

BULLETIN OF THE ST. PAUL GLOBE.

THURSDAY, AUG. 13.

Weather for Today—
Fair and Warmer.

PAGE 1.

Bryan Demonstration in New York. Democratic Candidates Notified. Bryan's Speech.

PAGE 2.

Watson Has a Few Words to Say. Notification of Lind. Comptroller Eckels in the City. Meteor Falls in St. Paul. Fatal Heat in New York Suburbs.

PAGE 3.

News of Minneapolis. Fifth District Convention Called. Fargo Man Commits Suicide. North Dakota Fusion Ticket. Iowa Convention Work.

PAGE 4.

Editorial. Prof. Laughlin on Finance. The Financial Forum. Day's Social Events.

PAGE 5.

Saints Win One and Forfeit One. Millers Shut Out the Blues. Hoosiers Defeat the Tigers. Buckeyes Take Two From Gold Bugs. A Suicide Mystery.

PAGE 6.

Hospital Physicians Meet. Glacier Discovered on the G. N. News of the Railways. Bar Silver 62 3-8. Cash Wheat in Chicago 53 3-4. Stocks Take a Slump.

PAGE 7.

Wants of the People. Bryan's Speech, Continued.

PAGE 8.

Bryan's Speech, Continued. Sewall's Acceptance.

EVENTS TODAY.

Aurora Park—Fats vs. Leans 3.30. St. Francis Hall—Sound Music 7. St. Anthony Park—Flag Raising 7.

MOVEMENTS OF STEAMSHIPS.

NEW YORK—Arrived: Munchen, Bremen; Travre, Bremen and Southampton. Sailed: St. Louis, Southampton; Teutonic, Liverpool; Kensington, Antwerp. QUEENSTOWN—Arrived: Germanic, New York; Indiana, Philadelphia. ROTTERDAM—Arrived: Werkendam, New York. Sailed: Spandam, New York. SOUTHAMPTON—Sailed: Spive, New York. Arrived: Paris, New York. LIVERPOOL—Sailed: Steamer Majestic, New York; Waesland, Philadelphia.

Bryan and Bland, the busy B's.

Mr. Watson now realizes what it is to be an adopted child.

Bicyclists are scorching at Louisville this week, thanks to old Sol.

All that "plain people" talk must have made the silver barons smile.

In invading the Blue Grass region the bicycle is adding insult to injury.

Pingree in doing up his fall work isn't trying any new fangled potato diggers.

In the metaphor-making line, Gov. Stone seems to be something of an artist himself.

The base ball games yesterday were like a Democratic convention; so many good people shut out.

If anything further is needed as an object lesson Canada is furnishing it by boycotting American silver.

The notification committee was about the only thing that had no part in the Madison square meeting.

Mr. Watson, of Georgia, made a great success last night in his star engagement as "The Man Outside."

Li Hung Chang thinks China, Japan and the United States must settle the silver question. What a drebband!

Russell B. Harrison has a new son, and there is a chance for grandfathers' hat to be passed on down the line.

For a man who has been keeping closely to one spot, Andree has managed to get himself in a good many places.

After her Venezuelan experience, England ought to realize that gobbling American soil is apt to bring on political dyspepsia.

The friction caused by Mr. Bryan scorching across the country having subsided, the East may now expect cooler weather.

You can get ten Mexican silver dollars for \$5.50, but you can't get a Mexican \$10 gold piece for less than \$10.00. If you think you can, try it.

What is becoming of Mexico? Great Britain has seized one of her islands, and the United States is gobbling her silver dollars to use as horrible examples in the campaign.

Where are Corbett, Sharkey and the rest of the great pugilists, that they allow a man who knows practically nothing of the manly art to get away with the oratorical championship.

It must be admitted that there is a big difference between the Mexican dollar and the proposed Mexicanized dollar. The latter you would have to take any way—if you got a chance.

Indians across the Canadian line claim to have seen Andree's balloon. It was going in a northerly direction. The story is plausible, as no sensible man would deliberately land in such a climatic region when he could return to the pole.

A Chicago man was fined only \$20 yesterday for keeping cool while the rest of the city was perspiring. If comfort can be secured for \$20 in a case like that, Chicago's treasury will be threatened with a surplus in the next hot wave.

CAUSE OF SILVER PLEADED BY BRYAN

IN ACCEPTING THE NOMINATION OF THE FREE SILVER DEMOCRATS.

MADISON SQUARE MEETING.

TWENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE WERE PRESENT TO HEAR MR. BRYAN TALK.

HIS SPEECH RAN TO MONEY.

GREATER PART OF HIS TWO-HOUR ADDRESS DEVOTED TO SILVER PROBLEM.

STANDS ON CHICAGO PLATFORM.

No Apology to Offer, Even for Attack on the Supreme Court.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, and Arthur Sewall, of Maine, were tonight formally notified of their nomination by the Democratic party for the offices of president and vice president, at a meeting in the big Madison Square garden, which was a notable political event and a remarkable climax to the remarkable tour of the presidential candidate across half the continent.

An army of unnumbered thousands filled the streets for several squares about the building in vain hope of securing admission. In the hall, which was a fiery furnace, Mr. Bryan spoke to 20,000 ticket holders for nearly two hours. His address dealt almost entirely with the financial question; was more argumentative and less eloquent than his historic Chicago speech which won for him a presidential nomination and only in a closing appeal to the citizens of New York did he speak in the strain in which he captured the Chicago convention.

