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"LITTLE GIANT" OF CANTON

Governor McKinley's Early Life, Achievements and Future Possibilities.

CONFIDENCE IN HIS POLITICAL DESTINY

Loyalty to the Administration Prevented His Candidacy Once, but Events Now Point to Him as the Republican Presidential Nominee.

Now that the tumult of election has passed and its losses and triumphs counted and the outcome fairly regarded, it is seen on every side that the most important of its results has been to place Governor William McKinley at the head of the list of republican candidates for the presidency in 1896. It is surprising enough, certainly, that no such result was anticipated, and yet, now that all is over, it is the most natural thing that could have happened. It was the McKinley principle that was a test in the November struggle. While widespread ill-health, a midsummer panic, and the discontent that invariably follows in the wake of such conditions, no matter what party may be in power, had unquestionably an influence on the election the net result in the great manufacturing states and the splendid triumph won by McKinley himself in his own state makes it clear that the irrefragable tariff issue was the real groundswell of the battle, after all.

It would perhaps be less than the truth to say that Governor McKinley himself had not foreseen this. For many years he has cherished such a profound belief in his own fortunes that his confidence could not be shaken by intermediate events. He believed that the tariff, which had been his lifelong study, was yet to become the keystone of successive



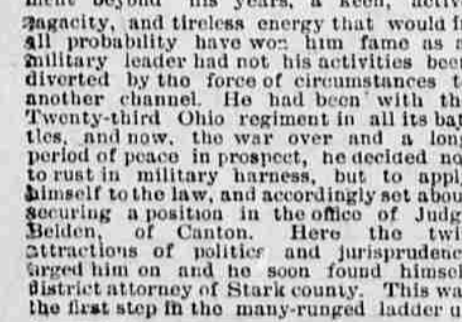
McKinley in Congress.

campaigns, and that in the fullness of time he would be called, like Moses of old, to lead his party out of the economic wilderness. He believed firmly in destiny and he was content to wait.

From boyhood this distinctively American quality of self-reliance and control has been a McKinley trait.

Gallant Service in the Army.

The young Ohio lad was barely 18 when he shouldered an army musket and marched out of the little village of Poland in Masoning county, to join the regiment under the command of Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes. This was in May, 1861, and in September of the same year, the bareheaded young private had borne himself so gallantly and so manfully that he was made a second lieutenant; the further promotion to a first lieutenancy following in the succeeding February. In 1864, he had won his captaincy and for gallant services at the battles of Opequan and Cedar Creek, he was brevetted major. The war villainage was now a rapidly maturing man, with a wonderful quality of self-control, a precision of judgment beyond his years, a keen, active sagacity, and tireless energy that would in all probability have won him fame as a military leader had not his activities been diverted by the circumstances to another channel. He had been with the Twenty-third Ohio regiment in all its battles, and now, the war over and a long period of peace in prospect, he decided not to trust in military harness, but to apply himself to the law, and accordingly set about securing a position in the office of Judge Beiden, of Canton. Here, amidst the twin attractions of politics and jurisprudence, he found an outlet for his energies, and he soon found himself district attorney of Stark county. This was the first step in the many-ringed ladder up



Mrs. William McKinley.

which William McKinley has climbed to the eminence of a statesman. It was the first public office he had ever held, the only others being those of congressman and governor.

To sketch the career of McKinley, from those days in Canton to the time when he became governor of Ohio, would be by no means an easy task, for, however eventful the years may have been, the material at hand is meager. And yet, it is certain that those years of unremitting labor and continuous aspiration contributed very largely by their experiences to round out and complete a strong and altogether remarkable character. In Canton, he made his maiden political speech, and from that district he first went to congress. Even in those early times he became noted as a profound tariff student, the champion of honest politics and the relentless foe of the gerrymander. There, too, he married a lovely and amiable Canton girl, Miss Ida Saxton, who had the great misfortune early in her domestic life to become a confirmed invalid.

Studios and Seclusion.

