

bits of innocent, but especially valuable, conversation thrown in now and then, but rather a tendency to silence, all thoughts bent on St. Louis and every ear listening to the telegraph tick.

"The news came minute by minute. Every stage of the St. Louis pageant was made clear. We heard the fight over the platform, retirement of the silver men, and finally the order to call the roll of the States. We hear of the speeches. Lodge is now on his feet. Depew has taken the floor for Morton. He has called the receding silver delegates erring sisters, at which there is a smile over the room. Allison has been presented, and then Foraker comes, bringing with him the McKinley crash. Some of us walked over to the telephone and heard the roar of the multitude hundreds of miles away, the noise, the shouting, the music and the singing of the songs.

PROLONGED ENTHUSIASM.

"Sam', at the telephone was rather impatient over this enthusiasm—his one affair that the convention should nominate McKinley. The tedium was broken by ripples of talk, remembrances of famous scenes in other conventions, when Lincoln defeated Seward, the tremendous struggle between Blaine and Grant and the similar incidents in Minneapolis. It was remembered that the usual duration of these convention blizzards was about half an hour, and watches were taken out to note how long the hurly-burly would last.

"There is an end to everything, even a convention blizzard, and in time we heard, with a sigh of relief, that the storm had gone down, and that the States were to be called.

"There were pauses when some of the votes were challenged, but little conversation. I asked the Governor during the pause when New York was being called whether votes thus far had reached his estimate. 'Rather exceeds it,' he answered, when one of the company who had been keeping the tally ventured the prediction that when the votes of Ohio were reached there would be votes sufficient to nominate the Governor. Another dwelt upon the poetic fitness of the nomination being made by McKinley's

own State. There were observations arising out of the incident, but the Governor said nothing, looking over the list and awaiting the announcement that the ballot was proceeding. Finally Ohio cast her forty-six votes, Pennsylvania following, and it was done.

"There was just a faint touch of color on the face of McKinley as some friends spoke a word of congratulation to him on this the moment of his career. He talked of some personal matters of minor import; showed no emotion and expressed no feeling, but when Pennsylvania was passed calmly took up his convention form and continued to note the vote.

"But in the meantime the gun was fired, the bells were rung and Canton knew that the bolt had at last come out of the heavens, and all of the town turned out. So I came from the Governor's house. The streets swarmed with people—men, women, children, all rushing in a double-quick to the McKinley home, everybody smiling and many cheering. The crowd was so large that it was necessary to walk in the street.

FLAGS, DRUMS AND LOUD CHEERS.

"Steam whistles were blowing, the houses blossomed with flags, drums were beating, every breast bloomed with a McKinley favor, the stores were closed, clubs began to march, the members shouting and crying 'McKinley comes.' It is a beautiful summer night as I write, and the town is in revelry, cannon firing, fireworks, horns blowing, the air filled with smoke and noise. Canton will long remember this day. St. Louis has crowned her eminent citizen a czar, and enthusiasm in every form, questionable or otherwise, rules the hour."

In commenting on the death of the President, a prominent newspaper supplies us with the following very appreciative estimate of his character:

"Life's work well done;
Life's race well run;
Life's crown well won;
Now comes rest.

"Both the expected and the unexpected have happened. The

expectation of recovery was born of our hope, of the almost certainty that so dire a calamity could not blight a period of such prosperity. And yet when that shot was fired, which was 'heard round the world,' the whole nation trembled for the safety of its President, and the heartbeats of the people were mingled with sobs of unrestrained sorrow.

"Mr. McKinley in his official capacity represented more that is dear to human progress than any other personage or any potentate on the planet. He, moreover, illustrated in his own career the grandeur of those multiform and inspiring opportunities which the genius of our government offers to every child cradled within the limits of our domain. His early poverty did not stand in the way of his later preferment. He expanded the circle of his narrow circumstances by the faithful performance of every duty that fell to his lot, until at last it embraced the good will and confidence of a whole people, who gladly thrust upon him the high honors and responsibilities of their Chief Executive. Whether as a school teacher in his youth, or as a private in the Civil War, where he won promotion by earnest fidelity as well as by deeds of daring, or later on in the Governor's chair or on the floor of Congress, he showed the qualities which men first learn to envy and then to admire.

TRUE TO GOD AND COUNTRY.

