



Class E 176

Book P 46

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

GPO

FAMOUS AMERICANS' SERIES

FOUR GREAT AMERICAN
PRESIDENTS. No. 2

GARFIELD, MCKINLEY, CLEVELAND,
ROOSEVELT

A BOOK FOR AMERICAN READERS

BY

MISS FRANCES M. PERRY

AUTHOR OF "FOUR GREAT AMERICAN PIONEERS," "FOUR GREAT AMERICAN
INVENTORS," ETC., ETC.

AND

HENRY W. ELSON

AUTHOR OF "SIDE LIGHTS ON AMERICAN HISTORY," "A HISTORY
OF THE UNITED STATES," ETC., ETC.

J. M. STRADLING & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK

LIBRARY of CONGRESS

Two Copies Received

DEC 26 1903

Copyright Entry

Dec. 18-1903
CLASS *a* XXc. No.

75021
COPY B

COPYRIGHTED, 1903, BY
J. M. STRADLING & COMPANY.

W. M. STRADLING & COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

—————
ELECTROTYPED BY
WESTCOTT & THOMSON, PHILADA.

AEB J 137/11

CONTENTS

THE STORY OF ONE OF OHIO'S GREATEST MEN,
JAMES A. GARFIELD.

	PAGE
I. THE LOG CABIN	9
II. CHILDHOOD DAYS	16
III. A YOUTHFUL LABORER	21
IV. A NEW START	27
V. AT COLLEGE	35
VI. A CITIZEN	40
VII. THE OUTBREAK OF CIVIL WAR	47
VIII. A SOLDIER	54
IX. FURTHER MILITARY SERVICE	62
X. A CONGRESSMAN	71
XI. PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES	78

CONTENTS

THE STORY OF ONE OF THE NATION'S GEATEST MEN, WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

	PAGE
I. CHILDHOOD DAYS	83
II. A NEW HOME AT POLAND	90
III. A SOLDIER	96
IV. A COMMISSIONED OFFICER	103
V. A CIVILIAN	111
VI. A CONGRESSMAN	118
VII. GOVERNOR OF OHIO	127
VIII. NOMINATION AND ELECTION AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES	134
IX. PRESIDENT	139
X. AT BUFFALO, N. Y., ASSASSINATION AND DEATH . .	146

CONTENTS

THE STORY OF A RESOLUTE PRESIDENT, GROVER CLEVELAND.

	PAGE
I. POLITICAL PARTIES	155
II. CLEVELAND'S EARLY YEARS	158
III. IN THE NEW HOME	162
IV. A SAD CHAPTER	167
V. A YEAR IN THE GREAT CITY OF NEW YORK . . .	170
VI. STARTING OUT IN THE WORLD	172
VII. IN A LAW OFFICE	176
VIII. AT LAST A LAWYER	179
IX. ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY	185
X. SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY	189
XI. A VERY HEROIC MAYOR	193
XII. VETOES AND TRIUMPHS	197
XIII. GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK STATE	200
XIV. THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1884	205
XV. THE WHITE HOUSE	210
XVI. A WHITE HOUSE WEDDING	214
XVII. THE NEXT ELECTION	216
XVIII. THE SECOND TERM	219

CONTENTS

THE STORY OF A GREAT AND FEARLESS PRESIDENT, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

	PAGE
I. EARLY INFLUENCES	229
II. STUDY AND RECREATION	234
III. IN POLITICS	241
IV. RANCH LIFE	251
V. THE WILDERNESS HUNTER	264
VI. IMPORTANT OFFICES	272
VII. PREPARATION FOR WAR	282
VIII. IN CUBA	291
IX. THE PRESIDENT	305

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD.



JAMES A. GARFIELD.

THE STORY OF ONE OF OHIO'S GREATEST MEN.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

I.

THE LOG-CABIN.

“LISTEN, Eliza, he says ‘Plutarch.’ Say it again, James,” commanded the big farmer, who, in well-brushed clothes, clean homespun shirt, and freshly oiled boots was trying to read Plutarch’s *Lives* and at the same time keep his young son out of mischief while the boy’s mother prepared the Sunday dinner.

The blue-eyed child on his knee, pleased with the attention he was receiving, repeated the word with reasonable success several times. “He’ll be a scholar some day,” said the man, fondly rubbing his hand over the yellow head, and looking expectantly toward his wife, who had paused in her work to catch each syllable of the big word.

“Who knows?” she replied brightly, heap-

ing the glowing coals on the big Dutch oven as she spoke. "He'll have as good a chance as any of the boys hereabouts."

You might have wondered at the cheerful, confident ring in the woman's voice could you have seen the large family, the small, partly cleared farm, the poor little one-room log-cabin, the home-made table, bed, and chairs, and the meager collection of books.

But you would have understood, perhaps, had you noticed how neatly the books were arranged beside the candle-stick on the shelf, out of harm's way; how orderly the room looked in spite of its motley furnishings; how well tilled were the cleared acres; and how strong and industrious the older girls and boy.

You would have been the more willing to agree that if thrift and industry count for anything, little James Garfield had a very fair chance of amounting to something.

Had you seen the smoke curling from the chimney in the starlight of early winter mornings and the strong-armed father starting off to the frosty forest with his ax in hand, while from within doors sounded the whir of the busy

spinning-wheel, you would have felt quite sure that he would amount to something.

Poor this frontier family certainly was, and had to work hard from dawn until dark, but they did not count that a misfortune. They had not come into the wilderness with the idea that they could get rich without work.

They did not belong to the class of pioneers who came West for adventure or because they thought it easier to live by hunting than by farming; who thought powder and whisky more important in their outfit than ax and plow.

They were among the sturdy settlers from New England and eastern New York who, in the early part of the nineteenth century, came to the Western Reserve, not to escape hard labor or the restraints of civilization, but because they felt sure that in the West their hard labor would be rewarded with the best fruits of civilization.

The wildness of the country was not an attraction to them. They were eager to see the trees felled, the fertile fields cultivated, and houses, churches, and schools built.

Abram Garfield had come West when he was a young man twenty-one years old, with his half-brother, Amos Boynton, as a contractor in the construction of the Ohio canal. The brothers had married sisters, the daughters of a thrifty pioneer who had formerly lived at their old home in eastern New York.

After several years of faithful industry and careful management the brothers had saved a little money. With this they bought small farms side by side in the uncleared forest.

There, about sixteen miles southeast of Cleveland, two and a half miles from any wagon road, they felled the trees, and with the logs built rough cabins. In the winter of 1830 they brought their wives and children in ox-carts over the deep snow of January to the homes that they proudly called their own.

Though these cabins were poor and dreary, —if anything, poorer and rougher than thousands of other log-cabins on the frontier,—with uneven floors, low ceilings, unplastered wall, small windows and great boulder fire-places, one of them was destined to be more famous than any pretentious board-house the

region boasted, for in it, on the nineteenth day of November, 1831, James A. Garfield was born.

For a time the Garfield family prospered: more acres were cleared; the fence around the farm was being pushed to completion when time could be spared from the fields; the smoke-house was built; the barn for the oxen and cows was well begun; fruit trees were planted; and crops were flourishing.

But one day late in July a fire started in the dry brush near the farm and spread so rapidly that it threatened to burn fence and buildings and damage the crops.

Abram Garfield worked like a hero, throwing up trenches of fresh earth to protect the buildings in the path of the fire, and so saved his property. You may believe he had to work rapidly, and with this violent exertion in a hot July sun he was almost overcome by the heat.

When all was safe, he threw himself down to enjoy the breeze that was blowing from the lake. He took a heavy cold, was seized with a severe pain in his throat and chest, which grew rap-

idly worse in spite of all that could be done for him. Three days later he died.

It was a hopeless day for Eliza Garfield when she buried her good husband in the corner of the wheat-field and came back to the cabin with her poor fatherless children. Everything had changed for her. Things that seemed easy a few days ago looked impossibly hard now.

The clearing that had been advancing so rapidly; the fences and buildings that had been progressing with such encouraging speed, now seemed so far from finished! The boys and girls she had thought so large and strong now seemed so little and helpless!

How could she take care of her four children and do all the farm work? The meager savings of years had been spent in purchasing the land and equipping the farm. Some things were not yet paid for. The brave little woman could not see her way very clearly, but she was resolved on the end: she would keep her children together in the home that had been so dear to their father.

In spite of the difficulties she must face her

courage was great. She told herself that her muscles were like iron; that she and ten-year-old Tom could together do a man's work. And, indeed, if pluck and good-will would have sufficed, they could have done the work of ten.

But Mrs. Garfield soon found that she used up her strength at the heavy outdoor work without accomplishing much. She sold part of her farm, and with the money she received for it, paid all debts. Even the smaller farm, however, required more strength than she and Tom had to spend upon it. She saw that she must hire the heavy work done.

She had no money to pay a farm-hand, but in those days, in that region, service was as good as cash. Mrs. Garfield could sew rapidly and well. She would sew for the women of the neighborhood, and in payment their husbands would gladly do farm-work of any kind.

In this way the cabin and the fragment of the farm were kept. This was no great wealth, to be sure, but to the woman and the children who knew what effort and sacrifice it had cost the log-cabin home was through life a precious place.

II.

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

IN the hard days that followed Abram Garfield's death Thomas Garfield was probably his mother's greatest comfort, but certainly the two-year-old James was the greatest source of happiness in the little cabin. The healthy, gleeful youngster saw no reason for sadness and worry. His prattle and fun made his older brother and his sisters merry, and the sight of her children's happiness filled the mother's heart with cheer.

She laughed with them, and for the time forgot her trouble and anxiety. The girls, when potato-peeling, dish-washing, and garden-weeding were over, found it no task to amuse their little brother. Thomas looked forward to a frolic with James as the reward of his day's work.

When the little fellow was old enough to go to school on bright days, his sister carried him all the way to the little log school-house on her back. This was her own idea, and she trudged happily along, although the boy was heavy, the road rough, and her own shoes not nearly so

good as the stout new ones the village shoemaker had made for her little brother.

When on bright spring days, after the long, long morning on the stiff benches, the children scampered off to the woods to eat their luncheon, James always had the plumpest doughnut and the reddest apple. On bleak winter days, if he complained of cold, the girls would gladly bundle him in their own shawls.

But the brother and sisters had no notion of spoiling James, and when he was stubborn or selfish, they were quick enough to show their disapproval and threaten to tell his mother or his "Uncle Amos." So in spite of much petting, James grew up to be a generous, good-natured boy.

His home was no place for idlers, and one of the first lessons he learned was to take his part in the work of life. Almost before he could talk he had learned to pick up the threads his mother scattered in her sewing.

As he grew older and stronger he was sent to the spring for water and to the shed for firewood. He learned from watching his mother, his sisters, his brothers, his uncle, all the people

he knew, in fact, to regard industry as a matter of course.

While James was still a small child a school-house was built on the corner of Mrs. Garfield's farm, so near that her children could go to school in all seasons, in all sorts of weather, without much worry as to whether their shoes were water-tight or their coats warm. At school James learned to spell, to read, and to write; he also learned some arithmetic and some geography.

He was not fond of study, but tried hard to master his arithmetic and spelling lessons in a short time, that he might have more time for reading. He read eagerly almost any book he could find, but he liked best stories of adventure, of Indians, sailors and pirates.

On Sunday these wild tales were put aside. On that day Mrs. Garfield expected her children to spend their spare hours reading the Bible. James had heard her tell the Bible stories ever since he could remember, and now he liked to read them for himself. As he grew older he became interested in questions of religious belief.

His uncle was a devoted member of the Disciples' Church, and James liked to hear him argue with his neighbors about repentance and faith and the teachings of the Church. He got many ideas in this way, which he was not slow to use in argument with his schoolmates.

Temperance and slavery were also questions much discussed by the earnest-minded farmers of northern Ohio, and James Garfield began early to think about these serious questions. He had the greatest confidence in his Uncle Amos' views, whether on politics or religious matters, and promptly adopted them as his own.

He studied his Bible eagerly to find there verses to support his belief on any subject. Then he sought out some one who thought differently, and tried, by dint of some reasoning and much quotation, to prove his point.

His Uncle Amos organized a debating club for the boys of the village, which held its meetings in the school-house. James, naturally a ready speaker, was one of the most active members of this club.

He was so quick and clever that he was a match for boys much older than himself and

usually came off victorious. This pleased his mother and his uncle very much. They even wondered if, with the right training, he might not some day be a teacher or even a preacher.

James, however, was far from having any such ideals for himself. He was still very much a boy, with one definite, practical aim and one glorious but far-off ambition. The glorious ideal was to be a sailor, and so to see the world and lead a life of action and excitement like the pirate heroes in the story-books.

The practical aim was to earn some money—a dollar, perhaps even five dollars—and so help toward building a new house for his mother.

The little farm had been made, by careful management, a success. It was in good condition, and the family was not in want. Yet while many of the neighbors had moved from their log-cabins into neat frame-houses, the Garfield family still lived in the log-cabin.

Thomas was almost a man now, and he thought and planned about building a four-room cottage for his mother. James had heard the talk of the new house and was impatient to do something to make it a reality.

III.

A YOUTHFUL LABORER.

IN Orange, Ohio, where James Garfield lived, no one wanted a boy to carry newspapers; no one wanted a boy to mow his lawn; no one wanted a messenger boy, an elevator boy, or a boy to carry bundles. Most of the work that paid was man's work and required a man's strength.

But where there is a will there is a way, and James, interested in carpentry, probably because of the new house, presented himself at the village carpenter's shop and asked for work. Seeing the boy's eagerness the carpenter good-naturedly pointed to a pile of rough boards and offered him a cent a piece for planing them.

The dollar James earned at this work cost many days' hard labor, but a dollar seemed a large sum to the small boy; and when he handed it to his mother, he felt so well paid and so well satisfied that he resolved to be a carpenter. His family thought this a very sensible plan. But as carpentry work was scarce,

he gave up that idea for the time and tried to find some farm-work to do.

As it was harvest-time and all hands were needed, he succeeded in finding employment, although he was again obliged to be content with small rewards. He proved to be strong for his age and faithful, working untiringly until he had finished a task, and the farmers who hired him once were willing to do so again.

When he was about thirteen James learned that a boy was wanted at the potash works. He resolved to take the position, although he knew the work would be unpleasant. His duties were various: he had to shovel wood-ashes into the great pots and keep the fires burning and the salts boiling.

The work was dirty; the fumes from the boiling vats were almost insufferable, but the strong-willed boy endured it for months, working early and late, and winning high praise from his employer. Even after he had mastered all the difficulties of the business so that it no longer interested him he kept at work.

In the mean time his brother had been very successful in completing a contract and felt that

he was ready to begin building his mother's house. It was thought wise for James to come home and learn the carpenter's trade from the man hired to build the new house.

The youth took up the new work with his customary zeal. The personal interest he took in the new house made the trade seem well worth learning. The sweet smell of the pine boards, the ringing sound of the hammers, the clean, smooth feel of the planed boards, were pleasant to him after his work in the smoke and ashes at the ashery. It was a satisfaction to build so securely and get so rapidly so great a thing as a house.

James learned this trade fairly well. But there was little demand in Orange for youthful carpenters, and he was obliged to seek farm-work again. He was now so strong that he could wield an ax or a scythe almost as well as a man.

An uncle living near Cleveland offered him twenty-five dollars for cutting 100 cords of wood. Poor as the pay was he accepted the offer. As he worked by the lake his old dreams of being a sailor awoke. He felt restless and

dissatisfied. His brain was too active, his mind too curious, for him to be satisfied with mere hand work. He wanted to get away from familiar people and places.

He would go to sea. Of course, his mother would be distressed to have him go, but some day he would come back with a knowledge of the world and a fortune, perhaps, and she would be proud and glad that he had not wasted his life on an Ohio farm. Thinking such thoughts as these he resolved to begin his new life at once.

He couldn't reach the ocean, but why not begin on Lake Erie? After he had acquired a little experience on a lake boat he could readily find a position on an ocean vessel.

Accordingly, as soon as he had cut his hundred cords of wood, he went to the harbor to try his fortune. He was surprised at the rude, abusive language of the half-drunk captain to whom he applied, and so thoroughly disgusted with his reception that he was glad to leave the boat. One experience of the sort was enough; for the time he gave up the idea of becoming a sailor.

Still, the longing to see something of the

world was so strong in the boy's heart that he could not make up his mind to go back to his native place. His uncle owned a canal-boat that ran on the Ohio canal. This boat was ready to start on its trip south. A canal would be tame, indeed, after dreams of the ocean, but it would be a change from Orange, Ohio.

Even on so poor a craft the boy found it difficult to get a place. The captain could offer him only the humble post of mule-driver at ten dollars a month. Nothing daunted, the restless youth accepted this position for a term of three months. His duty was simply to drive along the tow-path the mules that towed the canal-boat. At first there was a certain charm in tramping along through strange country from morning until evening, in sunshine and in rain, beside the silvery strip of water stretching through green meadows.

There was a pleasurable excitement in the stops at the crowded locks, where he must look sharply to get his turn, lest some burly fellow run his boat through ahead of him. There was a novelty about the little towns along the way.

As James slept and ate on the canal-boat he had plenty of opportunity to get acquainted with the boatmen. They, too, were quite different from the farmers' boys he had always known. Their free and easy ways, their rough talk and unfamiliar phrases, perhaps reminded the boy at first of his pirate heroes. But very soon the novelty wore off.

The men he found less interesting than his Orange friends: they seemed coarse and stupid; their jokes grew stale and flat; the towns seemed all alike and all uninteresting.

The tramp along the bank became monotonous and wearisome. The world seen from the tow-path was scarcely so good as the world seen from Orange.

When the three months were nearly over the young man was promoted to the position of steersman. What he learned through this experience was one day to be of great use to him.

As steersman young Garfield was more closely associated with the boatmen than he had been before. He was not very popular with them, and one big fellow picked a quarrel with him. But the boy was stronger than the

man supposed. The arm that had cut 100 cords of wood was too much for the bully and sent him sprawling, to the amusement of all who witnessed the encounter. After that the new steersman was treated with respect.

His life was not an easy or a pleasant one, however, and he felt miserable. The truth is, he was homesick and ill. He had never known what it was to be ill; he had not counted on that, but he had fallen a victim to malaria. One day he was burning with fever; the next, shaking with a bad chill.

When he reached Cleveland he left the canal-boat and tramped off toward the little farmhouse at Orange that now seemed to his tired body a more distant goal, and to his homesick heart a more glorious one, than ever in his brightest dreams had seemed the thought of a sailor's life.

IV.

A NEW START.

FOR months the young man lay ill and helpless. Those were gloomy days. The future

looked blank to him. The dream of a seafaring life had been rudely broken. For a time there seemed nothing to take its place. He had found satisfaction in using his strength—in proving his power with ax and scythe. But was that all there was to look forward to in life? Years full of such work looked long and colorless.

The world of ideas, of learning, that his unlettered mother and his Uncle Amos had vaguely praised, that the scholarly men he met in Cleveland had so earnestly recommended, was closed to him. He was a great fellow seventeen years old. Could he begin at this late day to study? Could he go into classes with little boys? The years seemed short and few when he thought of all there was to learn.

But as his strength returned, indecision gave place to determination. James Garfield resolved at any cost to make something out of his life. He told himself he was a pretty poor sort of a man if he couldn't conquer false pride and go into classes with children if need be. He knew well enough that he would not stay

there long. Had he not often proved himself a better thinker than the schoolmaster?

Fortunately, the schoolmaster who came to Orange that year was an unusually good one. He was himself a student at Geauga Seminary, and was teaching for a few months to pay his expenses there. He recognized James Garfield as a young man of fine intellect and noble character. The young men had many long walks together. The schoolmaster spoke of his work with so much enthusiasm and pleasure that he made it seem worth a great amount of sacrifice.

He assured the country boy that poverty was not an insurmountable difficulty—there were many poor boys at the seminary who were working their way as he was.

As for preparation, that could be arranged. Many of the students at the seminary had had very indifferent training and were doing elementary work. Before the beginning of the next term, with a little help, James could prepare himself for the work there. Thus encouraged, that young man studied with a will. Every day he went to the school-house back

of his mother's farm to recite with the advanced arithmetic class; every day he pored over his grammar and his history until he began to enjoy the work.

His mother and his uncle were pleased with the idea of his studying. He might some day indeed be a teacher or a preacher, they said gravely. Uncle Amos decided to send his two sons to the seminary with their cousin James. Since the building of the new house no question had so much interested and occupied the two families.

There were the boys' clothes to be put in order. Then the furnishings for their room must be provided for. The furnishings for their college room did not include easy chairs, carved desks, embroidered couch pillows, decorated screens, and fine pictures, you may be sure. But, nevertheless, the furnishing of that room was not a simple matter, for it must serve the three boys as sleeping-room, study, dining-room, and kitchen. Instead of a fancy chafing dish, these boys had an iron frying-pan in which to cook bacon, an iron pot for boiling potatoes, and a baking-pan for corn cake.

A few plates and cups, three wooden-handled knives and forks, and pewter spoons made the most essential part of their dining-room outfit. Nor was it enough that they should take pots and pans and bacon and meal and molasses. They must take with them also the means to get more meal and bacon when the present supply was exhausted; for, although their school was only twelve miles from home, the young men had no idea of depending on their parents for support.

So a place must be found in the new quarters for ax and tool-chest in order that they might be ready for whatever work offered.

The three young men found an inexpensive room, provided with two beds, a stove, and a board table that must be used for all purposes, from washing dishes to writing compositions. They had a merry time getting their belongings stowed away and making their plans for house-keeping. They had not been used to luxury, and they did not think of complaining about their cramped, comfortless quarters.

When they were in high spirits, their hardships furnished them with subjects for jest and

laughter. When they were serious, they thought more about their opportunities than their limitations. They had come for work, and they found plenty of that.

They were among crude but earnest country boys and girls, most of whom, like themselves, were struggling under many difficulties to secure an education. They felt at ease with these students and made many friends among them.

James, although obliged to spend many hours a day at the carpenter's bench to get money enough to contribute his share of the room-rent and food-supply, to keep himself in clothes, pay for his books, and meet his college bills, studied to such good purpose while at his books that he gained the reputation of being one of the most capable students at the seminary.

During the winter term he left the seminary to teach the village school at Orange. This was a more swift realization of his mother's dreams than either of them had dared hope for. She was a proud woman when her James was made schoolmaster, and would have been satisfied if that had been the end of his effort to make a place for himself among educated people.

But James had begun to realize his intellectual power and the delight of learning. He was far from satisfied with such small achievements. His experience as a teacher only made him more sure that mental work was more satisfying than physical. He was soon back at the seminary studying again.

In two years he went from the seminary to Hiram College, a school scarcely deserving the name of college, perhaps, but one that did good service in the cause of education for the sons and daughters of the farmers of that region, who were working, not for degrees, but for knowledge.

As James Garfield climbed the grassy, treeless slope toward the large sunny brick building on the summit of Hiram Hill, eager to secure the humblest position the school could offer, had he any idea that in a few short years he would have offered him the highest office it could bestow? The office he sought in 1851 was that of school janitor.

He succeeded in getting it, and at once began his double duties as student and janitor. As janitor, he opened and closed the building,

rang the bell, swept the floors, and made the fires. As student, he learned Latin and Greek and French and German, geometry, literature, and history; managed debating and translating clubs, led student prayer-meetings, and took an active part in literary societies.

Hiram was just the place for a young man in his position. Many of the instructors had risen through just such efforts as he was making from just such circumstances as he had always known. They were not repelled by the uncouthness of his appearance and manner, but understood and appreciated the struggle he was entering upon and were eager to help him.

Before long Garfield was able to give up manual labor as a means of support. He was made assistant instructor and allowed to teach elementary branches while he was himself a student in the higher courses. Nor was this all. In his childhood his fluency and readiness in making speeches had caused his mother and his uncle to say that he would make a good preacher. That same power of speech, together with his nobility of character, now made his instructors think that he was peculiarly fitted

for the Christian ministry. The young man was not so sure of this himself. But he was serious and devout, and found it natural and easy to talk on religious subjects.

As his Church did not require special training for its ministers, he consented to preach occasionally. He succeeded so well that he was soon in demand in the little town and country churches that employed no regular preacher.

Of all who listened to the sincere, fervent words of the young preacher, none was more deeply moved, none felt more sure that the ways of the Lord are "true and righteous altogether," than Mrs. Eliza Garfield.

V.

AT COLLEGE.

BUT if his mother's ambitions for him were more than realized, James A. Garfield had not yet reached the goal he had set for himself. Unlike carpentering and farming and work on the canal, this work of studying grew more attractive to him the longer he kept at it. He

was resolved to have more of it. He would go to college—to a regular eastern college.

He could not hope to make his way there entirely without help, but his success at Hiram had aroused so much confidence in him that an uncle offered to loan him money to go to college on, and wait for payment until James had completed his education and was earning money.

The instructors at Hiram thought it would be well for him to go to Betheny, the college of his Church, but he decided otherwise. The grounds he gave for his decision show something of the young man's character. He wrote: "After thinking it all over I have made up my mind to go to Williamstown, Mass.

"There are three reasons why I have decided not to go to Betheny: first, the course of study is not so extensive or thorough as in eastern colleges; second, Betheny leans too heavily toward slavery; third, I am the son of Disciple parents, am one myself, and have but little acquaintance with people of other views; and, having always lived in the West, I think it will make me more liberal, both in my religious and general views and sentiments, to go into a new

circle where I shall be under new influences. These considerations led me to conclude to go to some New England college. I, therefore, wrote to the presidents of Brown University, Yale, and Williams, setting forth the amount of study I had done, and asking how long it would take to finish their course.

“Their answers are now before me. All tell me I can graduate in two years. They are all brief business notes, but President Hopkins concludes with this sentence: ‘If you come here, we shall be glad to do what we can for you.’ Other things being so nearly equal, this sentence, which seems to be a kind of friendly grasp of the hand, has settled that question for me. I shall start for Williams next week.”