Possibly this sad home shadow may have driven the young lawyer-politician to work harder at his books and speeches, for intellectual activity is a safety valve to many men. In his familiar workshop in his Canton home, surrounded by monuments of the war and by portraits of his brother officers and the commanding generals, side by side with those of a few—a very few—statesmen for whom he had almost a passionate admiration, he loved to seclude himself. His recreations were few and for society he cared little, preferring that of his wife and a circle of intimate friends to all others. A charming host and a delightful raconteur, it

would have been an easy matter for the rising young politician, had he been so disposed, to have posed as a social idol, but McKinley, with the grim humor inherited from his Scotch-Irish progenitors, disdained such flattery and held life as intended for more serious matters. Not that he had no appreciation of the social amenities, however, for a pleasant entertainer and a more reasonably indulgent host does not live; but he likes to have these things in his own way and in his own time. He is a man who reads and thinks through conventionalities. An inveterate smoker, temperate at table, an excellent judge of good wine and a most moderate consumer of it, a man who reads and thinks through conventionalities. An inveterate smoker, temperate at table, an excellent judge of good wine and a most moderate consumer of it, a man who reads and thinks through conventionalities. An inveterate smoker, temperate at table, an excellent judge of good wine and a most moderate consumer of it, a man who reads and thinks through conventionalities.

Comfortably Well Off, Not Wealthy.

He is the owner of valuable real estate in Canton, besides a considerable sized farm in the township of Minerva, and a substantial block of opera house stock in Canton. Comfortably well off, he is still far from being wealthy, even on a western estimate, and he is known to be generous almost to a fault. He has a rare gift of facile and logical expression, and is worth reading, who is wonderfully well equipped in all matters of current interest, scientific, sociological, political, and who has a rare gift of facile and logical expression, and is worth reading, who is wonderfully well equipped in all matters of current interest, scientific, sociological, political, and who has a rare gift of facile and logical expression.

A Power in Congressional Debate.

But the great triumphs to which Major McKinley was destined were yet to come. No sooner had he entered congress than it became apparent that the new acquisition to the republican legislative palanx had skill as a debater and tact as a parliamentarian. His quiet, self-possessed and dignified bearing in all the great debates in which he bore a part, his consideration of others and his intense party loyalty at whatever sacrifice, quickly made him a prominent figure on the floor. In his masterly, well modulated voice, with few gestures and no ranting, he could produce a deeper effect upon the house than any half dozen of those speakers who raved and denounced to tickle the ears of the groundlings. His mild but caustic raillery against the democrats, his sarcastic jokes at his own party's shortcomings, his keen and incisive strokes of logic when debating any really big problem, like the tariff, and his sound, sturdy and unswerving attachment to his party won him admirers even among his political opponents. He was one of the youngest men who had ever won the laurels of leadership in congress. His prolific, clean, bold and commanding, recalled those of both Stephen A. Douglas, that other "little giant," and Napoleon I., the "little corporal." And if the face in repose was full of character, in the action of debate it was transformed. The eye sparkled and danced with animation, the firm, chiseled lip curved, and a close observer could see the distention of the nostrils as though the man were eager for the forensic fray. If the dress were but a trifle less correct and conventional, the smooth hair but the least, partially awry, and the general appointments had just a hint of carelessness degage, the picturesque



McKinley's Mother.

ness of the face and figure would be perfect. But Major McKinley's personality, like his whole career till now, is the outcome of a peculiarly logical and systematic character. In his debates, this trait has been dominant. It has made him thorough where others were superficially informed; it has given him the mastery of a question, while those pitted against him, or, may be allied with him, knew but a single phase of the subject. It was this thoroughness as well as his ability to pass the McKinley tariff bill, a measure which, for a time at least, found favor with the masses in this country, which was his chief distinction in the manufacturing and producing classes abroad. But it is not here proposed to enter into the question of the tariff, a subject of which Governor McKinley has spoken so peculiarly the master and best exponent in America.

A Vindication of McKinley Principle.

