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WILLIAM M'KINLEY IN HIS PRIVATE LIFE.

A Pen Picture of the Man of the Hour, as Made in His Humble Home in Canton, Ohio, Where He Lives in Almost Rural Simplicity.

Constant Love and Devotion for His Invalid Wife, and His Tender Solicitude, the Chief Characteristic of the Ex-Governor's Rugged Personality.

Though of a Strongly Religious Nature, the Candidate for the Presidency Is a Man of Pure Courage and One Who Has the Ring of Honest Patriotism About Him.

NEITHER A GENIUS, A MENTAL GIANT NOR EVEN MAGNETIC.

Focuses the One Topic Which Could Not Be Discussed by Order of Mark Hanna, Who Posts McKinley by Long Distance Telephone—He Has No Pedigree of Which He Boasts, and His Ancestors Wear Kilts as They Roamed the Scotch Highlands.

Canton, O., April 12.—Four years in the army, fourteen in Congress, four as Governor of Ohio, and to-day a sincere applicant for four in the White House. Such is the record of William McKinley. Rather insatiable, some calm judgment might call the McKinley ambition; but it will be understandable, if not excusable, to those who know that the appetite to hold office is in its sort a mania, and grows with what it feeds on.

It was 2 in the afternoon by all the reputable clocks of Canton when I paused in front of McKinley's house. It is in a pleasant yard, on a pleasant street, this house. It is a frame, of the two-story variety, with a wing and two porches, over which creep vines—a perfect well of clinging vegetation. There are twelve rooms to the structure, as well as the plain necessity of another coat of paint. The yard—once can't call it "grounds"—is the home of many a tree and bush. Take it all in all, the McKinley house is a beautiful corner in the beautiful town of Canton, and one might live very happily there indeed.

"What's it worth?" I asked of a native who came up. "The lot's worth \$15 a front foot," replied the native, "and there's 75 front feet. I reckon, now, you could slam up the house for about \$4,000. It's worth (say) \$11,000."

"Does McKinley own it?" "No," retorted the native, "he rents it. It ketches him for \$40 a month."

This struck me as modest and vastly encouraging to thus find the leading Presidential candidate of the leading party domiciled in a leased house at \$40 per month. It seemed commonplace and simple. But one can't tell. Twelve years ago Cleveland was worth no more money than McKinley is to-day. The Presidency has grown of late to be what is styled "a lucrative position," and not at all what it was when it bankrupted Madison, made a hunted pauper of James Monroe, and forced Jefferson to consider the disposal of Monticello by lottery.

By the Grace of Mark Hanna. McKinley was at lunch when his servant opened the door. I was there by grace of Mark Hanna, just now performing as the Marshal Ney to McKinley's Napoleon, and was shown into the library without a halt. It is not an impressive apartment, but handy and light and large enough for even a man with a well-built and powerful boom to do his work in. Against one wall was a cherry desk, on another hung a picture of Grant, with a picture of Lincoln opposite. There was a portrait of Gladstone also, and high over a door a tiny little bust in bronze which might have been Napoleon and might have been Edgar Allan Poe. It was too high in the air to settle its identity.

The main ornament of the place, as indeed the sweet original is the main thought of McKinley's life, was a beautiful colored portrait of Mrs. McKinley. This is hung just above his desk, where a devotee would have his saint; and one glance upward from his work, and McKinley's eyes rest upon the picture of the woman who for a quarter of a century has been more her religion than his wife.

If the wide world loves a lover it should love McKinley. Twenty-five years ago the 26th of January last they were married. Their two children died long ago and fed and filled their hearts with gloom. For seventeen years she has been nervously stricken, an invalid without hope, a human lily with a broken stem, needing the trellys and support of constant love and care. Such is Mrs. McKinley.

"Twenty-five years ago," said McKinley to me, while his eyes lighted like soft torches at the mere mention of his wife—"twenty-five years ago, when Mrs. McKinley and I were married, we came here to live. We have lived in other houses since, but we come back to this again as one of the dearest spots on earth."

Canton and Mark Hanna in Cleveland. Hanna had not only exacted a promise not to interview McKinley on any topic, but I was sure likewise that he had notified McKinley; so I had but little encouragement to play wicket to my woe in that behalf. McKinley produced cigars. They were good and well selected. McKinley never drinks of any of the gay beverages which corks confine, but he smokes. Smoke like Vesuvius or General Grant. It is his one "habit."

"I note by the papers," I said, "that the A. P. A. describes Mark Hanna as a member of the Roman Church." "This was not asking a question, and I hoped McKinley might talk. He only laughed, however. As a matter of fact Hanna is an Episcopalian. McKinley, by the way, is himself a Methodist, and was for a time the superintendent of the Sunday school which pertains to the church of that persuasion which has its meeting house a handful of blocks away.

