

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 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 Hoge.

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 jugged phrases, but no theory can fill an empty dinner-pail, and the revelation 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 and an 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 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 net-work 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.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Little Pickaninny—Strengthening the Memory—Roman Theaters, 1860—Beth's White Mouse—Father Darcy's Witty Retort—Cruel Truth.

UT in de cool green meeder grass-beneaf an apple tree, A l't' pickaninny sat, his banjo on his knee. An' when de scuf win' blew de flowers, like snow dey floated down,

An' all de sparrers far an' near came projickin' aroun'. Between de leaves dey sharp black eyes went blink-a-blink-a-blink, While pickaninny's fingers thrummed "Ker-plunk—ker-plunk—ker-plunk!"

De great big yaller sun, he climb de ladder ob de sky, An' beckon to de hopper-grass an' lady bugs ter fly. "Hole on!" dee cry, "ole Mas'r Sun, it sholy can't be noon. Jes res yo'self w'ile Pompey play an-oder l't' chune."

"Croak! croak!" de bull-frog hoiler, froo de rushes on de bank, W'ile pickaninny's fingers thrum, "Ker-plunk—ker-plunk—ker-plunk!"

An' when de night am fallen, an' de stars fill up de sky, Like l't' golden raisins in a monstrous big blue pie, Den Pompey he lie down ter sleep; de banjo on de floor, But, in de shadder-land he play more sweetly dan before. W'ile jes outside, upon de tree, de owl he sit an' think, "Wat kinder bird was dat I heard go 'Plunker—plunker—plunk?'"

Strengthening the Memory.

How to strengthen the memory is an interesting question. I think the best way is to use it constantly making it serve you by giving definite facts and events to carry, as a pack-horse might on a journey. There are many phases of the problem, some people finding that they cannot fix dates in their minds, others forgetting the faces and names of friends, and others still having great trouble in committing anything by rote. Devices of rhymes and associations help some persons, and others simply depend on memoranda, and do not tax their memories at all. As a rule, the more we give the memory to do, however, the more quickly and faithfully it will respond to our wishes. In little children memory is very retentive, because their minds are at the stage when impressions are easily made; you know the line which says that in childhood our minds are "Wax to receive, and marble to retain." So that we should be very careful indeed about what we say, what we do, and what we teach, where the dear little ones are concerned.

Some girls have a great deal of trouble in remembering the rules of syntax, the Latin conjugations, and the pages of history which her teacher requires to be recited exactly as they are in the book. Try the method of studying aloud. Go away by yourself to commit your lessons to memory, and then, over and over, slowly, carefully, with your mind and attention fixed on what you are doing, read phrases, sentences and formulas, over and over, and over and over, and by-and-by you will have them by heart. I have often done this when I have wished to learn a hymn or a poem, and I know that hearing what one is studying assists the mere seeing. Then having other people in the room, talking and laughing, is very distracting to the attention. Try my method, and report results.—From Harper's Round Table.

Beth's White Mouse.

"I'm 'lected," cried Beth, much out of breath and much excited. "On what ticket?" asked papa. "Member of the children's choir at the cathedral," she answered proudly. Then she flew to everyone in the house and at last to tell Whitey, her latest pet, a tiny white mouse.

She took a seat on the floor in front of its cage, and took it out gently. "You will be very glad when I tell you that I'm going to sing in a lovely choir in church," she said very tenderly. "I wish you could go with me to rehearsal to-night and then you would know all about it. Will you be very good if I take you?"

So it fell out that Whitey went to the rehearsal in Beth's pocket, where he lay quietly enough for a while.

It was quite dark in the body of the great church, but the choir stalls were brilliant with light.

Beth's mamma sat down with many others who had come to St. Alban's to listen to the new choir of girls and boys.

The older members of the choir were already in the back seats when Beth went timidly forward to be placed with the other children in the front seats.

They all gazed intently at the black-robed clergyman and precentor who stood in front. Softly the organ played "Oft in Danger, Oft in Woe," while they stood ready to sing. Then the sweet voices rang through the great church and, with her head thrown back, her cheeks like crimson flowers, Beth forgot everything but her delight in the music.

The children in the front seat quite forgot the precentor's warning not to lean on the front of their seat, which

had been just placed there for that evening without fastening it down. So in the middle of the second verse they pressed upon it so hard that down it went with a terrific crash, and all the children with it.

This was more than Whitey's nerves, already somewhat shaken, could stand. Out of Beth's pocket he bounded, and with a little squeal ran along on the back of the standing seat.

The giggling from the back seats over the children's tumble suddenly turned into shrieks of dismay; and when Beth jumped up and turned around, she was horrified to see all the young ladies of the choir standing on the seats and screaming, "A mouse!"