Having carefully estimated his expenses and the possibilities of earning money in the East, Garfield accepted from his uncle a loan of five hundred dollars. He had a strong sense of responsibility and was reluctant to borrow even from his willing uncle. He was so scrupulous as to have his life insured so that in the event he should not live to pay the debt, his uncle would not lose because of his generosity.

The young man was twenty-three years old when he started for Williams. The years he had spent at physical labor had given him a muscular frame and a strong constitution; the habit of overcoming sensitiveness to ridicule, of not caring for what others might say or think so long as he was sure he was right, his success in supporting himself and mastering difficulties, had made a man of this blue-eyed "Ohio Giant."

But years of work had not taken the edge from his eager curiosity to see the world, and it was with a thrill of happy anticipation that he turned his face toward New England, the land of learning.

The long journey was full of interest for him, and when he reached the quaint little town among the mountains, met the sensible, manly students who were to be his comrades, when he felt the influence of that teacher and great man, Mark Hopkins, he felt that it was all better, far better, than he had hoped.

Under the influence of the beautiful scenery, the friendliness of associates, the stimulus and encouragement of professors both cultivated

and powerful, James A. Garfield's whole nature, intellectual, social, and esthetic, expanded. He was very happy, and did in a masterly way whatever he turned his attention to. He had no idea of excelling in athletic sports or leading in college boys' pranks, but at the same time he took an active interest in the lives and doings of the students, and was liked as well as respected by them.

He commenced at once to write for the college magazine. The following stanza from some verses he wrote in the autumn of 1854 shows how much he was impressed by the wonderful scenery of the Berkshire Hills :

“Old Autumn, thou art here ! Upon the earth
And in the heavens the signs of death are hung ;
For o'er earth's brown breast stalks pale decay,
And 'mong the lowering clouds the wild winds wail,
And, sighing sadly, shout the solemn dirge
O'er summer's fairest flowers, all faded now.
The winter god, descending from the skies,
Has searched the mountain-tops, and decked their brows
With glittering frosty crowns, and breathed his breath
Among the trumpet pines, that herald forth
His coming.”

During vacation he secured a country school and was thus able to complete his two years at

college without making another appeal to the generosity of his uncle.

After two successful, happy years Garfield graduated from Williams College. His work had not been such as to attract marked attention from his fellow-students. It had been even, firm, strong—not the kind that wins plaudits from boys, but the kind that inspires the confidence of men.

VI.

A CITIZEN.

IN 1856 college graduates were not so common in Ohio as they are to-day, and a degree from such a college as Williams entitled a young man to high respect from his neighbors. When Mr. Garfield graduated, therefore, he was not perplexed to find employment.

Several churches invited him to be their minister. But the appeal from the school where he had received so much help and inspiration was irresistible. He accepted an appointment as instructor in classical languages at Hiram College. In this position

he exerted so remarkable an influence over the students and showed so much capability not only in teaching, but in suggesting improvements in methods and management, that all began to look upon him as the man who belonged at the head of the institution.

The next year he was urged to return as principal. In this position his duties were multiplied. He still kept his classes in Greek and Latin, and in addition had full charge of the executive work of the school. Besides the office of principal necessitated much religious work. It was the principal's duty to take charge of the daily chapel exercises, the prayer-meeting, and to preach on Sunday.

Mr. Garfield was an accurate and an enthusiastic teacher. He made the dead languages and ancient peoples live again for his students. He inspired the young men and women in his classes with so much love for their work that they were glad to put upon it the painstaking effort he demanded.

On Sunday he preached sermons that, while scholarly, were full of feeling and sympathy, that were suited to the special needs of that

class of young people assembled at Hiram College—sermons that went straight home to his hearers and influenced them in their daily thoughts and actions.

But this professional service was not enough for the generous, earnest man to give to his students. He who had so recently been in their place and knew so well what they needed wanted to open for them more doors to learning, to give them more individual help.

Several times during the week he delivered lectures on subjects of general interest, which kept his students in touch with the literary, artistic, philosophical, scientific, or political questions that were claiming the attention of thinking people.

He interested himself in the students' method of study. He tried to train them to close observation. In the midst of a recitation he would startle an inattentive boy with some such question as: "How many chimneys are there on this building?" or "How many windows are there in the physics lecture-room?" or "What company published the text-book in your hand?" He advised them

never to accept without question the opinion of one author, but to consult numerous authorities and form their own decisions. He was a strict schoolmaster, and required prompt and absolute obedience.

Off the platform, outside of the school-room, he made himself one of the boys. He played ball with them and shared in all their sports. They say he was exceedingly awkward, but where strength and quickness counted more than dexterity, an almost matchless opponent.

If he found a student lacking in self-esteem, he took pains to treat him in a way to increase his self-respect. He had a way of asking the shy boys their opinion on college matters or questions of the day as if what they thought counted and might influence him.

It was not an unusual sight to see the youthful principal walking across the campus with his arm thrown affectionately over the shoulders of some student. The boy who acted as janitor always received especial attention from him.

Although Mr. Garfield gave so much attention to the school and the students, he had

time left for personal and public interests. It was while he was teaching at Hiram that, having paid his debt to his uncle, he found himself free to marry Miss Lucretia Rudolph, a young lady he had known first as a student in the old days of "Geauga Seminary," and later at Hiram.

She was a well-educated woman, with a kind heart and gracious manners, and soon made herself almost as dear to the students as the principal himself was. Mr. and Mrs. Garfield lived simply, but their home was a mecca for forlorn and homesick students.

It was part of Mr. Garfield's theory that every true teacher must be himself a student. He did not look upon graduation from college as the end of a man's education. Being much interested in public affairs, he believed he ought to know something about law.

Accordingly he borrowed a few law-books and began to study. It was not his nature to do things by halves, and before long he had mapped out for himself a thorough course in law study, and was hard at work preparing to be admitted to the bar. No one except his

wife and one or two friends were aware that he was studying law.

Mr. Garfield was known to be a good preacher and lecturer, and he was frequently called upon to make public addresses. Now, the Church needed a champion to defend it against the attack of a persuasive but specious reasoner, and the church people called upon Garfield to answer the man.

Again the cause of anti-slavery was assailed, and its friends besought the principal of Hiram to meet in open debate the seemingly invincible advocate of squatter sovereignty and the extension of slavery. Mr. Garfield came off so manifestly victorious in these contests that he won the confidence of all who heard his speeches.

The great question of the hour, slavery, was one that a man of Garfield's character, brought up as he had been, could not be indifferent to. Public affairs made a strong appeal to him.

He allowed himself to be nominated for the Ohio Senate. In 1859 he was elected, without effort on his part, to represent his district in the State Senate. He made speeches and

served on committees there without giving up his work at Hiram.

Some have wondered how Mr. Garfield had time for so much work. In the first place he was strong physically and not exhausted by close study and little sleep. Then he had gained from the hard experience of his youth the power of concentration.

He could turn his mind quickly from one task to another, give full attention to the matter in hand, and then dismiss it from thought until he wanted it again. He also understood how to turn one thing to account in many ways.

When he was working up a public lecture he found much that could be used for his college lectures and for his sermons. On the other hand, his everyday experiences at the college furnished him with material to enliven his more scholarly address.

All this helped, but he could scarcely have accomplished what he did had he not had, in addition, the peculiar faculty that distinguished the leader—the faculty of making others work for him. When he was investigating a question, he put several people to work on the dif-

ferent lines that he wished to trace, directed their study, then sifted and organized in a masterly way the results of their research.

VII.

THE OUTBREAK OF CIVIL WAR.

As a boy James A. Garfield had heard much discussion of the wrong and injustice of slavery. The people of the Western Reserve were anti-slavery. The name of Joshua R. Giddings, that apostle of freedom, was a household word in northern Ohio.

When the time came for choosing his college, Garfield had been influenced in his decision by the attitude of the college toward slavery. He had been elected to his seat in the Ohio Senate as the anti-slavery candidate.

Now that the national crisis was approaching there was no doubt what position James A. Garfield would take. In the exciting presidential campaign of 1860 he had used his influence for Abraham Lincoln.

In January he declared from the floor of the Senate that he was unalterably opposed to any

compromise with slavery. He took his stand with Senators Cox and Monroe in their opposition to all concessions in favor of slavery on the part of the Ohio Republicans.

As days passed the feeling in the South grew more bitter and the feeling in the North more anxious, but not less unyielding. In his inaugural address on the fourth of March Abraham Lincoln had said:

“In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it.”

Daily the conviction among thinking men of the North became clear that the people of the South would assail the Government and that its loyal sons might be called upon to shed their blood in order to “preserve, protect, and defend it.”

On the morning of the twelfth of April, 1861, Garfield sat in his seat in the Ohio Senate, shar-

ing with all the sense of depression and anxiety. Suddenly the voice of a Senator who had just entered rang through the hall, "Mr. President, the telegraph announces that the secessionists are bombarding Fort Sumter!"

A breathless quiet followed these words. Then a shrill cry of "Glory to God!" startled all. It was the shout of a woman who believed that by war and by war alone would the slaves be freed. The hush of dismay that had fallen upon all having been broken, a confusion of voices followed.

It was useless to transact further business. The Senate adjourned for a few days, that the senators might visit their homes and see what were the wishes of their constituents. They soon assembled again at the State capital, bringing news that the people were ready to respond with enthusiasm to Lincoln's proclamation and call for troops.

Still there was some uncertainty with regard to the northern Democrats. Many of the party leaders affirmed that the party in the North was in sympathy with and would support the secessionists. The feeling of uncertainty on this

point was set at rest in Columbus, Ohio, when, a few nights after the opening of hostilities, Stephen A. Douglas passed through the town. This man, who had been Abraham Lincoln's opponent, was not only a strong party leader, but a man of such ability and influence that all were anxious to know where he stood in this matter.

When it became known that he was to spend the night in Columbus, the people thronged the dimly lighted street in front of the hotel, calling eagerly for him to come to the window and speak to them. At last those standing nearest the building saw his form in the dark window.

A hush spread over the crowd, and his strong, even, solemn voice sounded through the night, declaring that the insurrection must be crushed; the Union must live; President Lincoln must be supported in this terrible hour. When he finished, a witness records, there was no applause; it was rather as if all breathed a silent answer to the speaker's words.

The question, "Is it my duty to enter the army?" came home to the most peace-loving citizen of Ohio. As they sat in their common

sitting-room after an evening session of the Legislature, Senator Garfield and Senator Cox discussed the question as it applied to themselves. There were reasons why Garfield should be reluctant to go to the war. There was the family tie—his wife and little child—how could he leave them, perhaps never to see them again?

Then who could take his place at Hiram College, when his work was progressing just as he liked to see it? Still he did not hesitate. He told his friend that he considered it his plain duty to give his services to the support of freedom and the Union on the battlefield, and that as soon as he could break his connection with the college he would join the army.

The call for volunteers had to be answered by the States. The responsibility of recruiting and organizing 10,000 men was a heavy one, and Governor Dennison, of Ohio, had his hands more than full. Garfield offered to aid him in any way, and gave valuable services in distributing supplies. It is not surprising, therefore, that in July he received the following note:

“THE STATE OF OHIO EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
“COLUMBUS, July 27, 1861.

“DEAR SIR: I am organizing some new regiments. Can you take a lieutenant-colonelcy? I am anxious you should do so. Reply by telegraph. Cox has entered Charleston and is doing nobly. I have sent him my congratulations.

“Yours truly,
“W. DENNISON.”

If there is anything surprising in the matter, it is that the Governor did not insist on Garfield taking the first, rather than the second, place in command. Garfield replied that provided the colonel of the regiment should be a graduate of West Point he would accept the appointment, and was accordingly commissioned.

At Hiram he called a meeting of citizens in one of the churches and made an address, so fervent and patriotic, that the most indifferent felt that their duty to their country was imperative.

Though the college was closed for the summer vacation, Garfield's students had come from far and near to hear him speak. When he had finished, sixty of them came forward and en-

rolled their names for service in his regiment, the Forty-second Ohio. Others followed, and within a week the enlistment for his regiment was complete.

Garfield went about his new work with his customary zeal and thoroughness. His fitness for the position was soon manifest, and he was made colonel of the regiment, to the great satisfaction of those who had enlisted.

In those days Columbus was full of raw recruits, stalwart men from Ohio farms who were afire with patriotism and eager for battle. They had no regular uniform, but until they could be provided with the United States uniform, wore what they pleased. A very popular soldier's outfit consisted of blue trousers, leather belt, Garibaldi shirt of red flannel, and a soft hat.

In this picturesque costume squads of soldiers marched through the streets to the tune of the drum, drilled on the green at the camp, or lounged about off duty. The sound of the bugle and drum came to be familiar indeed to the citizens of Columbus before the summer of 1861 was over.

While the Forty-second Ohio waited at Camp Chase for orders, the colonel was not idle. He provided himself with works on military engineering and histories of military expeditions and studied them industriously.

He instructed and drilled his men and even had a class each morning for the purpose of instructing his officers. It was not until December that his regiment was ordered to the front.

VIII.

A SOLDIER.

COLONEL GARFIELD and his men welcomed the order that called them to the field. It had been hard to wait at Columbus and receive reports of Confederate victories and Union defeats, to hear of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff, and to know that the enemy several thousand strong were pushing into Kentucky with the hope of controlling the resources of that border State for the Confederates.

A brief interview in which the plan of campaign for moving across Kentucky into Ten-

nessee and carrying the war into the enemy's country was discussed showed General Buell that in Colonel Garfield he had found a man upon whom he could rely without hesitation

He put the young and inexperienced officer in charge of the troops which were to advance against the Confederate forces in eastern Kentucky. Promptly on the seventeenth of December Colonel Garfield received the following order:

“HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,

“LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, December 17, 1861.

“SIR: The brigade, organized under your command, is intended to operate against the rebel force threatening and, indeed, actually committing depredations in Kentucky, through the valley of the Big Sandy.

“The actual force of the enemy, from the best information I can gather, does not probably exceed two thousand five hundred, though rumor places it as high as seven thousand. I can better ascertain the true state of the case when you get on the ground.

“You are apprised of the position of the troops under your command. Go first to

Lexington or Paris, and place the Fortieth Ohio regiment in such position as will best give a moral support to the people in the counties on the route to Prestonburg and Piketon, and oppose any further advance of the enemy on that route.

“Then proceed with the least possible delay to the north of the Sandy, and move, with the force in that vicinity, up that river and drive the enemy back or cut him off. Having done that, Piketon will probably be in the best position for you to occupy to guard against future incursions.

“Artillery will be of little, if any, service to you in that country. If the enemy have any, it will encumber and weaken, rather than strengthen, them.

“Your supplies must mainly be taken up the river, and it ought to be done as soon as possible, while navigation is open. Purchase what you can in the country through which you operate.

“Send your requisitions to these headquarters for funds and advance stores, and to the Quartermaster at Cincinnati for other supplies.

“The conversation I have had with you will suggest more details than can be given here. Report frequently on all matters concerning your command.

“Very respectfully,

“Your obedient servant,

“D. C. BUELL,

“Brigadier-General Commanding.”

Colonel Garfield and his boys in blue found the miles they had to travel long and hard ones. The roads were no more than bridle paths, narrow and rough. The heavy, winter rains had begun, and the mud was deep. There were no bridges over the rushing, swollen streams that wound again and again across their course.

What with fording rivers and tramping through rain and mud the gallant new uniforms looked as if they had seen weeks of service before the troops had been two days on the march.

Provisions were scarce; a cold pelting rain made even a camp-fire a dismal, smoky affair. The fact that they were advancing into a wild

and unfamiliar country, poorly provided with supplies, against a foe outnumbering them three to one, made these unseasoned troops look upon the soldier's life as a very serious business.

Still, all had confidence in their leader and they struggled on without complaint, their determination and self-confidence increasing with every difficulty overcome.

Garfield had expected to find the enemy at Paintville, but when he reached the town he found that Marshall, the Confederate commander, had retreated to Prestonburg, whether in flight or to fortify himself and make a stand was uncertain.

But in either case the more promptly the Union forces acted, the greater would be their chance of success. Colonel Garfield accordingly advanced his forces in spite of severe storms of icy rain that crusted the men's uniforms and made the mountain paths slippery and dangerous.

He found Marshall's troops strongly stationed on a hill near Middle Creek. In the skirmish that followed Colonel Garfield's men

did not lose their heads at their first smell of powder, but fought with calmness and fired with deliberation and effect.

The untrained Confederates in firing downhill did not aim low enough, and their cannonballs and bullets whizzed harmlessly over the heads of Garfield's troops. The Federal troops pressed slowly but surely up the hill, dealing death as they went, with their long-range rifles.

Toward night the Confederates rallied on a hill for a final charge. But before they were ready to advance they saw some troops that Colonel Garfield had ordered from Paintville coming to reinforce the Union soldiers. So instead of charging, they retreated.

The night was dark and stormy. No one could tell what the Confederate commander might intend until the lurid glare on the low clouds told the anxious "Yankees" that he was burning his provisions and camp equipment and preparing for flight.

With trifling loss on his part Garfield had driven the Confederates out of eastern Kentucky and gained the first victory for the North.

Victorious troops feel well repaid for much

hardship, but men cannot live on victory alone, and Garfield's troops began to feel sore need of bacon and hard tack. The expected supplies were overdue, but there was no sign of them.

The region was so poor that it could not be depended upon to feed an army. The country was flooded by the incessant rains and almost impassable. The outlook was alarming.

Colonel Garfield decided to investigate for himself to find out what the trouble was. It was fortunate he did so. A less resolute man would scarcely have been successful.

In all the course of the Big Sandy he found not a single steamer until he reached the village situated at the juncture of the Big Sandy with the Ohio. There he found a feeble craft tied to the shore. The captain was waiting for the flood to abate before he ventured up the river.

When ordered by Colonel Garfield to start at once he refused, saying his boat could not live in such a surging flood. He said his boat could not make any headway against such a strong current.

But the man whom 3000 Confederates could not hold in check was not to be daunted by a steamboat captain, however determined the latter might be. Exercising military authority, he ordered the unwilling captain and his crew aboard and himself took the place at the pilot wheel.

He found steering his way through those angry waters, amidst whirling fragments of demolished bridges, barns, and uprooted trees, a far different business from managing the wheel on a sluggish canal-boat, but his strength and nerve were equal to it.

Progress against the current was very slow, but he stood at his post day and night, and at last, with only a few slight accidents, reached his camp. He was welcomed by his hungry men with shouts of joy. They began to look upon their colonel as invincible.

The service Colonel Garfield had rendered his country at Middle Creek was fully appreciated. He was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. General Buell complimented and congratulated him and his men upon their success, and the young general's glory was not

confined to the army, for President Lincoln noted the name of James A. Garfield. The telegraph and the newspapers heralded his victory to a grateful nation.

IX.

FURTHER MILITARY SERVICE.

THE battle of Middle Creek was followed by several victories for the Federal arms. The Confederates were driven out of Kentucky, and the Union soldiers had entered Tennessee. General Garfield was given command of the Twentieth Brigade and ordered to meet General Buell at Columbia, Tennessee.

He moved rapidly on to Shiloh, and was in time to take part in the close of the battle and the pursuit of the enemy. In the siege of Corinth his brigade did good service.

While Garfield was stationed in the South an incident occurred which shows how immovable the man who could obey orders so well was when commanded to do anything that was opposed to his principles.

One day a fugitive slave sought protection

in his camp. Those in pursuit of the slave, not finding Garfield in his tent, secured an order from his superior officer requesting him to search out and deliver the negro to his owners.

General Garfield read the order slowly, then, taking his pen, he wrote across the back of it: "I respectfully but positively decline to allow my command to search for or deliver up any fugitive slaves. I conceive that they are here for quite another purpose. The command is open, and no obstacles will be placed in the way of search."

General Garfield knew that in refusing to obey the command of a superior officer he ran the risk of being court-martialed or tried before a military court for insubordination, but fear of unpleasant results did not make him hesitate to do what he believed to be right.

Courts-martial or military trials were quite common during the war, and the duty of acting in such courts fell upon General Garfield not infrequently. His knowledge of law and his excellent judgment won for him the commendation and warm admiration of all who were associated with him in these cases.

But the constitution which could stand without hurt an unusual amount of physical or mental effort, could not stand the malarious southern summer, and in July General Garfield yielded to his old foe, fever and ague. He received a leave of absence and went to Hiram, where he was seriously ill for two months.

Although compelled to withdraw for a time from the field of action, Garfield was not forgotten. Without consulting him, his Ohio friends nominated him as candidate for Congress.

As soon as he was well he was called to Washington to act in an important court-martial. He did his part so well that the presiding officer remarked, "Garfield must be a great lawyer."

While in Washington he consulted the President on a question that was giving him much trouble: Which would be the wiser, to run for Congress or to continue the military career so successfully begun? President Lincoln told him there were plenty of good generals, but few able law-makers, and advised him to serve his

country in that less glorious but not less necessary way.

At this time General Garfield's thoughts were turned for a little while from public demands and personal ambition to the poor little home in Hiram where his only child was dying. This was a heavy blow to the affectionate, home-loving man.

But the push of public affairs did not allow him a long retirement. He was recalled from Hiram by an appointment to the position of chief of staff to General Rosecrans, who was then commanding the Army of the Cumberland.

It was in this position that General Garfield established his reputation for good generalship.

General Garfield joined General Rosecrans at Murfreesboro, where he was watching the Confederate General Bragg, who, in an almost impregnable position, with headquarters at Shelbyville, held central Tennessee.

For six months, from January until June, the Army of the Cumberland remained inactive while the Government urged its commander to move against the forces of General Bragg.

The task of driving the Confederates from Tennessee would be a difficult one because of the enemy's strength both in numbers and in position. Garfield was quite as opposed as General Rosecrans to rash action, but before June he believed the time was ripe for action.

He had helped organize the force under General Rosecrans, and knew its strength. He had established a secret service department which at that time was doubtless the best in the army, and was well informed concerning the strength of Bragg's army.

General Rosecrans was sufficiently influenced by the demand of the Government and the advice of his chief of staff to issue a paper asking the opinion of the seventeen generals under his command as to the advisability of immediate or early action.

It was Garfield's duty to sum up the contents of their replies and give the report to his commanding general.

He did this in a paper that has been called the most masterly report of the kind made by an inferior officer to a superior during the civil war. After stating that all the generals were

opposed to immediate action and all except three to early action and giving their reasons, he stated clearly his own reasons for favoring immediate action.

General Rosecrans acted upon the advice of his chief of staff, following the plan of action mapped out by him. As a result, Bragg was driven out of Tennessee.

Had the action not been delayed until a period of heavy rain, it would, in all probability, have been possible for the forces of Rosecrans to completely crush Bragg's army. As it was, the gain to the Union cause was great, and the stars and stripes again floated over Tennessee. But the North had not heard the last of General Bragg.

The war department ordered General Rosecrans to cross the Tennessee and gain a foothold on the south side of the river. The undertaking was a hazardous one, and resulted in one of the bloodiest battles of the war.

Garfield shared with General Thomas the honor of that day in saving the Union from defeat on the field of Chickamauga. He displayed not only great generalship in planning

the defense and ordering the movements of the troops, but magnificent personal courage as well.

During the battle he stood at Rosecrans' side, advising and giving orders. When the day was apparently lost and Rosecrans had retreated to Chattanooga, he dashed off with a handful of followers on a perilous ride to join Thomas in his splendid fight against terrible odds.

General Garfield gave the following account of the battle in a speech in Congress :

“It is not uncommon throughout the press of the country, and many people, to speak of that battle as a disaster to the army of the United States, and to treat it as a defeat.

“If that battle was a defeat, we may welcome a hundred such defeats. I should be glad if each of our armies would repeat Chickamauga. Twenty such would destroy the Confederate army and the Confederacy utterly and forever.

“What was that battle, terminating as it did a great campaign whose object was to drive the Confederate army beyond the Tennessee, and to obtain a foothold on the south bank of that

river which should form the basis of future operations in the Gulf States? We had never yet crossed that river except far below, in the neighborhood of Corinth.

“Chattanooga was a gateway of the Cumberland Mountains, and until we crossed the river and held the gateway we could not commence operations in Georgia.

“The army was ordered to cross the river, to grasp and hold the key of the Cumberland Mountains.

“It did cross in the face of superior numbers; and after two days of fighting, more terrible, I believe, than any since this war began, the Army of the Cumberland hurled back, discouraged and repulsed, the combined power of three Confederate armies, gained the key to the Cumberland Mountains, gained Chattanooga, and held it against every assault.

“If there has been a more substantial success against overwhelming odds since the war began, I have not heard of it. We have had victories—God be thanked—all along the line, but in the history of this war I know of no such battle against such numbers—forty thousand

against an army of not less by a man than seventy-five thousand.

“After the disaster to the right wing, in the last bloody afternoon of September 20, twenty-five thousand men of the Army of the Cumberland stood and met seventy-five thousand hurled against them.

“And they stood in their bloody tracks, immovable and victorious, when night threw its mantle around them. They had repelled the last assault of the rebel army.”

Garfield, of course, says nothing of his own part in the battle. Others, however, did not ignore it.

“To Brigadier-General James A. Garfield, chief of staff, I am especially indebted for the clear and ready manner in which he seized the points of action and movement, and expressed in orders the ideas of the general commanding.”

He received promotion to a Major-Generalcy, “for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Chickamauga.”

X.

A CONGRESSMAN.

IN December, 1864, a few weeks after the battle of Chickamauga and his promotion, General Garfield resigned his commission to take the seat to which he had been elected in the House of Representatives.

He was still a young man, only thirty-three years of age. Tall and broad-shouldered, with soldierly bearing, pleasant face, and courteous, dignified manner, he no longer seemed in any sense crude or boyish. His wide and varied experience in civil and military life had given him self-confidence and poise, as well as an unusual grasp of public affairs.

He was at once recognized by his new associates as a man of ability and was placed on important committees. The committee work he did was so efficient as to give weight to his opinion on all subjects that he spoke upon.

