

MAJOR WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Sidelights On the Life of the Great Apostle of American Protection.



ANY man of ability and application who makes a great subject the study of his life is sure to become great. When William McKinley was at the beginning of his political career—a young man of 34, who recently had been elected to congress—President Hayes said to him: "To achieve success and fame you must pursue a special line. You must not make a speech on every motion offered or bill introduced. You must confine yourself to one particular thing. Become a specialist. Take up some branch of legislation and make that your study. Why not take up the subject of tariff? Being a subject that will not be settled for years to come, it offers a great field for study and a chance for ultimate fame."

The seed thus sown has borne fruit which the whole world has tasted. After fourteen years of preparation McKinley's time arrived, and his name became known to every nation as the author of the great tariff bill of 1890. It was a great stroke of policy, a grand strategic movement in commercial warfare, redounding greatly to the benefit of America and the discomfiture of the European nations, which were seeking to bring prosperity to their own industries by destroying those of the United States.

A Cuban Bogey.

So far did the fame of McKinley spread abroad that the negroes in Cuba, having heard of "Bill" McKinley and the McKinley bill, and being taught by their Spanish oppressors that both were bad, got the two mixed up in a sort of ogre, and used to bar the doors of their huts at night for fear that "Old Bill McKinley would catch them."

The congressman had become a man of national and international importance. Since then his name has stood as the visible sign of the republican party's principle of protection to American industries. As the second administration has brought out into strong relief the administration of Harrison, so the weak and halting tariff bill of Wilson has caused the tariff bill of McKinley to appear stronger by contrast. In the last election the theorists fooled the people with juggled phrases, but no theory can fill an empty dinner-pail, and the revulsion of sentiment in favor of the McKinley tariff is complete. But not only in Cuba is the name of McKinley cordially disliked. Every loyal Englishman, in England and elsewhere, believes it his bounden duty to his own country to berate the statesmanship of the great American.

Scotch-Irish Stock.

McKinley is of Irish descent on his father's side, and of Scotch on his mother's. His ancestors were settled in this country before the revolutionary war. When the War of the Rebellion broke out William McKinley, then 17 years old, was teaching a little country school in Ohio. He enlisted, and as a private went to the front with the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers. At the close of the war he was mustered out as major of the same regiment. He won his promotion by gallant and efficient service at Antietam and in the Valley campaign.

Then young McKinley had a liking for the profession of arms, and wanted to stay in the army after the war. The mental qualities of the man are undoubtedly those which would have gone to the making of a good officer in the regular establishment, and there is something about his personal appearance, perhaps it is nothing more than his facial resemblance to Napoleon, but it is there, which makes one think of a military commander. McKinley's father and mother objected to his becoming an officer in the regulars, so the army lost a general and politics gained one.

His Wife Interested.

McKinley studied law, graduated from a law school in Albany, and then went back to Ohio to hang out his "shingle" in Canton. His was the usual experience of a young lawyer start-

ing out to practice law, and as every persevering young man of good habits does he succeeded ultimately in getting a good practice, and became prosecuting attorney of Stark county. Then he went into politics and was elected to congress, where he served for fourteen years, made himself famous by his tariff bill, and in 1891 was elected gov-

ernor of Ohio. He married in 1871 Miss Ida Saxton, the daughter of a banker in Canton. Two children have been born to them, but both died in infancy. Mrs. McKinley has not been in good health for several years. She is fond of collecting laces, and has accumulated many interesting specimens. She used to be fond of reading books, but these days she devotes herself mostly to reading newspapers, for she is deeply interested in her husband's public career, as every good wife should be, and reads eagerly of his chances for the nomination. She is about her house, however, every day, attending to her domestic duties with a cheery courage at once admirable and pathetic. Wherever duty has called her husband she has been his companion, and the careful attentions he gave to her have been remarked ever since Major McKinley attracted, by his public services, the attention and regard of the nation. No matter how engrossing his public work, he has always found time to look after even the smallest of his wife's wants, to look after them personally and not delegate such duties either to friends or servants. In health, I am told, Mrs. McKinley was rarely beautiful, and as Ida Saxton she was easily the belle of the Northwestern Reserve. And she is lovely still—lovely with the refinement of patient suffering, beautiful with the courage which conquers the painful disabilities of little health.

Daily Visit to His Mother.

There is another woman who is for McKinley for president first, last and all the time, and that is his aged mother, who lives near her son, and upon whom McKinley calls every day when he is at home. The lower part of McKinley's face strikingly resembles his mother's. The upper part he gets from his father.

McKinley is an early riser and a hard worker. He has his breakfast every morning at 7:45 o'clock, and then works until 11 o'clock, when, if the weather is suitable, he goes driving with Mrs. McKinley. After luncheon he takes a walk, a short siesta, and then works until 6 o'clock.