If the protective tariff for a time seemed to have caused the wreck of his personal political fortunes, it has now apparently been restored. At the present moment he stands before the people of this union as its leading apostle and the result of the November elections, no less than the protected business man of the past summer, are now claimed by republicans everywhere to be a complete vindication of the McKinley principle. For a man who, from the very depths of political defeat, has plucked out a brilliant victory, and who, moreover, has so largely contributed to securing the widespread triumph of his party, Governor McKinley bears himself with rare modesty. Unlike Senator Platt of New York, who ascribes the party's victory to Providence, he believes with Napoleon that Providence always fights on the side of the biggest artillery—which on this auspicious occasion happened to be in the hands of the republican voter, who used it to the advantage of his party.

Nor have the republican rank and file forgotten the splendid part McKinley bore in the Minneapolis convention, which nominated Harrison in 1888. It is unquestioned that, but for the pressure of the administration machine, and left to its unfettered choice, the republican party would have long hesitated in making a nomination for president. Of the great triumvirate of brains—Reed, Depew and McKinley—the third, the ablest and the best beloved, would have been chosen by acclamation. Tom Reed had the dash and brilliancy that many admired; Depew was the idol of a cultured, conservative element; but McKinley was almost worshiped by the entire party—except the machine. He had furnished the platform upon which it was to stand or fall and there was a demand that the man who wrote that platform be made the standard bearer. Ingalls, Quay, Reed, New and even Harrison himself felt the strong popular undercurrent that was pulling the prize away from the grasp of the machine. The great audiences were McKinley to the core. The delegates from almost every state were enthralled over the man of Napoleon and Websterian face. And here, in the crisis of his public life, McKinley displayed the same phenomenal power of self-control that had marked his whole career.

To Be the Nominee of the Future.

He stood the test of temptation splendidly and came out victor, for his acceptance of the post of permanent chairman settled for the time being the possibilities of his nomination for the presidency. And the wondering delegates understood it all, and thenceforth spoke of the Ohioan as the nominee of the future. It almost looks as though the

future were already paving the way for the redemption of their unrecorded pledge, for not men or factions but events alone have given to Governor McKinley his overshadowing prominence as a presidential candidate, on a purely tariff battle ground and with President Cleveland as the only available opponent on such an issue. Both champions would represent most distinctly, more than any other two men in our 70,000,000 of people, the two rival platforms.

It is not an easy task to analyze the causes of a statesman's hold upon the masses. High principle, personal magnetism, gallantry, boldness even to harshness, great skill in debate or ability as a platform orator—all these may in turn be cited as reasons why a man should be liked and respected. But to awaken the love and warmest sympathy of a people requires qualities that will defy analysis. It has been McKinley's good fortune to strike a chord of sympathy in the breasts of a very large class who needed just what he offered. Statesmen may argue and sophists disclaim, but sympathy is in itself a tremendous logical fact, and the workingsman attest the force of this truth by their hearty liking for Governor McKinley.

Hardly yet in his prime—he is now 50 years of age—Governor McKinley looks even younger than his years, presiding higher today in the estimation of Americans, regardless of party, than he ever did, and in the republican councils doors and other name like his with which to command success. All the political possibilities point to the nomination in 1896 of the brilliant, sagacious Ohio statesman, who in 1888 and 1892 refused to yield to the desire of his friends to make him the candidate. "All things come to him who waits," and, having waited so loyally and so long, it would now seem that the fidelity of William McKinley will at last be assured of its reward.

—EVEN CLAYTON.

THE CHANK.

Harper's Weekly.

It was an unkind fellow, with a shock of auburn hair, who came to board me at 1 sat defenseless in my study. He had a satchel in one hand, plumb full of dynamite. And in his hinder pocket was a box of melle-ite. His other hand held firmly a right ugly looking pistol, with poisoned pricklers on it that would make a cobra sick. And with his teeth he held a knife—its edge was very keen. In short, his aspect it was such as turned my visage green.

