

## PRESIDENT MCKINLEY IS SPLENDIDLY WELCOMED, BUT WIFE'S ILLNESS WILL PROBABLY END HIS TOUR IN THIS CITY

### PRESIDENT MCKINLEY MAY ABANDON TRIP ON ACCOUNT OF ILLNESS OF HIS WIFE

**A**T TWO O'CLOCK THIS MORNING a statement was given out from the Scott residence that the condition of Mrs. McKinley is such that it is thought it will be impossible for her to be removed in less time than three weeks. The President under no circumstances will leave his wife for any length of time. This means that unless conditions change the trip beyond San Francisco will be abandoned. In fact, it is problematical if the President will go to the State University at Berkeley to-day. The President desires to visit the State University and the Stanford University, and also to take part in the launching of the battleship Ohio.

His devotion to his wife will not permit him to leave her for more than a few hours at a time. As far as the general public functions are concerned, the President feels that the people of San Francisco have seen him and that he has done the best under the unforeseen circumstances of his wife's illness. The President is of the opinion that the social functions arranged for him can be abandoned, and that no disappointment will be felt in consequence. The President considers that he can sacrifice many of the social functions arranged in this city, especially as the people have no part in them.

SCENES of almost unprecedented enthusiasm marked the President's reception yesterday. Streets on the line of parade were thronged with cheering multitudes. Illumination at night and the public reception and formal welcome to the city completed a red-letter day.

FOR the second day of President McKinley's visit in San Francisco the following weather forecast is made: "San Francisco and vicinity—Cloudy, unsettled weather Wednesday; brisk westerly winds, with fog." ALEXANDER G. McADIE, "Forecast Official."



### PROGRAMME FOR TO-DAY'S EVENTS.

EVENTS scheduled for to-day are as follows: 8:30 a. m., unvelving of Donahue fountain; 9:30 a. m., President embarks on revenue cutter Golden Gate for Oakland mole; 10:15 a. m., commencement University of California, Berkeley; 12:30 p. m., luncheon at residence of President Wheeler; 2:30 p. m., President and party depart for Oakland in carriages; 3:00 p. m., reception at residence of Senator Perkins; 4:00 p. m., parade to steps of Oakland High School; open-air reception for public; 5:00 p. m., President leaves Oakland in steamer for San Francisco; 5:30 p. m., President arrives in San Francisco; 9:00 a. m., for visiting Congressmen, drive to Golden Gate Park, ocean beach and Cliff House; lunch at Cliff House; return by way of Point Lobos Signal Station and the Presidio; 3:00 p. m., Postoffice Department employees' reception to Postmaster General Smith, nave of Ferry depot; 8:00 p. m., Union League banquet, Palace Hotel, to Governor Nash; 8:00 p. m., Water and Forest Association banquet to Secretary Wilson; 8:00 p. m., postoffice employees' banquet to Postmaster General Smith at Delmonico's; 10:00 p. m., trip through Chinatown for visiting Congressmen.

**O**F the tremendous crowd that surged around the ferry building and crushed through its great nave last evening, not one one-hundredth saw the President and not one one-thousandth heard his voice. The arrangements were good in theory but bad in practice. They contemplated a grand review of the people of the city passing before the President, who would stand on a raised platform and greet the citizens as they passed, but no consideration was given to human curiosity and human selfishness, and instead of moving when the time came, the lucky ones stayed and listened and refused to move, and the unlucky ones crowded and crushed and sweated and many were pulled fainting from the pack.

It was one of the grandest sights a mind could conceive, that of two swaying, swinging lines of people slowly working their way up one side of the nave and down the other, under the gleaming lamps that stretched in arches far away until they blended their luster and became a blur of colored light. McKinley stood on a high platform at the southern end of the nave and looked down six hundred feet to where a gleam of red light, like an eye of fire, marked the north wall. Radiating from this were beams of red and white and blue, and above it and down the sides sprang arches outlined in fire and banked one upon the other through the length of the great hall. On the sides, too, lamps flashed bright and in many colors, and overhead the red changed to blue and the blue to white in bewildering succession until the nave

seemed a glittering avenue of light, brilliant as the sun, colored like the rainbow and reaching far away until each lamp was a tiny spark and each glorious arch a narrow, gleaming band. Down the center of the hall was stretched a wire netting, dividing the space into two ways. Again the western side was divided at the entering stairway and on into the street the division was carried, so as to catch the crowd before it became unmanageable and turn it into the way it should go. The idea was that the people should come in through the stairway, turn to the south and walk down to the end and past the President's stand, then turning to the north walk the length of the nave and turn again to the south until the stairway was reached again. Then the hope was that the people would go out into the street and lose themselves.

The wire netting was dotted with pink geraniums, wreaths and garlands of green. At the upper end and just before the President's position was a miniature of the Ohio, its shrouds hung with tiny lights and over it its name in flowers. The President's stand was decorated in the tri-color and over this was thrown a net that covered the railing and hung down in front to the floor. In this net thousands of carnations, pink and red, had been fastened, giving the drapery the appearance of a delicate lace work, patterned with flowers and foliage. Behind the stand was a great bear, outlined in lights, and with the word "Shake" gleaming in red lights in his

**W**ILLIAM MCKINLEY, President of the United States, the guest of San Francisco—such was the sentiment present in every mind yesterday, attuning all to a harmony that made San Francisco's welcome to the nation's chief genuine, whole-souled and enthusiastic to a degree possible only because the people love William McKinley the man no less than they pay homage to the high office he so worthily fills. The reception accorded the city's distinguished guest was not perfunctory and yet not adulatory. It was a warm-hearted welcome given to a man of the people whom the people delight to honor and whose present pre-eminence, a gift of the people, carries with it the reverential affection of his countrymen.

If any predicted that the reception would lack spontaneity because of the

SCENE IN THE FERRY BUILDING WHERE THE PRESIDENT MET THE PEOPLE OF THE CITY.

President's previous and unofficial entrance to the city, they were shown to be false prophets even before McKinley's foot touched the plank of the railroad depot platform, and none, even the most ardent and demonstrative of his personal friends among San Francisco's public men, could have hoped for such an outpouring of people, such demonstrations, such entire genuineness of feeling as was manifested from the moment that unfurling flag and bursting bomb announced the President's arrival.

It was a great reception from the moment the Presidential train rolled into the depot until late at night when the President was driven homeward through brilliantly illuminated streets thronged with cheering thousands—a reception that