He was exceedingly well informed on public questions, and was an effective extemporaneous speaker. His frequent speeches were lofty in

principle, but at the same time sane and practical.

He made his force of character felt in words. He did not use his oratorical power to excite men, but to steady and control them.

There is perhaps no more remarkable instance of his power to do this than that afforded by his brief speech on the night following the assassination of President Lincoln.

Joy over victory had suddenly been changed to grief and pain and anger. Ungoverned excitement prevailed; distant and bitter indignation toward all who had criticized or opposed President Lincoln was rife.

A crowd of men waiting in Wall Street for news from Washington became a mob. A man who dared to speak slightly of the dead President was struck down and beaten. A rude gallows was constructed.

Prominent men addressed the excited crowd in vain attempts to quiet and disperse it. A telegram was received announcing that the Secretary of State would probably die also from the wounds received from his would-be assassin.

The men in Wall Street grew wild, and a cry for vengeance arose. A tall man stepped out upon a second-story balcony with his arm raised toward heaven. Was there further news from Washington? The mob listened to hear. A clear voice spoke:

“Fellow-citizens! clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgement are the establishment of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow-citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!”

Garfield had not sought the men to control their fury, but he had made them wish to do so. He had reminded them that there was still control in heaven and on earth and in a strong man; that the prevailing lawlessness, the lack of control, was theirs only.

Recalled to themselves, they felt rebuked and ashamed of their violence and went their way in quiet.

General Garfield's effectiveness as a speaker made him a powerful advocate. He was a successful lawyer, but he never devoted him-

self wholly to the practice of law, as his public duties would not allow it. For eighteen years his Ohio friends and neighbors kept him in the lower house in Congress.

He had bought a good farm in Mentor, Ohio. There, in a comfortable country house, he was glad occasionally to withdraw from business and enjoy life with his family.

He was not idle, even in that retreat, but read and studied several hours each day. The tasks at which he had worked in boyhood now became his recreations. To cut down a tree before breakfast was a pleasure in which he often indulged.

His services to his congressional district were terminated by his unanimous election to the United States Senate. But before he had time to serve his State as a Senator the nation called him to a higher office.

In 1880 General Garfield went as delegate to the Republican Convention that assembled at Chicago to nominate a candidate for the presidency. He as little as any one dreamed what would be the outcome of that convention.

Interest in the sessions of the convention

was intense. While it lasted, 756 delegates each day took their places on the floor of the great hall, and 15,000 excited men and women filled the galleries.

People all over the country eagerly read extra editions of the newspapers giving detailed accounts of its proceedings.

There was much conflict among the members of the convention. There were three main factions: one favored the renomination of General Grant; another wished to see James G. Blaine, a Senator from Maine, the Republican candidate; while the third had determined upon John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury.

All the candidates' names were presented by eloquent speakers who were applauded and cheered by their friends among the delegates and spectators.

But the speech with which James A. Garfield introduced the name of John Sherman had a force that came not so much from the words he spoke, though they were fitting and eloquent, as from the confidence inspired by the tone and manner and bearing of the man who

uttered them. His speech made a marked impression upon the convention.

He had occasion several times to address the convention, and every time he rose the vast audience listened with expectancy and approval to what he said.

The greater audience outside of the walls, by the aid of the telegraph and press, heard too, and approved and applauded.

As time passed it seemed that the great convention came no nearer to a decision. Thirty-four ballots had been taken. Most of the votes had been for the three candidates named. There were a few scattering ones.

Two votes were cast for James A. Garfield, of Ohio. Then the Wisconsin delegation voted for him. He rose after the announcement to request that his name should not be considered, but the chairman overruled his objection as out of order, and silenced him.

Another ballot was cast, which resulted in fifty votes for James A. Garfield. Still there was a majority for no one. Yet another ballot—the thirty-sixth! A majority at last—399 votes for General Garfield.

A LOG CABIN OF GARFIELD'S TIME.



The convention went wild with enthusiasm. The delegations of every State in the Union except Florida came forward to plant its standard beside the standard of Ohio, while the band played "Rally Round the Flag," and the spectators cheered madly. The telegraph spread the tidings over the country, and the people took up the cheer.

This was a great moment for General Garfield, a triumph he had not sought or expected. He did everything he possibly could to secure the nomination of John Sherman, and protested against the use of his name to the convention when the Wisconsin delegation voted for him.

Had Senator Hoar, the chairman of the convention, permitted him, he would have forbidden any one to vote for him. The nomination, coming unsought and unexpected, was, however, the crowning gratification of his life.

XI.

PRESIDENT.

IN the presidential campaign of 1880 General Hancock and Mr. English were the Demo-

cratic candidates opposed to Garfield and Arthur. Hancock and English carried the "solid South," but, nevertheless, Garfield and Arthur were elected by a good majority.

On the fourth of March, 1881, the new President was inaugurated. His inaugural address gave general satisfaction, and he commenced his troubled and brief administration with the brightest promise.

In spite of his wisdom and policy he found the task of making appointments a heavy one. His work was made especially hard by a serious division in the Republican Party.

President Garfield stood as usual on the side of principle and refused to consider public offices as spoils to be distributed among influential party-leaders.

He was sustained and cheered in his struggle by the conviction that the American people upheld him in what he did.

After the adjournment of the Senate in June President Garfield planned to go to Long Branch, where his sick wife was staying, for a short visit with her.

On the second of July, as he was waiting for

his train in Washington railroad station, talking with his Secretary of State and a few friends, an assassin shot him in the back.

The dreadful deed, so unexpected and inexplicable, carried dismay everywhere. Party lines were forgotten, and the whole people watched anxiously, while for months the wounded President lay hovering between life and death.

And when at last, on the nineteenth day of September, death came, the nation mourned its great martyred President.

There were no fierce anger and strife mixed with his grief. His words, "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives," did not have to be repeated. Against whom did this President of peace need defense?

On the twenty-sixth of September, while bells tolled and men mourned, James A. Garfield, the twentieth President of the United States, was buried at Lake View cemetery, in Cleveland, Ohio.

THE STORY OF ONE OF THE NATION'S
GREATEST MEN.

WILLIAM M^CKINLEY.



WILLIAM McKINLEY.

THE STORY OF ONE OF THE NATION'S GREATEST
MEN.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

I.

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

IN an address to the students of the Ohio State University William McKinley said:

“The beginning of education is in the homes, and the great advantage of the American system of instruction is largely due to the elevating influence of the happy and prosperous homes of our people.

“There is the foundation and a most important part of the education. If the home life be pure, sincere, and good, the child is usually well prepared to receive all the advantages and inspirations of more advanced education.

“The American home, where honesty, sobriety, and truth preside and the simple every-day virtues are practised, is the nursery of true edu-

cation. Out of such homes usually come the men and women who make our citizenship pure and elevating and the State and nation strong and enduring.”

Mr. McKinley spoke from his own experience when he paid this high tribute to the average American home.

Like James A. Garfield, he was born in northeastern Ohio, in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. But though born only eleven years later and two counties farther east than Garfield, McKinley spent his childhood in conditions less primitive, less characteristic of frontier life, than those Garfield knew as a child. He was not born in a forest that must be cleared before corn could be planted.

Civilization had not stood still in the Western Reserve during the years between 1831 and 1843.

Ohio had developed rapidly, and while there were still many uncleared bits of forest and many log-cabins within its borders, there were also numerous villages where comfortable dwelling-houses, schools, churches, shops, and factories testified to the growth of other indus-

tries and interests than the cultivation of the soil.

In one of the less important of these villages—Niles, on the Mahoning River—William McKinley was born on the twenty-ninth of January, 1843.

As Niles is situated on the Ohio canal, it is quite possible that when James Garfield passed through the town in 1848 on his frequent trips from Cleveland to Brier Hill, the two future presidents, one a stalwart tow-boy of seventeen, the other a barefoot child of five, may have exchanged greetings, all unconscious of the great and similar experiences that were to be theirs.

At this time Niles was a small manufacturing town, its inhabitants, counting women and children, numbering only about three hundred.

Most of the men were in some way occupied at the rolling-mill and nail factory, the forge and grist mill, or the blast furnace established there.

The McKinleys were "old settlers" in the neighborhood. In the early part of the century, soon after Ohio took her place as the seventeenth State in the Union, William McKinley's

grandfather had moved to Ohio and engaged in the iron business at New Lisbon.

During McKinley's boyhood his father was a thrifty foundry man in Niles. His home was in a two-story frame cottage, plainly furnished but comfortable and homelike.

The house was sometimes noisy with the romping and laughter of children, but, on the whole, the large family of boys and girls was a quiet, well-behaved one.

Mrs. McKinley, to whom the management of the children was left, was a sensible, business-like woman, who believed that children should be trained to prompt obedience and orderly habits.

She had great faith in the Church and the school. On Sundays she saw to it that each member of her family went to church and Sunday-school at the little Methodist meeting-house. On week days all had to be up in the morning in time for the workingman's early breakfast.

Then every one of the children, from the oldest to the lisping five-year-old boy, whatever

the weather might be, whatever the inclination of the boys and girls, was sent to school.

While in school they had to work, for their mother could see no excuse for a poor report at the end of the month.

Though each child had some home tasks that he was required to attend to faithfully, Mrs. McKinley usually allowed the children a good deal of freedom when lessons were done. On hot days they could run off to the "old swimmin' hole" under the black oak and splash to their hearts' content.

William McKinley was fond of games, and spun tops and played ball and marbles in their season with energy and skill, but he was most enthusiastic over kite-flying.

On rainy Saturdays in spring Mrs. McKinley expected to find her well-scoured kitchen floor strewn with splinters of wood and bits of paper, her twine-box empty, her gravy bowl converted into a paste-pot, and her dish-towels torn into ribbons for kite-strings.

When the rain was over, the boy could be seen running full speed against the wind, his bare feet twinkling over the damp earth, his

anxiously determined face now and again turned back toward the huge kite as it rose on the breeze and sailed steadily up into the blue sky.

While fond of out-door exercise, William McKinley was a quiet, sweet-natured, serious-minded boy, often choosing a book in preference to a ball, and the society of his sisters or some older person to that of the village boys.

He liked to sit near his mother and read on the long winter evenings while she sewed. He was a good son, eager to please and to help wherever he could.

Like most small boys, he had a lively curiosity and liked to go about and see things. He was familiar with the country for miles around. One of his favorite holiday pastimes was to walk over to Warren, the county-seat, five miles from Niles.

The public square, with its wooden railing, to which were tied riding horses, farmers' wagons, and buggies, the store windows, with their array of bright calico, queensware, ingrain carpet, and parlor furniture, the neat cottages with broad front porches, the hotel, the large

churches, and the court-house all seemed very imposing to the boy from Niles.

Though Niles was a poor, unattractive little village, it had no slight effect on the life and interests of William McKinley.

The farmers he saw lounging in the streets of Warren with trousers tucked into their cowhide boots and long bright whips in their hands seemed to him types of prosperity and importance; the country lads riding to town excited his admiration—what would he not give for one of those well-fed plow horses trotting along the highway with braided tails tied safely out of reach of the splashing mud!

Like most children, he respected not a little the shop-keepers, who owned so much enticing merchandise. The emigrants, in their white-hooded wagons, roused his wonder as to whence they came and whither they were journeying.

But none of these men made so strong an appeal to this boy, brought up within sight and sound of the blast furnace, as the grimy faced workers in fire and molten iron.

To those early days at Niles may, then, be

traced William McKinley's interest in American manufacturing.

II.

THE NEW HOME AT POLAND.

WHILE the children were small, the home at Niles was satisfactory to Mrs. McKinley. But as they began to develop into wide-awake young men and women she realized that the village school could not give them the education they ought to have, and that there was nothing in the life of the hard-working community in which they lived to inspire them to study and self-improvement.

Both Mr. and Mrs. McKinley saw that to stay at Niles would be to sacrifice their children's welfare. But what was to be done? Mr. McKinley's business was established there, and at his time of life he could not leave it and start over again in a location which offered greater educational advantages for his children.

The plan of sending the older boys and girls away to some school was discussed. There

was a good academy in Poland, a pretty little town in the next county, that was said to be highly satisfactory. If the boys went there, it would be possible for them to come home to spend their Saturdays and Sundays quite frequently.

This plan had, however, its objections. In the first place, the board of three or four members of the family added to the cost of books and the tuition would make the expense too heavy for a man of Mr. McKinley's means. Then, too, Mrs. McKinley did not like the idea of having her sons and daughters away from her own watchful care.

After due consideration, therefore, it was decided that the home at Niles should be broken up and that Mrs. McKinley should move with the children to Poland.

William McKinley was about eleven years old when he left Niles to live in the slate-colored cottage near the corner store in Poland.

The quiet little town, with its old forest trees, its winding road, and neat, freshly painted white houses, with big door, yards

enclosed in trim picket fences, seemed to him a most attractive place.

He entered the Poland Union Seminary at once. At first he felt rather strange and missed his old friends a good deal, but before long he made new ones and became deeply interested in his work.

Under the able instructors he had at the academy he made rapid progress and won the commendation of fellow-students and teachers. He did well in mathematics, but was especially fond of languages and literature. His favorite writers at this period were Longfellow, Whittier, and Byron. He spent many happy hours reading and memorizing their poems.

The debating club at the seminary gave him great pleasure. He took a prominent part in the meeting of the society, and was repeatedly elected to be its president. The practice in debate he gained in the club encouraged his natural love of argument.

Under these new and broadening influences William soon outgrew many of the pastimes that had been pleasurable to him at Niles,

but his early interest in manufacturing grew stronger as the years passed.

He sought out the mills and factories in Poland, and became acquainted with employers and workmen. He spent hours talking with them about their work or getting their ideas on political questions.

He seemed to prefer the society of those who held views different from his own. There was nothing pert or disagreeable in his manner, and he did not irritate those with whom he disagreed.

All liked to hear what this gray-eyed, serious-faced boy had to say, and he was sure of a hearty welcome from them.

While life was full of pleasure for the youth it was full of hard work, too. The expense of educating her family had proved to be greater than Mrs. McKinley had anticipated.

But she was not the woman to retreat, and did not think of taking her children out of school to lessen her expenses. Instead, she moved into a larger house and took students to board.

Though the two dollars a week the country

boys paid for room and board would seem but small profit now, it was not an insignificant amount in those days when money was much more scarce than it is to-day, and a manager so careful as Mrs. McKinley turned every cent to the best account. With the help of her older daughters she did most of the housework for her large family and boarders.

William McKinley did not let his mother and sisters assume the burden of helping to pay for his education without doing his share. He eagerly availed himself of every opportunity to work, and is remembered by the old citizens of Poland as a very cheerful and obliging assistant in the post-office during one summer.

When at the age of seventeen he finished the seminary course, he was so much interested in study that he wished to go to college. He had done so well at the seminary that his mother and his instructors felt that it would be worth while for him to do so.

Accordingly, in 1861, he entered Alleghany College, at Meadville, Pa. He did not stay there long, however, for circumstances soon

made it necessary for him to stop studying for a time and teach in a district school near Poland.

This was an important period in his life. He was beginning to do his own thinking, to make his own decisions, and to act upon them. There were many subjects, both religious and political, that caused him deep thought.

When sixteen, he joined the Methodist Church, to which his mother belonged, and which he had been brought up to attend regularly. Having taken this step, he became a most loyal and devout observer of the rules of the Church.

His thinking on political matters was not less direct and effective. Slavery was a theme he never tired of debating. Having read much upon it and having heard the pitiful stories of fugitive slaves, he was convinced of its injustice and horror and declared himself in favor of its abolition.

III.

A SOLDIER.

THE Southern States in arms, firing on the Union flag, was a condition of affairs which had long been declared possible. Yet there were few to whom the news that the Confederates were actually bombarding Fort Sumter did not come in the spring of 1861 with a shock of surprise.

Lawyers at the desk, farmers at the plow, smiths at the forge, looked at one another aghast when they found themselves thus face to face with civil war in all its grim and terrible truth.

The young schoolmaster at Poland went on with his work with his usual energy and care.

The boy who said that seven plus nine equaled eighteen or that Philadelphia was the capital of Pennsylvania found his teacher as alert to his error as if accuracy in matters so small were really important when cannon were booming and drums were calling men to war.

He could give his daily duty his undivided attention, for he was not perplexed by the question of the hour. He had made his decision

without hesitation. War for the United States meant war for him.

William McKinley was only seventeen years old at this time. Yet it was not the glamour and glory of war that appealed to the boyish element in his nature so much as the strong sense of duty that influenced him. He was naturally pacific and gentle, but he had a manly firmness that commanded respect.

His father and mother had always found him an obedient and considerate son, but they realized that in this matter he was not to be treated as a child, and they accepted his decision without opposition.

In June, when a meeting of patriots was called at Sparrow Inn, McKinley, together with many other youth of the town, enlisted to serve for three years.

What he said many years later about the volunteers who fell during the war describes the spirit in which he offered his services to his country.

He said: "They enlisted in the army with no expectation of promotion; not for the paltry pittance of pay; not for fame or popular ap-

plause, for their services, however efficient, were not to be heralded abroad. They entered the army moved by the highest and purest motives of patriotism."

McKinley was made a member of Company E of the Twenty-third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers. The regiment was mustered and organized at Camp Chase near Columbus. Company E was made up largely of young men; almost 50 per cent. of its members were under twenty-one years of age.

For several weeks the raw recruits were kept at Camp Chase, where they were instructed, drilled, and seasoned a bit before being exposed to the hardships of war.

These independent, high-spirited young men needed discipline in endurance quite as much as drill in manœuver. They were very ready to find fault and offer suggestions.

Among other grievances they complained that the firearms provided by the State for volunteers were unfit for service. William McKinley, though not the spokesman on this occasion, supported the speaker with his presence and approval.

R. B. Hayes, who was one day to be President of the United States, was the Major of the Twenty-third Ohio. He addressed the young recruits with such kindness and good sense as to win their instant confidence and affection.

He reminded them of the patriotism of Washington's soldiers, who were willing to tramp barefoot through the snow for the country that was not able to provide them with shoes.

He told them that he was as anxious to have them properly equipped as they were themselves; that as soon as the Government could procure better arms they would be supplied. The soldiers felt ashamed of themselves after this speech, and were eager to prove how much they were willing to suffer and do.

Major Hayes' professions of interest in the men who made up his regiment were not empty words. He became personally acquainted with many of them, and was particularly attached to McKinley, then a handsome, though rather slight and pale, youth, with a very winning smile and thoughtful gray eyes.

The first real work assigned to the Twenty-third Ohio was to drive out the rebels who were

established in the mountains of West Virginia, carrying on an annoying guerilla warfare.

From the last part of July until time to go into winter quarters this regiment was kept on the march through a rough and difficult country in well-nigh fruitless pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp-like enemy.

There were marches in the hot sun; there were marches through drenching rains; there were days with little to eat and nights with no beds save the earth; there were advances and retreats; there were false alarms and bloody skirmishes.

But with all their marching and fighting the Twenty-third Ohio went into winter quarters with the enemy still in possession of the mountains. And after a winter spent in recruiting and drilling at Camp Ewing, on New River, the regiment resumed its task.

William McKinley had so much sound sense and so genial a nature that he could not live long in any community without winning friends.

During his first winter in the army he gained not only the good-will of his messmates and fellow-soldiers, but the notice of the officers.

In April, 1862, when nineteen years of age, he was made regimental commissary sergeant.

Young as he was, the new sergeant had a good head for business and found occasion, even in dispensing coffee, to show pluck and courage as well as executive ability.

General J. L. Botsford told the incident by which the commissary sergeant won applause and promotion at the battle of Antietam in the following words:

“At the battle of Antietam McKinley was the commissary sergeant of the Twenty-third Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and his duty was, of course, with the commissary supplies, which were at least two miles from the battle-field proper.

“In all battles, whether large or small, there are numerous stragglers who easily find their way back to where the commissary supplies are. This was the case at Antietam, and McKinley conceived and put into execution the idea of using some of these stragglers to make coffee and carry it to the boys in front.

“It was nearly dark when we heard tremendous cheering from the left of our regiment.

As we had been having heavy fighting right up to this time, our division commander, General Scammon, sent me to find out the cause, which I very soon found to be cheers for McKinley and his hot coffee.

“You can readily imagine the rousing welcome he received from both officers and men.

“When you consider the fact of his leaving his post of security and driving into the middle of a bloody battle with a team of mules, it needs no words of mine to show the character and determination of McKinley.

“He loaded up two wagons with supplies, but the mules of one were disabled. He was ordered back time and again, but he pushed right on.”

Many years after it happened President Hayes gave the following graphic account of the incident and its results:

“The battle began at daylight. Before daylight the men were in the ranks and preparing for it. Without breakfast, without coffee, they went into the fight, and it continued until after the sun had set.

“Early in the afternoon, naturally enough,

with the exertion required of the men, they were famished and thirsty and to some extent broken in spirit. The commissary department of the brigade was under Sergeant McKinley's administration and personal supervision.

From his hands every man in the regiment was served with hot coffee and warm meats, a thing that had never occurred under similar circumstances in any other army in the world.

"He passed under fire and delivered, with his own hands, these things, so essential to the men for whom he was laboring.

"Coming to Ohio and recovering from wounds, I called upon Governor Tod and told him this incident. With the emphasis that distinguished that great war Governor he said, "Let McKinley be promoted from sergeant to lieutenant."

IV.

A COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

ON the twenty-third of September, 1862, William McKinley was made second lieutenant of Company D. On the thirteenth of Decem-

ber Colonel Hayes made the following entry in his note-book :

“Our new Second Lieutenant returned to-day. An exceedingly bright, intelligent, and gentlemanly young officer. He promises to be one of the best.”

Colonel Hayes made the young officer of whom he held so high an opinion his brigade quartermaster. He kept him on his staff for more than a year, and never had occasion to think less of him. Indeed, he once said, “I did literally and in fact know him like a book and loved him like a brother.”

In February, 1863, McKinley was made first lieutenant. The long, wearisome campaign against the rebels in West Virginia was varied for the Twenty-third, in July, 1863, by an expedition into Ohio in pursuit of Morgan, the Confederate raider, who had crossed the river and carried fire and terror into the North.

The year 1864 was one of great activity for McKinley's regiment. The last action of importance before the completion of the three years for which the regiment had enlisted was the battle of Cloyd Mountain. McKinley him-

self has left us a thrilling account of that engagement:

“Skilful and furious the battle tried the metal of the best men of the command. The Twenty-third was on the right of the First Brigade, and over the beautiful meadow which intervened the troops moved grandly at a double quick, the ball and cannister of the enemy having little perceptible effect upon their well-formed line, down to the ugly stream which interposed its obstruction, in full sight and range of the Confederates.

“Without a halt, on they dash into it and across it. ‘Then with a yell, amidst shrapnell and shell,’ the ascent is commenced—quick and furious the charge is continued amid heavy fire of musketry; the enemy’s works are taken, their artillery captured, and another great victory is added to the regiment’s scroll of fame.”

With three years of hard fighting and hundreds, yes, thousands, of miles of marching behind them, and the prospect of a difficult and dangerous campaign, there were few soldiers of the Twenty-third who hesitated on the eleventh of June to reënlist for three years more of ser-

vice. McKinley, you may be sure, was not one of the few.

In the battles that followed the young officer had opportunity to render the Union cause yet more conspicuous service than he had previously given.

When General Crook's forces were surprised by General Early, nearly every man on the Union side was called upon to show what manner of man he was.

McKinley stood the test well. He was commanded to ride in the face of the approaching enemy to an orchard some hundreds of yards distant to carry the order of retreat to a regiment stationed there.

With heavy hearts the older generals watched the young officer whom they loved like a son gallop off on the errand that might cost him his life. He made the dash in the face of the oncoming enemy.

The bullets whirred around and past him. He was lost for a moment in the cloud of smoke, but he kept his seat on his little brown horse, and rode gallantly and harmlessly through the fire, straight and cool, to his destination.

When, under protection of the fire of the regiment he had been sent to summon, he regained his place with his friends, General Hayes said to him, "I never expected to see you in life again."

As the Federal forces were retreating, dispirited from defeat and well-nigh exhausted after the battle and the long march without food, they passed four abandoned cannon with their caissons.

McKinley suggested that the soldiers haul them off and save them from the enemy. General Hayes smiled doubtfully, saying that was more than the men were in spirit to do. McKinley insisted that the Twenty-third could and would do it.

General Hayes gave him permission to appeal for volunteers. The lieutenant spoke first to his old company, asking who would lend a hand to help him move the guns.

Every man in the company stepped forward. The rest of the regiment, catching the enthusiasm, joined them, and they marched off making light of their burden.

On the day following the battle Lieutenant

McKinley was made a captain. Shortly after this he was advanced to General Crook's staff, where he held the position of Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Through Sheridan's campaign McKinley was in action almost constantly, and was often under fire. On the third of September his horse was shot under him in a night skirmish, but he was not hurt. McKinley left on record a vivid description of the battle of Opequan :

"This was a general engagement in which the forces on both sides stubbornly contested the field. For a time the fortunes of war waned, when at last our line received a shock which secured the Confederates an advantage.

"Crook's army then was hurried to the front, and in reaching its assigned place Hayes, impatient of delays and obstructions, dashed into that deep and insurpassable morass, never before traversed by the foot of man, his horse sinking almost from sight; now dismounted, he leaps to his saddle again, and floundering, struggling, and wading, he reaches the other side in safety; then at the word of command the Twenty-third followed its old commander

over the dangerous marsh, determined to go wherever he led them.

“Then into line; charge after charge is made; desperate and more desperate they grow; grape and cannister are fast thinning out our ranks; another assault, and the ponderous columns meet in the shock of the battle; then the death grapple, and the shouts of victory went up from Sheridan’s forces, as when storms the welkin rend—we had won the day. Winchester was ours, with the key to the Shenandoah.”

Captain McKinley did good service that day. One incident that occurred during the battle shows the young officer’s fearlessness of consequences to himself when he knew that he was right.