I asked him what his business was. He modestly replied: "He wanted me to let him have my daughter for his bride. And sixty million dollars and a two-four trotting horse." And did I run? I didn't! I just answered him, "Of course!" "I'll let you wed my daughter and my cousins and my aunts."

I had no female relatives and so could take the chance. "And instead of sixty millions, since the sum, my friend, is for you, suppose you make it more; let's say an even eighty-two."

"A nickel on account to bind the bargain is the thing." And you can have the lady when you've bought the wedding ring. And while we're getting in the gold from brokers and the nickel from my trotting horse, I'll draw a draft on Bonner for his trotting horse, Nancy Hank's."

The fellow looked at me in the eye, and laid his weasens down. He bit the nickel viciously, as cockneys bite a crown. To see if it was genuine and not a counterfeit. And then passed, jay down the stairs and out into the street.

And I am now possessor of a bag of dynamite, A poisoned club, a bowie, and a box of melle-ite. Which cost a nickel only, so that, far as I can see, The chank is not so profitless as he is thought to be.

IMPIETIES.

A preacher's righteous soul was sadly vexed by the talking and singing of some of the junior members of his congregation. Breaking off in the middle of his discourse, he looked straight at his tormentors and said:

"Some years ago there happened to sit right in front of the pulpit a young man who was perpetually laughing and talking and making silly faces, and I stopped short and took him severely to task. At the close of the service a gentleman stepped up to me and said:

"Sir, you made a great mistake; that young man is an idiot." "Since that time I have not ventured to reprimand any persons who behave themselves indecorously in church, lest I should repeat the same mistake and inflict censure upon an idiot."

There was exemplary silence during the rest of the service.

Captain William R. Patterson of Baltimore says he once took Rev. Mr. Powell, then pastor of a Universalist church in Baltimore, before Judge Hugh L. Bond for naturalization, he being a native of England, and in response to the question whether he knew him to be a man of good moral standing in the community, said that he would suppose so from the fact of his being a minister of the gospel. "Captain Patterson," said the judge, "that does not always follow."

"Getting money out of my congregation," said Rev. Jones, "is like pulling teeth." "You must get piles of money, then," said Hicks. "I never knew of more outrageous charges than those for pulling teeth."

CONSUMLATIUM.

Sophronia (musingly)—I wonder if it is my money he's after? Ananias—You innocent goose! What else can it be? Only the ultra sentimental believe that a broken engagement invariably means a broken heart.

Marie—I had nine proposals at the beach. Merle—How disagreeably persistent a summer acquaintance can be!

He—Do you remember the evening we became engaged? She—Of course I do. That was the first time I ever wore a four-hand tie.

In view of the acknowledged fact that every one must make a pet of something it is doubly to be regretted that more married men do not make pets of their wives.

Young Bride (young)—Here we have only been married two days, Clarence, and you're scolding me already. Husband—I know, my dear, but just think how long I have been waiting for this chance.

Charles K. Harris, author of "After the Ball," was married last week to Miss Cora Leffberg. Any grudge the public may have felt toward Mr. Harris was wiped out. "After the Ball" was played at his wedding and it was danced into his ears all day. Everybody who knew him flung it after him as a piece of good luck. People who did not know him sang and whistled the song at him from force of habit. It screamed through the air while the wedding service was being read, but the bride was unamused and the responses properly said.

Judge Waxen's Proverbs. Detroit Free Press: It's a mighty hard thing to keep silver and politticks from gettin' mixed. The goddess of liberty ain't in politticks, though stump speakers says so. A congressman without five thousand a year wood hit bottom about every twenty minutes. Ef Samson had been a United States senator he wouldn't a used his hands to brake the lion's jaw. A peshun nowadays don't mean much but dollars means. A man can't git money and glory both out uv office holdin'. Too many men want votes instead uv purity in the ballot box. One inch uv backbone is with a yard uv tongue in politticks. There's mighty few old wheel horses uv a party that ain't got distemper or spavin'er somethin'. Politticks brakes more men than it makes.

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