

ten minutes, day in and day out. In his earnestness, his enthusiasm, his versatility, his eloquence, his magnetic power over an audience, and his dramatic force, he stands unequaled.

CHAPTER XII.

McKINLEY'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

The enterprising boy—Interviewing Major McKinley—Boys' own account of it—Painting up the town—Looks like Napoleon—Fatherly advice—An important question.

A FEW weeks ago an errand-boy in the New York *World* became interesting through his anxiety to become a great man, and to find out how to do it by talking with great men and gaining instruction with a view to his education, the managing editor had a happy thought that the boy might become an interviewer, and sent him, accompanied by a reporter, to the most accessible of great men, Mr. Chauncey Depew. After the conversation it turned out there was no occasion for the reporter's notes or his literary skill. The memory of the boy was perfect, and he had a quaint, simple way of putting things that was attractive. The boy was a success, and he was sent to interview Major McKinley, and the result is a beautiful picture of the Republican candidate in his home, and a talk from him that every boy in America should read many times,

and that is worthy to go into the school-books as a marvel of manly talk to a boy.

The boy went out to McKinley's home in Canton, O., from New York City, was received cordially, and the statesman gave more than a half hour of his time, while a half dozen politicians stood on the piazza clamoring for admittance.

The boy's report of his half hour with Mr. McKinley follows:

"I have been down to Ohio to see Mr. McKinley, the big Republican. As I have visited many men who are great, and as Mr. McKinley seems to be the greatest of all at present, I wanted to see him bad, so I took a call on him at Canton, Ohio, the town he lives in.

"When a man gets big like him he ought to be able to tell boys how to become great to, so I thought It would pay me to go down there and ask of him some advice on How a young boy can start in life and become a great man.

"Canton isn't as big a town as New York, and everybody in the place knows Mr. McKinley and the family.

"It isn't easy to ask Major McKinley things for the newspapers, I knew that before I started, so I found Mr. Boyle, his private secretary, and told him I was the boy reporter for the *Sunday World*, and all the boys wanted to hear about Mr. McKinley, and would he please fix it so I could see him. Mr. Boyle was a newspaper man and he knew all about it, so I

told him I didn't want to talk politics, and that I wanted to ask Mr. McKinley how I or other boys could get to be as famous as he was.

"Then Mr. Boyle laughed, and said that Major McKinley was a very busy man all the time, but as he liked boys awful well, I might call around to his house and see him in the morning. As I had come all the way from New York, and wanted to do so, so much.

"Then I was glad. So when morning came I got up early and started for Mr. McKinley's house, one thing struck me awfully funny on the road their it was that they were painting all the telegraph poles, and everything else in the town white and blue, they seemed tickled about something by the way they were slapping the paint all over the street, and I guess paint is cheap in Ohio, so I asked a man what they we painting up for, and he said they're getting ready to celebrate McKinley's nomination.

"So I know everybody in Canton liked the big Republican, and I hurried on. His house is a pretty one, made of wood and painted white, on a fine broad street, and there wasn't any basements or steps, like we see in New York Houses.

"It's a fine place to live in, and I'd like to live there myself.

"I knew right away that it was where Mr. McKinley and his wife Mrs. McKinley lived, for Mr. Boyle had told me what it looked like, he said there were two big ears painted white standing in the big lawn in

front of the house. They weren't anything but two big flower-pots, as big as I am.

"I went up to the door and pressed the button, and inquired as to see Mr. McKinley, its an electric bell, and I suppose it will be worn out soon, if there's as many callers come every day as come and wanted to see him as while I was there.

"A young man who was an other private secretary came to the door, Major McKinley has two private secretaries.

"Come right in,' says he and he took my card, and went into a room right by the door. I asked for Mr. Boyle, but the young man took my card to a large man, in the front room, and when he came out and said, 'step right in here and sit down.' I walked in, and there was a big man sitting in the corner. I knew him right off as soon as I seen him, and I sat there in a rocking chair, sizing him up and the room I was in.

"It was Major McKinley.

"I seen he had a round head with not much hair on the top, and I knew it was him, because he looked like the pictures of Napoleon at the elevated stations, which the newspaper artists make him look like.

"He wore eye-glasses and a black coat, and had awful big eye-brows, and he didn't look like as if he was in a great hurry, and I hoped he'd talk to me a good deal.

"He was at a little desk looking over some letters.

"I liked him right off, and then I looked at the room. It was his library and he uses it as his office, it is very large with plenty of book shelves, which are full of his favorite authors, Grant, Lincoln and himself.