"He had but one rule, to be true to his God, his country and his own ideal of a noble character, and if as a consequence he won renown it was because he deserved it. We may have differed with him as to his political theories, we may have thrown the whole strength of logic and argument into the opposition, but at this moment, when death has opened the door across whose mysterious threshold he has passed into eternity and into history, we think of him not as a partisan but as a man, and gladly give the meed of praise which is his due.

"There is no politics in the chamber wherein rests the bier. When death has made good its claim on mortality we are in no mood to speak of aught else than the character, the motives, the

virtues of the departed, and under this impulse the whole American people bow their heads in the presence of a national bereavement.

"Mr. McKinley was a hard and successful fighter for his party, a brave soldier when volunteers were sought for a dangerous expedition, a most intrepid debater when his personal convictions were involved, and so honorable that on at least two occasions, when the nomination for the Presidency was within easy reach, he turned the tide from himself in favor of the candidate to whom he had pledged his personal influence. That he had the ambition of office is not to be denied, but that he would not accept office unless he could do so with an unsullied conscience is a fact of which his friends and the whole nation may well be proud, while his political opponents and rivals admire the fidelity which it is hard to imitate.

CHARACTER BUILT ON PRINCIPLE.

"Mr. McKinley has shown by his life that there are but few things which last—a character which is built on moral principle, an ambition which seeks the good of the country and a religion which can rob the passage from the present to the future of all regrets."

The day following Mr. McKinley's death, another journal paid him this well-merited tribute:

"Even as a wave of astonishment accompanied the tide of horror that was spread over the land by the assassin's blow at the life of the President, so there is now a shock of surprise mingled with the grief which bows the American people. The news from the stricken Chief Magistrate's bedside from almost the first had been so steadily encouraging, that fear of a fatal result was all but banished. Dread gave place not merely to hope, but to nearly perfect confidence in his recovery.

"The doctors were unanimous in signing the cheerful reports issued up to midnight on Thursday, and relatives and personal friends, who were kept privately informed of the conditions, exceeded the official bulletins in their assurances to the

public that the President would live. The republic was preparing for a heartfelt thanksgiving such as has not occurred since Lee surrendered at Appomatox. The suddenness of the blow makes it all the harder to bear. Rejoicing has been so swiftly turned into mourning that the revulsion of feeling stuns the nation.

"He is gone, and for the people, whose freely chosen chief servant he was, there remains in this hour only grief that cannot be given expression with tongue or pen, since language fails, in the presence of a tragedy so causeless, so pathetic, so hideous. Blameless in his private life, a man so kindly, so richly endowed with the capacity for inspiring friendship, so filled with good will toward others that even his political opponents responded with good will in their turn—a warm-hearted, cordial, Christian gentleman, William McKinley was without personal enemies, and it seemed unthinkable that even madness itself could wish him harm.

MISCREANT OR MANIAC?

"Yet in the flower of his usefulness this good man has been cut down by an assassin. The wretch does not plead what is understood in America as a political motive. The President's policies had critics in plenty, fellow-countrymen of the party in antagonism to his, and not a few in his own party. But the miscreant or maniac who took his life pretends to no sympathy with the views of these critics. Though his victim was the elected Chief Magistrate of a self-governing republic, limited in his power by the Constitution and the laws, and the supreme antithesis of a hereditary and absolute monarch, the assassin selected him as the representative of despotism.

"It would be a satisfaction had this creature come to us from some remote and poisonous quarter of darkest Europe, where anarchy is bred by tyranny, but we have to face the strange and humiliating fact that he was born and reared among ourselves, though his mind, whether it be sane or diseased, is as little American in its workings as if he had never wandered beyond the confines of a Polish commune. The assassin is himself as

unexpected, as amazing, as his act was horrible and astounding. But such as the wretch is—debased, abnormal, petty and grotesque—it was in his power to slaughter greatness and wrap a nation in black. For a crime so tremendous human law has no penalty that does not impress with its immeasurable inadequacy.

"While his countrymen stand about the bier of the murdered President sorrow's must be the one voice heard. The President has fallen, but the republic is unharmed. The tasks left unfinished by William McKinley will be taken up by the hands of him whom the laws, equal to every emergency of State, appoint to fill the place so awfully, so bloodily made vacant. Amid the nation's grief, amid the tears for the man and the Magistrate taken from us by so foul and unnatural a crime, there comes to every American out of the past the voice of another victim of an assassin's bullet, who, when men were turned distraught by Lincoln's death, cried to them:

"God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives!"