have been the author of these sublime sentiments. I can and do adopt them, and beg you to heed, cherish, and teach them, as a rule of action to yourselves and to your children. American citizenship thus molded will perpetuate freedom, exalt the freeman, and distinguish the Republic beyond its past glorious achievements."

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. McKINLEY AT HOME.

The great Protectionist's Wife—Strong despite physical weakness—Shares all her husband's burdens—"Ever happy when surrounded by friends, children, and roses."

[Sketch by Miss H. D. Hallmark.]

"I AM very glad to meet you," she said, as I neared her chair.

A tone is the index which gives you the page where a character is written. The moment the sentence was finished I knew Mrs. William McKinley belonged to the sincerely gracious type of women.

It only needed her face and outstretched hand to verify the classification.

Governor McKinley had brought me in to meet his wife through a group of politicians and friends who were sitting on the terrace and wide veranda at his house at Canton, O. As we walked through the shadowy, spacious hall toward the sitting-room the laughter and hum of feminine voices reached me.

"I will not disturb Mrs. McKinley if she is entertaining callers, Governor," I said.

"Then I very much fear you would never see her," he answered. "It is the penalty of her geniality that she gladly pays. She is ever happy when surrounded by friends, children, and roses."

And in that atmosphere I found her. She had visitors of the gentler sex from California and Vermont—friends whom she had made in Congressional days. Roses were everywhere. One seemed turned loose in a conservatory.

Two tiny chairs waited occupancy. The Governor turned to pick up a chubby-faced, yellow-ringleted three-year-old who came with hands full of flowers and lips ready to be kissed by "Auntie McKinley."

"That is my name to every acquaintance under ten years of age," said Mrs. McKinley, "It used to be my boast that I knew every child in Canton. I fear the town grows beyond me now; but reciprocity is great, and the children seem drawn to me because they know I love them so."

HER LOVE OF CHILDREN.

If Mrs. McKinley were asked "What are your preferences?" the first answer would be "Children."

Twenty-three years ago she lost the two little ones that came to bless the sunny house at Canton. The first was born on Christmas Day and the second on April 1st.

Since the music of the two tiny voices died away from her ears forever Mrs. McKinley has found that

her heart throbs quicker at the prattle of a child than aught else, and that her love is wide enough to cover all small lives, whether they be the offspring of poet or peasant, king or beggar.

By the side of her great reception chair stand two little rockers. One belonged to their first born and the other was the infant throne of Mrs. McKinley herself when she was "Baby Saxton," and all Canton loved her.

For while the branches of Mrs. McKinley's life have spread far and wide, giving shade, shelter, fragrance, and sweetness to many other lives, the roots are firmly established in that thriving little Western town.

Twenty-six years ago Ida Saxton was Canton's belle and heiress. Her father was a business man—rich beyond the order for those times. Houses, lands, and banks were his.

Of sturdy old Presbyterian stock, he brought up his children after the way they should go, studying the Westminster Confession of Faith, and committing the Shorter Catechism to memory.

He was a man of influence in his county, and all homage was given to the pretty young daughter who came home after graduating at Media, Pa., and made her bow to the social circles of Canton. Her father, however, had his own ideas about girls, and it was not all to be "bangs and beaux" with his daughter.

"Girls should learn to do something that will bring them in money if fortune should be fickle," he

argued. And the pretty daughter was put into his own bank at Canton for a year to prove that Media had taught her something besides "a little Latin."

"And the prospect looked quite dreary to me," said Mrs. McKinley, in talking it over, "for all the other girls had brothers to take them out, and my one was only a wee lad. But," she added, with a twinkle in her great gray eyes, "every man in town promised to be a brother to me, and, oh! I did have such a good time."

"And the Governor? Was he a childhood's sweetheart, as I have heard?" I asked.

"Not at all. He ran away to the army when he was sixteen, and served along with President Hayes. That was the strong bond between them. After that he began his law practice in Canton, and—why then the other brothers dropped off one by one. Everyone approved of the match, my father most of all—and so we were married."

Where Mrs. McKinley lives now the Governor brought her home a bride. For twenty-five years the house on North Market Street has remained unaltered, and the Governor and his wife dearly love every picture on its walls and every rose that climbs over the terrace.

The First Presbyterian Church, a fine piece of stone architecture, was dedicated by the Saxton-McKinley wedding. The builders hurried the preparations to completion that this wedding might be the very first event inside its walls.

All the Saxton's are yet ardent members and supporters of it, but Mrs. McKinley usually goes with her husband to the Methodist Church, of which he is an enthusiastic supporter.

As Ida Saxton was Canton's belle a quarter of a century ago, so Mrs. William McKinley is the most popular woman there to-day. No honors of State or nation's capital have spoiled her. She inherited sterner stuff than that. She is just as gracious to some old beaux whose lives have come to nothing as she is to an illustrious executive.

She has a keen interest in people. They are more to her than position. It is the individual, not the class, for which she cares.

