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THE MCKINLEY FIRST NIGHT.

Music, Crowded Thoroughfares, a Blaze of Rockets and Red Fire.

END OF THE ERA OF DEPRESSION SIGHTED.

Spontaneous Uprising the Like of Which Has Seldom Been Witnessed in This City.

Enthusiasm and Burnt Powder Fill the Air From Eight O'clock Until Midnight. Speeches at the Pavilion.

It was a McKinley first night. The moon that looked down from the serene sky seemed altogether dazed. She has night after night for nearly four years now looked down from placid skies upon a more and more placid Democratic administration. During all that time not the Fourth of July, nor the Columbian Exposition, nor a California fiesta, nor any other creature could so much as awaken a North American cheer or provoke a thrill of enthusiasm.

resting on Mission. The Eagle Club formed on the opposite side of the same street. These with the marshal and his aids, the County Committee, flanked and escorted by the Lincoln Club, were to form the first division.

The Howard Club formed on the north side of Howard street, west of New Montgomery, the right resting there. The Thirtieth District Club formed on the left of the Howard Club. The Austrian-American McKinley Club formed on the south side of Howard street, right resting on New Montgomery.

The Thirty-fifth District Club formed on their left. These, with the Army and Navy Republican League, which formed in the same street, composed the second division, under command of Marshal Fred Frey.

The third division formed on the north side of Howard street, with right resting on New Montgomery. It was under the command of Marshal Sylvester Sheehan with a corps of aids. It was composed of the Phoenix Club, Young Men's Republican League, North Beach Republican Club and the Irish-American Republican League.

The fourth division formed on the north side of Sutter street, with the right resting on New Montgomery. It was under command of Judge A. B. Treadwell, marshal, with his aids. It was composed of the Montezuma Republican Club, the Forty-third District Republican Club and the Italo-American Republican Club.

Marshal J. E. Field had command of the Fifth Division, which formed north of Market street, on Montgomery, the right resting on Post. It was composed of the Republican Executive Council of California, the Thirty-sixth District Republican Club, the Forty-first District Young Men's Republican Club, the Afro-American League, the Forty-third District Republican Club and the Forty-fourth District Republican Club.

The Sixth Division formed on the south side of Sutter street, with the right resting on Montgomery. It was under command of Marshal Burns and aids. It was composed of the Thirty-fifth, the Forty-fifth, the Thirty-ninth, the Forty-first, the Thirty-fourth, the Forty-second, the Thirty-first and the Thirty-seventh District Republican clubs. The Ladies' Republican Club, which was assigned to this division, did not get in line until it arrived at the Pavilion.

The Bear Republican Club, forming the Seventh Division, formed on Mission street, with the right resting on New Montgomery. It was commanded by T. W. Collins.

It was after 8 o'clock before the order to move was given by the grand marshal. As the head of the line moved out into Market street the band struck up and a volley of bombs gave notice to the waiting throng that crowded both sides of Market street all the way out to the pavilion, that the great parade was under way, that the

and lighting the eaves of the building for a block on both sides of the street.

Market street, from New Montgomery to the Pavilion, was thronged with people, and as the lights and flags and transparencies bearing the glad tidings of the better times passed by to the music of the bands, the bursting of rockets and the martial tread of the marching army of Republicans the enthusiasm of the crowd kept pace and the cheers ran with them also from the Palace Hotel to the Pavilion. Every division was led by a brass band and music seemed to move in an uninterrupted stream out the thoroughfare.

Long before 8 o'clock, without waiting for the demonstration of fireworks, music and the marching multitude in the street, people began pouring into the Pavilion, and by the time the head of the procession had reached there its capacity had almost been tested. The stage was crowded with distinguished citizens, who faced a multitude ready to cheer the speakers and sound the slogan for McKinley and prosperity.

The interior of the Pavilion had been draped with flags and bunting that seemed to pulsate with the feeling of jubilant excitement that pervaded the people that filled the space between.

Last night, at the close of the meeting, the Afro-American League and Douglass Guards marched to their hall on Bush street and there held a ratification and jubilation on their own account. They had made preparations in advance for a big time. A banquet was spread, at

A detachment of policemen (twenty-five in number), commanded by Captain Spillane, headed the line. They were followed by Marshal Kincaid in his patriotic regalia of red, white and blue. He was mounted upon a spirited bay horse and attended by his aids, who wore white sashes. The cry of the boys on the streets, "Get your McKinley badges here," was drowned by the music as soon as the procession moved.