He was surrounded by many of the silver leaders, Jones, of Arkansas; Blackburn, of Kentucky; "Silver Dick" Bland, St. John, of New York; Stewart, of Nevada; Tillman, of South Carolina; George Fred Williams, of Massachusetts; some of whom had been rival aspirants for his place on the ticket. Democratic leaders of New York with the exception of former State Treasurer Elliott Danforth, who presided over the meeting, and Congressman Wm. Sulzer, who organized the first Bryan club in the state, were not present.

Mr. Sewall spoke briefly after Bryan and was heartily cheered. Gov. Stone, of Missouri, delivered the notification speech which declared that the work of the Chicago convention had been the work of the plain people and that Bryan was their candidate.

After the notification meeting, Mr. Bryan was driven to the Hotel Barthold, facing Madison Square Garden, where he spoke again, standing on a balcony with Mr. Sewall and Mrs.

of the Democratic campaign in the city made an exceedingly lively night. The police lines were formed about 5 o'clock by 1,000 picked men. As the hours rolled on the crowd increased so rapidly that this large force was almost powerless to handle it. Twice the 40,000 men, women and children who were cheering and surging to get closer to the Garden broke through the ranks and with difficulty were driven back. Only one person was reported injured—a marvelous fact, as the enormous crowd jammed the streets for many blocks.

First Ovation of the Night Was for Mrs. Bryan. That the interest of New York was focussed on Madison Square garden, where William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, and Arthur Sewall, of Maine, were to be formally notified of their nomination by the Democratic party for the offices of president and vice president of the United States, was proven by the groups of sovereign electors who, as early as the middle of the afternoon, began to come under the trees in Madison square, and who by 5 o'clock had been reinforced by hundreds, at 6 o'clock by thousands and before 7 o'clock swelled to a straining, clamoring army.

New York had discussed for weeks the masterstroke of oratory by which the Nebraska inspired the tidal wave of enthusiasm that swept him into the highest place in the gift of his party, and curiosity was rife whether the candidate was equal to a second speech that might aid in winning for him the foremost office in the gift of his country. The garden had been the stage for other events of the same character. Political meetings had been held in its walls without number. Eight years ago Cleveland had been there notified of his selection to lead a second time the campaign of the Democracy, but the speculation attached to all these events had been but shadows compared with the fierce light of curiosity which beat upon this night. The name of the young leader who had come out from the West to stand in the field of the enemy, as he called it, and there to open the battle of his campaign, was upon every tongue.

Therefore the assembly waited eagerly to discover what manner of man he was of whom they had read so much, and what manner of speech was his which had such power over a great party convention. The garden was the wide oval of the garden was a furnace in which 20,000 people were to suffer a fiery torture for their enthusiasm's sake. The glass had been removed from the face of skylights in the roof and sheets of canvas hung below. Radiating from this ceiling were strips of electric lights outlining the sweep of the rafters which rose over solid acres of heads. The platform was a small affair erected at the north side of the hall, in the center of the broad area of the oval, hardly more than twelve feet square and draped simply with American flags. The decorations were simple and not elaborate, but in good taste, consisting entirely of the national tricolor festooned on the galleries above the stand, with a mammoth crayon portrait of the presidential nominee at the right of the platform, and one of his colleagues on the ticket as a companion piece on the left.

The center of the pit, the great floor space, was furnished with several hundred chairs for the leaders of the local Democracy, and the boxes rising in triple tiers at both ends of the chairs, were reserved for the Tammany chiefs, for the city's 35 election districts. Members of the national committee and of the notification committee with their

friends were assigned to the section of the lower balcony rising from the flag covered platform.

The first comers to the hall were police platoons, which marched in at the main entrance and dispersed into every aisle and corner. After them came two or three hundred privileged and enthusiastic Democrats who piled into the front rows of chairs in the pit and proceeded to divert themselves of coats—few men have worn vests in New York for ten days.

The hands of the clock marked 7 when the main doors down at the west of the garden swung inward. Then with a roar, came the people pouring through the entrance and spreading over the floor like the unchaining of a flood of water. Men and women—old and young—climbed over the rail, climbing over chairs and obstructing like an infantry charge, until the bluecoats swooped down upon them and dispersed the crowd, with admirable skill, down the various aisles to which the tickets directed. This first contingent was made up of the holders of reserved seats and they scattered themselves through the aisles and over the floor and swarmed up through the boxes. The galleries, rising tier on tier, to the roof from the oval arena, gave the hall the likeness of an ancient coliseum, wonderfully bright with light hues dressed and gleaming shirt fronts of coatless men. Over in a far gallery a hand played unnoticed and almost unheard the expected strains of music. Two or three times some enthusiast rose in the gallery and proposed three cheers for Bryan, which exhortation brought down the expected shower of flowers and the cheering of the local favorites and cheered the Democrats of national reputation, who walked into the gallery from the rear of the hall. Two or three times some enthusiast rose in the gallery and proposed three cheers for Bryan, which exhortation brought down the expected shower of flowers and the cheering of the local favorites and cheered the Democrats of national reputation, who walked into the gallery from the rear of the hall.

The first real demonstration of the night was given to the wife of the presidential candidate. It was 8 o'clock when a policeman in the doorway under the gallery beckoned and called out "Make way for Mrs. Bryan." Those nearest heard the call and climbed on their chairs. Others did not hear, but they saw the woman and finally followed, leaving their seats rank after rank, as though answering to a word of command. Mrs. Bryan was seen climbing the steps that led to the first box, and she was on the platform in a twinkling. She stepped down into the box and faced the mammoth audience giving New York her first view of the woman who had won her way into quick popularity on the trip across the continent with her husband.

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