McKinley is honestly and sincerely a professor of religion. He joined the Methodist Church when he was but seventeen, before he dreamed of office, and just as he enlisted for the wars in the South. He has been consistently a communicant ever since, nor has he used his church affiliation as a ladder in politics.

His Religion Sincere. His religion is sincere. Even while I talked with him, a gentleman named Arker came in from Cleveland. Arker would seem to be a fashion of Executive Committee for the General Conference of the clergymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to meet presently at Cleveland. His mission was to gain from McKinley a promise to address the Conference on one evening during the week of the meeting. "You must come, Governor," quoth Arker; "you must come. We rely on you." And then, with a sage, foxy air, "It won't do you a bit of hurt, either."

It wasn't a wise nor well-thought remark, nor yet one grounded in the finest taste. McKinley flushed a trifle in his pale face, but his tongue has been checked too often in a life of office-hunting to make any resentful slips. It was plain, however, that he took no approving joy in a suggestion to use the Methodist Conference to advance his boom. He attempted to decline the invitation; but Arker's fervor grew with contradiction, and at last McKinley yielded. Certainly McKinley must be given credit for meditating no politics in an arrangement he did his best to avoid.

Has No Crest or Coat of Arms. McKinley was born at Niles, Ohio, in 1843. He had a sister, Anna, who taught school at Canton, and who must have been a woman of much force as well as beauty of character, for, although dead several years, she is to-day as often named as McKinley himself. His brother, Abner McKinley, is a travelling salesman for a firm in New York.

McKinley has a second sister, Hattie, now about forty-three, a splinter, and living with their mother at Canton, not far from our candidate. McKinley's mother is now eighty-seven years of age, but alert and vigorous, mentally and physically. She sees much of her distinguished son, and he waits on her and walks with her each day "he spends in Canton. Even now, while his anxieties are and should be on keener edge, playing, as he is, a bold game for the biggest stake on earth, he visits and walks with his mother every afternoon. They prefer the quiet streets of the suburbs for these little excursions, and McKinley may be seen escorting the old lady with the profoundest deference and affection, while the conversational interchange between the two never flags.

There is one excellent thing about McKinley. He has no pedigree; that is, he has no noble ancestors, while still able to trace his strain far enough into the past centuries to cut off that well-meaning body of snobs, the American College of Hereditary, from finding him a crest and coat of arms.

His Ancestors Wore Kilts. But heraldry will be balked with McKinley. His folks were originally Scotch, of humblest sort on his father's side. They were Highland bodies, and are to be traced as they went about in kilts and bare knees—a fashion of white savages—



WILLIAM MCKINLEY AS HE APPEARED IN HIS MODEST COUNTRY HOME AT CANTON, OHIO.

(Sketched by a Journal Staff Artist at the home of the ex-Governor.)

as far away as a day when rumor tells of cannibalism north of the Highland line; when the phrase "the broth of a boy" meant what it said, and when the thrifty set traps for their neighbors' children and treated the same as prey, and were filled and cheered thereby.

Drafted from their glens, the McKineys, with others of their tribe and kind, were taken from chasing the red deer and the neighbors and carried to Ireland to harry and run down the wild Irish of that island of distress. Subsequently they came to America as far to the rear of the hour as two centuries ago.

On his mother's side—whereof the family name was Rose—McKinley was a Puritan of English stock, though his ancestors missed the Mayflower and would appear to have come over with the Quaker William Penn. But come as they might, land as they would, there was no pretence of any sinister nobility about them. They were plebeian, and lived next to the ground, and the coat armor tailors will be able to embroder nothing for them.

McKinley's ancestors were prompt warriors, and fought readily in every American fracas on the American side, one of them, indeed—a grandfire-enlisting so many as eight separate times during the Revolutionary War, and faithfully seeking a pension therefor as soon as such national largesse was in order.

Is Not an Intellectual Giant. McKinley is a short man, with wide, square shoulders and deep chest. He has keen eyes, as bright as mirrors, which look steadily at men. His hair has little or no gray to whiten it, and is all on duty and holding its own with time. This is, however, no hirsute marvel when one remembers that McKinley is but fifty-three. No beard, no mustache mars McKinley's face, which is as smooth and pale and handsome as a prolate's. Wearing a frock coat, buttoned close, with linen white without a speck, neat to the point of being scrupulous, McKinley does not look unlike a well-paid pulpiteer.

