



GEORGE C. FINDLEY.

George C. Findley, one of the silver nominees for the legislature, is a typical American. Of Scotch-Irish parentage, whose ancestors came to America from Ireland in the middle of the last century, philology traces the family name back to the hardy Northmen who from the Scandinavian peninsula, settled on the coast of Scotland more than a thousand years ago. Born in western Pennsylvania in 1860, his youthful days from 1873 were spent on the wild free prairies of the great west. A farmer lad, a cow boy, a tramp printer, a country pedagogue, a college youth and country editor, he has seen life "some," and though quite and assuming, is equally at home "breaking" prairie, punching cows, climbing mountains, initiating the "prep" girls in the mysteries of Greek and algebra, or entertaining the "feller who comes in to lick the editor." He believes in the common people, wants no better treatment and never expects to get any better than they get. He will vote for no struck jury law, but will consider, as a servant of the people, their interests are his duty. If elected he will look out for the interests of the

"under dogs," knowing well that the upper canines can take care of themselves. The platforms of the silver conventions suit his ideas as if made to order, and if elected he will take them for his working guide. He believes that it is better for all classes that prosperity begin at the bottom and work up, rather than at the top and work down, especially since the top is built largely of sponges with unlimited capacity for absorption.

Bryan's Growd.

A good many wild stabs have been made at estimating the car barn pack Tuesday evening. For such purposes there is nothing like a little arithmetic. It beats partisan guesses about 500 per cent. The writer has figured the seating capacity of the barn, making his estimates from actual counts, and finds that, if all occupied, it would not vary materially either way from 6,000. Here let us say that when McKinley was here two years ago the republicans estimated his crowd at 15,000, although half the audience was seated, and the floor space only about three-fourths filled. Again when Thurston

was here in July they claimed a similarly immense audience, although the barn was not filled by at least a third, and half the people were again seated.

The writer wears a 42 inch coat. By actual experiment he finds he needs for standing room, only snugly crowded, a space 18x10 inches. The average man can stand in a space 9x16 inches which is equal to only one square foot. And, this, remember makes no allowances for the economizing of space where men are crowded closely together coming from the overlapping or interlacing of shoulders as when men are arranged in diagonal order.

According to the measurements given out by the Street Railway company the room is 150x210 feet, and contains therefrom 31,500 square feet of floor space. Deducting for the platform and dog house over in the northeast corner, there was at least 30,000 square feet for the audience. The men didn't simply stand up close together. For 100 feet each way from the platform they were packed in like sardines in a box, their shoulders interlaced and dozens of men have assured the writer that for many seconds at a time their feet couldn't touch the floor, the pressure from the big fellows boosting the little ones clear off their feet.

It is safe to say that the 15,000 square feet nearest the stage were occupied by 15,000 people, that the next 10,000 square feet contained 8,000 more, and that 25,000 people, packed as they were, would still have left plenty of room next the rear walls for people to move about freely. It was the sight of a life time.

When casting your ballot for Bryan, Lind and Towne don't forget John A. Keyes, candidate for attorney general; the author of the Australian ballot law in Minnesota. The man who made it possible for you to escape the lashes of the party boss and deposit your ballot as becoming a free man.

"As against a corruption fund, however great, we place the manhood of the American voter."
—Wm. J. Bryan.

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