As the Governor said, it would be hard to see Mrs. McKinley when she didn't have callers. The house is always open. The neighborly spirit which rules in smaller towns exists in Canton to a great degree, but the neighborliness to the McKinleys comes from all points of the Union.

During the day I spent with them there were no fewer than fifty friendly formal callers, and yet the day was not a gala one.

The favorite house-corner of the Governor's wife is the great triple bow window of the long western sitting-room.

Here she sits for hours, talking to friends, playing with children, or watching the passers-by on wheels, foot, and carriage; for North Market Street is a fashionable thoroughfare and the town authorities

wish to shortly change the name to the more significant and euphonious one of McKinley Avenue.

I say she "sits" there, for misfortune laid a heavy hand on Mrs. McKinley twenty-three years ago, and the muscles of her limbs are too weak to allow her to walk.

For twenty-three years, therefore, she has never stood upright or walked without assistance.

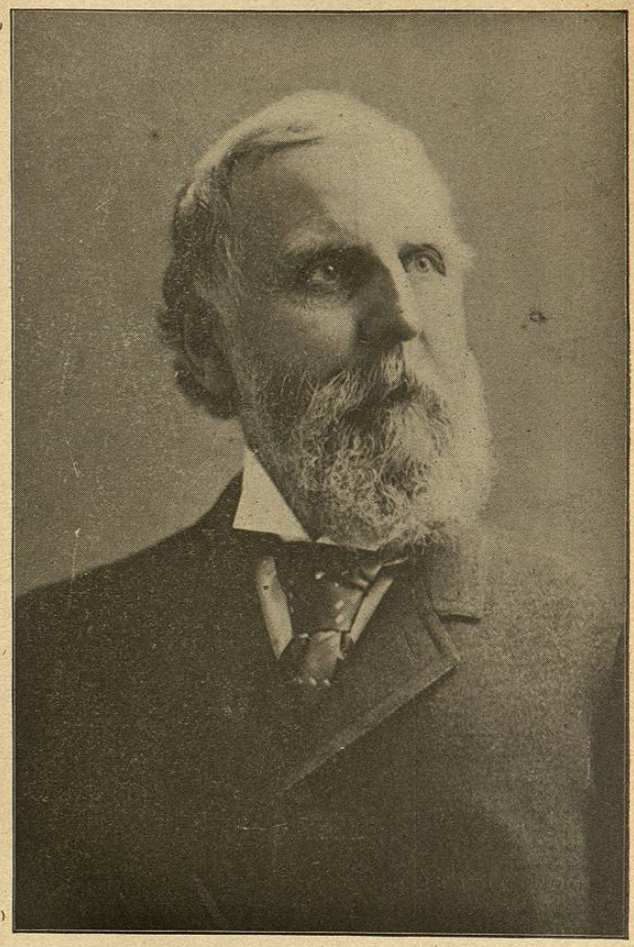
By her side always rests a strong mahogany cane with a great gold top, and a friend's arm serves for the other support.

That is the only sign of invaldism. Women with far slighter physical troubles have worn weaker faces. Mrs. McKinley is a tall, well-rounded, strong-faced, clear-eyed woman, who needs must point to the staff and say, as she does, smilingly to every stranger—"You see I'm not strong," before there comes a suspicion that she cannot walk and ride and wheel and do aught that strong women do.

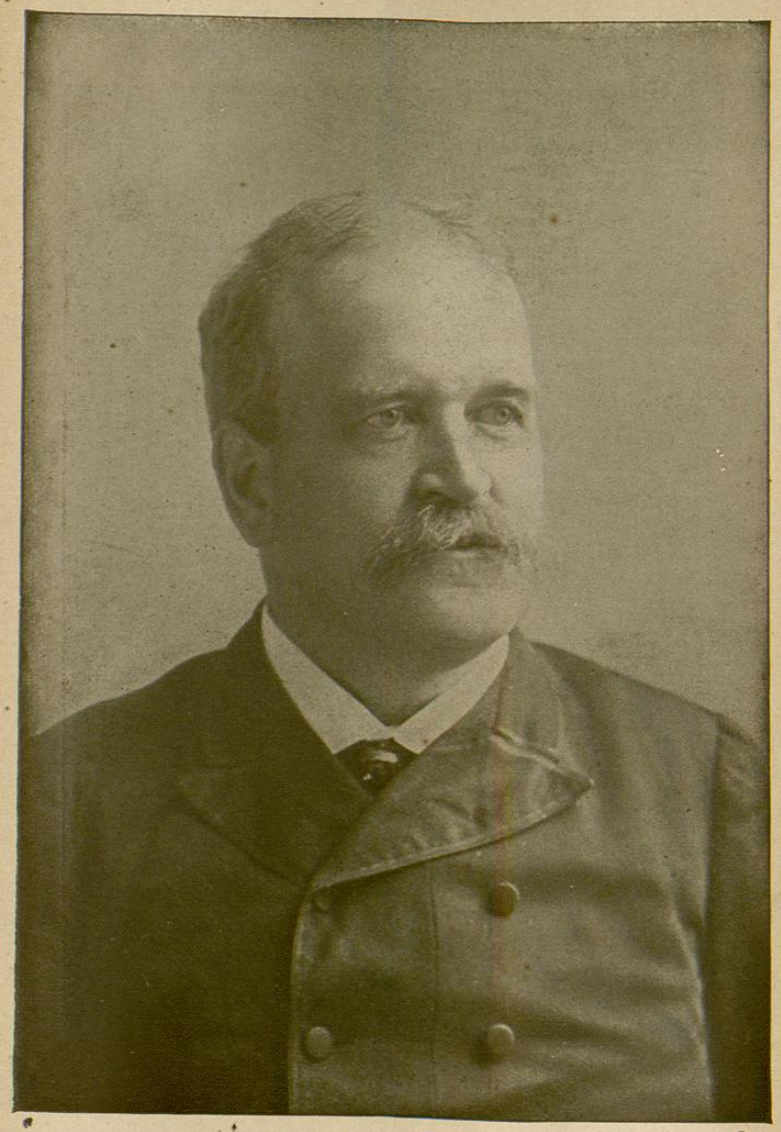
For she looks so vital.