Fond of Smoking.

His evenings he devotes to his family

He says: "When I have an important speech to make it absorbs me. It is hard work and it takes all there is in me. I do not like to speak; I dread it. My heart goes down in my boots whenever I get up before an audience, and I tremble until I begin to talk. It is always so, and I have been making speeches for twenty-three years."

McKinley is an accessible man, and will receive the greatest bores with a

retained this until he answered Lincoln's call for volunteers.

Talk With McKinley's Mother.

The McKinleys had had six other babies before William was born. The bright and sweet-mannered woman, who bears her eighty-seven years with easy grace, when approached on the subject by the writer, repelled with something like indignation the suggestion that perhaps William was a little bet-



MAJOR WILLIAM MCKINLEY. MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY. (Copyrighted, 1896, by Leslie's Weekly.)

supernatural self-control. He is fond of a joke, but does not like anything "risque" or profane. He is a member of the Methodist church, and as a rule bars all jokes which turn on the subject of religion.

He has one, however, on a politician of his acquaintance, who, he says, could never become a Baptist because he would have to be immersed, and would never consent to stay so long out of the public view.

McKinley on the Stand.

Maj. McKinley has always been in great demand as a campaign speaker, and in the canvass which resulted in the complete unhorsing of the democratic party he probably made more speeches than any other orator. As a speaker he is effective and persuasive, because he thoroughly believes in the doctrines which he advocates; his hearers never suspect that Major McKinley is trifling with them or with himself. He

ter or maybe a little worse than the other babies. To her the babies as such were all alike. They were pretty good babies, Mrs. McKinley thinks, and William was no more so than the rest.

They were alike, too, in that they were all good looking, for what mother would ever admit that her child was not? To be sure, Mrs. McKinley reluctantly admitted William had that nose—that straight, long, masterful, Napoleonic nose—that clings to him yet. In fact, he hasn't changed much except as the years have matured his form and face, and if anybody can imagine fifty-two years rolled away from the McKinley of to-day he would see the squirming, chubby, red-faced, brown-haired McKinley child that entered a home in Niles one day in January fifty-two years ago.

McKinley's Childhood.

And that is the only way a picture of baby McKinley ever will be made, for his mother has none, and if any is in existence she says she does not know where it is. Mrs. McKinley has none of the little socks, night gowns, or baby frocks that William grew up in. Such as he did not wear out were given away. His mother said she never believed in keeping old things. She enjoyed retrospection as much as anybody, but she liked new things, she said, so saw no use in clinging to the old and worn out just because they happened to be old.

Even the settee-cradle is gone, and it is a pity, for as described by Mrs. McKinley, it must have been an imposing affair. Perhaps it was a sort of elongated rocking-chair. In the chair part the mother sat and rocked, while in the extension, which had sides and a head-board, the baby cooed or cried itself to sleep.

After baby William came, the other little McKinleys took turns at holding him and putting on his woollen garments for Mrs. McKinley is a great believer in the use of wool, and is firmly convinced that no baby can be successfully reared without woollen clothing. Her boys and girls grew up in wool, and it is barely possible that the grown-up McKinley's interest in American sheep is due to his early association with American-grown and made wool.

Strong Drink Eschewed.

It was a rule in the McKinley household that strong drink must be eschewed. When somebody needed a stimulant, or an aggravated case of stomach ache proved especially obstinate, a certain mysterious bottle appeared and a small dose was measured out carefully. There was also a little home-made grape wine that was amazingly good in mince pies and pudding sauce, but as beverages these things were unknown.

Thus the lad McKinley grew up a thoughtful, loving, dutiful child. He was scarcely more than a child when he came to his parents, then living at Poland, to propose the enlistment in the Union army.

He was a serious child, a thoughtful lad and an earnest student. He preferred his books to ball. He early began to read "Robinson Crusoe," "Swiss Family Robinson" and the rest, and went to his lessons with patience. He had to strive hard for all he learned.

He was an affectionate child and he liked his own family better than any other family. He made friends, but he preferred his own little brothers and sisters. What is more, he liked the girls, and he liked girls better than boys. There was nothing of the roysterer about him.

Andree's Balloon.

Herr Andree, who is to start for the north pole in a balloon this coming summer, has engaged M. Lachambre of Paris to make it for a little over \$2,000. The material for the envelope will be pongee de chine, a Chinese silk covered with india rubber varnish, and so impermeable that if the gas had no means of escape but through the pores of the cloth it would remain aloft in the atmosphere for three years. The silk will be two-ply in the lower and three-ply in the upper portion, and the network is to be covered with varnished silk to keep snow from lodging in its meshes. The balloon is to be properly tried by actual ascents before the aeronauts leave for Spitzbergen, from the north of which they will start on their hazardous journey.

