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# THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thoughts and Events.

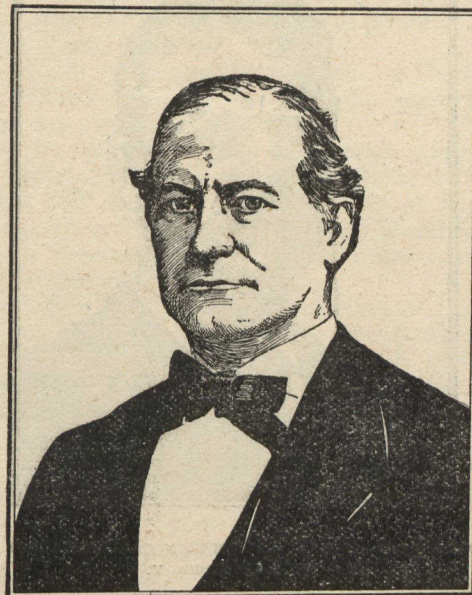
VOL. XX.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 30, 1900.

No. 4.



WM. MCKINLEY, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.



WILLIAM J. BRYAN, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

## A TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE.

By H. T. COLEMAN, '01.

A few months ago, I was one of a large crowd of people who lined both sides of the chief thoroughfare in an American city, watching the passing of a parade. There were in the line of march, bands of music, squadrons of police, carriages full of civic and state worthies, and numerous organizations political and otherwise. All these however were only the minor part of the procession. What pomp and dignity they displayed simply went to swell the tribute of welcome to a plainly dressed man who rode in an open carriage, bareheaded and bowing almost continuously to the cheering multitude. All that most of the crowd saw was a head partially bald, a mouth of generous width, a plain black coat, and a turn down collar with a narrow black tie surmounting an ample shirt front, but they recognized the man as Wm. J. Bryan and they cheered.

Half an hour later I squeezed my way as far as possible into the outskirts of a crowd of six thousand people packed into an enormous circus tent. This crowd had no patience with preliminary speeches. They had come to hear one man and woe be to the local orator who sought to engage their attention even for one brief minute. They silenced him speedily. "When the speaker of the occasion arose"—I am quoting now from a Democratic newspaper,—"he was greeted with a shout that might shake the stars from the blue empyrean. Again and again tumultuous waves of sound rolled over that vast audience and broke against the platform like the stormy Atlantic thundering against his rocky ramparts. The crowd outside caught the contagion and deep called unto deep in thunder-

ous acclamations to the people's champion. Suddenly the man whose rising had evoked this mighty outburst raised his hand and all was breathless silence."

During the two hours' speech that followed, I was only dimly conscious that I was standing, and on muddy ground at that. Of many of the statements made I strongly disapproved, and yet I cheered as heartily as the veriest Democrat of them all. But then, it was not the statements that I applauded so much as it was the man, his intense earnestness, his magnetic personality, and the marvelous simplicity, directness, and forcefulness of his words. His voice, though, was the chief charm. It had the resonance of a pipe organ. I would have listened intently had he spoken in Sanskrit. Every word was enunciated so clearly that people standing fifty feet or more from the outside of the tent could hear distinctly. I knew then what Homer meant when he spoke of "winged words."

It is to be supposed that most of the readers of VARSITY know of the meteoric rise of Mr. Bryan. Before the Chicago Convention of four years ago he was known to comparatively few outside of his own State of Nebraska, and to them only as a very successful campaign orator who had served one term in Congress. He came to Chicago on the occasion referred to without a following. He was not even sure of a seat in the convention, since there were two rival delegations from his State. Packed in his grip, however, was his best speech. The convention was a highly emotional one, the psychologic momen-