He had been sent by General Crook to instruct General Duval to move his division into action. He had found the road over which his instructions said General Duval’s force should advance almost impassable; so he changed the order and named another road.

General Duval followed his directions, and arrived in time to give the assistance needed.

Captain McKinley had been guilty, in changing the order, of a direct violation of army discipline.

He appreciated the importance of carrying out orders literally, and knew that if his act led to disaster, he would be held responsible and court-martialed, but he knew, too, which was the better road and the necessity of prompt reinforcements, and he did not hesitate to take upon his shoulders the responsibility of choosing between the letter and the spirit of the law.

McKinley took part in the engagement at Fisher's Hill. Then came the memorable day when the field was lost and won by the Union troops.

When Sheridan "rode from Winchester twenty miles away," he met McKinley near the fighting line; calm and in full grasp of the situation, the young captain was able to give the general a clear account of the battle and to direct him to the officers. A little later that day he saw Sheridan—

"Striking his spurs with a terrible oath
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause."

The next spring McKinley received his commission as Major "for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Opequan, Cedar Creek, and Fisher's Hill."

A month later the war ended and peace reigned. Major McKinley's experience on the battle-field was over, but he would yet have need of all the lessons he had learned there.

V.

A CIVILIAN.

THE seventeen-year-old boy who had left his Ohio home in 1861 to go to the war came back in the summer of 1865 a man—a citizen who had cast his first vote. He had given his country four years of faithful, able service.

Those years from seventeen to twenty-one are the golden years of a youth's life. It had been this young man's dream to spend them at college with youths of bright minds and polished manners and fine taste, studying the sciences and arts, learning history and literature, practising composition and oratory under the guidance of scholarly, high-minded men.

To exchange this for the rough life of a soldier would seem to be to sacrifice the best equipment for life for a very poor one. To many such a change was doubtless ruinous, but to McKinley it gave a different, though not less valuable, preparation for useful living.

The athletic department of his severe school, although without trapeze or foot-ball, had yet not been deficient. By four years of marching and riding and sleeping in tents or rolled up in a blanket under the stars he had gained a strong muscular frame and a rugged constitution that could stand strain or shock without exhaustion or injury.

He had learned much, too. His senses had become keen from this out-of-door life, and his power of inference had been quickened. It is no small thing to know any extensive territory as he had come to know much of West Virginia in its grandeur of mountains and torrents and its beauty of fertile valley.

He had gained some of the engineers' power, on the one hand, to see all parts of the country he traveled over in their proper relation to each other as if mapped out before him, and, on the

other, in looking at a map to see it in imagination translated into mountains and hills and plains.

He could tell where the good roads did or ought to run, and had come to be a quick judge of the resources of a region and of its accessibility and facilities for transportation.

As he traveled his mental vision was not bounded by the horizon line. What he saw told him much that he did not see.

With his mind's eye he followed the river beyond the curve; the hills looming in the foreground did not obscure for him the mountains beyond.

When he crossed the unplowed fields in early spring he knew with what grain they waved in September.

He had learned not a little of human nature as well. He had both points of view—that of the men behind the guns and that of the staff officers.

His fourteen months' service in the ranks had given him a very clear knowledge of what the average soldier thinks and feels, which was useful to him as lieutenant, captain, and major.

He had learned the power of a pleasant look and a friendly word, and had begun to practise that gracious courtesy of manner for which he was so remarkable in after-life.

He knew which argument counted by the camp fire, which in the general's tent, and had taken some lessons in policy.

Perhaps the greatest benefit resulting from his experience in the war was the character development it had given him. First he had learned the lesson of prompt, absolute obedience to the letter of a command; later, the sterner discipline of freedom within limitations, of reasoning obedience to the wish of another, had been his.

Thus he learned moderation and control in all things, from the satisfaction of hunger and thirst after a weary march, even to obedience and docility to those in authority.

Many of the friendships he made during the war, especially his friendship with R. B. Hayes, played an important part in his life then and later.

When the young major was discharged from the army, the question, "What shall I do?"

immediately presented itself. Some of his friends advised him to stay in the army, but military life in time of peace had little attraction for him.

He had proved his business ability in the office of quartermaster, and he believed he should find success as certain and as rapid in peace as in war. He was eager to try his power in new fields. His mind was pretty well made up to study law.

The more he considered it, the more thoroughly convinced he became that that was what he ought to do. The trouble was that this would require at least two years' work, during which time he must live, and he had no money.

His sister Anne, who was both fond and proud of her soldier brother, came to his assistance with a loan of money she had saved from her earnings as a teacher.

William McKinley accordingly devoted the next two years of his life to the study of law. He began reading law in the office of Judge Glidden, but finished at a law school in Albany, New York.

When ready to go into business, instead of

trying to establish himself in the East, he went back to his own State and opened an office in Canton.

Canton then had a population of about 5000. The new lawyer, Major McKinley, soon made his presence in the little town felt. He knew a few people there to begin with, and soon became acquainted with others.

He united with the Methodist Church and took an active part in church work. He was made superintendent of the large Sunday-school. Before long he was recognized as one of the leading young men of the town.

The third year after coming to Canton McKinley was chosen by the Republicans of Stark County as their candidate for prosecuting attorney.

His friends were pleased. They said that the county was so decidedly Democratic that there was no hope of his election, but it was a compliment; it would be a good advertisement, and would lead to something in the future.

Major McKinley did not, however, accept the nomination in that spirit. He determined to win the election if honorable effort on his part

could compass it. He made a tour of the county, addressing political gatherings in school-houses and town halls.

His hearers liked what he said, and they liked him, and when election day came, they voted for him. The result was that he surprised his own party by victory. He filled the position most acceptably for two years.

While practising law in Canton Mr. McKinley met Miss Ida Saxton, the daughter of a wealthy banker and prominent in the village. Miss Saxton was beautiful and, for that time, highly educated.

She had studied at a Cleveland school and also at Miss Eastman's seminary, Brook Hall, at Media, Pa. She had traveled in Europe and had had many of the advantages that help to make an accomplished woman.

Since she was as charming and amiable as she was beautiful and cultivated, it is small wonder that Major McKinley fell in love with her. Nor is it any great wonder that she preferred him, with his record as a soldier, his gift of eloquence, his winning manner, to any of her other suitors.

Her father declared that William McKinley was the only man he knew to whom he would be willing to trust his daughter's happiness. So after a happy courtship these two young people were married and they went to house-keeping in a pretty little home in the village.

And so William McKinley became a householder and permanent citizen of Canton, Ohio.

It is scarcely necessary to add here that Mr. Saxton never had reason to regret his confidence in William McKinley.

His beautiful tenderness and devotion to his wife through trouble and prosperity, sickness and health, joy and sorrow, are too well known to need comment.

VI.

A CONGRESSMAN.

HAVING won honors in war and having established himself as a prosperous and influential citizen of Canton, Major McKinley was now ready for other worlds to conquer.

Political life allured him. The nomination

of his friend, General R. B. Hayes, for the presidency of the nation directed his thoughts to Washington.

Congress is the natural opening to national political life. Mr. McKinley's first step toward his goal was, therefore, to secure the nomination as Republican candidate from his congressional district.

So great was his popularity that he was able to do this, though many older and more experienced men were seeking the nomination. Once nominated, he put his best foot forward to gain the election.

He traveled about his district, meeting the voters, talking with them, and making "stump speeches." He was genial and businesslike, an interesting speaker, and won friends and votes wherever he went.

This was in the year 1876, when the nation was celebrating its one-hundredth birthday with a great exposition at Philadelphia. McKinley was among the thousands who went from all parts of the country to the "Centennial Exposition." There he saw displayed the products of mine and forest, farm and shop.

He compared what the United States had to show with the exhibits of foreign nations, and was impressed with the abundant resources of our country and the growth of its industries, realizing as never before the industrial possibilities of America.

While at Philadelphia Major McKinley met some of the country's famous men and was invited to make an address. He was introduced to the large audience assembled to hear him by James G. Blaine.

His speech was listened to with interest so apparent and rewarded with applause so enthusiastic that the leading politicians marked the stranger from Ohio as a popular speaker. His speech was reported in the home papers and added not a little to his popularity in his district.

McKinley was well fitted for public life, and what would have cost some men painful effort, he did with ease and pleasure. It was, therefore, with decided gratification that he learned of his election to Congress.

On going to Washington to live Mr. McKinley found that President Hayes had not forgotten his one-time quartermaster. Mrs.

McKinley and Mrs. Hayes also became firm friends.

So, during the first winter in Washington, Mr. and Mrs. McKinley began to feel acquainted with the White House, which was one day to be their home.

Mr. McKinley spoke nine times during his first term in Congress. He first addressed the House on behalf of the iron manufacturers of his district. He made one long speech on the subject upon which he was to become recognized as an authority—protective tariff.

This term in Congress was the beginning for many for Mr. McKinley. He lived in a region where the elections were often closely contested. The State was redistricted several times, so that Stark County was for one campaign in a Democratic district, for another in a Republican district. These changes, however, could not defeat McKinley.

The year of 1882 was one of great Democratic victories, and McKinley was elected by a majority of only eight votes. When he referred to his small majority in talking with Mr.

Folger, the latter said grimly, "Young man, eight is a large majority this year."

He was not allowed, however, to keep his seat. Shortly after the election that had been so close Mr. McKinley closed an address with these words: "I speak for the workingmen of my district, the workingmen of Ohio and of the country."

Congressman Springer, of Illinois, could not resist the temptation to call out, "They did not speak very largely for you at the last election."

This raised a laugh at McKinley's expense. But he was never a good subject for ridicule; he turned quickly to Mr. Springer and said: "Ah! my friend, my fidelity to my convictions is not measured by the support they give me. I have convictions upon this subject which I would not surrender or refrain from advocating if 10,000 majority had been entered against me last October."

In the years 1884, 1886, and 1888 Mr. McKinley received unquestionable majorities, and during those years he gained steadily in the mastery of public affairs and in influence in the House.

He was especially interested in maintaining

a duty on imported goods high enough to protect American manufacturers against the competition of foreign manufacturers.

He was among those who believed that the United States could and ought to become a great manufacturing country, as well as a great agricultural country. He, therefore, regretted the tendency to develop agricultural interests and to depend upon other nations for manufactured goods.

This state of affairs put the people of the United States at the mercy of foreign manufacturers and enabled them to ask what prices they chose for their goods.

As the lower wages of workingmen in Europe and the greater abundance of skilled labor and organized capital enabled the foreign manufacturer to make cloth, shoes, machinery, and things most useful so cheaply that he could undersell the home manufacturer, there was little encouragement to Americans to invest their capital in manufacturing.

Mr. McKinley thought that the Government should charge so high a duty on imported

goods that the home producer could undersell the importer and still make a profit.

He insisted that the well-being of the country demanded the ample protection of its manufacturing interests in order to keep that industry alive, to maintain the high wages of workingmen, and to insure reasonably low prices on merchandise.

As has been said, McKinley's first long speech in the House was against a tariff bill which was intended to reduce the tariff.

In 1880 he endeavored to make the tariff the main issue of the campaign. In a political speech at Cooper Union in New York he asserted that he was directly opposed to the Democratic teaching that the main purpose of tariff was revenue and that protection should be incidental; he said he stood for a tariff for protection with incidental revenue. This bold doctrine was much quoted and discussed during the campaign.

In Congress that fall McKinley continued to advocate a high tariff. In the Forty-ninth Congress he was appointed on the Committee of Ways and Means, which had charge of the re-

vision of the tariff. His voice had little weight, however, with the Democratic chairman.

The plan of "horizontal reduction," or the lowering of existing duties 20 per cent., devised by this committee, did not meet with McKinley's approval. He denounced the measure as "an invention of indolence and the mechanism of a botch workman."

McKinley was again placed on the Committee of Ways and Means during the next session of Congress. This time, also, the committee was Democratic, with R. Q. Mills for chairman.

In the heated discussion of the Mills bill McKinley took a prominent part. Much as he had to say on the subject, however, he was more than willing to let other men express their views. Samuel J. Randall, who spoke before him in opening the debate, had not finished when time was called.

The Speaker was willing to allow him more time, but Mr. Mills, supported by other Democratic members, objected, and it looked for a second as if the once powerful political leader was to be discourteously silenced. But McKinley was on his feet. "Mr. Speaker," he

said, "I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania out of my time all that he may need to finish his speech on this bill."

This courteous act won cheers and applause, and when, a little later, the member from Ohio rose to deliver his own speech, he had instant attention.

During the Fifty-first Congress McKinley was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and had charge of the drawing of the tariff bill that is known by his name. He set to work in a thorough and intelligent fashion.

However much one might disapprove of his bill, no one could say that it was "an invention of indolence." His research into the industrial conditions of the country was tireless. Instead of working behind closed doors as others had done, he invited manufacturers to confer with him, and his office was open to all business men who had complaints, requests, or information to offer.

In order to facilitate the intelligent discussion of the bill he directed the clerk of the committee to prepare a carefully indexed report of the conferences of the committee and table of tariff

statistics, copies of which were furnished to every member of the House.

Both in the preparation and in the discussion of the McKinley Bill, McKinley was the master spirit.

VII.

GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

THE friends of free trade, those opposed to high tariff, did their best in the election of 1890 to defeat the author of the McKinley Bill, and they succeeded.

But the next year he was nominated by the Republican Party to be Governor of Ohio. He made a vigorous campaign, discussing the tariff and the currency questions. He had a good business sense and could be depended upon to take the practical view of a question.

In the days when the market value of gold and of silver was nearly equal, he had seen the advisability of keeping them so, and had favored legislation to that end.

Now, however, as circumstances beyond the control of legislation seemed driving them

further and further apart, he saw the impracticability of the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at a fixed ratio, and gave his support to the single gold standard.

After a wide-awake campaign McKinley was elected governor by a large plurality.

One of the first acts of the new Governor was to order an oil painting of Governor Tod, the war Governor of Ohio, who had suggested his first promotion, hung in the Governor's office in the State House.

He remembered with gratitude the man who had recognized and rewarded the ability and bravery of the boy soldier.

In June, 1892, Governor McKinley was sent as a delegate to the National Republican Convention. He was made chairman of the great gathering. He delivered a brilliant opening address and conducted the meeting with a fairness and a tact so commanding and so ingratiating that an attempt was made by the delegates of his own State to nominate him instead of Mr. Harrison for the presidency. He challenged the vote, however, and checked the rising wave of enthusiasm.

This was not the first time William McKinley had made his will prevail in a national convention. He had played a conspicuous part in the conventions of 1884 and 1888.

In 1884 he had been influential, at the critical moment, in securing James G. Blaine the nomination. This action made his party regard him as a leader, a man to be looked to in a crisis to do the right thing.

The firmness and the sense of fitness he displayed in the convention of 1888 had won widespread commendation. While indecision and uncertainty held sway, a stray vote cast for William McKinley was greeted with a round of applause and cheers.

A moment later seventeen votes for William McKinley were announced. A tumult of applause rose. It looked as if the delegates had found a man upon whom they could agree.

But at this juncture McKinley sprang upon a chair and with uplifted hand commanded silence. In every line of his face was determination. His far-reaching voice carried conviction to every man who heard it. He said:

“Mr. President and Gentlemen of this Con-

vention: I am here as one of the chosen representatives of my State. I am here by resolution of the Republican State Convention, commanding me to cast my vote for John Sherman for President and to use every worthy endeavor to secure his nomination.

“I accepted the trust because my heart and judgment were in accord with the letter and spirit and purpose of that resolution. It has pleased certain delegates to cast their votes for me for President. I am not insensible to the honor they would do me, but in the presence of the duty resting upon me I cannot remain silent with honor.

“I cannot consistently with the wish of the State whose credentials I bear and which has trusted me—I cannot consistently with my own views of personal integrity—consent or seem to consent to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention.

“I would not respect myself if I could find it in my heart to do or to permit to be done that which could even be ground for any one to suspect that I have wavered in my loyalty

to Ohio or my devotion to the chief of her choice and the chief of mine.

“I do not request—I demand—that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me shall cast a ballot for me.”

The American citizens appreciated the spirit of a man who for a point of honor could with so great determination put aside an opportunity so glorious.

He went to Congress the next fall, as we have seen, and prepared for the country the McKinley Bill. He was then elected Governor of Ohio, and at the expiration of his term of office re-elected by an overwhelming majority.

While thus advancing in political fortune, Mr. McKinley suffered a business loss that threatened to make it necessary for him to give up public life. With reckless generosity he had gone security for a friend for an amount exceeding his possessions.

His friend failed, and the law held Governor McKinley responsible for the payment of his debts. He and his noble wife agreed to give up all their property without reservation and pay in full the notes that bore his signature.

To clear his name from debt and restore to his wife the fortune of which his rash act had bereft her, he resolved to resign his position, retire from public life, and resume the practice of law.

He was not allowed to take this step, however. There were public-spirited men who knew that many men could easily make money under good laws, but that few men were so able as Governor McKinley to compass the making of good laws; they were determined that the penalty of his loyalty to his friend should not be his retirement from politics.

As the governor protested against accepting, a few wealthy Republicans made up a subscription without his consent, for the purpose of canceling the debt and restoring to Mr. and Mrs. McKinley the property they had sacrificed.

This cloud having passed away, Governor McKinley threw his whole strength into public affairs once more. In 1894, the year after the great World's Fair at Chicago, the country was in a most depressed state. Factories were closed, men were out of work, discontent and alarm reigned.

In this dark hour business men looked to the fearless and persistent champion of protective tariff as the one best able to check the tide of disaster sweeping over the country.

Mr. McKinley was persuaded to make a lecture tour, which proved to be one of the most remarkable ever known. He visited eighteen States, traveling more than ten thousand miles, and addressing millions of people. Everywhere he was met with unparalleled enthusiasm.

At the stations along the roads thousands of farmers assembled to hear him speak a few words from the rear platform of his car. In the great cities tens of thousands of craftsmen and manufacturers gathered in great halls or in the open air to hear him speak.

Greater crowds never assembled to do honor to crowned monarch or victorious warrior than in this period of industrial depression met to welcome the workingmen's friend and hero, William McKinley.

The firmly knit, erect figure, the well-shaped head, the kind face with its deep gray eyes and strong chin, became familiar throughout the Central and Southern States.

Even a larger audience than the great one that heard and saw Mr. McKinley read in the daily papers full reports of his speeches. It was plain that he was the people's candidate for the presidency.

VIII.

NOMINATION AND ELECTION AS PRESIDENT.

THE spring of 1896 was a remarkable one for the people of St. Louis. Late in May a terrible cyclone swept over the beautiful city, destroying everything in its path and causing great loss of life.

Only three weeks later, before the wreckage had been cleared away, the streets of the stricken city were gay with banners and thronged with people, for the delegates and guests were assembling there from every State in the Union for the National Republican Convention.

Less than a quarter of a mile from the path of the tornado stood the convention auditorium, little hurt by the storm. The building

was a large oblong structure made of Georgia pine.

Its barn-like plainness was relieved at the entrance by a gorgeous and lavish display of red, white, and blue bunting. Hundreds of pennants over the roof, high against the blue sky, helped the far-sounding band to excite a thrilling consciousness of patriotism in the hearts of those who approached.

The building had a seating capacity of 13,000. Galleries extended around the four sides of the hall, and when filled, the Auditorium was fairly walled about with spectators.

Though all conceded that little short of a miracle could prevent the nomination of McKinley, whose followers had rallied in great force at St. Louis, there were several other candidates in the field.

After the business relating to the party platform was finished, the several candidates for nomination were introduced with more or less eloquence and received with more or less enthusiasm, until Senator Foraker pronounced the name of the candidate he offered to the Convention—William McKinley.

That name roused a storm of cheers and a thunder of applause that lasted more than half an hour.

At length the gavel of the presiding officer demanding quiet was heeded, and Senator Foraker was allowed to finish his speech. In summing up his candidate's title to the consideration of the Convention he said:

“His testimonials are of private life, without reproach; four years of heroic service as a boy-soldier on the battle-fields of the Republic under such gallant generals as Philip H. Sheridan; twelve years of conspicuous service in the halls of Congress, associated with great leaders of Republicanism; four years of executive service as Governor of Ohio; but greatest of all, measured by present requirements, leader of the House of Representatives and author of the McKinley law—a law under which labor had richer reward and the country greatly increased prosperity.”

When the ballot was taken the plurality for McKinley was found to be so great that there was no hope for the other candidates. Their names were, therefore, gracefully withdrawn,

and the vote for William McKinley was made unanimous.

The news brought great joy to the Canton home, where the man of the hour sat with his wife, mother, and a few friends, following, with the help of the telegraph, the movements of the Convention.

In July the Democratic Party, in convention at Chicago, nominated William J. Bryan as its candidate. The campaign that followed was an unusual one.

The young free silver candidate of the Democratic Party traveled from one section of the country to another, advocating free coinage of silver, with marvelous energy and ability, fighting his way almost entirely without the support of the press.

Meanwhile William McKinley staid quietly at home. The press and all the conservative forces of the country united to fight the battle of gold against silver for him. It was not necessary for him to take an active part; he had done his work—his name had become an argument.

But it was not his nature to wait passively.

He held frequent conferences with party leaders, and never tired of meeting and addressing the endless delegations of voters that visited Canton during the summer and fall.

The contest was fierce, and the country waited in great anxiety for the outcome of the November election. The victory for McKinley and the gold standard brought a general sense of relief and security that found immediate expression in increased business throughout the United States.

According to the long-established custom, McKinley took the oath of office and delivered his inaugural address from the steps of the national Capitol on the fourth of March following his election.

As he drove to the Capitol amid rejoicing thousands, he turned to President Cleveland saying, "What an impressive thing it is to assume tremendous responsibilities."

IX.

PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT McKinley's administration proved to be an eventful and important one for the United States in both civil and military achievements.

As we have seen, he was elected with the hope that the policy of his party, his policy, with respect to tariff and currency would restore industrial prosperity. He called an extra session of Congress in order promptly to fulfil the expectations of the people.

A high tariff bill was passed. The silver scare was over. Closed factories opened their doors; fires blazed in furnaces long cold; busy wheels long silent buzzed again; new mills and factories were established; the unemployed found work, and an era of commercial prosperity dawned.

But it was not to be an era of peace. When McKinley went into office Cuba was in rebellion against the cruel tyranny of Spain. The struggling Cuban patriots were suffering the greatest distress.

They were starving, but would not yield. Their unflinching stand for freedom and their terrible suffering aroused the sympathy of the American people.

Many thought the Government ought to take a hand in the struggle, and drive from the Western Hemisphere the nation whose flag first waved there.

The outrages increased. Every day brought fresh reports of horror in Cuba. Spain was showing herself unfit to govern an enlightened people. Indignation against her was general.

On the morning of the fifteenth of February news spread over the country that the United States battleship "Maine," lying in the harbor at Havana, had been blown up the night before, and nearly every man aboard her had perished.

The Spaniards had shown themselves so barbarous in their dealings with the Cubans that many were ready to hold them guilty of the destruction of the "Maine."

The long-smoldering indignation of the American people burst into flame. The report of the committee appointed to investigate the

cause of the disaster, that the explosion was the result of a "mine under the ship on her port side," convinced many who had before doubted that Spain was responsible for the death of our sailors.

President McKinley was anxious to avoid rash action, to avert war, and maintain peace if it could be done with honor. But when the hostility of Spain made the declaration of war inevitable, he proved to be an energetic and efficient commander of the army and navy.

In the months that followed the United States showed the nations of the world what a patriotic people, without any considerable standing army, could do when the war spirit was once aroused.

Not only must thousands of miles of sea-coast along the Atlantic and the Pacific be defended from surprise and attack, but war must be carried into the enemy's country.

All this was done, and yet the resources of the country were not strained. There was no difficulty in raising money or men for the work. The Government's credit was good; the people had the money to lend; thousands of would-be

buyers of Spanish-American war bonds were disappointed.

The call to arms was answered by the best young men of the land; thousands who would gladly have gone to war were sent away from the recruiting stations disappointed.

Preparations for war were seen on every hand. The fields and groves on the outskirts of the State capitals were dotted with innumerable white tents; the streets of the cities were filled with picturesque groups of boys in brown with muskets, haversacks, and sombreros; in many homes there were loneliness and anxiety for the boys who had gone to war.

There were throngs of people at the railway stations with flowers and waving handkerchiefs to cheer the train-loads of soldier boys on their way to the front.

War was the topic of the day. But beneath all the surface waves of excitement was the calmness of strength. The great business of war did not seriously interrupt the far greater business of peace.

Having begun the war, President McKinley pushed it vigorously to a conclusion. The

contest was a brief but conspicuous one, a succession of brilliant victories for the United States by sea and land.

The first thrilling victory came from the Spanish possessions in the Pacific—the far-off Philippines. On the first of May Admiral George Dewey, who was in command of the Asiatic Squadron, boldly entered Manila Bay, where the Spanish war-ships were at anchor, protected by the shore fortifications. Silently the great cruisers cut their way through the blue water.

But when they came within reach of the Spanish guns, the stillness of early morning was broken by a lively cannonading from sea and shore.

The death-dealing thunder of the American guns answered. Mercilessly the well-aimed balls battered the sides and plowed the decks of the old Spanish vessels. One was sinking, two were afire, and now another—the unequal battle was soon over.

Without loss of life or injury to a single ship the Americans had destroyed eleven Spanish

ships protected by shore batteries, and gained the key to the Philippines.

The completeness and brilliancy of this victory made all Europe wonder, not because it gave evidence of American daring and courage,—that had never been doubted,—but because it showed a skill and power in naval warfare which we had not been credited with.

In July the great victory of the Atlantic Squadron in Cuban waters completed the destruction of the Spanish fleet, and together with the success of our arms on land, terminated the American war with Spain.

We had gone into the war generously, ready to sacrifice wealth and life to help an oppressed people. We came out of it possessors of the lands from which we had driven Spain.

Many thought we should now withdraw and give the islanders the freedom for which they had been fighting. But others thought it our duty as a more highly civilized people to see law and order established and maintained in these countries for whose welfare we had made ourselves responsible.

