WALLACE MUST GO.

So Declares Bill White at the Bryan Ratification.

THE BIG CROWD CHEERS WILDLY.

Winsor Welcomes Sinners Into the Populistic Paradise—Speeches From Lewis, White, Jacobs and Others.

With the first gun of the Bryan campaign, fired at the Armory at the joint ratification meeting last evening, there was indisputable evidence that if the King county Popocrats have their way at Ellensburg Hugh C. Wallace will in short time be forced to resign as Democratic national committeeman in this state. The Populists demanded that such be done before fusion can be assured, the Democrats voiced their consent, and the Teller silverites silently approved the move. Another conspicuous feature of the meeting was the ovation granted to James Hamilton Lewis, who will break a lance with Farmer Todd in order to secure the nomination for governor. There was an immense throng present at the gathering, and many people were unable to enter the building. The crowd was fully as large as that at the Republican city convention last spring.

Flags, Pictures—and Lewis.

The Armory presented an unusually gay appearance. In addition to several hundred small flags handed out at the door for the audience the red, white and blue was everywhere predominant. At the center of each of three sides of the hall a big American flag swung from the galleries, and behind the speaker's chair was a flag in a frame of bunting and brought into clear relief by a multitude of small flags. The desk also was concealed under the ample folds of Old Glory, and resting lightly on it was a neat bouquet of sweet peas. To the right of the platform was a standard that made the hearts of the free silver men glad, and all white metal people who saw it nodded their heads and whispered "Good." It was a large painting of "The Dollar of Our Dads, Nov., 1896." The framework of the "coin" was not less than four feet in diameter, and the circumference was "milled" with the national colors, while at the very top of the rim was a stuffed eagle carrying ground in its neck a shield inscribed with the potent "16 to 1." On the left of the speaker was another "float," designed evidently to appeal to the laboring men. It represented Uncle Sam, resplendent in his raiment of national colors. He held in his left hand a bottle and in his right a pair of balances, on one side of which was a gold bug in the image of a little devil, and on the other a gathering of the horny-handed sons of toil. The inscription here was likewise appropriate. It was "16 to 1 that we will bottle that gold bug."

At 8:15 the dignitaries of the evening, while the band began the soft notes of the "American Patrol," marched upon the stage. They were led by James F. McElroy, who was followed almost instantly by Orange Jacobs, Will H. White, John Wiley and others. A shout greeted them, and a second later the cheering became general as the silken bewhiskered face of James Hamilton Lewis appeared. The recipient quietly cast his eyes out over the assemblage and then as quietly stepped into a chair.

Jacobs as Chairman.

At 8:20 Mr. McElroy, as chairman of the joint committee on ratification, called the meeting to order, and announced that inasmuch as J. T. Ronald, who was to have presided during the first part of the evening, was unable to appear in time, Orange Jacobs, the other chairman, would be introduced. Mr. Jacobs was received warmly by the audience.

"This is not a meeting for argument," said he, "but one in which we can give reasons why we are the servants of the Lord." (Laughter.) He then read from a manuscript, evidently prepared with great care, what sounded like a Jacobsonian declaration of independence. Reciting briefly some of the events leading up to the grand culmination in 1776, he modernized the document by the insertion of a paragraph relative to the ratio between gold and silver. He here surprised the audience by mentioning the name of Bryan, and a second later a canvas drawing of the Democratic nominee swung into place from the west gallery. There was a shout from the audience, but the affair was worked badly and the cheering was not so widespread as it might have been. Mr. Jacobs then drew a dark picture of a "land covered with mortgages" and filled with "laborers without hire." "How is all this to be stopped?" he asked; and in the next breath he answered the question, "By driving the money changers from the halls of the nation, and by returning to the money of our fathers." He spoke of the promises made by politicians that the people need exercise patience, and "it would soon be over," and at once alluded to the murder of Scherbring by Fredricks on the Grant street bridge, where the murderer after an ineffectual shot felt for the neck of his victim and then as if to sooth him as he stood on the brink of eternity, said: "Never mind, it will soon be all over." The illustration took with the crowd. He closed by a very pretty rhetorical appeal to voters, in which he spoke of the "moral courage of 70,000,000 people who know their rights and have the courage to assert them."

Bill White With Notes.