"It's mine. Don't—please—don't hurt it," she cried, as the precentor made a dash for poor Whitey; but Whitey had fled down into the church. Beth felt that even the honor of being elected a member of St. Alban's choir could not atone for her loss; and, after the rehearsal was over, she walked home with her mother, feeling very melancholy indeed. She received small sympathy from her mother, however, who, it is needless to say, knew nothing about Whitey's visit to the church until the accident occurred.

But, after they got home, mamma put her hand in her pocket for her handkerchief, and there, far down in one corner, she found Whitey, a timid, frightened little ball.

He had fled through the church, with unerring instinct, to her pocket as a refuge from the commotion so awful to his shaking nerves.

"O, you darling!" cried Beth, taking him carefully in her hands, "forgive me, please; and I will never take you there again, for certainly home is the best place for scary things like you."

And Whitey squealed faintly at this, evidently thoroughly agreeing with her.—The Churchman.

Father Darcy's Witty Retort.

Concerning the celebrated Father Darcy, probably the greatest wit of that witty nation, Ireland, it is related that he once visited the palatial mansion of a perfect specimen of the nouveaux riches, who lived in the neighborhood of Dublin, at the invitation of the pompous owner. He was shown all over the house, his host taking great pains, as is habitual in such cases, to keep the witty and observant priest well informed as to the cost of all the beautiful things he was shown. Finally, after making a complete tour of the chateau, the library was reached, its tremendous shelves groaning under the weight of thousands upon thousands of volumes, resplendent in the most magnificent bindings. Here they seated themselves and the host said, with a sigh of snobbish exultation:

"Well, father, I have brought you here last, because this is my favorite room. The other rooms, maybe, give pleasure to my wife and my daughters, but this is my place—right here among these books, who are my friends. And these here on the desk (pointing to a score of ultra-looking volumes) are what I may call my intimate friends."

Father Darcy got up and examined one of them, when a broad grin spread over his good-natured face as he said:

"Well, it's glad I am to see that you never cut your intimate friends."—Milwaukee Journal.

The Cruel Truth.

Years ago a member of the Indiana legislature, in a bran-new suit of broad-cloth and a silk hat, gold-headed cane and white lawn tie, wandered up into the sanctum of the Courier-Journal, stood around in a listless way, looked over the papers, went downstairs and came back several times, says the Washington Star. He was asked to take a seat, which he declined elaborately and ended by drawing his chair in a confidential way up to the "round-about" man's desk.

"Could you," said he "put in the paper that I am at the Galt house with my bride and just fling in something about my being a prominent Indiana?" I don't care anything about this sort of thing myself but you know how the women are. I want fifty copies of the paper sent to this address," and he laid down \$2.50, grinned, got red in the face, said "good morning" and vanished.

Next morning he read that "Mr. John R. Huckleberry requests us to say that he is at the Galt house with his bride; that he is a prominent member of the legislature of Indiana, and that he himself, personally, cares nothing about newspaper notoriety, but that a society note would be highly gratifying to Mrs. Huckleberry." He added that he wanted fifty copies of the paper for distribution to his constituents."

Roman Theaters, 1860.

The theatrical entertainments were very good and the cost of attending them was exceedingly small. While in the leading theaters of London or Paris there is usually one great actor or singer who overshadows the rest of the company, in Italy all the actors were more nearly on the same level. Many an evening we have enjoyed an Italian play or opera at the modest cost of a lira (nineteen-halfpenny). In the summer time, when the Apollo and the Valle were closed, the Correa was opened in the mausoleum of Augustus; there was no roof to it but the sky. The performance began at 5 and ended at 8 or half-past.

The price of a chair in the pit was a lira, and there was no objection to a cigar. The last time we were there the play was Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." The acting was excellent and the text of Shakespeare translated into Italian was closely followed. In the Italian theaters then you could for a lira have seen Ristori and Salvini in the same plays as they performed in London, where gold had to be paid for entrance.—Chambers' Journal.



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 corpulency. 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.

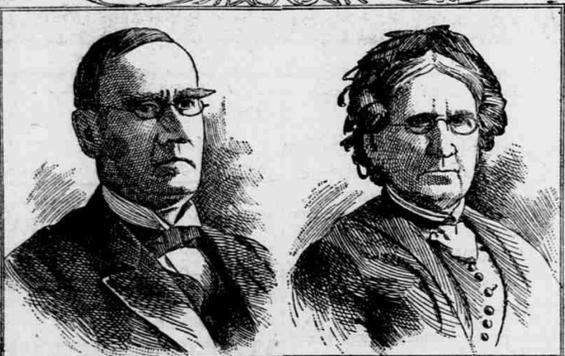
discloses himself with entire frankness, and the audience seeing a true man fighting for what he believes a true cause, cannot fail to respect and admire, and in a large measure also to believe.

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 littleness, 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.