Having conquered Spain, we should now

have to make war against the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands if we wished to hold their land or direct their government.

History shows us that this was not altogether a new situation for the United States. If you will compare the narrow strip of land along the Atlantic coast that made the original United States with the vast territory extending from ocean to ocean that we know as the United States, you will see that the extension of dominion has long been the policy of our Government.

We find that though most of the territory has been added by purchase, it has not been acquired without force of arms; that after the legal title to the land was granted by far-off political owners, it was often necessary to make war against the occupants of the soil to persuade them that they, too, wanted the United States to take possession of their territory.

In this case the decision was the usual one. The President and Congress agreed that it was our duty to hold the islands. The rebellious Filipinos, accordingly, were subdued, and the

work of making cleanliness, enlightenment, and justice prevail among them was begun.

The seal of his party's and his country's approval of his policy in war and in peace was given in McKinley's nomination and election for a second term as President of the United States.

X.

AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

THOUGH circumstances have made McKinley famous as a war president, it was because of what he did to secure prosperity in time of peace that he first received general recognition.

He had all his life, while a boy in his father's foundry at Niles, while a soldier buying and distributing supplies to a regiment, while a Congressman working on the Committee of Ways and Means, been interested in the productions and industries of the country.

The great sectional or national expositions held in the United States, from the Centennial in 1876 to the exposition associated with his last days on earth, appealed to him as records of past industrial achievement and as object-

lessons and inspirations for future improvement.

Accordingly, when he was invited to attend the Pan-American Exposition held in Buffalo in 1901, he made a place in his busy life for a visit there.

“McKinley Day” was widely advertised. Great preparations were made to give the President a fitting welcome. His visit was looked forward to as the climax of the exposition festivities. A mighty concourse of people greeted him with cheers and waving handkerchiefs when he appeared on the grand stand in the beautiful esplanade on the morning of the fifth of September.

The speech President McKinley made that day was so characteristic and so worthy that, had he known it to be his last utterance to his people, he could not have wished it different.

The sincere affection and high esteem of the people for him were everywhere so manifest that had they known it to be their last opportunity to pay tribute to their leader, they could scarcely have given him more convincing evidence of how profoundly they honored him.

Washington's farewell address had been a charge to a young and feeble nation to hold itself apart from other nations and develop its own strength and integrity.

McKinley's last speech was a recognition that the end desired by Washington had been reached; the United States had grown into a united and powerful nation ready to play its part without fear among the great nations of the world. He said:

"We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it; the greatest skill and wisdom on the part of the manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it.

"Our industrial enterprises, which have grown to such proportions, affect the homes and occupations of all the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously, and our products have so multiplied, that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention.

“Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

“By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home productions we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing.

“If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we use without harm to our industries and labor.

“Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What

we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad.

“The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can, and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

“The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good-will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times, measures of retaliation are not.”

President McKinley then spoke of the desirability of building the Isthmian canal and constructing the Pacific cable, to bring us into closer touch with distant countries, and closed with the impressive words :

“Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors and like blessings to all the people and powers of the earth.”

The speech commanded wide-spread atten-

tion and enthusiastic commendation both at home and abroad.

The next day the country was appalled to learn that while holding a public reception in the Temple of Music at the exposition President McKinley had been shot by an assassin.

For several days it seemed possible that the President might recover, and the watching nation wavered between fear and hope. But in the darkness of early morning, on the fourteenth of September, people were roused from sleep by the tolling of bells and knew that the end had come.

On the afternoon of that day the Vice-President, Theodore Roosevelt, took the oath of office and became President of the United States. His first official act was to issue a proclamation appointing "September the nineteenth, the day in which the body of the dead President will be laid in its last earthly resting-place, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States."

THE STORY OF A RESOLUTE PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND.



GROVER CLEVELAND.

THE STORY OF A RESOLUTE PRESIDENT.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

I.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

LONG, long years ago, when this country was all a dense wilderness; when the wild Indians knew nothing of civilization, but roamed at will in the forests and the swamps, people from England and other foreign countries began to come to this country.

They first settled along the Atlantic coast, and in one decade, from 1630 to 1640, about twenty thousand people came and settled in one State,—the State of Massachusetts,—which was then called the Colony of Massachusetts Bay.

These people were called Puritans, and they suffered great hardships in the settlement of the “New World.”

In the middle of this decade, that is, in 1635,

there came an active young man named Moses Cleveland. This man became the ancestor of the subject of this sketch, who became President of the United States.

When Moses Cleveland came to Massachusetts, there were no large cities in the country—only a few villages situated along the coast. All the vast country westward to the Pacific Ocean was unknown. The men had to go into the forests and clear the land and build little log-houses in which to live.

Moses Cleveland did this, and by honest hard work soon made a snug little home for his family. He had children and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, and so seven generations had passed when the future President of the United States was born.

In those early days there were no political parties, for the settlers were busy building log-cabins, fighting Indians, and planting their crops and clearing the land, but in due course of time, as the settlements grew and the population increased, a stronger government was formed, and political parties came into existence.

There are many small political parties in the

country, but only two very large ones—the Democratic and the Republican. The Democratic Party is over a hundred years old, and its first President was Thomas Jefferson, who was elected in the year 1800. After him came James Madison, then Monroe, and others.

From the time that Jefferson was elected, for sixty years the Democratic Party won in all the Presidential elections except two, when the Whig Party elected William Henry Harrison in 1840 and General Zachary Taylor in 1848.

The Whig Party disappeared long ago, but in 1856 a new and very active party came into existence, which was called the Republican Party, and four years later it elected its first President, Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest Presidents the United States has ever had.

While Lincoln was President the civil war began, and a long and dreadful war it was, but it resulted in freeing the slaves, and reuniting more closely than ever the North and the South. From the close of the war until 1884 the Republican Party elected their candidates for President, but in 1884 the Democratic Party again came into power by the election of

Grover Cleveland, and in eight years thereafter they succeeded in electing him for the second time President of the United States.

II.

CLEVELAND'S EARLY YEARS.

THE father of Grover Cleveland was a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Richard F. Cleveland. He was a graduate of Yale College, and after he had served as pastor of a congregation in Connecticut and another in Virginia, he was called to a church at Caldwell, New Jersey, a small town situated not far from the city of Newark. The pastor who had served this church before Mr. Cleveland was Rev. Stephen Grover, an aged man whom every one loved as a father.

The Rev. Mr. Cleveland had married a charming young woman from Baltimore, and when they arrived in Caldwell they had four children. A few years later a fifth child, a lovely little boy, was added to their family. This was in 1837, just two hundred and two

years after Moses Cleveland had come to Massachusetts Bay.

In due course of time the little fellow had to be named. The older children, who were very proud of their little brother, suggested many names, and many were given due consideration by the family before a name was finally decided upon.

As the Rev. Stephen Grover, who preceded Mr. Cleveland in the Caldwell church, was very much beloved by all, the Clevelands decided to honor his name by naming the bright little boy after him.

So he was named Stephen Grover Cleveland. However, as he was always called Grover and never Stephen, he decided to drop the Stephen when he became older. This he did, and always signed his name Grover Cleveland.

The house in which Grover was born was a plain, old-fashioned one, two stories high, with tall trees in front of it and two acres of ground surrounding it.

It was called the manse, or parsonage. The older children played on the sunny lawn with

their baby brother, and the proud mother showed her pretty little boy to the neighboring women and told of his first steps and of the first teeth he cut, and repeated the first words he uttered, just as all fond mothers do.

When little Grover was but four years old, his father was called from their New Jersey home to another church, at Fayetteville, in New York, only a few miles from the city of Syracuse. Fayetteville is in the midst of the Indian country of long ago.

Many hundred years ago, long before the white man came from Europe, the Indians called the Iroquois, inhabited this land. Here they chased the deer and the wild fox, and paddled their canoes along the rivers.

They engaged in wars with one another, and in the evenings they sat around in their wigwams and told over and over again their stories of the chase or of their bravery in battle.

But that time had passed long before the Clevelands came to the quiet little village. No longer could the curling smoke from the Indian camp-fires be seen on every hillside.

The white people had come and driven westward the wild Indian, and had occupied the land. They had built towns and school-houses and founded churches, and the Indians had moved further into the forest to continue their rude and simple life.

The country around Fayetteville was very rich and very beautiful. The people, for the most part, were industrious, honest, religious, not rich and yet not very poor. No better place in the world could be found for a boy to grow up in.

The journey of the Cleveland family from Caldwell to Fayetteville was a long and tiresome one. They crossed the Hudson River on a ferry to New York city, and from there they went up the Hudson on a boat to Albany.

Little Grover was then four years old, and perhaps he remembered a little about this long, strange journey—how the great clumsy vessel carried them from the big city up the broad river, past the palisades, and in plain view of the Catskill Mountains.

It must have seemed like moving to another world—this far-away land which he had never

seen. But the little boy must have been happy with his kind father, mother, brothers, and sisters.

From Albany they proceeded to the town of Manlius, on the Erie Canal, in a boat that went six miles an hour. From there they went in wagons across the country, and reached Fayetteville on a Saturday night at midnight.

III.

IN THE NEW HOME.

FOR nearly ten years the Clevelands made their home in Fayetteville, and many a day little Grover strolled over the sunny fields and through the woods with his brothers or sisters in search of nuts and berries, listening to the wild birds or chasing the frisky squirrels.

As he grew older he learned to fish in the brook, and no boy in all the country round about enjoyed the sport more than he did.

No boy can ever forget the period of his life between four and fourteen, the time Grover Cleveland spent in this quiet village home.

This is a period when a boy is often as wild as the animals of the woods. He can run and jump and climb trees from morning until night and never seem to get tired.

One of the games of that day was playing fox. One boy would be the fox and the others the dogs. The fox would start out as fast as he could run, and the dogs after him barking and yelping as loud as they could. Thus they would run over the hills and hollows, leaping the fences and streams, until they almost forgot that they were boys and thought they were real fox and hounds.

One day the fox was so hard pressed by the howling dogs that he quickly climbed a tree. Then the dogs said that was not fair, because foxes never climb trees; but the fox answered, "Well, I couldn't find a hole to run into and I didn't want to be caught."

But a boy's life cannot be all play if he is to become a useful man. Grover was a happy, playful boy, but he loved to study also and one of the greatest joys of his life was to be admitted to the Fayetteville academy.

The academy stood just across the street

from his father's home. But at first he went to a little red district school. But Grover was not satisfied here, and he begged his father again and again to permit him to enter the academy. "Wait until you are older, my boy," said Mr. Cleveland.

Grover could hardly wait. As he saw the boys and girls go in and out of the academy each day he thought they were the most favored people in the world, and he longed to be one of them.

At length his father said he might try, and he entered the school at the age of eleven years. He was the youngest pupil in the school. It was not very long until he knew all the boys and girls and he became very popular among them. He was not very large for his age, but he was strong and robust, and fond of all sorts of sports and games.

One night he and his brother played an amusing trick on the people of the town. It was late at night, when suddenly the old bell in the academy tower set up a wild ringing—no one knew why.

The doors and windows had been closed and

locked for the night, as every one knew. What could it mean?

The people rushed out of their houses into the streets. They gathered around the academy building. The doors were locked, but clang, clang, clang! went the bell. How it happened no one knew.

At last the two Cleveland boys were found in a tree near by. They had a thin rope attached to the tongue of the bell and sat in the tree and jerked the bell vigorously. The people laughed and agreed it was a good joke.

Grover was not only foremost in sports, but was foremost in his classes. Indeed, he was so fond of his books that sometimes he forgot to go out to play.

He learned Greek and Latin and other things so rapidly that it was not long until his teachers pronounced him the brightest boy in the school, as well as the most industrious.

His intention was to enter college as soon as he had finished the course at the academy; but things were not always to run so smoothly.

The father of Grover was not in good health and the family was large. Other children had

come, and there were now nine in the family, and Mr. Cleveland found it difficult to earn enough to keep them all.

It was, therefore, decided that the older boys should earn something toward the living. One of the deacons in the church, who kept a store, offered to give Grover a position in the store, and the offer was accepted.

He had attended the academy scarcely a year when he was obliged to stop school for the time and go to work in the store. This he did with a sad heart, for he was very anxious to acquire a good education.

But he did not stop his studies altogether. He studied in the evenings and often at the store when he had a few minutes to spare. He studied his school-books and read any other good book he could get.

He continued in the store for over a year, when other and more important changes came into his life.

IV.

A SAD CHAPTER.

IN 1851, after spending ten years at Fayetteville, Grover's father moved to Clinton, New York, and became a traveling missionary. About the time of the moving Grover made a long journey alone to visit his uncle, a Mr. Allen, who lived near Buffalo, where he owned a large stock-farm.

Grover was greatly delighted with the home of his rich uncle, with the good fishing near by, and was much interested in the many kinds of cattle kept by his uncle.

He remained five or six weeks, when he returned to his new home at Clinton. It is said that his money was so near gone that he could not pay his way back home; but as he was too proud to ask his uncle for money, he made his way by working along the canal.

As he was only fourteen years old, he must have been a very plucky boy to make this trip alone. Now it seemed at last that he would be able to gratify his ambition to get a good education.

There was a college at Clinton, as well as a preparatory school. Grover at once entered the preparatory school, and began to study with the same vigor he had shown at the academy in Fayetteville.

He outran his class, and was ready to be examined for college before he was old enough to enter according to the rules of the college.

He could not enter the college while under age, as he had entered the academy at Fayetteville, and while he was waiting to grow older, the same gentleman who had employed him at Fayetteville wrote Mr. Cleveland and offered to take Grover back in the store.

It was decided that he should go, and so he did. He remained there for two years. The first year he received fifty dollars, and the second year one hundred dollars.

During these two years the young clerk studied at odd times, intending to enter college as soon as he returned to his home.

At the end of this time he gave up his position in the store and returned to his father's house at Clinton, a strong, manly boy of sixteen years, ready to enter college. But alas!

his father's health had failed rapidly, and he was now forced to give up his work as a traveling missionary.

He then became pastor of a little church in a small village near Utica. The name of this little village was Holland Patent.

One of his older sons was now in New York city, teaching in an institution for the blind. One of the daughters was married, and another, whose name was Mary, was soon to be married.

One day, when they had been in their new home scarcely a month, Grover drove to the city of Utica with his sister Mary to make some purchases for her wedding outfit.

As they walked along the street they were met by a messenger who had been hastening to overtake them. He bore the shocking news that their father had died suddenly that morning after they had left home.

What a sad journey homeward young Grover and his sister Mary had that day! What a sad household was the Cleveland family when the beloved husband and father was taken away by death!

V.

A YEAR IN THE GREAT CITY.

THE Cleveland family were left poor, and several of the children were too young to aid their mother in earning a living. But her kind friends in Fayetteville, Clinton, and Holland Patent purchased for her a home. This was a great relief, but it did not relieve the elder children from having to work to earn the living.

This was a sad thing for Grover, for he had to give up his college course.

One of the sons had a position in New York city, and it was decided that Grover should go and assist in teaching and to act as an accountant in the institution with his brother.

During the year that he remained in New York he learned much. Now he saw the great city, with all its wonders and its hurrying thousands along the streets.

Here were the great mansions of the rich and the miserable dwellings of the poor and wretched. As he walked along the crowded streets there was no one to greet him in the vast throngs that hurried to and fro; there was

none who recognized this rustic boy from the country.

Little did this boy then dream that the time would come when he would be welcomed in this vast city by the booming of cannon and the shouts and cheers of the multitude as the first citizen of the land, the President of the United States!

He remained a year in the great city. His salary was small, and every dollar that could be spared was sent to his widowed mother. But he was not satisfied with his position. It offered him no opportunity to rise, and he was ambitious to be a man of importance and usefulness in the world.

He thought he would like to be a lawyer, but every place in the city seemed to be filled. Not an opening appeared for this ambitious youth.

What could he do? He felt that he was wasting his time in a position that promised him nothing better for the future. He had read of the great West, and how it offered better opportunities to a young man than he

could find in the East. Ohio and Indiana were in those days considered western States.

Grover looked over the map and determined to select some city and go there, if in his power, and make his fortune as best he could.

In northern Ohio there was a city bearing his own name,—Cleveland,—and he decided to make his way to that city. But first, after giving up his position, he repaired to his mother's home at Holland Patent for a visit.

VI.

STARTING OUT IN THE WORLD.

GROVER CLEVELAND was warmly welcomed in his home after being away for a year, but his mother was not able to help him on his way westward. She gave him a true mother's advice and her sincerest blessing, and this is often worth more than money.

Grover then went to an old friend of his father's, a Mr. Townsend, and asked for the loan of twenty-five dollars to take him on his westward journey.

Mr. Townsend not only had means, but a great kindly heart, and he was interested in a boy who was trying to do something for himself. He gave Grover the money, and requested him not to pay it back, but at some future time, when he became a successful man, to give it to some other boy who was trying to get up in the world.

With a brave heart Grover set out for Cleveland, although he knew no one in that city. But he had faith in the future, and he fully believed that if he never gave up he would succeed in the end. His hope was to get a position in a law office, where he could study to be a lawyer.

His journey was by way of Buffalo, and when he reached that city he decided to pay a short visit to his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, whom he had visited a few years before.

He had no intention to ask his uncle for help, but only to pay him a very short visit. His uncle and aunt were delighted to see him.

They began to question him about his intentions, and when they found out that he, a boy of scarcely eighteen years, was making his way

to the West alone, they were struck with his bravery and his ambition.

“Stop here, my boy,” said Mr. Allen. “Buffalo is quite as good a place as Cleveland. If you will stop here, I will find you a place.”

Young Grover was greatly pleased at this turn his fortune had taken, and he decided to take the advice of his uncle.

Mr. Allen was a wealthy and very influential man. He knew all the leading men in Buffalo. He had a large stock-farm on Grand Island, in the Niagara River, and his pride was to breed short-horned Durham cattle.

It happened that just at this time he was working on a book called “The American Short-Horn Herd Book,” and he was very much in need of some one to help him.

He, therefore, offered to employ his young nephew for the summer,—it was now the spring of 1855,—saying that it would be time enough to find a position in a law office in the fall. Grover accepted the offer, and he was soon hard at work for his uncle.

Five months he spent in this pleasant em-

ployment, and most of the sixty dollars it brought him was sent to his mother.

The employment itself was not so pleasant, for it was hard work; but the home was a delightful one, and the young man had a good deal of time to himself for hunting and reading. And, further, he was delighted that his uncle had promised to find him a place in some law office in Buffalo.

Mr. Allen knew all the lawyers in the city, and before the summer was over he was so pleased with his young nephew that he was willing to recommend him to any one.

Mr. Allen now went to the city, to a leading lawyer named Rogers, and asked him if he did not want a boy in his office. Mr. Rogers said he was always interested in smart boys, but he did not need any at that time.

Mr. Allen informed him that his young kinsman, who was staying at his house, was a very bright, ambitious boy, and was very anxious to become a lawyer.

Mr. Rogers now became interested, and, pointing to a table in the corner of his office, said, "We do not need a boy, but there is a

table, let him come in and try, if he wishes to." Thus, through his uncle's recommendation, Grover secured his place without seeing his employers.

VII.

IN THE LAW OFFICE.

GROVER CLEVELAND was soon at his desk in the law office. At first he received no pay, and later only four dollars a week for two whole years.

This is often the experience of young men getting a start in life. They must frequently suffer hardships and privations which almost always is the best thing for them.

Grover was fortunate in having a kind-hearted uncle, who kept him in clothes and gave him his board for the little he could do evenings on another book Mr. Allen was getting out.

Every morning and evening Grover walked from his uncle's home to the office in the city, over a rough road of two miles. Sometimes

the road was drifted high with snow-banks and at other times the mud was so deep that he could hardly get along. But he was always at the office on time and ready for work.

One day, soon after he went into the office, Mr. Rogers came and threw a copy of Blackstone's "Commentaries" on Grover's table and said, "That's where they all begin." Blackstone's "Commentaries" is a large and very difficult work on law that all law students are obliged to master.

What Grover's thoughts were when the great volume was put before him we do not know. It must have seemed like a mountain to overcome.

He opened the volume and began to read. Now, many a young man with less courage might have read a little while and then put the book aside until another time.

What did Grover Cleveland, the future President of the United States, do? We shall see. As he read page after page he became so interested that he forgot everything else. Hour after hour passed, and Grover was still reading, still delving into Blackstone.

Evening came, and the men in the building locked the doors and went home, without noticing him. Grover was still reading, and when at last he came to himself he found he was locked in and alone.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen were very uneasy when Grover did not get home for dinner. They waited until late in the night, and yet he did not come. They did not understand it, for they knew the young man had no bad habits and could not have gone with evil companions.

It is said that when he found himself locked in the building and had no way of getting out, he quietly went back to his books and read all night.

When Mr. Allen discovered how it happened he was delighted that his young nephew was so eager to learn his profession. Mr. Rogers said: "That boy will succeed; he is made of the right kind of stuff."

Many a boy will slight his work and his studies and get through as easy as he can. But such boys never take the leading places when they become men. They may earn a living in a way, but they will never do anything great

and never become known beyond their little sphere.

If a boy wishes to become a useful man, he must be faithful to his work and his books while he is a boy. That does not mean that he must give up play. Oh, no! It often happens that the boy who is best on the playground is also best at his books. Boys and girls who are fond of play are usually fond of work and study.

VIII.

AT LAST A LAWYER.

AFTER Grover Cleveland had spent two years in the office his usefulness to the firm was such that his salary was raised. He then decided to engage a room in a hotel in the city, instead of walking to his uncle's every night.

Here he would be near his work, and he felt that by being near his work he could do more and make better progress. He took a small room in the attic, where he would have a quiet place for study and not have to pay a high rent.

It happened that the hotel was much patronized by cattle-dealers from all over the country, and when these men came, they were sure to make the acquaintance of the young man who had helped to edit the "Short-Horn Herd Book." In this way Grover made many friends who continued to be his friends for long years thereafter.

Two years more passed away,—that is, four years since he began his course of study,—when young Cleveland was admitted to the bar.

Thus he became an attorney at the age of twenty-two, and so faithful and well liked had he been in the Rogers firm that they now offered him a larger salary if he would remain with them. He accepted the offer of \$600 a year at first, which was soon raised to \$1000, and he remained with the firm.

It is not an easy thing for a young lawyer of limited means to build up a practice of his own. Frequently a young man will begin with an old firm and continue with it until he is master of the business and learns to know a

great many people. Then he is ready to launch out for himself.

So it is in any business. The beginner is not the one to do great things. He must usually begin at the bottom and work faithfully for years. But if he is persevering, faithful, and honest, success is sure to come at last.

So it was with Grover Cleveland. He was one of the most painstaking, diligent, and trustworthy young men that could be found anywhere. He felt that he would surely succeed, and so he did, in a high degree, as we shall see later in our story. One of the men with whom he worked at this time wrote thus about him:

“Grover won our admiration by his three traits of character, industry, courage, honesty. I never saw a more thorough man in anything he undertook.”

Mr. Cleveland soon came to the front among the young lawyers in Buffalo. How proud and happy his fond mother must have been when she saw how nobly her son was succeeding, and how happy and grateful Grover must have been when he sent her a portion of his salary

to keep her and her younger children from want.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen were also proud of their nephew, to whom they had given aid when he most needed it.

During the first years of Mr. Cleveland's life as a voter the whole country was stirred with political feeling.

In 1858 the two great leaders, Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglass, held their great slavery debate in Illinois, known as the Lincoln-Douglass debates, and two years later—in 1860—each became the candidate of his party for President of the United States.

Almost every one took sides in politics that famous year. When the whole country was at boiling-point, no one could stand aside and take no part and say that he was neither a Democrat nor a Republican.

It seemed very natural that Mr. Cleveland would be a Republican, for he had lived for two years in the family of his uncle, who was a very decided Republican. But Grover was very independent. He could not be a Democrat or a Republican because his relatives or

friends belonged to either one or the other of the great political parties.

After due consideration of the great questions which agitated the people he chose to be a Democrat.

When Grover became of age he took an active part in the elections. He was not an office-seeker or a politician, but he felt it to be his duty to take part in public affairs.

On election day he went to the polls and handed out tickets to the voters and made himself useful in any way he could.

When the great contest and the election of 1860 had been decided, it was found that Abraham Lincoln had been elected President of the United States.

Then came the great war. Some of the Southern States declared that they would not remain longer in the Union because the people had elected a President who was not a friend of slavery.

President Lincoln would not permit these States to leave the Union, but they determined to go, and they fired on Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor. Then President Lincoln

called for volunteers to put down the rebellion and save the Union.

Mr. Cleveland was not the man to become surly because his party did not win in the election. No good citizen will do that, for when a President is elected, he is President of the whole people and not merely of his own party.

So thought Grover Cleveland. He loved the Union, and thought it the duty of every good citizen to help save it. When Mr. Lincoln's call came for volunteers he believed it his duty to respond to the call.

There were four Cleveland brothers. The oldest one had followed in the footsteps of their father and had become a minister. The other three now conferred about the war, and it was decided among them that two of them should answer the President's call and go to the war, while the other one should remain at home to care for their mother and the younger children.

Since Grover was earning more than either of the others, it was agreed that he should continue his law practice while the other two went to the war.

Grover's two brothers, therefore, whose names

were Richard and Frederick, served through the war, while Grover remained at home and sent money as he could spare it to their mother.

IX.

ASSISTANT DISTRICT-ATTORNEY.

As before stated, it is usually a long and tedious business for a young lawyer to build up a good practice. Mr. Cleveland at first worked on a salary, but he now was practising his profession on his own account.

At first he had little opportunity to display whatever powers he may have possessed. The cases that came to him were usually small and unimportant ones, but these he handled with the utmost care and industry.

At length an assistant district-attorney was wanted. There were several young lawyers in the city who became candidates for the position, and each one worked hard to secure it.