"Pictures were hanging on the walls of Grant, Lincoln, and a lot of other great men and also a large beautiful picture of his wife Mrs. McKinley and himself.

"Then I looked at Mr. McKinley again, and I seemed to be getting almost afraid to talk to him for I thought he was such a big man, wise and great, but I thought to myself that there wasn't any use for me to come all the way from New York and not talk to him.

"So I got my senses together and just then Mr. Boyle came down stairs and stepped over to the Major, and said right off that there was a boy there to see him. Mr. McKinley got right up from his chair and stared at me with a very pleasant smile on his face.

"this is Harry Wilson,' said Mr. Boyle, 'who has come from New York to see you.'

"I'm pleased to see you,' said Mr. McKinley, and he gave me his hand for to shake, and I liked him more than ever, because he acted as if he was real pleased to see me.

"Sit down,' said he, and he pointed to my rocking chair, and then he sat down in front of me in one of them chairs that whirl around like the Editor's chair.

"And I said to him, 'Mr. McKinley I am more than pleased to meet you, as I think that not more than one of a thousand boys could see you and talk with you, and I'm proud.'

"Then I told him at once what I had come for, because I didn't want to keep him from his work, writing letters and such things.

" 'Mr. McKinley,' I said, 'I come to ask you if you would give me some advice as to how a young boy can start in life and become a great man; I thought you could tell me.'

"I wondered what he was going to say, as I've asked a lot of big men like Chauncey Depew and Alderman Muh the same thing. He sat still for a moment holding his eye-glasses with his right hand, and pushing the black bead on the cord with his other hand. I saw he wears a gold ring on the left hand and a pair of great big cuff buttons, not link buttons, like the swells wear; I guess his wife must have given them to him.

"He thought a long time, and then talked very slowly, and his voice was deep.

" 'Well,' he said, 'first a boy must be a good boy, honest, always do what is right, pay attention to what he is doing, and be a student; he must go to school all he can, learn all his lessons, and he mustn't be afraid to study.'

"Then I thought to myself what Mr. McKinley had said was perfectly right; then I paused for a moment, thinking what I should ask him next. I

had never been far outside of New York before, and Canton looked like a very small town to me, and I wondered if it was a good place to make smart men in.

" 'Mr. McKinley,' I said, 'will you please tell me do you think a boy has as much chance to study and make a great man out of himself in a small place like this as the boys in great cities like New York have?'

"That made him smile, but he said right off, 'A boy can make anything out of himself that he pleases, and he has just as much chance to do it in the country as in the city; there are good colleges in small places, just the same as in New York, and a boy, if he wants to, can make what he will out of himself.'

"He was beginning to get warmed up and was beginning to talk fast. He went on:

" 'It don't make so much difference where it is or how great the part he plays, but it's the way he plays it. The other night I saw a play at the theatre called "The Rivals." Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Drew and Mrs. Drew, and Mrs. Tabor, and Mr. Crane and Goodwin, the Holland brothers, and Francis Wilson, played the parts; every one of them was great, and used to be stars, but they were content to take some parts that were very small in "The Rivals," but they played them just as well as if they had been big.

" 'That is the way with boys and men; it isn't so much to be great as to do whatever you have to do well, that is being great.'

"I began to feel as if I was hearing a sermon, and the Major McKinley looked very sober.

"Then he got in a good word for Canton. 'It isn't such a small place,' he said, 'and it's a very nice town to live in. Some of the best farms are out this way. Before you go back to New York you had better take a good look around.'

"But I wasn't through with him yet. I said, 'Mr. McKinley, would you please be so kind as to tell me when a boy should go into politics?'

"Then he laughed again and looked at his secretary, Mr. Boyle, who looks a good deal like Mr. McKinley. Mr. Boyle was going to say something, when Mr. McKinley suddenly sprang from his chair into the hall, and came in in a few moments with a lady leaning on his arm.

"It was Mrs. McKinley, and she was very sweet-looking, and I was delighted to see her, and I think she would make folks comfortable if she lived in the White House at Washington.

"Mr. McKinley is very fond of her, I am sure, and he escorted her to the carriage, and she was going out for a morning ride.

"Then he came back and sat down with a smile on his face. When he was about to begin to talk to me he was called away again, and stayed away a few moments and then came in again and sat down and then laughed, and began to ask me questions before I could ask him some more.

"How old are you; how long have you been work-

ing?" I then told him and he wanted to know how long I had been reporting. I said 'eight months.'

"He then said to me, 'Harry, I believe you must have a great deal of good advice by this time,' and the Major laughed. So did all the rest in the room.

"I said 'If I could follow all I've been told I'd be a great man pretty quick.'