When Mr. Jacobs introduced William H. White, the warhorse who went down to the Chicago convention, it was noticeable that the orator came forward with a roll of manuscript in his hand. He announced that he was fully aware of the object of the meeting, as indicated by the chairman, and said he intended to observe fully the non-partisan, or Bryan-only, character of the gathering. But Mr. White, who speaks easily and naturally without notes, was hampered by the bundle in his hand, and all the oratory in him was effectively handcuffed, except in places where he discarded the manuscript. He read largely from a speech of Bryan, and however nice the words may have sounded as delivered by the boy orator of the Platte, the effort of Mr. White was labored, and as he progressed three great rivers of sweat took their rise at the roots of his hair, coursed down his cheek and plunged in cascades over the angle of his chin. "I was a member of the convention that nominated William Jennings Bryan," said Mr. White, and the crowd cheered. The speaker read from an article by J. Ellery Anderson, and then dramatically declared that the people of the Chicago convention were American citizens, educated in the common schools, and in the veins of 90 per cent. of them coursed the blood of revolutionary sires. They were not anarchists, and they had gathered at Chicago in order to give Democracy a new birth. "How will the Chicago convention stand out in history?" he asked. "In the future people will read of it as we now read of Runnymede. They will read with the same spirit and the same glow as of the congress of 1776 that proclaimed to the world the declaration of independence." Mr. White read extensively from John Russell Young in reference to bolters, and then said: "I commend this declaration to a gentleman in this city named Charles H. Baker, an appointee of Mr. Eckels, and I will put it in the language of a gentleman I met the other day: 'For every plug hat that leaves the Democratic party three pairs of overhauls will come in.'" (Loud cheering.) In closing Mr. White said that the question of how to win at the coming election lay with the Democrats and Populists. "Let us have confidence in each other," he advised. "There are just and equitable terms on which we can together put a ticket in the field, and we will nominate electors for such a ticket when the conventions meet at Ellensburg. I only wish we could agree and put a county ticket in the field for every county in the state." (Applause.)

Fresh From St. Louis.

A few strains of "Dixie" caused the crowd to shout, and then the chairman introduced Richard Winsor, sr., who yesterday returned from St. Louis. After some words of gratulation he reviewed the immediate past. "My mind runs back four short years," he said, "and I can see a meeting that then took place in this hall. The worthy gentleman who is presiding tonight was then chairman of a Republican meeting, and Patrick Henry Winston, who twice since that time has been born again from the womb of Republicanism into Populism, was here. (Repeated cheers and laughter.) I remember that the Post-Intelligencer, when the lordly Col. Winston came, threw out the challenge of the famous logician, and that one little tarrier of a Populist (I met him down at St. Louis a few days ago), had the impudence to demand a division of the time, and that your humble servant was called out. But when I began to speak of Republicans falling from grace, I remember that I was called down by Chairman Jacobs. But tonight I can turn to him and announce that

"'While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.'"

By this clever jab at the honored chairman Winsor made the hit of the evening. The laughter continued several seconds, and the presiding officer held down his head, smiled sheepishly and blushed like a schoolboy. The merriment was resumed a moment later when Winsor added, "And Brother Wiley was here, too."

"And Fishback," said a voice.

"Well, Fishback knows about it," said Winsor.

The speaker related how he had been a Republican himself, and during the campaign of 1888 had been sent to Snohomish county to preach the gospel of Republicanism. He had been given a pamphlet, which had been of much use to him on the occasion of the Winston debate. He drew it from his pocket, and proceeded to read a statement about the Republican party being "in favor of the use of both gold and silver." He spoke slowly and deliberately, and, then pausing, stroked his bombazine beard, and called out, to the delight of the crowd:

"Am I going too fast, Mr. Reporter, of the Post-Intelligencer? I want you to get it all down."

Winsor thus made a ten strike with the Bryan people, and they shouted until he was compelled to run his hands through his beard again before they would stop. After this gesture he called out to M. G. Winstock, and requested that he, too, take down what had been said if he intended to make any speeches.

The speaker wound up his arraignment of the Republicans of 1888 by presenting Mr. Wiley with the campaign document, in order that he might vindicate and protect himself, "and confound the party renegade to its principles. After thanking God that calamity howlers (with a gesture toward Mr. Jacobs) were being born by the dozen, Mr. Winsor said:

Down With Wallace.