Mr. Cleveland was also spoken of for the place, although he was not a candidate and did not ask for the position. But the men who

knew him declared he was the best fitted of all the candidates for the position, because the most industrious and faithful to duty.

Grover was appointed to the office, although he had not been a candidate and neither did he make any effort to secure the position.

The district-attorney was in very poor health, and lived in a village some miles from the city, so most of the work of the office fell to the assistant.

Mr. Cleveland thus found himself suddenly confronted with a great deal of hard work in a very responsible position. Then it was that his working powers came out as never before.

His friends feared he would break down his health, and they often invited him out to dine, thinking they would in this way get him away from his work for a little while, but he declined nearly every invitation and stuck to his work day and night.

One man who knew him well wrote of him a few years later: "He was the most industrious man I ever knew in any department of life. Time after time he would remain in his office, working all night."

In 1863 the President found it necessary to refill the armies of the United States by means of the draft, and when the draft-roll was called in Buffalo, the very first name drawn from the box was the name of Grover Cleveland.

What could be done? He loved his country and he was not a coward, but his mother was a widow and he was her main support. She had two sons already in the war. Could she spare another?

Grover thought not, so he engaged a substitute to go in his place. His earnings were not large, so he was compelled to borrow the money to pay the substitute.

Many people blamed Mr. Cleveland for not answering the country's call and for not going to the war himself, but many others believed he did right under the circumstances.

In 1865 the term of his office expired and the Democrats nominated him for district attorney, as he had learned all about the business as assistant, and he was very popular, but the county was very strongly Republican, and though Mr. Cleveland ran ahead of his ticket, he was defeated.

Mr. Cleveland was now very well known in the city as an able, industrious lawyer, and for the first time in his life he was in a position to earn a good salary.

He now formed a partnership with another lawyer. But this partnership did not last long, and he formed another with two prominent lawyers named Laning and Folsom.

The new firm had all the business it could do from the beginning, and Mr. Cleveland was soon earning money as he never did before. But he never made it his chief business to get rich.

One of his partners says that Cleveland did not know how to charge a rich client. He would name a small fee where most lawyers would name a large one. Another thing, he would often take the case of a poor man or woman and pay the expenses of the trial himself, so that he was not only without a fee, but out of pocket for the expenses.

X.

SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY.

IN 1870 the Democrats were very anxious to find a good man to be their candidate for sheriff of the county, and they turned to Mr. Cleveland. He did not desire the nomination, but they gave it to him without his consent.

At first he was inclined to refuse to run for sheriff, but when the party leaders explained to him that they were greatly in need of such a man and they believed he could win where no one else could, he consented to run.

His friends had more confidence in his winning powers than he himself had, but when the election came, Mr. Cleveland was elected.

As sheriff, Cleveland showed great strength of character. Before his election it had been the custom to give out contracts to certain favored ones, but Sheriff Cleveland gave them to the lowest bidders, and thus saved the taxpayers a good sum of money.

This course displeased many of the politicians of both parties, but the sheriff was not

trying to please the politicians; he determined to do right and serve the people honestly.

Mr. Cleveland's term as sheriff lasted three years, and as the office was a good-paying one, he found himself several thousand dollars ahead at the end of the term.

But the chief result of this public service was that Mr. Cleveland became well known throughout the city and county as a very honest and a very courageous man.

While Mr. Cleveland was sheriff he received an item of news from the sea that was very sad indeed. His two brothers who went to the war and who had served their country faithfully on the field of battle had, after their return, gone to Bermuda to keep a hotel; but one day, when they were at sea on the steamer "Missouri," the vessel caught fire and was destroyed. Among the passengers that perished were the two brothers of Grover Cleveland.

He then made a sad journey to the Bermudas to settle up the affairs of his brothers, and this, it is said, is the only sea-voyage that Mr. Cleveland ever took.

Mr. Cleveland returned to his law practice after he ceased to be sheriff, but his old practice was gone and his firm broken up. So he had to begin anew, but it was not long until he was again busy enough. But, as previously stated, he did not make money very rapidly because he was too generous.

One day a poor woman came to him with a pitiful story. She informed him that her husband was ill and not able to work, and that a mortgage on their home for \$1400 had fallen due; that they had no money, not even enough to pay the interest on the mortgage, nor any way of getting any, and the person who held the mortgage wanted his money and threatened to foreclose it unless the money was forthcoming.

Mr. Cleveland listened to her story patiently and then said:

“Madam, sit here in my office until I come back. I will fix the matter for you.”

Then he went to the bank, drew out \$1400 of his own money, and went and paid the mortgage. What a generous act for a person

whom he had never seen until that day! But that was Grover Cleveland.

Another thing must here be mentioned. It will be remembered that when Mr. Cleveland was a boy and just starting on his westward journey he borrowed \$25 from an old friend, Mr. Townsend, who told him he need not pay the money back at all—that he might hand it to some other ambitious boy some time.

Mr. Cleveland not only paid it in this way many times over, but he also paid the money back to Mr. Townsend.

Many years after he had borrowed the money he wrote to his generous friend as follows:

“I am now in condition to pay my note which you hold. I have forgotten the date of the note. If you will send me the note, I will mail you the principal and interest.

“The loan you made me was my start in life, and I shall always preserve the note as an interesting reminder of your kindness.”

XI.

A VERY HEROIC MAYOR.

THE city government of Buffalo, it was claimed, was very corrupt. The men who ran the city thought more of private gain than of serving the people's interests. They gave out contracts for public works to their favorites at very high figures, and the tax-payers had to foot the bills.

The people were getting very tired of this sort of business. On the street-corners, in their homes and offices, the common talk of the people was the high taxes caused by a corrupt city government.

Something had to be done. A new mayor was to be elected, and if an honest and a courageous man could be elected, he would do much to break up the ring of corrupt office-holders.

The Democrats turned to Mr. Cleveland. "Here is the man," they said, "who will redeem our city if any man can." When the convention met, Mr. Cleveland was not present. He was in court conducting a trial.

His name was used without his consent, and the first he knew of his nomination was when a messenger came into court and informed him that he was nominated for mayor of the city.

He went with the messenger to the convention hall, and in a few modest words indicated that he would accept the honor, after which he returned to the court-house to finish the trial.

A short time after this Mr. Cleveland wrote a letter of acceptance which was published in the papers. In this he showed how the people had been robbed by some of the dishonest officials, and declared that the business of the city should be managed with the same care and economy as a man's private business.

In this letter he promised to serve the people faithfully and honestly if elected, and every man and woman in the city who knew Grover Cleveland believed him.

The city of Buffalo was Republican by a large majority, but many honest Republicans believed that Cleveland was the right man to put at the head of the city government, and they voted for him.

Mr. Cleveland was elected, and his term be-

gan in January, 1882. His first message to the city council pointed out that the city officials, or office-holders, were the servants of the people; that they held the people's money in trust, and that they should be honest with it as any man should be in handling the money of his neighbor.

He also pointed out that there had been great mismanagement in the city government, with "shameful neglect of duty" and "the wasting of the people's money."

"A new prophet among us," said the people when they read this message. Others said, "An honest man at last; the city will be redeemed."

But more than half the city council belonged to the old set and opposed the new mayor.

One of them rose in his seat while the message was being read and moved that such a paper be not read in their presence. But the others preferred to hear it all, and so it was read in full.

In a very short time after the new mayor took his seat he came in conflict with the council.

One of the first reforms was in regard to

public printing. It had been the custom to give the printing to certain favored ones at a much higher price than it was worth.

But Mr. Cleveland changed this and let out the contract for printing to the lowest bidder. In this way he saved the city about one-half of the amount which had been paid for this work before.

Next he vetoed a bill to pay \$800 a year each to certain German newspapers for printing the doings of the council. A veto is a disapproval, a refusing to sign a bill passed by the body that makes the laws.

The city council believed that the mayor would not veto this measure for fear of offending the German citizens of the city. But he did so, declaring that the expense was not necessary, and the council had not a majority large enough to pass the bill over his veto.

The Germans were not offended, for they saw that the mayor was right, and they did not want to pay taxes that were not needful.

XII.

VETOES AND TRIUMPHS.

IT happened that the city of Buffalo was greatly in need of a large sewer to drain certain parts of the city that were very unhealthy and where the death-rate was very high.

A bid to do the work for \$1,568,000 had come in from a favored contractor, and the council was about to let the contract to this man. But behold! they didn't, for there stood the heroic mayor in the way.

Mayor Cleveland saw that if the scheme was carried through it would rob the people of a great many thousand dollars, and he determined to defeat it.

He suggested that the entire work be given into the hands of a commission of five citizens who were known for their honesty and public spirit, and that the contract be given to the lowest bidder.

What an astonishing suggestion! A vast sum to be spent and the politicians to have no hand in doing it! Oh, no! they would listen to no such a thing. They were in politics for the

purpose of giving out just such contracts, and they would not consent to have this fine contract taken out of their hands.

But there stood the mayor like a stone wall, and they could do nothing. The law required that the committee should be appointed by the mayor and approved by the council.

The council was angry, and promptly voted against confirmation of the five men whom the mayor had appointed, although they were the most trusted men in Buffalo.

Mayor Cleveland waited a week, and then sent in again to the council the names of the same five men, which the council at last very reluctantly confirmed. The bids were opened for the new sewer, and instead of paying out over a million dollars, as the council intended to do, the work was done for about one-half of that amount.

The mayor thus upset all the plans of the politicians and saved the tax-payers over \$800,000.

Another case nearly equal to this came up about the same time. The council voted to give the contract for cleaning the streets to a

man for a period of five years at a sum far in excess for what others would do it for, and the mayor promptly vetoed the bill in a message which became known as his "Plain Speech" message. He said:

"This is a time for plain speech. I withhold my assent from this bill because I regard it as a most bare-faced, impudent, and shameless scheme to betray the interests of the people, and to worse than squander the public money."

Again the council had to yield, and the contract was later given out for street-cleaning at a saving of one hundred and nine thousand dollars a year for the city.

Grover Cleveland was now becoming known over the State and in other parts of the country as the great reform mayor of Buffalo.

The people of Buffalo spoke of him with pride and seemed to feel a pity for other cities that could not boast such a man in the mayor's chair.

This city council, while it did many acts which the mayor could not approve, did, all unconsciously, one noble service for the mayor. It caused the reputation of Grover Cleveland

to extend far beyond the bounds of Buffalo, as one of the most heroic and honest men that ever entered public life in the United States.

XIII.

GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK STATE.

ALL that has been related about Grover Cleveland as mayor occurred in the first half of the year 1882. In the autumn of that year, while he was still mayor, a governor of New York was to be elected.

The State was in about the same condition as the city of Buffalo had been.

The State had a good governor, Mr. Cornell, a Republican, and the people wanted him nominated for a second term. But the politicians, the bosses, and the ringsters did not want him renominated because he was too much like Mr. Cleveland—independent and honest.

So they secured the nomination of Judge Folger, who was a member of President Arthur's cabinet. Judge Folger was a very honorable man, but the people were angry at

the way Governor Cornell had been turned down against their wishes.

A great many Republicans, therefore, came out against the ticket and declared they would not vote for Judge Folger. Now came the opportunity for the Democrats.

If they should nominate a good, strong, honest man, he would get a great many Republican votes, and while they were looking for such a man, the people of Buffalo came forward and said, "We have such a man—our reform mayor, Grover Cleveland."

Then the people began to talk about Mr. Cleveland. His picture was printed in the newspapers, and a great deal was said about what a great work he had done for Buffalo.

The Democratic convention met in September, and Cleveland was nominated. Many thousands of Republicans now declared that they would join the Democrats and vote for Mr. Cleveland, the Buffalo lawyer and mayor, for governor. And they did, and Grover Cleveland was elected by the great majority of 192,000 votes.

During the campaign Mr. Cleveland con-

tinued in the mayor's office and took no part in the canvass. After the election he was invited to attend a great banquet in his honor in New York city.

No doubt as he entered the great city he thought of the time, many years before, when he was a humble, unknown assistant in the Asylum for the Blind.

At this banquet Mr. Cleveland made a speech that was read far and wide throughout the country. In it he said:

“My only aspiration is to faithfully perform the duties of the office to which the people of my State have called me. If we retain the people's confidence, we must deserve it, and we may be sure they will call on us to give an account of our stewardship.”

Cleveland became governor at the beginning of the year, just a year after he had become mayor of Buffalo, and he settled down to the hard work of the office.

The mansion in which the governor lived was a mile away from the Capitol, and he walked from one to the other several times a day. The people observed this, and they soon

remarked that "This new governor is a right down hard-working man. He doesn't make any fuss about it, either. Doesn't seem to have any use for carriages. He walks."

He was very pleasant to the people he met and spoke very kindly to them. His unassuming manner soon won the respect, if not the affections, of the people.

Another thing that pleased the people was what the new governor said to the attendants of his house: "Admit any one who wants to see the governor." Like Lincoln, he was a man of the people, and instead of withdrawing from them, he was pleased to meet the people and to have their suggestions concerning public affairs.

Governor Cleveland proved to be as watchful for the interests of the State as Mayor Cleveland had been for the interests of the city of Buffalo.

He vetoed many bills that the Legislature sent to him because he thought they were not for the best interests of the State and people. But one that he vetoed in the spring of 1884 astonished everybody, for this veto did not seem to be in the interests of the people.

It was called the Five-Cent-Fare Bill. The Legislature passed a bill to force the Elevated Rail-Road Company of New York to reduce its fares from ten cents to five. It would seem that such a bill would be signed by any governor.

Hundreds of thousands of people used the elevated road every day, and many of them were laboring-people who had little money. But Governor Cleveland vetoed the bill.

Why did he do such a thing, apparently in the interests of a rich corporation and against the interests of the common people?

He explained in his veto message why he did so. He showed that for many years the people of New York wanted rapid transit, and that men who had money were timid and hesitating about building the road for fear it would not pay.

He showed that the State had invited the confidence of the company, and now to reduce the fares by law would be a breach of faith with the company.

He showed, too, that the interests of the stock-holders of the company must be pro-

tected by law as well as the interests of the people who rode in the cars.

This veto showed the great courage of Governor Cleveland. It showed that he was not seeking popularity at all. It showed that his only aim was to do right and deal out justice to all classes. This veto made him many enemies, and yet he never regretted it.

But other vetoes showed that the governor was not the champion of the corporations. He vetoed a bill to extend the privileges of gas-light companies and other similar ones. He also did what he could to bring about better treatment of the prisoners of the State.

XIV.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1884.

As the time for electing a President of the United States drew near the interests of both parties were awakened. For nearly twenty-four years the Republicans had controlled the Government, and now they were about to make a great effort to keep their hold on the country.

New York, with its thirty-six electoral votes, was known as the pivotal State. The other States of the Union were so nearly balanced between the two parties that the votes of New York were likely to decide the contest.

The President of the United States is not elected by a direct vote of the people. Each State has a certain number of electors, and the number is determined by the population which each State contains.

Each State has as many electors as the State has Congressmen and United States Senators. The people choose the electors, and the electors choose the President and Vice-President.

In 1884 the State having the largest number of electors was New York, which had thirty-six, while the smallest number which any State had was three.

Several States in 1884 had but three each. Both parties were very anxious to secure the electors of New York, for it was believed that they would decide the contest.

When President Garfield was shot, Vice-President Arthur became President, and many Republicans wished to have him head the

ticket, but the great defeat of Judge Folger, President Arthur's friend and member of his Cabinet, led people to believe he could not carry the State of New York.

Then there was another very strong obstacle in the way of Arthur's nomination, which was the very able and popular Republican leader, James G. Blaine, of Maine.

The friends of both Arthur and Blaine were very active until the convention met in Chicago in June, when Mr. Blaine was chosen and General John A. Logan, of Illinois, was named for Vice-President.

The Democratic Convention also met in Chicago the month after Blaine had been chosen by the Republicans. The name of Grover Cleveland had been talked of by the Democrats everywhere, but he had made many enemies in New York by his vetoes and also among the party men who had found that they could not control him.

These men made a desperate effort to defeat him in the convention, but they did not succeed. He was nominated on the second ballot.

When the vote was announced, the cheering in the great convention hall was deafening, but the voices of the multitude were almost drowned by the tremendous roar of cannon from the outside.

When the news reached Mr. Cleveland at Albany, is it any wonder if he thought of the little barefoot boy who had played in the streets of Fayetteville forty years before; who had entered the academy at the age of eleven years, and who had started for the West a few years later with hope in his breast, but with no knowledge of what the future would unfold?

For many hours after the news came to the governor's office it was thronged with people who came to offer congratulations. Then the telegrams—a perfect torrent of them from all parts of the United States! In the evening a great throng of people gathered to offer their good wishes to the man who had been chosen a candidate to the great office.

A few weeks later a committee from the convention, headed by Mr. Vilas, of Wisconsin, who had been president of the convention,

came to Albany to notify Mr. Cleveland of his nomination.

Many friends and relatives of the candidate were present, and among them were Mrs. Folsom, widow of Mr. Cleveland's former law partner, and her charming daughter Frances, who afterward became mistress of the White House at Washington.

The campaign was a very exciting one, and when election day came to a close, the result seemed doubtful. New York was the State to decide the contest, as had been expected, and the vote in that State was so close that it took several weeks to decide whether James G. Blaine or Grover Cleveland had secured its electoral vote.

At last the decision came. Cleveland had carried the State by a little over one thousand votes. This gave him 219 electoral votes to 182 for Mr. Blaine.

The great contest was over, and Grover Cleveland had been elected President of the United States.

XV.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE result of the election of 1884 seemed very strange when it was remembered that Mr. Blaine had been in Congress for many years, the leading man of his party, an attractive orator, and a statesman known all over the world.

Mr. Cleveland was not an orator, he had never been in Congress, and never had been a leader of his party, and in fact only within a year or two had he been known outside of his own city of Buffalo.

He was made President by the people because they believed that a man of great honesty and great courage was needed at the helm of the ship of State, and they believed that Mr. Cleveland was just such a man.

The inauguration on the fourth of March, 1885, was a grand affair. The people came in thousands from all parts of the country to the city of Washington, and a vast crowd stood on the grounds of the Capitol to hear the inaugural address.

When about to be sworn into the office, the Bible used for this purpose was produced. But Mr. Cleveland said no! and he took from his pocket a little well-worn Bible which his mother had given him when a boy, and on this he took the oath of office as President of the United States.

The first bill which became a law by the President's signature was an act to restore General Grant to the retired list of the army.

Grant was growing old, and he had failed in a business venture in New York and was suffering from an incurable disease. The hearts of the people went out to the General, and they all felt grateful for this kind act of Congress and the President.

President Cleveland followed the usual custom, and chose his Cabinet just after his inauguration. The Cabinet members are the President's advisers to aid him in his labors in running the Government.

One of the first things President Cleveland did after becoming president was to show himself a friend of civil-service reform. The civil officers are those who are appointed by the

President and serve the Government in various ways, as postmasters, letter-carriers, etc.

It had been the practice for many years for a party which had been out of power, when it came into power again, to turn out all the civil-service officers and put in others who belonged to the party in power.

Mr. Cleveland opposed this, and so did many other leading Democrats and Republicans. This practice has been changed by what is now known as civil-service reform, so that many of these officers are now kept in office as long as they do their work well, and not simply as long as their party is in power.

One of the important measures that came before President Cleveland was the Dependent Pension Bill. Congress passed an act to give a pension to any old soldier who needed the money to live on, whether he had been wounded in the war or not.

Mr. Cleveland thought that if a soldier was not disabled while serving in the war, he should not receive a pension, and he vetoed the bill.

The most important of all the laws passed in the first term of President Cleveland's adminis-

tration was the Presidential Succession Law. This is a very important law to be remembered.

The Constitution provides that if the President dies or ceases to be President from any cause before his term is ended, the Vice-President is to become President, and after him the President of the Senate.

This arrangement was a very faulty one, for the reason that the President of the Senate might belong to a different party from the President of the United States, and should the President die and the President of the Senate become President of the United States, a party would come into power that had not been chosen by the people at the last election.

Then, again, if the President and Vice-President should both die and there was no President of the Senate and Congress was not in session, there would be no President of the United States at all for a time. Now, while the people were contemplating this subject, Vice-President Hendricks suddenly died.

At that time there was no President of the Senate, so there was but one life between the presidency and a lapse in the office. If Mr.

Cleveland had died before Congress met, there would have been no one to succeed him.

The new law provides that in the event of the death of the President and Vice-President the Secretary of State becomes President, and after him the Secretary of the Treasury, and after him other members of the Cabinet.

Other important measures were the Inter-State Commerce Act and the Fisheries Act, which became laws during President Cleveland's first term in office.

XVI.

A WHITE HOUSE WEDDING.

GROVER CLEVELAND was a bachelor nearly forty-eight years old when he became President of the United States. Only one President before him had been unmarried, and that one was James Buchanan.

Several times there had been marriages at the White House, but it was always the President's children or grandchildren who were married. Never before had a President been married while in office.

The grand mansion in which he lived must have seemed very lonesome without a mistress. Soon rumors spread around that the President was going to get married, but who the fortunate lady was to be no one seemed to know.

At length it was discovered that a young lady at Wellesley College often received handsome flowers from the White House, and then it became known that she was to become the President's bride.

The young lady was Frances Folsom, and it was said of her that she was one of the most beautiful women in the country.

Her father had been a partner in the law firm of Mr Cleveland in Buffalo, but he was killed in an accident in 1875, when Frances was but eleven years old.

After Frances Folsom finished her education at Wellesley she and her mother made a tour of Europe, returning to the United States in the spring of 1886, and on June second of that year she became the bride of Grover Cleveland.

The marriage took place in the White

House, and the only guests were a few relatives and the members of the Cabinet with their families.

Everybody welcomed the new mistress of the White House; she was so tactful, so kind and cordial to all, that she soon won the hearts of the people.

XVII.

THE NEXT ELECTION.

ANOTHER presidential election came in the fall of 1888. The chief issue of the campaign—that is, the subject on which the two great parties differed most—was the tariff question.

The American people have a very large trade with the people of other countries. We send to foreign countries what products we do not need, such as wheat, cotton, corn, and manufactured articles, while the people of foreign countries send a great deal to us.

A tariff is a certain duty, a price, put on foreign products that come into this country. As an illustration, a foreigner having a piece of machinery valued at \$1000 is compelled to pay

a duty of 50 per cent. of its value, or \$500, for the privilege of selling it in this country.

This he does by charging \$1500 for it instead of \$1000, so the one who purchases it must pay the duty. This makes the article higher in price to the consumer, but it puts money into the Treasury at Washington, and it is claimed that it helps the workingman by keeping up his wages.

The Democratic Party has always, or at least for sixty years or more, been in favor of a low tariff, while the Republican Party favors a high one.

When Mr. Cleveland became President we had a high tariff, and he was very much in favor of lowering it. In his annual message to Congress in 1887 he urged a lower tariff, and this was made the issue in the presidential campaign of 1888.

The Republicans nominated General Harrison, of Indiana, who was the grandson of General William H. Harrison, who was elected President in 1840.

Mr. Cleveland was nominated by the Democratic Party, and the contest was a lively one;

but the people of the country were not so ready to have a low tariff as Mr. Cleveland. They feared that such a change might disturb business and lower the workingman's wages, and the result of this feeling was that General Harrison was elected.

Grover Cleveland's first term as President came to an end on the fourth of March, 1889, and Mr. Harrison became President. Mr. Cleveland then moved to New York city and engaged in the practice of law. He had been a faithful and honest President, and was honored by the people of the whole country.

When the four years of Mr. Harrison's administration had passed, the Democrats could think of no other person who would make so available a candidate as Grover Cleveland, and in 1892 he was nominated a third time for the office.

It was a very great honor indeed to be nominated three times for President.

President Harrison was renominated by the Republicans, and again the chief issue was the tariff question. Two years before this election the Republicans had enacted a tariff law, known

as the McKinley Tariff, because Mr. McKinley, who afterward became President, was the author of it.

The McKinley Tariff raised the duties on foreign goods to a higher point than ever before, and the prices of nearly everything rose at the same time. This was a blow to the Republicans, for the people believed that the rise in price was caused by the high tariff.

The election in November brought a great victory to Cleveland. There had not been so sweeping a victory in the country for either party in twenty years.

Mr. Cleveland was the first President to be elected to a second term which did not immediately follow the first.

XVIII.

THE SECOND TERM.

Now again, after four years of absence, Mr. Cleveland and his family moved to the White House. The President and his charming wife seemed more gracious than ever.

They had been a great deal in society during the four years they were out of the White House, and those people whose good fortune it was to enjoy their hospitality were greatly pleased with their charming personality.

Their reoccupancy of the White House was a great and glorious affair, for Grover Cleveland felt justly proud of the great honor bestowed upon him by the American people.

From being a barefoot boy fishing in the brooks around Fayetteville, he rose to be twice President of our great nation; and such an honor comes to but few of the many millions of American citizens.

Among the many important matters which came up for settlement during the second administration was the Hawaiian Island affair.

Hawaii was a little monarchy in the Pacific Ocean, about twenty-one hundred miles from the coast of California. The ruler was a Queen whose name was Liliuokalani.

Early in the year 1893 a party on the islands, mostly Americans or the descendants of Americans, rose against the government and drove the Queen from the throne.

They then took control of the government and asked the United States to assume control of the islands.

President Harrison and nearly all the American people favored doing this, and a treaty was made and sent to the Senate. But before the Senate could act, Mr. Harrison went out of office and Cleveland again became President.

He was not in favor of annexing Hawaii to the United States, because he said we had no right to do this without the consent of the people of the islands.

He withdrew the treaty from the Senate and allowed the inhabitants to govern themselves.

Most of the American people were surprised at this action, but when they studied into the matter more carefully, they saw that the President was right—that we had no right to annex a foreign people without their consent.

Our nation is a very great and strong one, but we should never impose on smaller and weaker nations on that account. This was the stand the President took on Hawaiian affairs.

The inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands governed themselves until, by due process of law,

they were annexed in July, 1898, to the United States.