Mentally McKinley is mediocre. He is not a brain giant; not a genius. This is as well. The White House does not need a genius. One of your safe, compact, dextrous, middle-weight thinkers is safest there.

McKinley never has any original thoughts, never says any original things. He is devoid of humor, neither knows where to laugh nor how to make others laugh. If he tells a story it is a poor story without point, poorly and pointlessly told. No wit has he; no epigram, as has Reed, to stun a proposition senseless like a stroke of lightning. McKinley talks smoothly, but is never eloquent. His voice is good and he has what actors call "presence," and is capable of feeling if not of lofty flight. Thus it is that McKinley looks well and splendid on the platform; pleases and wins with his appearance; and while he never exalts, at least he never depresses his auditors from a first bland, friendly impression.

McKinley's speeches are not worth much to read, and teach nothing, whether of rhetoric or view. Even his biography writers and campaign pamphleteers would appear to boast themselves rather for that he spoke ten times a day for thirty days, than that he said any deep matters or made any painting with words. From first to last no man will discover McKinley thinking aught that has never been thought; saying aught that has not been said, or pushing through any new truths or finding new passes through the mountains for the travel of his conjecture. His phrasing is commonplace. Adjectives and nouns, descriptive and object described, go hand in hand just as one has found them and heard them since earliest youth.

There is no way of fancy with a wool of fact to McKinley's word weaving. It is rather as if somebody sat threading beads; common beads on common threads. His talks abound—in illustration of what I mean—with such word-linking as "profound statesmen," "mighty soul," "true patriot," "human aspirations," "sublime faith," "leap the bounds," "enlightened public," "home-like simplicity."

Makes Him a Man Complete. Coming in personal contact with men McKinley is affable, courteous, without being magnetic. He is sincere without being shakes one's hand in no sort of hypocrisy. McKinley is what politicians call a good mixer. He remembers names and names like a detective. Over all, as McKinley through

the smoke of a cigar which he has given one, he comes to be a manly, gentle, honest figure of folk, of middle size and sort; nothing tremendous, but a great deal that is safe. He is conservative, and, moreover, he is not only honest, but a man of honor, too. There are two matters which prejudice men mightily in favor of McKinley. He will fight, and he loves his wife. These might seem to be virtues common enough, yet he who has them has left little to do to make him a man complete.

There was one thing as I sat smoking at McKinley and looking him over which I couldn't understand. That was the payment of his recent debts to the extent of \$125,000 by a coterie of volatile vulgarians, who came forward noisily exploiting their gifts, and when McKinley tumbled into bankruptcy—even as have other better men—paid what he owed. Why did McKinley permit this? There are no two trails out; no man of high sensitive regard for himself would have allowed it. If it wasn't abject charity, it was the merest case of ex post facto bribery. In either event a strong nature, clear of stream, swift of current, would have swept the dirty and degrading proposal away, and had none of it.

But McKinley accepted; his debts were paid by subscription, and one is left to wonder if the whole moral effect of it all was not to leave McKinley the subject of a syndicate; practically the property of those who took him out of "hock." These people who paid would, by the same natural rule which governs water as it flows and grass in its growing, have moral sway and claim with McKinley thereafter and hereafter, hard to be denied.

Relegates Finance to the Rear. McKinley stood in trade just now in protection. The show windows of his boom are filled with it. Finance be relegates to the rear of the shop. Ask Mark Hanna; ask any of the McKinley tollers "What about silver?" and he straightway talks tariff. Not another word may one gain. Finance is the skeleton in the McKinley closet. This would all look like a straddle; like the two faces of some Janus of politics who would be white silver to the West and yellow gold to the East.

But McKinley is, as the word and the world wags a silver man. His record is silver. He is what the Ohio platform would vaguely but satisfactorily call a "bi-metallic"—that word-mask which makes 10,000 differing faces of finance look alike. Speaking of McKinley's attitude on finance, the best light I could get was from Judge W. K. Miller, of Canton, one of the wisest as well as the oldest of McKinley's friends.

"McKinley is not a gold bug. He is a limited bi-metallic," said Judge Miller, "and is for money of gold, silver and paper in such quantities and at such ratios as shall preserve an equality of value. But McKinley would die before he would espouse the cause of a gold monometallism."

Mark Hanna's Personality. Mark Hanna, who has charge and complete control of McKinley's fortunes, is a square, corpulent figure of a man, with light eyes, light hair, a heavy jaw and whiskers of mutton-chop cut. Hanna is a bigger, stronger man mentally and nervously than McKinley. He is keen, vigorous, with the temper, almost the teeth, of a bulldog. When Mark Hanna fastens to anything, nothing shakes his grip. He is loyal to the point of being blind. If he had been a soldier he never would have surrendered; if a sailor he never would have given up the ship; but he would—were it possible—have been killed several times.

