully that California was a virgin soil as to opinions, and that he who sowed well should also reap, had not been enthusiastic enough, Alford took a second shot at the target and reintroduced the prophet out of the West as the man "in whom all the rays of the Democracy converge."

The enthusiasm on Bryan's appearance was immense, of course. There were fully 5000 people present, and their greeting lacked nothing in cordiality. They laughed at his stories, cheered the one or two flashes in the pan that reminded them of the promised oratory, and appreciated the apparent sincerity and simplicity of the man. When he broke into a homely, Southern accent and stumbled and tripped over "conglomerate" they but liked him the better. When he twisted the British lion's tail and accused the goldbugs of coquetting with foreigners some one cried, "Down with Johnny Bull!" and when he said that if the United States were to be flooded with silver he was willing to have it all piled on a five-acre lot he owns somewhere in Nebraska, they loved him for his simplicity. His best story was of the Irishman who said the Democrats "belayed in sixteen to one, and the Republicans in nothing to ate."

When the applause for Alford's little speech had subsided Bryan stepped forward from among his bouquets of roses. "For a dead cause," he said, "the silver question is showing remarkable vitality. I am glad to have the opportunity to address the residents of a city which came nearer to giving its vote to our principles last fall than almost any of the great cities of the country."

"The forum's champion, the people's friend," as Mayor Phelan poetically styled him in his address of introduction, went on to explain some of the hardships under which he and his friends had labored during the last campaign, how some of the discordant elements of the democracy wanted one thing and some another.

"Well, the result of this," he went on, "was the making of a platform that could not be misconstrued—a platform that spoke for itself—and we had the faith to defend it before the public." One great stumbling block, he explained, on the road to Democratic success was that the platform of the party demanded affirmative action and, therefore, everybody who was not fully convinced was on the other side. In spite of defeat, however, as much had been achieved as could reasonably be expected [illegible] people had been started on a campaign of thought and good was sure to result in the end.

He told his audience that the country had existed under free coinage before and that until the Republican party came into power the United States had never asked the consent of any other nation about anything. The Republican party now solemnly declared in its platform, he said, that the policy of the country should be that people living in foreign lands should frame the methods of American government.

"I have been accused," he continued, "of disturbing the harmony of the Democratic party, simply because I used my efforts prior to the last national convention to get the delegates to stand firm in the cause of silver. The majority of us being in favor of the principle I was advocating, we determined to take charge of the Democratic party and rescue it from destruction.

"There isn't a dollar in the United States to-day but what is a creature of law. You can't have gold, silver or greenbacks unless the law specifically provides for them. In this respect, money is different from other things. If you want more wheat, you must produce it. If you want more fruit, you must plant more trees, but you can't get out and create money. Some people have tried to do that, but the Government invariably puts them in the penitentiary, where they belong. No matter how much the people need money they cannot add a single dollar to the circulation. I stand here to say that when the Government takes upon itself the solemn duty of saying to the people 'You shall not create money,' then the Government must create enough money itself to enable the people to do business.

"If you want money that can be melted without loss, you must have a metal that can be coined without charge. Metal uncoined is not money. Of course, people will accept anything for what they have to sell provided they think it good enough. They are getting now into such a condition of poverty that they are beginning to believe that any old thing is good enough."

The speaker paid his respects to John G. Carlisle, and it was while scoring the ex-Secretary that he treated his audience to the first sign of anything like oratory. It passed in a moment, and he went on in an ordinary tone.

"I defy any one here to prove to me," he said, "that when the Republicans claim that we have $600,000,000 in money in circulation in this country they are telling the truth. They tell us to look at the Treasury reports, and to count up what is contained in the national Treasury, national banks, private banks and other storehouses, but the whole calculation even then does not amount to more than $300,000,000.

Then they tell you with a smile that the balance may be looked for in the invisible supply of gold. It seems to me to be getting more and more invisible every day. These people talk about the United States being made a dumping-ground for a flood of silver, but where is the flood going to start from? Not from France, because silver there, measured by gold, is worth more now than it would be here under free coinage. Not from old silver forks and spoons, because the metal when worked on becomes more valuable than the raw material.

"A flood of silver is possible, but so is a flood of rain. We pray for rain sometimes and are quite willing to take our chances on a flood, because we know there has been only one in 6000 years. We are quite willing, too, to take our chances on a flood of silver. History does not record the name of a single nation that ever was deluged with silver or gold."

Bryan proceeded to give his opinion of his opponents. He said they ignored mathematics, which was to them an unknown science; the only thing they had any knowledge of was rhetoric. For 200 years prior to 1873, the variation of silver was 14 to 1 to 16 to 1, and by adverse legislation in a period of twenty years the variation had been changed eight times as much. The very action of far off India had lessened the value of silver in the United States and still with the knowledge of these two facts before them the Republicans could not see what influence legislation could have on money values. The repeal of the Sherman law lowered the value of the silver in the United States.

"Though you legislate on the tariff and everything else," he said, "when you come to the money question, you Republicans throw up your hands and say, 'The law is impotent and we can't do anything.' I say we can. We can bring the value of gold down and the value of silver up, and if a man has property to sell he can sell it on a bimetallic basis and not under conditions when a dollar is rising every day.

