

HOW PRESIDENT M'KINLEY WAS INAUGURATED.

The Nation's New President Took the Oath Amid the Wild Cheers of Many Thousands.

All Were Anxious to See the Aged Mother Whose Son Has Reached the Highest Office in the Land.

The Day Was Fine, the Parade Brilliant, the Enthusiasm Unbounded and Not a Hitch in Any Portion of the Ceremonies.

By Julius Chambers.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—The Napoleonic era has begun under a serenity of sky that will render this day memorable. The transfer of authority from the hands of Grover Cleveland to those of William McKinley was made with due pomp and solemnity. According to custom, the new President ascended to the Capitol, swore to support the Constitution, returned to the reviewing stand in the grounds of the Executive Mansion, whence he beheld the

Illustrated by Pictures Made on the Spot and Brought to New York on a Special Train That Broke the Record.

The Journal's Special Commissioner, Ex-Senator Ingalls, Describes the Inaugural.

Patriotic Decorations, Sunshine and a Mighty Multitude Made a Scene of Unprecedented Splendor.

The New President, McKinley, Appeared at His Best. His Address Indicates That Innovations Will Not Be Introduced.

By John J. Ingalls.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—By 8 o'clock the eastern plaza of the Capitol swarmed with spectators, wandering restlessly in the sharp air and the brilliant sunshine. Platoons of mounted policemen guarded the entrances against intruders, who resented exclusion from their own possessions. Workmen were plac-



PRESIDENT M'KINLEY TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE.

(From a Sketch Made on the Spot by DeLipman.)

FROM WASHINGTON TO NEW YORK IN 4 HOURS!

Two Hundred and Twenty-eight Miles in Two Hundred and Forty-nine Minutes, Breaking All Previous Records—That's What the Journal's Special Inauguration Train Did Yesterday.

THE Journal's special inauguration train, bearing the artists and photographers who were to give the Journal's readers the true pictures of the scenes of yesterday, broke every record that had ever been made on the run from Washington to New York.

Two hundred and twenty-eight miles in 249 minutes! And never since the inauguration of Cleveland four years ago—so the Pennsylvania Railroad officials confessed—had the road been so blocked and jammed with traffic, as it was yesterday.

But the will made the way. To publish accurate sketches and photographs of the brilliant scenes at the inauguration instead of relying upon telegraphic description to guide the pens of the artists—as has hitherto been the practice—it was absolutely necessary that the artists should reach New York before 8 o'clock at night. And in order that the Journal might accomplish this the Pennsylvania Railroad officials obligingly side-tracked all their local trains and, for several hours, delayed all their customary traffic, to give the Journal's record-breaker a clear road all the way from Washington to Jersey City.

Over this long stretch the train, gay with flags and bunting, and flying the Journal's banners, skimmed like a sparrow,

the inhabitants of fifty villages gasping with amazement. And while the engine was roaring along, eating up mile after mile with amazing swiftness, the artists, comfortably ensconced in soft arm chairs, were carefully finishing their sketches, while the Journal's photographer, hidden in a mysterious dark room that he had brought with him, was developing the pictures that he had taken.

Meanwhile a vitascope was taking pictures of the landscape as it flashed by, so as to preserve for posterity a record of the remarkable scene witnessed from a train flying at the rate of a mile in thirty-four seconds.

One of the Journal's writers who had his hands full of interesting material was talking into a phonograph so as to say, time, while another was dictating these words which you are reading to a typewriter. Thus, you see, the greatest and most marvelous reproductions of modern science all combined upon this memorable day to help the Journal achieve a journalistic triumph.

From Gray's Ferry to Jersey City a reporter was permitted to ride in the cab of the engine. When you know that the engine immediately leaped ahead and sped three miles over switches and around dizzy curves in exactly two minutes, you will

can tell you how this reporter's hair stood on end and how the cold shivers ran through him.

The Journal's special train consisted of a day coach, a parlor car, an engine and tender. It drew out of the station at Washington at 3 o'clock—an hour before the Congressional limited. In the yards it came to a stop after waiting for the representative of the Vitascope Company to arrange his instrument, flew past him at the rate of forty miles an hour to enable him to take pictures of it—thirty-six in a second.

The train then came back and took the vitascope man on board, and the real trip began. This experiment consumed exactly twelve minutes. The run from Washington to Baltimore, a distance of 41.8 miles, was made in thirty-nine minutes, eighteen minutes better than the regular time of the Congressional limited. And this Congressional limited, be it known, is one of the fastest trains in this country.

After leaving Baltimore Thomas Neal, Jr., of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, who was in charge of the train, counted the mile posts with the assistance of a stop watch. As post after post flashed by he cried out:

"Fifty-three seconds! Fifty-four sec-

march of 26,000 men. President McKinley then installed himself at the White House, dining with several relatives straight from Canton.

Mrs. McKinley, too exhausted, did not join her husband at this first dinner in the Executive Mansion. The President and Mrs. McKinley went to the ball to-night, and thus ended this day of triumph.

The people of the nation represented by the throngs along Pennsylvania avenue took leave of Cleveland at the same moment they shouted a welcome to McKinley. Cleveland never looked more morose and sour than he did to-day. There was a noticeably drawn condition of the mouth, and his manner indicated that he regretted the necessity of again showing himself to the people. Rather would he have preferred the example of John Adams, who, during the silence of night, packed his grip and made his escape from the White House before dawn to avoid meeting his hated Federalist successor.

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ing chairs and putting finishing touches to the great platform that extends with gorgeous festoons of patriotic drapery from the bronze gates at the head of the northern stair of the Senate to the shabby eastern portico.

Every detail of the majestic facade, even to the features of the Goddess of Liberty, and the feathers of her coiffure, were etched in the clear light, and at her feet fluttered the tattered remnants of the four banners that had been torn to rags in the night by the fierce northern gale.

It was one of the anomalies of the Constitution that made the Vice-President the President of the Senate. The code of that body

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