EMPTY DINNER PAIL.

A WORKINGMAN TELLS OF HIS THOUGHTS IN IDLE HOURS.

Lesson of the Empty Pail Laid Upon the Kitchen Shelf—"Cheap" Goods Cannot Be Bought by "Cheaper" Labor.



In public discussions as to the fitness of the several aspirants for the republican nomination to the presidency, it seems to me that a few very important essentials are entirely overlooked. Newspaper writers who do not appreciate, or who are not in touch with, the sentiment of the masses of the people fail to reach a true understanding of their desires. Moreover, they overlook all future possibilities, as a rule. There are very few newspaper writers who look far into the future or who really think. They are content with the business of the day, with the events of the day, caring little for the morrow or taking heed what a day may bring forth.

But there is more real earnestness in the minds and considerations of the masses of the people than we would be led to imagine, judging from the tenor and tone of our daily press. And the events of the past few years have developed this earnestness of thought. Men have been brought face to face with the affairs of the morrow. They have been compelled to take heed what a day may bring forth. "A condition, not a theory, has confronted them." Dwell, for a moment, upon the position of a man who, year in and year out, has been able to sell his labor for good wages. He has lived well; he has given his family far better education than he was, himself, enabled to secure; he is procuring a home for them; he is giving them comforts and little luxuries, the ability to do which cheers him at his work and adds zest to his home coming. Let such a man, through no fault of his own, be brought face to face with the fact that on the morrow there will be no demand for his labor, that he cannot sell his finished product—the strength of arm and the mechanical skill of his brain—in the great markets of the United States.

It has taken many men a long time to realize fully the true depth of what this means. At work day after day, wages earned week after week, year in and year out. "But, tomorrow, I cannot sell my labor. My boss has no use for it. What does it mean?" Imagine a steady hard working man suddenly confronted with such a condition. Imagine him, if you can, going home to his wife, to his children, telling them that he is an idler, that he cannot earn for them their next day's bread and meat. There is no demand for his strength or skill. Nobody needs him. He feels his arm, his muscle. It is good and strong as ever. The paralysis is not there. But the country is paralyzed, paralyzed with the cheap labor products of foreign mills, sent here from foreign countries, admitted into our markets by the democratic party, that promised him higher wages, more work, cheaper goods and a period of prosperity and revelry such as he had never dreamed of.

And where are his higher wages? He has no wages. Where is the extra work he was promised? He has no work. Where is that period of prosperity and revelry? Alas, he has the



time to enjoy it, his time is all his own. But he sees no prosperity, no revelry. Even happiness, the true happiness of industry has fled from his home. And the "cheaper" goods, the product of "cheap" foreign labor that has supplanted his own labor, that has made him an idler, how can he buy these "cheaper" goods when he lacks the money to buy such food as he had been accustomed to provide for his family, and which they must now do without. Of what use to him are these "cheap" goods? They have "cheaper" his labor and stand far more costly to him today because of his inability to earn

the money that will buy the veriest trash that will buy the foreign factory or in a prison. Such are the "cheap" goods that he was promised. They are referred to him, it is true. But he got them because they have supplanted his labor still "cheaper," so that there is no demand for it at all.

Has not this man been the low worker, in their hours of compulsory idleness, of the "change." Don't they know they have run their heads up against "condition?" How long does it take these hard headed thinkers to get out the facts, to reach bedrock, down to the root of their evil? Know that every case of foreign sold here represents, say, fifty to a hundred dollars taken away from an American laborer. It doesn't take to think that out. And the dinner pail still stands upon the shelf, a "tax" to them in 1892. There is now to polish it up and smooth the kinks that it incurred in its daily use. Battered in the home of honest toil! Rusting in the Oh, for the chance to buy another McKinley "taxed" dinner pail, the chance to brand the demagogue free trade lie with the infamy it serves. The chance is coming, opportunity will soon be here. Be bravely, for a few months longer, honest American wage earners shall have the chance, you shall have the opportunity to vote to fill the dinner pails to the full again and let them fledge even though the demagogue tells you they are "taxed." Is no "tax" so heavy as the tax of idleness.

McKinley protection gave you dinner pails and filled them with Democratic damnation as well as them. And this is the reason why masses of the people, the millions



mand the nomination of William McKinley for president of the United States.—A Workingman—May 1.

What Grosvenor Says.