All along Market street, from the Palace Hotel to the Pavilion, the air was lurid with red and blue lights, Roman candles and skyrockets and the bursting of bombs, while the strains of music mingled with the cheers of the paraders and the throng of men, women and children who blocked the sidewalks upon each side of the procession.

Transparencies were numerous and torches and fireworks were as plentiful as leaves on trees.

Japanese lanterns were carried by the members of the Continental League, who looked as picturesque as patriotic. The spirit of '76 was happily illustrated by the Continental fife in his shirt sleeves and two young American drummers playing "Yankee Doodle."

"Here We Are!" was the inscription upon a transparency borne by the Presidio Heights Club. The Howard Club was ringing a cowbell in a wagon draped with the National colors.

It announced itself to be "solid for McKinley," and displayed an illustrative picture of the smokeless mills under the mischievous policy of President Cleve-

MAJOR MCKINLEY IN HIS HOME

Pen Sketch of the Future President.

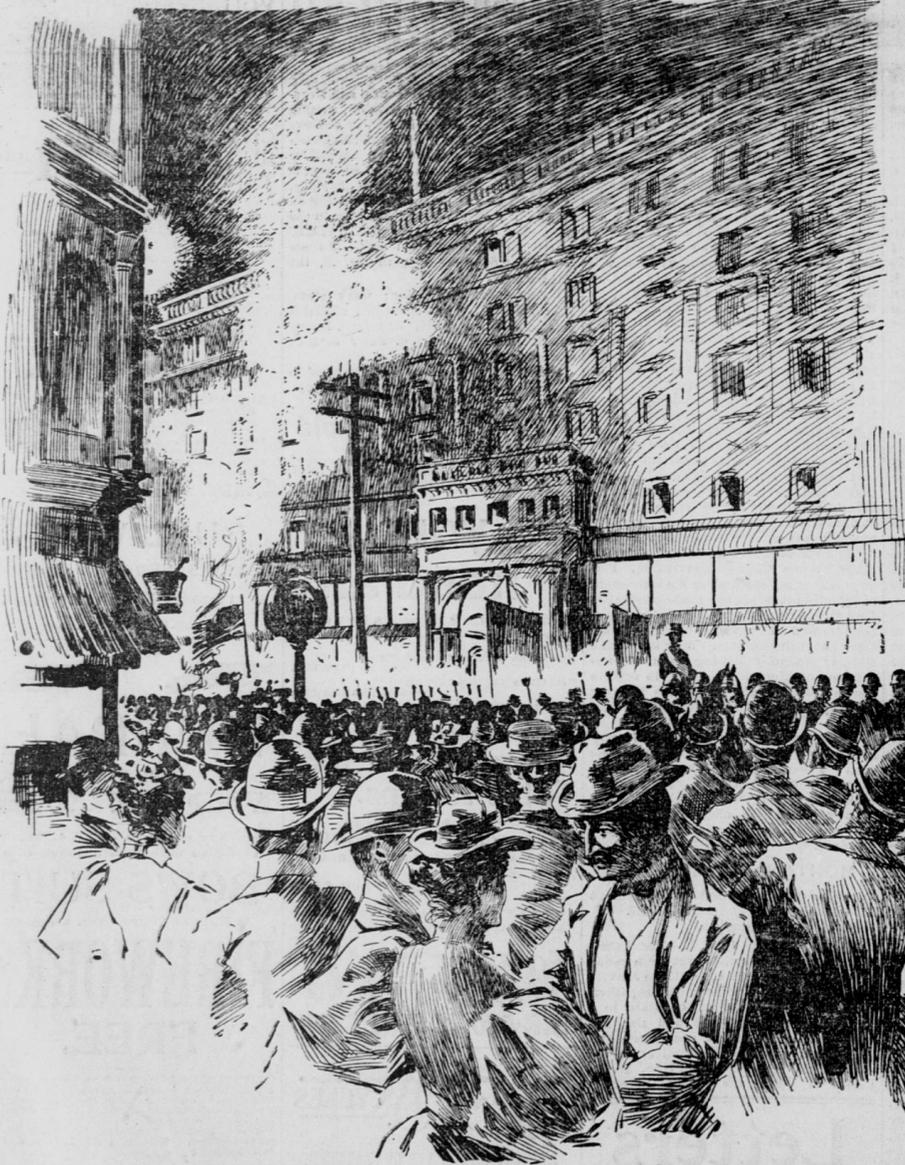
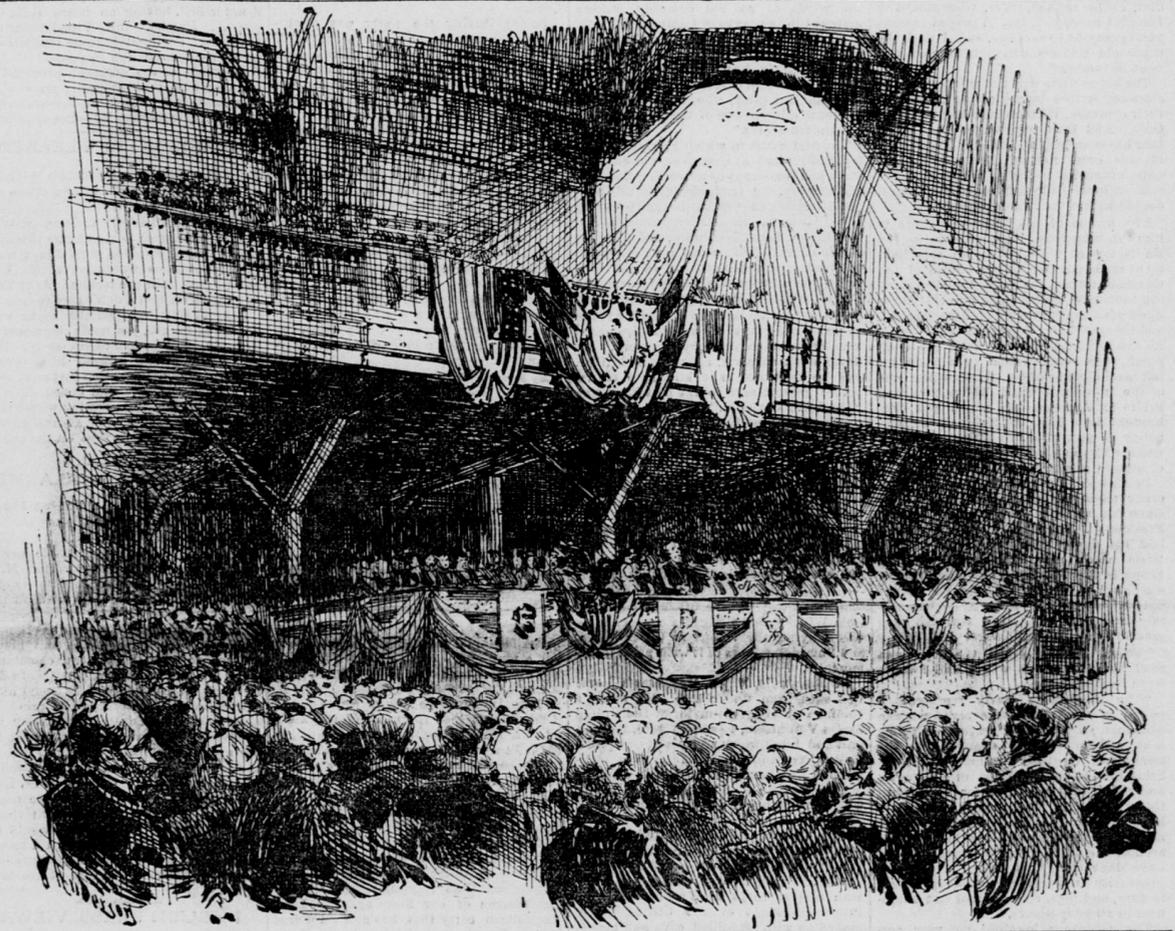
BELOVED BY HIS NEIGHBORS.

Workingmen Come From Distant Points to Offer Their Congratulations.

CANTON, Ohio, June 20.—I had ample opportunity this morning to draw a mental portrait of Governor McKinley as he stood in the parlor of his cozy and unostentatious residence, surrounded by a group of New York delegates. I found him a square-shouldered, square-headed

clear and musical, modulation and accent being those of a trained elocutionist.

While possessing all the courtesy and chivalric bearing of the Latin race, the Governor has an ample store of Scotch cautiousness which is the saving rudder to his force of character. This came to the



THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION, HERALD OF THE NEW ERA, AS IT MOVED OUT MARKET STREET. MECHANICS' PAVILION CROWDED TO THE DOORS BEFORE THE SPEAKING BEGINS.