"We are in the midst of a mighty struggle. United we stand, divided we fall. This is no time for patriotic men to wrangle about trifles. We love Bryan for the enemies he has made, for the cause he has espoused. I believe that the great soul of the Populist party in Washington is in readiness to make most any sacrifice for the saving of this nation and to take from the money changers their power and return it to the common people, where it belongs. But we are not willing to intrust the management of this cause to any goldbug like Hugh C. Wallace, of Tacoma. We want you to understand that at the outset. (Tremendous cheering.) No traitor to the people's cause shall have the reins of battle in this state. (Renewed cheers.)

At these words "Warhorse Bill" White sprang to his feet, and he shouted out in that voice that always commands attention. He said, addressing Mr. Winsor:

"When we gather at the convention at Ellensburg, I promise you that we will right the only wrong committed at the Chicago convention, and will see to it that Hugh Wallace does not represent the party."

"Then I have accomplished my purpose. I have nothing more to say," answered Mr. Winsor.

Wiley and the Lord.

After a song by Prof. H. S. Sharpe, chorus by the audience, John Wiley was introduced as the "gentleman who made the discovery of God's law in regard to the metals." He was received with a considerable show of welcome, and in his remarks kept the audience in good humor. He told how he had been in a campaign several years ago when Bryan earned the title of "The boy orator of the Platte," while he himself earned nothing. "You're all right, John," called out a voice, and the six-foot statesman smiled complacently. He referred to Bryan as an estimable Christian gentleman without one tinge of fanaticism, and spoke of the Post-Intelligencer several times "if the gentleman who wrote the paragraph about the 'big Swede' could look over this audience," observed Wiley, "he would think he had not only lost his hat but his head as well." He concluded his speech with poetry about the palmetto and the palm, the intention being manifestly to favor fusion.

The chairman introduced Mr. Seymour, who with many facial contortions and comic gestures sang a campaign free silver ditty with a chorus which roused the audience to frenzy with its "Ma Angeline" swing and its declaration in the last line, "Next November, bet your boots, we'll make things hump." In response to a prolonged encore the singer accused the audience of being "as greedy for noise as you are for silver," and then favored them with a coarse hit at Gov. McGraw.

Andrews and Fishback.

The audience howled for Lewis, but Chairman Jacobs followed the programme and introduced William R. Andrews, who briefly expressed his gratification at being on the platform with such men as those by whom he was surrounded, including the man under whom he had studied law and at whose bench he had first practiced the profession. He declared that at no time since the civil war had there been such strength of sentiment among the mass of the people. "This sentiment," he said, "is sweeping across the Mississippi, it is crawling up the slopes of the Alleghanies, it is investing the cities of the Atlantic slope, the sentiment that before long the American people will come to their own." He closed with a quotation from Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Prof. Sharpe then sang, to the tune of "Paradise Alley," a campaign tribute to Bryan and free coinage, the chorus of which voiced the resolve, as pronounced by the singer:

"In solid phay-lanx, up to the polls we go,
The money-changing Shylocks they hate us so."

Cries of "Lewis," "Lewis," resounded from all parts of the hall, and Chairman Jacobs, in introducing Mr. Charles Plankback, took occasion to promise the listeners that they should hear next from the "incomparable colonel."

Mr. Fishback, in view of the lateness of the hour, condensed his speech to a brief presentation of the four elements which in his judgment constituted an epoch in history, viz., namely a crisis, a cause, a leader and a triumph. The crisis he found in the breaking up of old party lines and the necessity of a new alignment, brought about by the question whether a few men from New York countinghouses should dictate the financial policy of the American people. The cause he declared to be the maintenance of gold and silver as the money of the people in accordance with the constitution. The leader he announced as Bryan, the "young Lochinvar" who had come "out of the West," and the triumph he predicted in Bryan's election.

After Mr. McElroy had announced a distribution of free silver buttons, requested all present to fill out the campaign blanks, and stated that Judge Turner, of Spokane, and Attorney General Jones would address a meeting of free silver Republicans at the Armory next Wednesday night, James Hamilton Lewis was introduced, and the reception accorded him was perhaps the feature of the evening.

Talks About Himself.

Mr. Lewis spoke at considerable length, scattering compliments with a lavish hand, now telling a joke at Mr. Ronald's expense and anon giving the managers of the meeting a sly thrust for putting him last on the programme, in order that his voice might be used "to muffle the retiring footsteps of the crowd." He declared that the preceding speakers, who had "so splendidly consumed the time," had left him nothing to say, as the negro who had guessed 'possum and sweet potatoes as the most toothsome of all viands had left his rival nothing to guess. Alluding to the