"I claim that one of the few universal rules is that the debtor should have the option of the kind of money in which to pay his debts. He has the right to select the coin of payment. Not that the debtor is less selfish than his creditor. They have equal rights as far as that is concerned, but the interests of society are paramount, and I have found out what is best for society. If the creditor has the option he will certainly demand payment in gold, which will make that metal dearer. On the other hand, if the debtor has the option he will pay in silver, cheaper metal, there will be at once more demand for it and the price will rise."

"If you want to see the power of the trusts just run for President on a free-silver platform. They all called me a dangerous man. Every trust that was defying the law was shrieking to the voters that if I were elected I would not enforce the law. My friends, what they were afraid of was the knowledge of the fact that once in the Presidential chair I would see that the big criminals, as well as the little criminals, would all be put into striped clothes. That's why they called me dangerous."

In conclusion, Bryan said: "I may be in error, but if I mistake not the hearts of a vast majority of the American people to-day are waiting, like they waited of old for the sound of Liberty Bell, for a signal of the achievement of their financial independence. There may be people on the Eastern Slope who look across the Atlantic for a money policy, but between the Alleghany and the Golden Gate are a multitude who are willing to cast their all on the Republic and rise or fall with it."

The Palace Hotel court was crowded all evening with guests and visitors, listening to the music of a band and enjoying the illumination. At 11:15 P.M. Bryan appeared on the balcony of the second floor and addressed the people in the rotunda. He was very hoarse and showed unmistakable signs of fatigue. He excused himself for not being able to make a speech, saying that he had done enough work during the day. "And though I cannot answer for the quality of the work," he said, "I can vouch for the quantity."

He spoke for about ten minutes, and then retired for the night.

BRYAN IN OAKLAND.

He Addresses a Large and Enthusiastic Gathering.

OAKLAND, July 7.—The train from Los Angeles bearing William J. Bryan and his party rolled into the Sixteenth-street station at 8:48 o'clock this morning, having been delayed an hour and forty-four minutes in Fresno. There was a knot of expectant people in waiting there, most of whom rode to the mole with the distinguished standard bearer of the silver forces, but there was no prearranged gathering or demonstration.

Bryan was driven to the stand erected for his use at the corner of Harrison and Tenth streets in a carriage drawn by four horses and containing W. W. Foote and George W. Baker.

A great cheer greeted him as he alighted and was shown to the canopied stand where his speech was to be delivered, and as he passed through the mass of vice-presidents privileged to occupy seats upon the platform his hand was grasped for and he was made the recipient of many complimentary remarks. Mr. Bryan was surrounded by those who had received him in committee here, and facing the great crowd that cheered him vigorously, delivered a short speech;

THE BIMETALLIC CLUB'S GUEST.

Bryan Discusses the Financial Problem in Alameda.

ALAMEDA, July 7.—Bryan was expected to arrive in Alameda on the broad-gauge local at 8 o'clock, but as his train was behind time it was an hour and a half later when he was met at Mastick station by a delegation from the Bimetallic Club in carriages. He was taken in a four-horse carriage from the depot through the residence portion of the city to the Park Hotel, those occupying seats with him in the carriage being Congressman Maguire, Green Majors, John O'Brien, D. W. Martin, F. W. Vogt and George W. Baker.

There was quite a large turnout of Democrats in the parade from the hotel to where the speakers' stand, canopied with a flag and decked with bunting, had been erected beneath a spreading oak tree at the corner of Santa Clara avenue and Walnut street. Here a crowd of something under 2000 had gathered, most all being of this city and including many ladies. Bryan was met with cheers, which were again given when he was introduced by Green Majors as "the people's hope, the Nation's pride, our next President, William J. Bryan."

Bryan was not in perfect voice to-day, but he was listened to closely, though interrupted at times by ejaculations from his more fervent followers.

BRYAN RECEPTION AT SAN JOSE.

The Nebraskan Will Spend Four Hours in the Garden City.

SAN JOSE, July 7.—The committee having the arrangements for the reception of William Jennings Bryan in charge have completed the preliminaries. A delegation from this county will meet the party at Menlo Park and escort them to this city. He is scheduled to arrive here on the regular south-bound train from San Francisco which arrives here at 11 A. M. tomorrow. Carriages will be in waiting for the party and the visitors will be conveyed at once to Agricultural Hall, where the speaking will take place. There is a possibility that the location of the meeting will be changed as the prospects are that the crowd which will demand to hear Mr. Bryan will be much too large to be accommodated in the building, in which case the Nebraska orator will doubtless address his hearers from the judges' stand at the track, where at least 20,000 people could hear his voice.

A lunch will be served at the Hotel Vendome about 1:30 o'clock and there is a possibility that Mr. Bryan will be asked to deliver another address from the hotel porch later in the afternoon. The party will leave for the north about 4 P. M. Before the departure of the train, the Bryan car will be decorated with flowers and stocked with the fruits of Santa Clara valley.

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