Another very important act which occurred in 1893 was the repealing of the Sherman Silver Law, which was done at a special session of Congress.

The President was elected on the tariff issue, and in order to carry out the pledges which the party had made to the people during the campaign, the Democrats passed a tariff law, called the Wilson Tariff, because it was introduced by a Congressman by that name from West Virginia.

This tariff law lowered the duties of the McKinley Tariff very much, but a few years later the Republicans came into power again, and another tariff bill was passed, called the Dingley Tariff, several parts of which will probably be changed at no distant day.

Another very important affair happened in 1894, which received prompt and courageous action at the hands of the President.

A strike of laboring men in Chicago occurred, and with the strike a riot, and so threatening did the rioters become that the

President sent United States troops to Chicago to put it down.

The Governor of Illinois sympathized with the strikers and rioters, and was opposed to the President sending troops until he, the Governor, asked for national aid in accordance with the provisions of the constitution.

But the President claimed that the rioters were interfering with the mails and with commerce, and that it was his duty to suppress it, and he resolutely and without fear sent the troops into Chicago and restored order again.

In December, 1895, the country was startled and the whole world astonished at the famous and resolute message that President Cleveland sent to Congress regarding the Venezuelan boundary dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela.

There was a boundary dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana which had continued for many years. They could not agree just where the boundary line between them should be.

Our Government then asked them to arbitrate—that is, to appoint a committee to settle

on the line in dispute, and both countries accept the committee's conclusions. Venezuela was willing to do this, but England refused.

In accordance with our Monroe Doctrine no European country can take territory that belongs to any of the Central or South American States.

This nation, by the Monroe Doctrine, wishes to protect the weaker countries south of us from the encroachments of European powers, for it is feared that if they secured a foot-hold in Central or South America, in addition to what some of the countries now possess, they would build forts and become threatening to our peace and safety.

This nation was not willing, therefore, that England should take any of Venezuela's territory, and when England refused to arbitrate, we had to interfere.

England had for many years refused to consent to arbitration, so at last this nation had to accept the situation, and in plain language the message meant that England must either consent to arbitration or fight.

It meant war if England did not yield, but to the joy of all, England did yield, and a great and dreadful war was averted.

The President knew what a dire calamity it would be to have a war between these two great nations, but he took a firm stand for right and justice, and the whole nation applauded his courage and the resolute stand he took in favor of the Monroe Doctrine.

Another presidential election came in 1896, and Mr. McKinley was elected President, and on the fourth of March, 1897, Mr. Cleveland ceased to be President. He then purchased a home at Princeton, New Jersey, and moved there with his family.

The story of Grover Cleveland is ended, and it is believed that the readers have learned a good many things about the Government and the history of the country, but the most impressive lesson which it is hoped has been learned is that an honest, intelligent, and industrious boy may win his way in the world and become an honorable, useful, and illustrious man.

THE STORY OF A GREAT AND FEARLESS PRESIDENT,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE STORY OF A GREAT AND FEARLESS PRESIDENT,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I.

EARLY INFLUENCES.

THE log-cabin and the frontier were known to Theodore Roosevelt in childhood only through books. He belongs to one of the old families of New York City.

His ancestors were pioneers two hundred years before he was born.

They were among the first thrifty Hollanders who settled in New Amsterdam. There, generation after generation of Roosevelts lived and worked, gaining wealth and influence, while the Dutch village grew into the great American city, New York.

They were good citizens, bringing up their children as they had been brought up, to be industrious and useful members of society,

good fathers, and good members of Church and State. They joined, sire and son, the Dutch Reformed Church. They could be depended upon to do their part for their country in war or peace.

For six generations the family had served the public faithfully as councilmen or assemblymen. A strong sense of responsibility for the welfare of the community has always been a characteristic of the family.

Theodore was born October 27, 1858, in the stately old house, No. 28 East Twentieth Street, New York City. This home was not so dear to him, however, as the country place, "Tranquillity," at Oyster Bay, on Long Island, where he spent the happiest days of his boyhood.

He was not a strong child, and was encouraged to spend much of his time playing in the open air, tramping through the forest, or rowing or swimming in the blue waters of the bay.

Thus, very early he came to be interested in nature, to know and love the wild, sweet freedom of the forest, and to notice plants, and birds, and fish, and animals of all sorts.

When he was a small child, the Civil War was in progress. Of course, battles and soldiers were talked about on every hand. The heroism of the soldiers made a strong appeal to the little boy in the big city house.

He heard of their splendid fighting, of how they slept on the ground and had almost nothing to eat, and he wished he could do something like that for his country.

As he grew old enough to read, his favorite books were stories of war and pioneer life. Boone and Crockett were two of his heroes. If a man could not be a soldier, in his estimation the next best thing was to be a pioneer, and fight with the Indians and hunt wild beasts.

Among his companions he liked best the boys who were strong and daring. He was devoted to his brother, an athletic youth, the faithful champion of Theodore, whose courage so far exceeded his strength that he frequently engaged in a combat to which he was not equal.

The fact that he was not so strong as the boys he admired was a source of real trouble

to the youth. He determined to do all in his power to make himself more rugged and robust.

He denied himself sweets, and followed faithfully any system of bathing, exercise, or diet which he believed would be beneficial. Indeed, he seemed to take a sort of satisfaction in disciplining himself with military severity.

At the same time he was fond of fun. If there was any excitement afoot, he was sure to have a part in it. When he made an address to the people of Oyster Bay after his return from Cuba he referred to the time when he was a boy in the town, and, pointing to a great tree in which school-boys were perched to see and hear him, said he could remember listening in that very tree to a Fourth of July oration back in the sixties.

What with plenty of good books and his father to direct his study of natural history, it is probable that the keen, observing lad learned more out of school than he did at his desk. Nevertheless, he was required to go to school—first to the public, later to private schools.

His school work, though by no means re-

markable, was thorough and creditable. He was an interesting pupil, because he always had an opinion of his own, and did not accept without thinking whatever the teacher or the text-book said.

Then, too, he always did his best when the lesson was hardest and most of the other boys gave up.

At home he was carefully trained with his brothers and sisters to be good, to be kind, to be polite. His mother took pains to be much with her children, and to make home a pleasant place for them.

His father was a judge and a philanthropist. Many a fatherless poor boy in New York knew and loved Judge Roosevelt, and his own little sons were never happier than when they had won his approval.

To give his father pleasure was motive enough for Theodore to make almost any effort. The father died before the son reached manhood, but the latter did not soon outgrow the reverent love he had felt for his father, nor the wish to live in a way that would have given him satisfaction.

Years after his father's death, when he was congratulated by a friend on a great piece of work he had accomplished for the public good, he exclaimed, "If only my father were alive to see it!"

The inheritance and the home life of the boy were such as to contribute enduring strength and sweetness to his nature.

II.

STUDY AND RECREATION.

By the time young Roosevelt was ready to enter college he had become as strong and vigorous as the average youth. He took part in school athletics, and lived much out-of-doors, spending his vacations camping and hunting.

In his opinion, no pastime was to be compared with hunting. He was never so happy as when off on a long hunt.

Later in life he did not think fire-hunting very good sport, but he never forgot the breathless delight of his first fire-hunt in the Adirondacks.

Then, the starlit night, the dark water of the lake, the graceful bark canoe, the noiseless dipping of the paddle, the sound of splashing water where the deer drank, the leveled rifle, the flash of the jack lamp, and the wondering gaze of the great-eyed deer, combined to charm his fancy and give him keen enjoyment.

One autumn he went to the Maine woods with a single comrade to hunt deer. The boys had a hard trip. The water was so low that they had to carry their pirogue most of the way.

They saw no deer, but got some small game and had a good outing. They went home refreshed and ready for work.

Maine was the scene of many of Roosevelt's youthful hunting ventures. A week spent there tracking the reindeer in snow-shoes gave him particular pleasure. Even in boyhood he would have thought it mere butchery to hunt ordinary deer in the deep snow.

But to hunt reindeer, which are quite at their ease in snow-covered forests, is apt to be harder for the hunter than for the deer, and he was eager to try his luck at it.

Accordingly, well equipped for the cold, he

and a friend went one winter to a logging camp in the heart of a forest where the reindeer wintered.

They drove from the railroad to the logging camp, where they were received with the rough but genuine hospitality of the lumberman. Making the comfortable camp their headquarters, they penetrated the wintry solitude of the forest, following on snow-shoes the trail of many a deer, but finding none.

However, the vigorous exercise in the bracing air, the good dinners at the logging camp, the excitement of the pursuit of the wary game, the beauty of the white forest, and the "silver thaw" that marked the end of their stay, made the young hunters consider the trip a success.

When Theodore was seventeen years old his brother went West to hunt buffalo on the Great Plains. He was almost as delighted as if he had been going himself, and presented his brother with the rifle with which he had shot his first deer.

At the age of eighteen Theodore Roosevelt entered Harvard College. During the four

years he spent at the university his interest was centered in study.

That boyhood trait of having opinions of his own and being unwilling to be satisfied with what some one else said strengthened as years passed.

He did not, like many college boys, jot down a few notes from a professor's lecture and then forget the subject until time for examination. A good lecture led him to think and to read.

Though not satisfied with a conclusion reached without careful investigation, he was rarely without an opinion on a subject upon which he had any information at all. His mind worked quickly to form theories concerning whatever facts were presented to it.

His ready opinions, and the vim and good reason with which he could defend them, made him an interesting character in the class-room. He was recognized as a man who did his own thinking.

His favorite subjects were history, English, political economy, and the natural sciences. His general reading was more serious than that of many students. Essays, biographies, and

histories were often chosen by him in preference to stories.

Boston, Cambridge, and the neighboring New England towns, with their many historical associations, fostered in him an interest in the early history of America. He explored the crooked streets of Boston for Faneuil Hall and the Old North Church.

He stood beneath the spreading Washington Elm in Cambridge. The battle-grounds of Bunker Hill, Lexington, and Concord came to be familiar to him. He visited Plymouth Rock and saw the old Plymouth Burying Ground; dwellings, inns, and meeting-houses, more than a century old, helped to make the past real for him.

While he cared particularly for United States history, he understood that it was impossible to know that rightly without knowing the history of other nations, and took pains to make himself familiar with the world's heroes and their achievements.

He sought in a scholarly way to see events properly related to each other; to see whatever he studied in its bearing upon kindred subjects.

He ranked among the first students in his class. When he graduated, he was one of the few to whom membership to the Phi Beta Kappa Society was awarded for fine scholarship. While in college he was a member of the Natural History Society, the Art Club, and an editor of the *Advocate*.

Theodore Roosevelt had time to do his work well and to do much more. Just as he would not study United States history without studying the history of other countries, he would not bury himself in books and neglect the other sides of life. His aim was to give himself an all-round education, physical and social as well as intellectual.

He had two sunny rooms in a pleasant, quiet house not far from the Charles River, but far enough from the college to insure his taking some exercise every day.

His study was well supplied with books. The walls were decorated with pictures of his own choosing, antlers and other trophies of the hunt.

He kept a good horse, a stylish high cart, and drove a great deal. He was rarely alone on

his drives, and his horse contributed to his own enjoyment quite as much as to his health.

He joined the Athletic Association and the Harvard Rifle Corps.

He had plenty of college spirit, and was always on hand to cheer for the Harvard crimson at the great boat-races and ball-games. He took an active part in manly sports, and had few superiors in sparring and boxing.

He was a member of the Hasty Pudding Club, and belonged to a fraternity. However, he did not limit his friendships to any particular circle.

He was quick to appreciate merit wherever he saw it. If a man had any conspicuous merit, Roosevelt could overlook some faults in him.

He was ready to discuss political economy at length with the man of ideas, even if he wore a shabby, ill-fitting coat; or to spar with the athlete from the backwoods who, in talking, violated many of the rules for correct speech taught by Professor Hill.

He could excuse a good writer being what the boys call a "grind"; if a youth had a courageous heart, he could forgive his puny arm—

in short, though he had an extremely high standard and rigidly required for himself development in all directions, he was tolerant enough with the shortcomings of those less fortunate than he.

After receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Harvard in 1880, Mr. Roosevelt travelled for a year in Europe. He climbed the Alps; he practised his French; he visited many of the places he had read of in history and literature; he hunted with English friends; and after a pleasant and profitable year, started for home as loyal an American as ever.

III.

IN POLITICS.

ON the long homeward voyage Mr. Roosevelt had time to think over the past and consider the future. Well equipped, with a strong constitution and a trained mind, he stood with the world before him.

Should he, like some of his college friends, go to the great West and become a ranchman? The novelty and wildness of the life attracted

him. That, however, would be too much like a glorious holiday.

He might do that some day, but just now he must give the head he had been so busy training some harder work to do.

Should he devote his life to letters and spend the rest of it as he had the last few years, among books and pictures and cultivated people? His means were sufficient. There was nothing to prevent him doing so.

There was plenty of work for the scholar to do—already he was thinking of a book he wanted to write. But no; he would study, he would write the book, but he must do something besides, something that would call into play his love of contest and adventure.

Should he be a banker and financier and bend his efforts to piling up millions and increasing the wealth his forefathers had made? That was too selfish.

The young man was interested in people. He had high ideals. He wanted to use his power and spend his life to help make the world better.

He decided that his half-formed plan to

study law was best. To a great lawyer many and varied opportunities were open. Accordingly, when he reached New York, he began to study law in the office of his uncle, Robert Roosevelt.

Several hours each day he read law industriously. During leisure hours he began work on his history of the war of 1812, which was published in 1882.

As his father and grandfather had done, Roosevelt took a lively interest in politics. Like them, he was concerned not merely with national political issues, but with city and State government. He attended primaries and visited political clubs.

He found in control of political organizations a set of men who, instead of trying to secure good government for the city, were interested to get weak, easily influenced men elected to important offices so that bribery and law-breaking might continue unpunished.

These leaders at first gave the stranger from the "brown-stone district," as they called the part of the city in which he lived, a cordial welcome.

They had forgotten his father, and supposing the rich young law student to be looking out for a public office, hoped he would be willing to pay them well for helping him to get it.

He was invited to make a speech. He made one denouncing dishonesty and fraud in politics, and demanding reform in terms so forcible and characteristic that they were not soon forgotten.

The "bosses," finding that he was not of the weak and easily influenced sort, and that he would probably make trouble for them, turned upon him the cold shoulder. He, however, had expected this, and was not to be driven away from the club-rooms.

He talked with the men in his friendly, genial manner, finding common ground between himself and them wherever it was possible, for he saw how large a part the personal element played in local politics.

He soon won many friends among the better sort of men who habitually frequented the clubs and brought in new members. In this way he gained so large a following that the

Republican Party was obliged to recognize him.

He was, accordingly, nominated to represent his district in the lower house of the New York Legislature.

He was called the "silk-stocking" candidate, because he belonged to one of the wealthy and aristocratic families of the city. But in spite of ridicule he was elected.

When the slight, boyish-looking member from New York took his seat in the Assembly room at Albany for the first time, he attracted little attention except from the corrupt politicians who hoped to find in him a man whose vote they could control.

He, on the other hand, was very wide awake to see just what sort of men each of his 127 fellow legislators was.

He found among them Irish, German, and Americans; city men and farmers; educated men and ignorant men; wise and foolish; clever and simple; rich and poor; good and bad. The essential question with Roosevelt was, Which were honest and which were dishonest.

In a short time he had decided to his own satisfaction just what was the moral fiber of each.

He believed many to be thoroughly honest and manly. Others he saw were weak and, though their natural impulses were right, could be influenced to act either generously or selfishly.

Still others, he felt sure, were criminal, shamelessly selling their vote and their influence, and striving to corrupt other assemblymen.

He did not wish to shrink from or avoid the wicked and the weak. He was too good a fighter for that. His wish was to make war against the wicked, to join the good, and to win and lead the weak.

Though only twenty-three years old and the youngest member of the Assembly, Roosevelt soon made his presence felt. His voice was ever raised for honesty and the public good.

The corrupt who had sold their own votes and were acting as agents to buy the votes of others feared and hated the youthful but vigorous reformer.

The upright men who, hitherto, either because of timidity or of inability, had remained inactive, looked upon him as their leader.

He was twice re-elected, serving, in all, three terms, in the years 1882, 1883, and 1884. During this time he held the place of leader of the Republican minority.

He was a tireless worker, never sparing himself in his efforts to discover the truth and prevent fraud. Where it was possible, he did not trust to report, but made original investigation.

During the discussion of the Anti-tenement Cigar-maker's Bill he visited the tenements and saw with his own eyes the frightful misery and poverty in which hundreds of his fellowmen lived.

He felt keenly the need of bettering their condition, not by charity, but by making and enforcing just laws, and realized sharply the heavy responsibility of the educated citizen.

Mr. Roosevelt made a hard fight against the acceptance, by public officers, of money from private citizens for the performance of official duty.

He secured an investigation by which it

was discovered that the county clerk received upward of \$82,000 a year in fees, and the sheriff about \$100,000. Through his efforts fees in the office of register and county clerk were abolished.

The aldermen in New York had the authority to veto appointments made by the mayor. This gave them a power over the mayor that they often used to the public injury.

Under this regulation it was impossible for a mayor to appoint officers because of merit and their fitness for the work; he had to consider always what a man's politics were and what political friends or enemies he had before making the appointment.

Roosevelt, who believed heartily that all officers should be appointed because of merit only, introduced a bill to deprive the aldermen of this power, and, by the exertion of his great influence, secured its passage.

This he considered his greatest service while acting as an assemblyman.

During three years he saw many of the evils of party "machines." He saw that their power was so great that a man could scarcely

be elected to office without the help of the machine "bosses."

He saw that many ambitious men who would otherwise have used their influence for right and honesty were controlled by the bosses because they feared they would not be re-elected unless they kept the favor of those powerful but unprincipled politicians.

For his own part he took as his watchword "Better faithful than famous," and decided from the first, never for one moment to think of what the bearing of any legislative action of his might be on his political future.

It is needless to say that he kept his resolution and was consequently in great disfavor with the managers of the party machine.

Yet he was so fair-minded that he did not condemn the machine. He saw its utility and that the difficulty lay not in the party organization, which was very complete and effective, but in the fact that it was managed by selfish, dishonest men.

He could understand better how men of that class, with no high moral standard, could take advantage of their positions to keep their places

and enrich themselves, than he could how men of high principle and good education, could be so indifferent to their duty as citizens as to allow corrupt men to control their party.

He wished to arouse the young men of New York to a sense of their public responsibility. He was a natural leader and had great success in working with young men.

During one campaign he organized a committee of twenty to influence good citizens to go to the polls on election day, feeling sure that if good men voted, the right would win.

His committee was a strange one. On it were some college men, a young college professor, the proprietor of a small cigar store, the editor of a little German newspaper, an Irishman, a Jew, a Catholic.

But however they might differ in education, social standing, nationality, or religious views, they were all young, intelligent, enthusiastic, and devoted to their leader.

In 1884 Mr. Roosevelt was sent as delegate to the National Republican Convention. During the campaign that followed many of the independent Republicans with whom he had

been closely associated, left their party and used their influence to secure the election of Mr. Cleveland, who stood for civil-service reform.

He incurred their severe censure by remaining true to his party. That year brought to a temporary close his political career.

This period, so full of work for the public, had not been without great personal joy and sorrow for Mr. Roosevelt. In 1881 he married Miss Alice Lee, of Boston. In 1883 she died, leaving one daughter.

IV.

RANCH LIFE.

THE scene of Mr. Roosevelt's activity now shifted from Albany and New York to the great western plains.

In the early half of the nineteenth century the plains extending from Mexico to Canada and from the Rocky Mountains to the wheat and corn States along the Mississippi, had given pasturage to great herds of buffalo.

But the buffalo had disappeared before the hunter, and as the land was good for grazing

and seemed of little value for anything else, the whole region was being converted into large stock ranches.

Mr. Roosevelt had travelled in the West and had seen something of ranch life. Its freedom and adventure suited him. Its very hardships attracted him, for they were of the sort to try a man's endurance, and skill, and courage.

He had all his life advocated a man's standing on his own merit and receiving only the reward he deserved. He had done this himself, in college and in politics as much as possible.

But the thought of going to a country where his family, his college education, and his social and political influence would count for nothing, where he must succeed wholly by virtue of his own strength, ability, and spirit, was bracing to him.

He was eager to prove his arm as strong, his eye as true, his nerve as steady, as another's. Besides, he wanted to learn how much of rugged manliness there was in him to endure with fidelity and good cheer the toil, exposure, and privations of ranch life: how much of the Daniel Boone quality of staunchness he possessed.

Yet he had no idea of living in an unnecessarily primitive manner, or of giving up more than necessary of the comforts, and pleasure of an educated man.

His ranch was as well equipped and up to date as possible. It extended along both sides of the Little Missouri River, near the village of Medora.

The ranch home was built in a glade thickly grown with cottonwood trees and underbrush. So wild was the place that deer sometimes came down to the river to drink, and wolves and cougars visited the cattle-pens at night. The nearest human habitation was ten miles away.

The house was called "Elkhorn," because on the spot where it stood had been found two great pairs of elk horns closely interlocked, telling the tale of a deadly struggle between two of the native monarchs of the wilderness. It was a long, low building, made of clean-hewn logs and roofed with shingles.

Not far from the house were the sod-roofed sheds and stables, the cattle-pens, the horse corral, and the kitchen garden.

Everything was, however, kept clean and in good repair while the house was occupied.

Here the new ranchman practised the cowboy's peculiar accomplishments, throwing the "rope," as the lasso is called by the northern cattlemen, and breaking broncos with a determination that strained shoulders and even broken bones could not shake.

He enjoyed the excitement of conquering a rebellious horse, of keeping his seat while the animal reared and pitched and plunged under him in vain efforts to throw him.

The watching cow hands, who had been trained from boyhood to the work, were ready enough to laugh at any mishap that befell an eastern "tenderfoot."

But this one bore laughter and jokes with good humor and usually managed to keep his patience and his saddle.

Exercise of this kind sometimes made up the chief work of Mr. Roosevelt's day. But ordinarily he was up at dawn, winter and summer, and in the saddle immediately after a hearty breakfast.

Often he went off on a hunting expedition

to keep up the necessary supply of meat. But for the most part his days were spent "quirt" in hand, on the back of a firey little mustang careering over the plains.

Now he rode simply to tame the wildness of a long unused horse. Again, he went in search of a lost bronco. Sometimes he made a tour of the ranch to see how the cattle were faring and how the men were doing their work. Or he rode merely to make himself more familiar with the country where his cattle grazed, a country of buttes, coulees, and canyons.

The monotony of such a trip was apt to be varied by an encounter with a charging steer. The discovery of an unbranded yearling, or the rescue, by means of ropes, of a cow helplessly stranded in a mud hole or in some pool of quicksand, though such employments were exhilarating to the newcomer, were humdrum to those familiar with the excitement of a "round-up."

On the western cattle ranches, where there are no fences to separate one range from another, the cattle belonging to neighboring ranchmen sometimes herd together. In order

that a man may know his own cattle he has them branded with a certain sign or mark.

Wherever he finds an animal with his mark upon it he may claim it. If an unbranded animal is found among his cattle, it is branded with his mark. Every spring there is a great round-up, when the cattle belonging to different owners are separated and the calves branded.

This is the most stirring time in the ranchman's year, and though it necessitates hard, dangerous work, is looked forward to with eagerness by the cowboys. Mr. Roosevelt took an active part in the round-up, sharing with the cowboys its hardships and risks.

Late in May he started with a dozen or more "cow-punchers" for the appointed meeting-place of the cattle men of that district.

They took with them a four-horse wagon loaded with food and bedding, in charge of the indispensable cook and teamster, and a large saddle band. Every man must have eight or ten horses for the days of hard riding to come.

After their winter's rest, "Dynamite Jimmy,"

“Fall Back,” “Bulberry Johnny,” “Wire Fence,” “Water Skip,” and all the rest of the broncos were wild and almost unmanageable.

There was a great tossing of manes and kicking of heels as sorrel, pinto, roan, and bay clattered along over the plain.

Roosevelt, with flapping sombrero, flannel hunting shirt, bright neck-cloth, and leather leggings, with a “quirt” in gloved hand and a revolver at belt, mounted on his wiry little horse in a gigantic stock saddle with dangling lasso, looked like any cowboy.

Perhaps the jackets bundled under the “slickers” or rain-coats behind the saddles of the other riders did not all contain so complete a washing outfit and change of underwear, but that distinction, though significant, was not noticeable.

When the company reached the camp agreed upon for the meeting-place of the riders from the various ranches in the neighborhood, there was little to do but lounge in the shade, tell stories, and break horses, until all had assembled. Then the foreman of the round-up gave his orders, and work began without delay.

As early as three o'clock in the morning the cook's harsh summons roused the men from their sleep on the ground.

Then, in the dim gray of dawn, there was a lively pulling on of boots, a tying of blankets into bundles, followed by a rush for the camp fire, where each man helped himself to black coffee, biscuit, beans, and fried pork, and ate what he could before the foreman's call, "Come, boys, catch your horses!" sounded.

The first work of the day was to drive the cattle in from the surrounding country. The district was parceled out to bands made up of a dozen riders each, under the direction of a division foreman. The members of a band rode together until they reached the section allotted to them.

Then the foreman sent out two riders, one to the right, one to the left, to find and drive in all the cattle within certain limits. The rest of the company rode on until they had come to the boundary of the section to be "cleaned up" by the first riders; here two more were sent out.

This continued until every rider had the

field for his morning's work assigned him. In open, level country it was easy to find the cattle, but on irregular ground like the Bad Lands along the Little Missouri long and hard riding was necessary.

These reckless rides before the sun was up, over green field, up butte, and down coulee, gave Mr. Roosevelt keen pleasure. His pulses bounded as his daring, sure-footed horse cleared a chasm or went plunging and sliding down some slippery ravine.

When he saw a herd of cattle grazing in a coulee he took the shortest route toward them, shouting "ei-koh-h-h!" and started them running down the valley to the main stream, where they would be met by other riders and headed toward the camp. Then on he rode without pause until he felt certain there were no more cattle in his territory.

