



# The PERSONAL SIDE OF THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

BY  
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For the next few weeks the names of two men will be often coupled in enthusiastic phrases by Republicans all over the country. They will wave on banners. They will be spoken by political orators before audiences which will take this as a cue for letting loose the rapid fire batteries of applause.

These names are McKinley and Roosevelt. Both names were familiar to the people before the Republican national convention. The public acts and the careers of both men, from their

boyhood on, have been subject to exhaustive publicity. We know when and where they were born, what were the conditions surrounding them in youth and every step of their progress up the ladder of national fame.

Perhaps his gentleness is due to his kindly domestic relations. As is well known, he has for many years been the devoted and tenderly solicitous husband of a partially invalid wife. His devotion to his aged mother, as wit-

ness during the last years of her life, was no less tender.

An instance of this is the fact that every 24 hours during those closing years the president son communicated in some way with his mother. While he lived in Canton his daily call on her was a part of the routine of his life.

After he became president he did not allow the days to become so crowded with affairs that there was no time left for his "message to mother."

So every day there was sent to the dear old lady in Canton a White House envelope containing some word from "My William at Washington," as she always spoke of him.

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Before the temper of that council all questions of relative responsibility, all inclination to express inexcusable, all feeling of personal friendship for the suspected, anything which might tend to minimize the importance of the discovery was dissipated.

The heads of departments went out from that conference with the knowledge that the full power of

the government would be involved to the complete exposure of the crimes and the merciless punishment of all directly or indirectly concerned.

This firmness is one of his dormant traits. Its presence is frequently unsuspected until it comes to the surface.

Much has been said and written of the president as an orator. He is surely notable in this regard.

His short speeches are models of rhetoric and delivered in a pleasing style, but his talents as an auditor are equally remarkable, and, surrounded by his cabinet, he is frequently called upon to show them.

When he listens to a speech, he sits tranquilly in the large chair generally placed for his convenience, gazing intently at the speaker and usually holding his silk hat in his hand.

No nervousness marks his manner, except now and then he will tap quietly upon the arm of his chair with his gloved hand or close and unclose it. He does not miss a single point the speaker makes, looks grave or smiles, as the case may be, and often, as though carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, leads the applause.

He is truly a sympathetic listener and, as one of the younger orators put it, "an inspiration to the speaker."

While Mr. McKinley is no such maker of epigrams as Tom Reed, his wit is by no means sluggish. His impromptu remarks are often humorous enough to do credit to a Chauncey Depew, but he never goes out of his way to drag in a joke.

Occasionally, however, he turns off what a story teller would call "a good thing." Here is one of them:

On the occasion of the president's trip to Alabama Governor Johnson, in the course of a public address, said, "The south has no apologies to make and nothing to take back."

The president was amply equal to the occasion. He replied: "We had something to take back—we took you back. We were glad to take you back, and you were glad to have us take you back."

In his private life Mr. McKinley practices the virtue of democratic simplicity. He likes to live comfortably, but his ideas of comfort are on a line with those of the ordinary well to do citizen.

His home in Canton is an example of this. It is a modest dwelling, which does not even suggest a mansion. Although it was the house in which the president and Mrs. McKinley first began housekeeping, Mr. McKinley did not become the owner of it until about a year ago, when he purchased it for \$14,500.

It is the same one occupied by him during the campaign of 1896.

Mr. McKinley has led such a busy life that he has never had time to acquire a taste for any but simple recreations. His fondness for driving a good horse is perhaps the only predilection of this sort worthy of note.

During the early part of his administration he was occasionally seen on horseback about Washington, but for the last two years he contented himself with driving.

If William McKinley stands for a well recognized and highly respected type of American, Theodore Roosevelt is a living example of another American type of which the nation is justly proud.

You will find these two types of Americans in every department of

business and official life. They work together. On a railroad train you will find a conductor and an engineer. In a court you will find a judge and a prosecuting attorney. In an ocean steamer you will find a captain and an engineer.

None of these similes fits the case exactly, but they must serve. Fortunately for the people who cannot have a personal knowledge of him, Mr. Roosevelt has written his own description. "I believe in the strenuous life," he has said. You have but to reflect on his record to believe that he has told the whole story.

Before he hit on this apt term Mr. Roosevelt used to say, "Work for all; that is my doctrine." He has not only preached it, but he has conscientiously lived up to it. As lawyer, legislator, reformer, hunter, author, soldier and

widely disliked for doing the work he was set to do.

It was the same story when he was made a police commissioner in New York. He found there a police force which neglected its duty, not as an occasional lapse, but as a steady thing. The laws against immorality and the excise law were not enforced at all. Policemen spent the night in barrooms or slept in hallways. Crime was common.

Roosevelt held the singular idea that the duty of patrolmen was to patrol. Single handed and unsupported by his colleagues, he assumed the task of making them do it. On his little Miasma street when a cowboy did not brand to suit him he showed him how he wanted it done. In New York he began patrolling on his own account. Dressed plainly, sometimes with a single companion and sometimes alone, he walked the streets at all hours of the night. When he could not find a patrolman upon a certain beat, the fellow's official head fell into the basket with a plunk.

A spirit of unrest pervaded the New York police force. The officers complained. Their friends, the reporters, wrote protests for them. The commissioner was unmercifully caricatured. But he kept at his work. At last the policemen decided to do their duty. New Yorkers finally conceded that the man they had been so busily ridiculing had done them a most valuable service.

He took his habits of work into the navy department before the outbreak of hostilities with Spain. He was at his desk promptly at 9 o'clock in the morning and he left it at 4 in the afternoon. In the hours between he dispatched an enormous amount of business. His clerks liked him, but he made them work. He asked no one to do any more than he did himself, but he insisted that all should do their best.

His courage, his aggressiveness, his honesty, his energy, his executive ability, worked wonders in the department, and the results were seen later when the test came.

His wonderful popularity with the rough riders was a sincere surprise to his eastern acquaintances. But they had not seen the side of the man which had been shown to the cowboys of the Bad Lands. The latter had recognized in him the kind of a man they liked, and they went to Cuba with him whooping with delight.

In the same manner that he rushed up San Juan hill he jumped into the campaign in New York when he was nominated for governor. In two weeks he was whirled through 40 counties, made 133 speeches and traveled over 2,300 miles.

To tell the story of Theodore Roosevelt's origin would take too long. Perhaps it is enough to say that in 1700, two centuries ago, there was an Alderman Nicholas Roosevelt in New Amsterdam. He was Theodore Roosevelt's great-great-grandfather.

Of his home life Mr. Roosevelt is jealous. He dislikes very much to see it exploited in print. He has become, however, a national character, and this reticence he must eventually modify to some extent. He has a delightful home near Oyster Bay, on Long Island. There he lives, when possible, with his wife and six children.

Mrs. Roosevelt is of a retiring disposition.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



WILLIAM M'KINLEY.



THE M'KINLEY HOME IN CANTON.



MRS. M'KINLEY.



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