"Mr. McKinley is very fond of his mother, who is eighty-seven years old, and lives near him, so I said, 'Can a boy neglect his mother and get along and be great, Mr. McKinley?'

"He looked very grave and sad, and then said:

"'Harry, a boy should always be good to his mother and do everything in the world he can and love her. He must comfort her, be kind and gentle to her, and not only do all he can to make her happy, but he should make opportunities to try and do everything he can do.'

"That's just the Major McKinley's words, because I wrote them down when I came out of the home.

"'A boy cannot expect to succeed if he isn't good to his mother,' the Major says. 'A boy should do all the work for her because when the time comes that she has got to leave for a greater world than this and if he has done what is right towards her, all the time, then when the time comes for her to go he will never regret the good he has done towards her.'

"Then I said 'I have done everything in the world I can do for my mother,' and then he said,

"'That's right, Harry, do all you can at all times.'

"Then I stoped for a moment and says 'If every boy would follow the advice which you have given me, he never will feel sorry for the good work he has done for her when the end comes.'

"Then I stoped a moment and thought that Mr. McKinley hadn't told me when a boy should go into politics, and I said,

"'Mr. McKinley, will you tell me when a boy ought to study politics.'

"He then stoped a moment, and then said to me,

"'Harry, first a boy should study the History of his country, and learn all the political history of the country. He should learn what the leaders have done for their country, so that when the time comes for him to vote he will be able to do so intelligently.'

"Then some more people came in to see him, and the Major McKinley went out into the hall again, and I knew he was in a hurry, so I said that I wished to ask one more thing. I remembered I had nearly forgotten one of the most important questions.

"I then said after he had returned from outside of the hall, 'Mr. McKinley I have just one more question, and it is an important one.'

"I then said 'would you tell me how you earned your first dollar?'

"He sank back in his chair and looked as if that wasn't what he expected me to ask him, then he put his hand up to the side of his head, as if to recall the years which had passed by, and then with a smile said:

"'Really I can't recall the first dollar that I earned,' he keepped on thinking, and I tried to make him think a little harder.

"Then I said, 'did you have to saw wood, did you have to drive oxes all day long, or did you have to work in the field all day, can't you remember what you used to do to earn money.'

"He then said to me, 'why Harry I did anything a boy would do around the house. When I was a boy money was very scarce, and you had to work hard for what little money you got. But I can't remember the first dollar. You have to ask me something easy.'

"What kind of books should a boy who wants to be great read?'

"'Ah! now I have to refer you to my private secretary, he has a lecture which he speaks on the stage that tells all that and much more.'

"So then I knew my talk was over with him. I felt very sorry to say good-bye, but I said:

"'Mr. McKinley, I want to thank you, for it was very good in you to stop to talk to a boy, and I am very grateful.'

"'And I am very glad that you came to see me,' says he. 'I'm always glad to talk with boys. I like them and like to be with them. What is there in all the world nicer than a boy, except a sweet young girl? Come again, Harry, and I hope you'll have the best of luck and do some good in the world with your work. Send me a paper.'



"Then we shook hands again, and Mr. Boyle went out on the porch with me, and there was a lot of big men—politicians, I guess—and I think Mr. McKinley was very nice to talk to me and keep them waiting so long.

"I guess all the boys who know Mr. McKinley like Mr. McKinley as well as he likes them, because the boys of Canton, O., have already formed a drum core. It's the first campaign club in the country, and the boys are very proud of it. I'd join if I lived in Canton. The boys all wear white suits and drill, and are going to march for McKinley.

"HARRY WILSON."

Harry Wilson has beaten all the accomplished reporters, and his photograph of McKinley at home is perfect. It is valuable, for it is true all through, and the wholesome, serious, earnest, kindly, loving, genuine man, McKinley, stands revealed—symmetrical, strong, and genial.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONTRASTED CONDITIONS.

Between Republican protection and prosperity and Democratic meddling, disorganizing industry and forcing hard times, displayed in speeches by McKinley in 1892 and in 1895—A plea in Boston for protection and prosperity.

GOVERNOR McKINLEY, on October 4th, 1892, in American Hall, Boston, addressed the people, beginning then, as he might now, saying:

"This year we have two great questions. The contention of the Republican party is for the industries and the labor and the prosperity of the country. The second contention of the Republican party is for an honest currency with which to measure the exchanges of the people."

He proceeded to make a speech most pertinent to these times, and put to the front the leading questions. His remarkably forcible speech is now just as it was reported for the press. We quote:

"The Democratic contention, no matter what Mr. Hill may have said in his Brooklyn speech, no matter what Mr. Cleveland may have said in his recent