Answering a single day's notice, an army had come into the streets with torches and banners and bands and fireworks and transparencies that seemed to have sprung into place by magic. A multitude gathered in Mechanics' Pavilion until it could hold no more, eager to hear repeated to them what they already knew—that the campaign had opened that was to bring to an end the period of apathy, depression, poverty and industrial inertia that has lain upon the country for four years like a green scum upon a stagnant pool.

reported to him. Within the sound of a trumpet, in the rooms of the Union League Club, Palace Hotel, the County Committee and its especially invited guests were assembling and making ready to join the procession.

A platoon of police took up a position in New Montgomery street at Market and sharing the space with marshal and aids prepared to lead the line. The Continental League with their flaming torches and handsome uniforms formed in New Montgomery street, right

which there was a good deal of patriotic speech-making, songs and high jinks generally.

OUT MARKET STREET.

The Procession Moves Through a Throng of People From the Palace to the Pavilion.

Five thousand is the number estimated to have been in line, and in passing the corner of Grant avenue and Market street the time taken by the procession was three-quarters of an hour.

land. Glaring out in the bold relief of the brilliant blue fire were such sentiments as: "McKinley and the McKinley Bill"; "California is for Protection to Her Industries, Her Workingmen, and for the People's Choice, the Apostle of Protection, William McKinley."

The Union League Club was represented by a delegation of its members in carriages, who pledged the electoral vote of California to McKinley and Hobart. "A Protective Tariff," declared the Phoenix

man, rather short than tall of stature, and inclined to corpulency. His hands were in his pantalon pockets and his feet wide apart, giving him a solid foundation. This attitude in harmony with the rest of his physical makeup—strong, purposeful, reliant.

Standing in this position, with shoulders set well back and chest thrown forward, the hereditary determination of his Scotch-Irish ancestry stands revealed. The square, forward chin, the square jaw, the lines extending downward from the corners of the mouth, the deepest lines from the corners of the nostrils, the dimple of babyhood grown into the cleft in the chin, the lips horizontally set and the almost level eyebrows tell the same story.

The most conspicuous facial characteristic of this man upon whom the eyes of a nation are blazing to-day is his aquiline profile. It reminds you at once of an eagle's head. There are the curved beak of the king of the cliff and the crag; the fine grained dark and rather scanty hair brushed back over the ears, and the downward curve of the mouth to make the resemblance more vivid. Like most of the other dwellers in the moist heat of the great West, and like the Bonaparte whom he resembles, there is no color in the McKinley face, and this absence of red, which is often an indication of a temperate life, is made more prominent by the dark hair and eyebrows and the suit of solem black cloth and the black tie which he wears.

The Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States has a remarkable pair of eyes. They are gray and deeply set, behind black and somewhat shaggy brows. Indeed they are set so deeply that there does not seem to be any eyelid above them, and most of the time they are shaded. The dark-brown hue of the upper strip of the lower eyelid adds to these a Rembrandt chiaroscuro effect. From the midst of these shades, two round, bright, gray eyes shine at you. The look is not keen and penetrating, nor delivered from ambush, but open, bold and sparkling. There is no winking of the dark eyelashes, but the round pupils shine as polished crystal. They are among the frankest eyes I ever looked into.

Once, while I was clandestinely studying this remarkable man to whom the signs of the times are pointing as the next President, he left the group of New Yorkers and walked to the back parlor. His step was the stride of an Edwin Booth; every sweep of the body showed intelligence as well as physical power; there was a free and graceful swinging of the arms, a swaying of the compact rounded figure, and a dipping of each shoulder in unison with the step.

From an iron man, such as Governor McKinley strikes me as being, you would expect a rough, deep bass voice. But such is not the case. The Governor's voice is

from this morning, when one of the New Yorkers laid before him on a table a small flag, on the white stripes of which were printed with pen and ink the name of a Republican club of that city, with the re-

NEW TO-DAY.

Eczema ON BABY

Grew Worse under Treatment of Best Physicians. Tried CUTICURA REMEDIES

Great Change in Five Days and To-day is Entirely Cured.

My baby had Eczema in its worst form. One of the best physicians in the city attended her, but she continued to get worse all the time. He finally admitted he was at his wits' end. I then got CUTICURA REMEDIES, and in a few days noticed a great change in her condition. She continued to improve and to-day is entirely cured. Her nice head of hair, and is lively and hearty. I spent considerable money for drugs and doctor's bills, which was useless. J. B. JACOBS, 2021 Wilkins Ave., Balt., Md.

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