The fifty-first congress enacted a law that placed this country in a position beyond a condition we have now. It turned over to the democratic party a surplus in the treasury, with a law which, if the democrats had left it standing upon statute books, would have almost supplied the whole necessities of government during all of these years. What did the democratic party do? Coming into power with a threat that they would destroy the revenue law of the country, with a threat that they would destroy the great part of legislation upon which the prosperity of this country were thriving, and were never thriving before, the breath of their entry into power before they had acquired the full fruition of the election of 1892, blasted with a simoom all the industries of the country, paralyzed the resources, struck down the prosperity, and the country, made bankruptcy a coming into power, repealed the law which the treasury was supplied with money, bankrupted the treasury, made it impossible that the people of this country could pay their debts.—Hon. Charles H. Grosvenor, C., of Ohio.

Argument for Protection.

The closing down of the printing in this city means a good deal to a considerable number of the inhabitants. Lowell, and taken in connection with the fact that the duty on printed paper was reduced more than 25 per cent, the Democratic tariff makes a tangible argument in favor of protection to American industries. No one can fail to understand. Lowell is not alone in suffering for the sake of the national Democratic party, the same condition prevails where there are industries which could be reached by the mischievous tinkering of the tariff reformers in the Fifty-third Congress.—Lowell (Mass.) Mail.

One Chapter Missing.

It would be an interesting chapter in economic history if we could have figures the abatement of foreign protection which have followed every increase in the tariff, for it would show what enormous profits have been made out of these people when no Protection is listed.—Hon. Thomas B. Reed.

That "Robber" Tariff.

The more the Democratic party talk about McKinley and the "Robber" Tariff, the better the Republican party feel. Who has been "robbed" by it? The men and women who labor in the mills and shops and factories of the country.—Daily Reflector, Norway.



RESIDENCE OF MCKINLEY AT CANTON, OHIO. (Copyrighted, 1896, by Leslie's Weekly.)

and friends. He does not care for wine or liquor, but is fond of smoking. He is 52 years old and is in excellent physical condition, though rather inclined to corpulence. That is the reason he takes a walk daily. Major McKinley is fond of dancing, and, in spite of his weight, is light and graceful on his feet. McKinley has had the advantage of having good advisers in his youth. His father and mother were people of sterling worth, and when he was a boy soldier in the army he was fortunate enough to attract the attention of officers like Hayes and Crook, who did much to guide and advise him. General Hayes especially took a deep interest in the young man's welfare and had him on his staff for awhile.

No doubt General Hayes had a large part in shaping the career of McKinley and in forming his character.

discloses himself with entire frankness, and the audience seeing a true man fighting for what he believes a true cause, cannot fail to respect and admire, and in a large measure also to believe.

McKinley and His Neighbors.

With his neighbors in Canton—one of the prettiest small cities in the country, by the way—he is on most cordial terms, and they drop in on him without any formality, sure always of a friendly welcome. It is my experience that Americans are usually possessed with a deal of cynicism as to the merits of most men with whom they come in intimate contact. About such men there is no veil of idealism, and we see their short-comings, their littlenesses, and sometimes their meanness, too. When a man has lived for more than a quarter of a century in one community, where every man knows every other man, and that man still has the capacity to arouse universal enthusiasm as to his worth, his ability, and his honesty, then we may be sure that there is no pretense, no humbug about him. And such is Major McKinley's position in Canton and in Stark county, together with the neighborhood thereabouts. He is so clearly the first citizen that no one has ever suggested a rival. The little city has grown during the last decade or so in a most gratifying way, and has manufactures at once very large and very prosperous.

His Ancestors.

As has been said Major McKinley comes of Irish-Scotch ancestry. His forefathers came to this country from Ireland in the 18th century. They settled in Pennsylvania. Two of his great grandfathers joined the patriotic Continental army and were with it under Washington until the British were forced to evacuate. His father, who died a few years ago, was born on a farm, but was during all his active life and iron-maker. Not long after the birth of his son William, the elder McKinley moved with his family to Poland, Ohio, because of the educational advantages of that place. When five years old the son started to school and continued there for eleven years, when he was graduated from the academy. He at once secured a place as teacher of a school in Poland, and



MAJOR MCKINLEY'S FATHER. MAJOR MCKINLEY'S MOTHER. (Copyrighted, 1896, by Leslie's Weekly.)

ing out to practice law, and as every persevering young man of good habits does he succeeded ultimately in getting a good practice, and became prosecuting attorney of Stark county. Then he went into politics and was elected to congress, where he served for fourteen years, made himself famous by his tariff bill, and in 1891 was elected gov-

Having entered the house of representatives at an early age (he was only 33 when elected) and having served so long in that body, he has an intimate knowledge of all the machinery of legislation. He is not an ornate speaker, but is clear, logical and forceful. His speeches are all prepared with great care.