Hanna is not discreet. Moreover, he is vain, and a bit peacocky. This last comes from inexperience. He will not roost so high when he gets through with such birds as Platt and Quay. Just now, however, he scotts at these sorcerers of Republican politics.

Hanna first met McKinley when a strike was on at Hanna's coal mines near Canton, and McKinley represented the strikers as their attorney. On that occasion he liked McKinley's courage. Later they found themselves bunked in the same room, delegates to the convention which finally named Garfield. Hanna was for Blaine. McKinley was a day and night Sherman adherent.

At one point a Blaine plot was in progress, whereby the convention was to be stampeded and rushed for Blaine. The conspirators felt the need of telling Hanna, to the end that he be ready to aid in the uproot at the first flap of the blanket. They came quietly in by means of a key of one of their number, who had a cot in the McKinley-Hanna room.



EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Though in the midst of an exciting campaign to secure the Republican nomination for the Presidency, he still finds time to continue his tender care and solicitude for an invalid wife, to whom he is devotedly attached.

(Sketched by a Journal Staff Artist at the ex-Governor's home in Canton, Ohio.)

the end that he be ready to aid in the uproot at the first flap of the blanket. They came quietly in by means of a key of one of their number, who had a cot in the McKinley-Hanna room.

In the darkness they mistook the sleeping McKinley for Hanna, and, rousing him gently, poured into his half-awakened ears the details of their plot. They told him very fully how Sherman was to be routed, how he, McKinley, was to be borne down, and how, as a climax, the nomination was to go to Blaine like a landslide.

"It's all very interesting, gentlemen," said McKinley at the close, "but you've made a mistake. I'm the Sherman delegate. The Blaine delegate," pointing to where Hanna's solemn snores marked his presence, "the Blaine delegate is over there."

McKinley, however, made no use of or reference to the Blaine story he had so inadvertently been told, and Mark Hanna liked his forbearing honesty well.

The next convention, that of 1888, found McKinley still for Sherman. There came a time when talk was blo about of non-naming McKinley himself. Scattering votes were hurled at him as pills were called. At last there began to form certain definite plans to name McKinley. The New Jersey delegation held a caucus, and determined to cast its vote for the new Buckeyes. Ohio was ready to switch. McKinley for Sherman just as once before she had switched Garfield for Sherman.

At this point McKinley took some sudden vigorous steps. He went to the New Jersey crowd, and to his own people, and with his own hands throttled his chances in their cradle. He would not allow his name to be used.

"I came here for John Sherman," he said. "He is the choice of my State. My promise is made. It would be dishonorable to break it, and I will not. You should not nominate me, and you must not. If you persist, I will make this statement on the floor of the convention; I will decline to run."

This gave Mark Hanna a high notion—so well it might—of McKinley's honor, and so as years went by and these things came to pass, Hanna, a politician of native might, a cool business man of solvent millions, grew to believe heart and soul in McKinley. And as this is read he is giving all of his time, and wasting money like water, to the proposal of securing McKinley's nomination next June.

As a fashion of post-scriptum it is worth while to notice the claim-like closeness of McKinley, Tom Reed, Morton, Allison, as well as everybody else who is, or thinks he is, a Presidential candidate. Not one of them all will let a word escape. I have tried at least McKinley, Morton and Reed.

"What of tariff?" I ask. "A deep, cunning smile is the only answer." "What of finance?" I say. "More foxy visualization of the wide,

hopeful mouths. There isn't one of them who would answer directly a question as to what party he belonged. It is not to be understood. These folk lust to be President, and beg other folk to send them to the White House; yet not one will tell what he'll do on any subject, from finance to revenue, that cries for settlement were he to go there.

Reed, McKinley, all the rest of them, will after years of talking in telling men what they think and why they think it, become, through this very trick to talk, eligible for party selection to lead a national fight. And then they stop talking. They do not seem to realize that the system which searched them forth from party obscurity to put them on the list of Presidential eligibles is or should be the only system which might hope to win success.

From talkers they become dumb; from seers they become blind; from men of action they become inert and lie without motion—a sort of suddenly constructed terrapin of politics from whom you can get nothing, with whom you can do nothing; who, with head and legs and tail withdrawn within his shell, plants himself in the way and hopes for a White House.

It will be well for a world when everybody is taught that no sphinx is to become a President. Such news would set these honest gentlemen a-talking like apple-women; we would all feel the better for it; and the hour run much more of risk of finally finding the man.

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.