She is about medium height, with a full, straight figure. The face has strong cheek bones, a wide brow, not very high, from which her short, soft, gray hair divides in broad parting and waves back to the collar.

This coiffure is not one of Mrs. McKinley's choosing, but her luxuriant hair had to be cut, as she did not feel quite strong enough to bear the hairpins and braids through the unflagging duties as wife of a public man.



HON. LYMAN J. GAGE.



HON. JOHN D. LONG.

However, it is exceedingly becoming to her. Her brow, hair, and eyes reminded me singularly of those of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Mrs. McKinley's eyes are her telling point. Had the mouth been weak the eyes would have redeemed it. But its strength says to the eyes, "We are one in purpose."

They are magnetic eyes.

In them one sees the discipline of suffering, the heritage of common sense, the graciousness of a kindly woman, the tenderness of a wife who loves wisely and well.

But behind even that one who watches sees the steel badge of courage; the squareness of judgment which looks a world straight into the face; and somewhere, away down in a spot no bigger than the small end of a wine funnel, the determination to be bigger than anything than can happen to her.

With such a woman fate has no victory, circumstance no sting, and chance would have made her an invalid; herself defeated it.

THE GOVERNOR'S DEVOTION.

Her physical weakness is no skeleton in a closet. She speaks of it to all acquaintances—never in a desire to use the first person singular, but as an explanation that she doesn't do more as a hostess, although every one knows that she accomplishes more than many a healthy, selfish woman.

She was speaking of it in the reception room during the afternoon, saying to an enthusiastic biker that wheels were a subject where she didn't have to fight for the merits of her chosen one, for bicycling was quite beyond her forever, "As I can't even walk," she added.

A young girl quickly sighed.

Mrs. McKinley turned to her with that wonderful tenderness on her face that comes to a girl's mouth and eyes when her lover is mentioned, and said: "But, my child, I have the great love of a noble man."

And who could sigh after that?

The devotion of Governor McKinley to his wife is party history. Were it private talk only it would be indelicate to mention it, but everyone who has ever come in friendly contact with this couple know of it.

He is too keen a man not to know that the strong face of his wife shows a woman of sound judgment, of wide-mindedness, of a good insight into men and affairs and the causes that condition both, for him not to make her his confidante and helpmate.

That cool-headed judiciousness in judging the world, which was transmitted into her veins by her clear-minded father, comes not amiss in the statesman's wife. The person worth observing is observed by Mrs. McKinley.

The advantages she has been given as wife of a public man and the advantages fate gave her of

remaining quiet and not wasting her vitality in flitting to and fro, have developed that inborn trait to a wonderful degree—to an alarming degree, I should say, to the person who wished to gain by deceiving her.

HER WINNING PERSONALITY.

But this knowledge of the world does not tend in the smallest to harden the face. It gives firmness to sweetness, purpose to tenderness, power behind attraction.

Between the level, black eyebrows that divide the two color lines of gray eyes and gray hair, there is not a wrinkle or frown. Nothing but disposition has done this thing.

She is temperamentally inclined not to worry, and the sign is there on the smooth, white forehead. The absence of any line is a special conundrum to those whose grievances have been slighter, perhaps, but whose command over self has been less.

I asked an old friend of Mrs. McKinley's if the latter's temper was always as equable as that day. It had been severely tried.

The day was hot, callers had been constant since eleven in the morning, and it was then five, a good dozen of visitors from out of town had remained to luncheon, among whom were Mark Hanna, ex-Secretary Proctor, from Vermont; Judge and Mrs. Speers, from California; and several other equally talked-of personages, at which table Mrs. McKinley had presided.