Often, on coming into camp, he found as many as two thousand cattle herded there. The eight hours of hard riding were only the beginning of the day's work. After a hurried dinner he mounted a fresh horse for the round-up.

Most of the cowboys, on tough, spirited broncos, were stationed at intervals about the herd to round it up and keep any member from breaking away.

Then two or three trained men, mounted on good "cutting" ponies, rode into the herd to "cut" or drive out the cows and calves or any unbranded animal. Each animal that was to be removed had to be driven slowly through the herd in such a way as not to excite the herd.

When it reached the edge of the herd, wild riding was needed to keep other cattle from leaving the herd with the animal "cut out," and to keep it from rejoining the herd.

The cattle separated from the main herd were formed into a new herd; the calves were roped and branded; and when this work was done, the herds were turned loose and started in the direction opposite to the one in which the cowboys were to continue their work.

The spring round-up lasted about six weeks. When it was over, the time had come for the first round-up of beeves for market. This was conducted in much the same way. But now

the four-year-old beeves instead of the cows and calves were "cut out" of the herd.

After the beef round-up the long, monotonous trail work of driving the herds to the nearest shipping point began. Progress had to be very slow in order that the cattle might reach the market in good condition.

In the day-time they were driven in long lines. At night the cattle were bedded down by two cowboys who rode round and round the herd, driving the cattle into as small a circle as possible, and continued to ride until the animals had lain down.

The night was divided into watches, and two men at a time guarded the herd. They did this by riding round it in opposite directions, trusting their horses to find their way in the dark or to give them warning if any animal started to leave the herd.

If the cattle were restless, the cowboys shouted and sang, as the sound of human voices seemed to soothe the wild creatures.

Sometimes, in spite of all they could do to pacify them, the animals would take fright at the cry of a beast of prey or the rolling of

thunder. The whole herd would be on its feet in an instant.

The mass of flashing hides and horns and staring eyes would plunge forward. Then the cowboys rode like mad, now with, now athwart, the herd, guiding, checking, and at length controlling the terrified cattle.

Mr. Roosevelt took his part in the round-up and in the trail work, mounted night guard in the rain, and rounded up stampeded herds.

Later in the summer, however, there were times when cattle work was light, and even that energetic man was glad to keep away from the alkali plains where the gray sage bush and the gray earth baked in the August sun.

On those days there was no place quite so inviting as the broad, shady veranda of the ranch house. There he sat in one of the big, comfortable rocking-chairs, content for a little while to be idle and do nothing but look off under the boughs of the stately, white-barked sycamores, across the river to the green bottomlands and the brown bluffs rising in the distance.

During the winter the cattle were left to range at will, so long as they did not "drift" too near

the land of the Indians. To prevent this, camps were established at intervals along the danger-line, where riders kept guard to drive back the cattle if they ventured too near.

It was also the duty of these men to drive in and care for the weak or disabled animals after a blizzard and to see where the herds found shelter.

After serving his turn at a line camp and riding through cruel, numbing cold that found its way through wolf-skin coat and buck-skin shirt, Mr. Roosevelt experienced a sense of real joy when he came in sight of the smoking chimneys of Elkhorn and saw the firelight flash through the windows red on the snowy bushes.

Thoughts of the roaring logs in the wide fireplace, of the table laden with smoking platters of broiled venison and roast chicken, tureens of steaming potatoes and tomatoes, bowls of milk and wild-plum jelly, and plates piled with flaky bread made by the foreman's wife, were doubly pleasant because of the days passed in the cheerless, dug-out line camp.

V.

"THE WILDERNESS HUNTER."

WHILE Mr. Roosevelt lived on his ranch he did a great deal of hunting. Besides hunting for sport, he made it his business to keep the ranch table supplied with game.

Most of the large beasts of prey had been driven from the neighborhood before he came to live there, and he shot no grizzlies later than 1884. But after a day's hunt on the plains he usually came home with two or three antelope, and the hills nearby were full of deer.

Mr. Roosevelt was too true a hunter, however, to be satisfied with game that was near and plentiful. Difficulty and danger added greatly to the zest of the sport. Often he went on a long hunt alone or with some old hunter for a companion.

When spending several weeks in the mountains, he was glad to have two or three good hunters with him, a band of horses to carry the trophies and the camp equipment, and a cook and packer to do the camp work.

On almost any fine fall morning, when the

ground was still crisp with frost and the sun was only beginning to redden the east, he might be seen riding off on his favorite hunting horse, "Manitou," with perhaps a deer hound or two at his heels.

On these trips he wore a buck-skin hunting tunic and leggings and a broad-brimmed hat of the same neutral hue, that he might be as inconspicuous as possible.

He carried with him compass, field-glasses, matches, salt, and a strip of smoked venison, for he knew what it was to be lost in the wilderness. Usually he could depend upon his faithful Winchester for meat, however.

He let his horse bound along at a lively pace, but he was not in so great a hurry that he could not enjoy his ride. He was conscious of the strong, swift motion of the horse, of the freshness and coolness of the air, the rising sun, the long shadows, the wheeling of the Clark's Crows and the Wisky Jacks, and the notes of the late song-birds. All this made a good beginning for a day of keen delight.

When he neared the place where he hoped

to find game he tethered his horse, and, in moccasined feet, went clambering up some deer trail swiftly and silently, keeping a sharp lookout all the while for signs of game.

Footprints, the beds of the deer, and freshly nibbled twigs, gave him encouragement while he climbed the steep trail through the woods. Occasionally coming out on some high cliff, he searched the landscape with his field-glasses.

When at length he caught sight of a deer, his eagerness increased and he commenced a cautious approach. After an hour's breathless climbing and crawling he might come within gunshot of the game, only to see it take fright and go bounding safely off before he could take aim.

Then the whole process had to be repeated, —the search for signs, the following of the sign, the cautious, laborious "stalk,"—but at last came the moment of triumph, when the lordly buck with splendid antlers stood not one hundred yards away, and he knew, as he took steady aim, that the game was his.

Mr. Roosevelt is a good shot. He is proud

of his record in shooting running antelope and in hitting at long range, but he declares that his success in hunting is due more largely to "dogged perseverance and patient persistence" than to skill.

Perhaps the hard work and persistence were necessary to make him appreciate to the full the satisfaction of bringing down the game.

Certainly, though he enjoyed as much as any man coming into camp with three hardly earned elk tongues hanging at his belt, he took no pleasure in shooting deer swimming in water or floundering in snow.

He saw little sport in fire-hunting or in hunting the white-tail deer with hounds. He liked to still-hunt the black-tail deer among the wooded hills; to follow the antelope over the green prairies in spring and early summer; to seek the sure-footed mountain goat among snowy crags; to track in snow-shoes the broad-hoofed caribou, and to surprise the moose in its watery haunts.

But none of these pleasures excelled that of elk hunting in the mountain parks of the Rockies. Often he pitched his camp by some

mountain lake or rushing stream, and from there hunted the heights for elk.

It was good, after a day's hunt, to come into a comfortable camp at night, to sit down to a feast of "roasted elk venison, trout, and flap-jacks with maple syrup," then to lounge about the fire of pitchy stumps telling the experiences of the day or recounting former hunting exploits.

It was pleasant to lie at night in a warm, deer-skin sleeping bag, breathing the keen air, and hearing, above the roar of the green mountain torrent, the high, bugle-like call of the elk. But to these men the best part of all was the day's work, the stealthy following of that ringing call until within gunshot of the princely buck with his towering antlers.

These wild scenes made the hunter think, by contrast, of his far-away home. He talked to his Indian guide about his children, and was pleased with the stories the red man told in return about his little papooses. When hunting on his son's birthday, Mr. Roosevelt marked the antlers of the first elk he shot, to be sent to the little fellow for his very own.

Even in the wilderness Mr. Roosevelt preserved his sense of responsibility for the public good. One October, when he was out with a small party for the purpose of hunting antelope, the hunt was interrupted by a prairie-fire. The camp was easily and quickly moved to a place of safety.

Then the party fell to work to put out the fire. The wind was so strong that they made but little headway against it, and when night came it was still burning, looking, he said, like a "great red snake writhing sideways across the prairie." But now the wind had gone down, and they took up the work with fresh courage and zeal.

After the fashion of cowboys fighting a prairie-fire, they shot a steer, chopped it in half lengthwise, and tied ropes to its legs; then two of the men mounted their horses, and each taking a rope, rode to the fire line. One spurred his horse across the narrow, but fiercely hot, path of flame, then turning, they rode parallel with it, dragging their heavy, moist burden over the fire and smothering it.

The other men followed them, beating out

with raincoats or blankets the flames that had not been extinguished by the riders. The ride over rough, unfamiliar ground, in the heat and smoke of the prairie-fire, with the steer's carcass, now catching on something and pulling the ropes taut, now bouncing at the very heels of the frightened horses, was unpleasant and exhausting.

Men and horses were both well worn out when a ravine was reached, beyond which the fire divided in many lines that wriggled away through the blackness like endless fire-serpents. So the workers had not the satisfaction of putting out entirely the fire, but they had saved thousands of acres of precious pasturage for the cattle.

In this free out-of-door life the best of fellowship existed. Mr. Roosevelt could appreciate a good story, a good hunter, a good man, even when polish was wanting. He took more pleasure in finding the good and manly qualities in the weather-beaten men of mountain and plain than in criticizing their manners.

He respected them for what they were and made them feel it. Though he was not ready

to find fault with the men he lived among, he had no idea of living on the same intellectual level with them. His ranch house was well furnished with books, and he spent much of his time there reading and writing. When on a long excursion of any sort, he usually had a good book in his pocket.

He tells how once, when in mid-winter, he was hunting a horse among the hills he fell in with a strange cowboy, made friends with him, and camped with him in a deserted hut. There they made a fire of logs and were quite cozy. Mr. Roosevelt whiled away the hours during a storm by reading Hamlet aloud. The cowboy was much interested, and delighted the reader by his shrewd and appreciative comments.

In the large, rough-walled living room of the ranch house, bear-skins and stag-heads reminded one of the wildness of the region, and made the crackling fire seem all the warmer and the comfortable rocking-chair more comfortable as the ranchman sat reading Cooper's stories of Indian life or John Burroughs' essays on nature, while the snow blew outside. This

room was the scene of the writing of much that Mr. Roosevelt has published on Western life.

VI.

IMPORTANT OFFICES.

IN the meantime Mr. Roosevelt had not been forgotten in New York. In 1886 the Democrats were driven to nominate a candidate for the mayoralty who would meet the demands of the public for better government and better city officers.

They selected A. S. Hewett, an able and respected man. The selection met with so much applause that the Republicans saw the necessity of finding a candidate of stainless record and acknowledged force of character to run against him.

They nominated Theodore Roosevelt, then only twenty-eight years old. He accepted the party's nomination, saying that if he were elected he would serve the Republican Party by serving the city to the best of his ability.

The Labor Party put into the field as its

candidate Henry George, a man of such prominence that his election was looked upon as quite possible. Any one of the three candidates was well worthy of the honor and the responsibility, but Mr. Hewett had the support of the strongest party organization in the city, and naturally won the election.

Mr. Roosevelt's work as Assemblyman in Albany had attracted wide-spread attention. His candidacy for the mayorship of New York brought him again before the public. His efforts to secure honest legislation and civil-service reform were being more and more appreciated.

It is, therefore, not strange that in 1889 he was appointed by President Harrison as a member of the National Civil-Service Commission.

He found that his new office called for ceaseless watchfulness and great industry and courage.

Civil-service offices had so long been treated as party spoils that many took it as a matter of course that when the Democratic Party came into power all Republican employees in the

post-office, the custom house, or any department of the civil service should be turned out to make place for Democrats, and when the Republican Party was reinstated there should be a redistribution of the offices among Republicans.

It is important to know what the political views of one's Representative or Senator are, as he must vote for one in Congress. But a man's politics have nothing to do with his being a good postmaster or mail clerk.

And Mr. Roosevelt and all advocates of civil-service reform thought that the men best able to do the work should be given such positions without respect to party, and that they should be discharged only for good reason and not because of a change in administration.

They wished to see the merit system established for two reasons: First, because it would give the nation better public service, since it would prevent the employment of incompetent men and would also prevent the confusion and blundering that were sure to follow a complete change in the working force of any department of the civil service.

Secondly, because under the spoils system public offices could be used as bribes to induce men who wanted them to use their influence and votes for the election of men from whom they hoped to receive an appointment.

That the spoils system made it possible to use the taxes paid by the people for good public service, to reward party "bosses," and to corrupt voters was the greatest evil of the system in Mr. Roosevelt's estimation.

Certain classes of public service were protected by the Civil-Service Law, which required that vacancies should be filled by those who stood highest in competitive examinations open to the public. The Commission had to provide for the examinations and had to see that the law was not evaded or violated.

Mr. Roosevelt found this no easy task. He says that it was usually necessary to goad the heads of departments continually to see that they did not allow their subordinates to evade the law, and that it was very difficult to get either the President or the head of a department to punish those subordinates who had evaded it.

But he neither relaxed his watchfulness nor shrank from an unpleasant duty, and was remarkably successful in enforcing the law.

He not only sought to enforce the law, but also to extend its application to additional classes of service, and was instrumental in bringing thousands of places under its provision.

So thorough and able was the work he did as Civil-Service Commissioner that President Harrison said, "If he had no other record than his service as an employee of the Civil-Service Commission he would be deserving of the nation's gratitude and confidence."

President Cleveland reappointed Mr. Roosevelt, and accepted with regret his resignation in May, 1895.

Mr. Roosevelt left one difficult task, to perform one yet more difficult. He had been made President of the Police Board of New York city. The government of the city had been lax, and the liquor law had been a source of constant trouble.

If a law-breaking saloon-keeper had his saloon open after hours or on Sunday, he was

sometimes visited by a policeman, a dishonest one,—and there were a number of this kind on the police force when Mr. Roosevelt was appointed President of the Police Board,—who threatened to arrest him; if, however, he paid the officer liberally, the arrest would not be made.

Thus the law, instead of being enforced to secure good government, was made to serve as a device by which money could be extorted from the law-breaking liquor-sellers. When Mr. Roosevelt went into office, he declared that he would enforce the law.

People said this could not be done: the liquor law was too strict; it had been framed to please the impractical good, without any idea of its being actually enforced. He replied that he was not responsible for the law; that his business was to enforce it, and not to make or unmake the law. He went to work vigorously to improve the police force.

He dismissed a large number of policemen and employed in their places men who had physical strength, a reasonable degree of intelligence, and a good moral character.

He made the entire force understand that neglect of duty or acceptance of bribes from dishonest saloon-keepers would not be tolerated. Not content with issuing orders based on knowledge gained from others, he went in person to see how his subordinates were doing their duty.

Like General Grant, Mr. Roosevelt possessed the great and distinguished trait of being ever present to stimulate, encourage, and reward those who were anxious and quick to excel in doing their duty, as well as to punish those who were slack and inattentive to their duties.

The two men, by their ever-present presence, their fearless courage, and indomitable will set an example which the men under their charge were quick to notice and follow.

Many a policeman sleeping on his post was roused in the middle of the night and opened his eyes to find the President of the Board smiling upon him with rather grim friendliness. The new President's face soon became known to the entire force, and his name made the lazy, unpainstaking officer quake.

But most of the policemen were glad of the change. It was less unbearable to be rebuked for violation of the law than for obedience to it, as had often happened in the days when the offender, rather than the offense, was considered in the police court.

Then, too, while Mr. Roosevelt was severe with neglect of duty, he was just, and was ready to listen to every man's defense of himself. Furthermore, he was generous in his acknowledgment of good service or personal courage. He made the men feel that he was greatly interested in their welfare, and that he would do his very best for them.

Hitherto, if a policeman's uniform was soiled or torn in making an arrest, the policeman had to get a new one at his own expense. Mr. Roosevelt saw that this requirement alone was enough to discourage bold and aggressive action on the part of the police when dealing with desperate cases, and brought it about that a uniform spoiled in public service was paid for at the expense of the public.

The policemen soon learned that he would stand by an officer who got into trouble

through the conscientious, fearless performance of his duty, but that he would not tolerate brutality on the part of an officer. Unnecessary clubbing in making arrests or in times of riot was stopped.

There were frequent conflicts between the policemen and the strikers.

Mr. Roosevelt's official duty ended in seeing that the police-officer prevented disorder, but he was always ready to do more than the law required. He called a meeting of the strikers to see if they could not come to some understanding. His own direct, manly, determined manner of addressing them won their respect and applause, and he was able to do much to prevent riot and blood-shed.

In a very short time Mr. Roosevelt worked a complete reformation in the city police service. The star on the blue coat of the officer came to be regarded by evil-doers as the emblem of punishment, and by the wronged and helpless as the promise of help and protection.

The policemen caught something of the soldierly spirit of the President of the Board,

something of his zeal for work, and they made law and order prevail in New York city.

In 1897 Mr. Roosevelt was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and went to Washington to live. Since indications pointed to a war with Spain, he welcomed the opportunity to bring his talent for work to bear in a department upon which the success of such a war must largely depend. His intelligence and energy soon made themselves felt throughout the department.

He dispatched more business than any two ordinary men, and it is said he received his business visitors and transacted most of his office work on his feet. He advocated strengthening the navy and making the gunners efficient, even at a cost that seemed to many extravagant.

As trouble between the United States and Spain seemed more and more certain, he declared his determination to go to the front should war be declared. True to his word, when hostilities began he resigned his office and accepted an appointment as Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment of United States

Volunteer Cavalry, under his friend, Colonel Wood. The regiment was to be recruited from the western territories.

VII.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S well-known energy and perseverance gave assurance that the regiment with which he had to do would reach the front in time for the fighting, even should the war be a very brief one. Venturesome young men from all over the country were, therefore, eager to join the First Regiment of Cavalry Volunteers, and many applicants had to be refused.

While the troops were assembling at San Antonio, Texas, Mr. Roosevelt was at Washington conferring with Government officials and railroad men and doing all in his power to obtain uniforms, saddles, and arms for his regiment.

When at length he reached San Antonio, he found among the motley crowd gathered

there many familiar faces. He was greeted by men with whom he had hunted in the mountains of the far Northwest; there were cowboys with whom he had ridden at spring round-ups; there was his own ranch partner, Ferguson. There were miners, Indians, and cattlemen of the southern plains whose names were known all along the frontier.

A few men from the East had been allowed to enlist. Among them were policemen who had served under Roosevelt in New York; there were men with whom he had studied at Harvard; there were athletes that he had known as polo players, captains of crews, and foot-ball elevens.

His spirits rose and his eyes brightened as he surveyed the material from which he was to make his famous regiment. Though their lives had in many respects been widely different, the men had much in common. They were brave, high-spirited, and ambitious, eager to face danger and win glory. They were men of iron muscle and iron will.

They would not have to be seasoned to endure scant rations and hard beds, nor to

shoot and ride. These things they knew already. The question was, Would these independent, fiery spirited men be willing to obey orders and conform to military usage—would they who were used to command be willing to serve in the ranks?

Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt explained to them that camp discipline was strict, that there would be little chance for promotion, that most of the work would be laborious and inglorious, and advised them to withdraw before it was too late unless they were willing to suffer many hardships.

All were eager to go, however, on any terms. Colonel Wood now gave his attention to the proper equipment of the regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt took in charge the drilling of the troops. He realized fully the delicacy of his task.

Such men must be ruled with firmness but with friendliness. They must be made to feel confidence in the good sense and the good will of their officers.

He followed a wise course: while firm and exacting with reference to matters so important

as punctuality in guard duty, cleanliness, and obedience, he treated with great patience any unintentional violation of military etiquette. Under this treatment the men showed surprising anxiety to deport themselves in the smallest matters.

Considering the mixed multitude, life in the hot and dusty camp passed with but little friction. A Harvard graduate cooked without complaint for New Mexico cowboys. College-boys and cowboys "messed and bunked" together. Of course, the peculiarities of different regions gave rise to much good-natured banter.

Nicknames were freely distributed—an easterner, because of his fine manners and gentlemanly ways, was called "Tough Ike." A cowboy who once remarked with evident pride that he had an aunt who lived in the Metropolis, New York, was ever afterward known as "Metropolitan Bill."

When it came to regimental drill, all were in earnest and did their best. Most of them were spare, erect fellows, with weather-beaten, manly faces. The uniform—a flannel shirt,

kerchief, dust-colored hat, trousers, and leggings—was well suited to them.

Their horses were wild, untrained creatures, and the first drills were exciting and amusing; but in a short time Colonel Roosevelt had reason to feel proud of his "Rough Riders," as the public named them.

When word came to advance to Tampa, Florida, from which point the troops were to embark, there was general rejoicing. Colonel Roosevelt had charge of four divisions on the journey.

He liked to see everything done in business-like style, and to him the inadequacy of the accommodations for transporting soldiers and baggage and horses seemed inexcusable. It took the utmost effort on his part to secure provisions and cars and to get them loaded.

The long journey was anything but pleasant; the weather was hot, the trains were crowded, and the food and water were poor. Colonel Roosevelt did what he could to lighten the hardships of the journey, even buying food for the men with his own money.

Wherever the train stopped, crowds of pa-

triotic southerners greeted the soldiers with cheers and gifts of fruit and flowers.

At Tampa all was confusion; fortunately, the stay there was not long. The order to embark, however, was not without disappointment for the Rough Riders. Only eight troops of seventy men each were to be allowed to go, and horses were to be left in America.

Colonel Roosevelt sympathized heartily with the troopers that must stay, and did his best to console them.

But as the regular troops were, naturally, to be sent to the front before the volunteers, he was glad to have even a portion of his regiment allowed to go. He bent his energy to securing a transport and getting his troops aboard. For days the crowded troop-ships lay in the harbor in the glare of the sun; but at length the welcome order to start came.

On the evening of the thirteenth of June over thirty troop-ships steamed out of Tampa harbor, while people waved a farewell from the shore, bands played, flags fluttered, and men crowded to the railing or climbed into the

rigging to take what was for many their last look at America.

Torpedo boats and ironclad war-ships guarded the transports as they plowed their way through the blue waters of the southern sea to a destination unknown to the troops.

Although Colonel Roosevelt did not know where the troops were to be landed, he felt sure that an opportunity to meet the enemy would be given them.

He kept the coming day of battle before the minds of all as a goal most earnestly to be desired, and made every one feel that to fail to do his duty well in that hour of trial would be a worse fate than death.

He made close friendships with some of the officers, and saw as much of the men as he could. He found that in spite of the discomfort arising from the crowded condition of the ship and the unpalatable rations the men were making little complaint.

For most of the men from the West this was their first voyage, their first sight of the ocean. The endless expanse of undulating blue reminded them of the boundless plains where

the tall grass billowed all day in the rising and falling wind.

Some sat silent and thought of the past or dreamed of the future. Others told tales of wild border life to groups of interested listeners.

The monotony of the voyage was relieved by the presence of so many other vessels. The transports moved in long, parallel lines, and the great guardian war-ships kept close watch. If any strange craft came in sight, a torpedo boat was sent darting away to discover whether or not the new-comer could by any possibility be a Spanish ship bent on mischief.

In the evening, when the band played on deck, it was pleasant to watch the boats light up one after another, and to see the reflection glow more and more brightly in the darkening water, while the strange stars of the southern cross burned ever brighter in the black sky.

On the morning of the twentieth all awoke to find land near. As they looked at the mountains of the Cuban coast looming high and dark across the water, they knew that Santiago was their destination. In the after-

noon they had a glimpse of Santiago Harbor and the great, grim, gray war-ships that were soon to play their brilliant part in the war.

On June the twenty-second the order for landing the troops was given. The war-ships shelled the quiet little Spanish village, Daiquin, first, to drive away any Spaniards who might be lingering there.

To land the men, horses, and provisions of an army in the poor harbor where the surf was heavy and the boats were few was a problem. But Colonel Roosevelt, always on the alert, displayed his usual push and promptness here.

While others were still wondering what to do, he discovered an acquaintance, secured a pilot, got his transport well in toward the land, and his troops ashore.

They camped that night on a brush-covered heath lying between a dense jungle and a shallow, palm-bordered pool. They had no tents and slept on the ground. But they felt less need of shelter than on the following day, when they were obliged to make lodges of palm leaves to protect themselves from the tropical sun.

VIII.

IN CUBA.

THE Rough Riders were soon given a taste of fighting. Scarcely had they finished bringing the baggage to camp when they received the command to advance toward the Spanish outposts.

Expecting resistance at Las Guasimas, where the enemy held a ridge at the meeting of the road and a hill trail, General Young divided his troops, sending one division forward over the road, and the other, in which the Rough Riders were included, by the trail.

Now the Rough Riders had cause to wish for their horses. Their life in the saddle had not fitted them for long marches on foot. The tramp in the heat wearied them greatly. Nevertheless, the march was continued until long after dark, when at length the order to halt came.

The men had hardly time to make their fires, boil their coffee, and fry their pork before a tropical rainstorm broke upon them. All—officers and men—were drenched. Fortu-

nately, the rain did not last long. As soon as it had passed, fires were again kindled and the men gathered around them to dry their clothes as best they could before they lay down to sleep.

At six o'clock the next day the Rough Riders were again on the march. Colonel Wood hurried them up a steep hill at a lively pace. Some were so foot-sore and exhausted that they were obliged to drop out of line. The haste was necessary, however, if the Rough Riders were to be on hand in time to take part in the engagement.

After they reached the hilltop, where the breeze blew and the walking was more easy, the march became less trying. The country through which they passed was beautiful and strange, with hills and mountains, noble palms, and the gorgeous scarlet flower tree.

The birds sang; the sky was a deep blue. Colonel Roosevelt says that he felt more as if he were going to hunt than to fight. But before long he was aware that this was no pleasure trip.

Where the trail led through a dense jungle,

bullets began to whizz over his head. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt had for his superior officer on this day of his initiation in battle a commander after his own heart—his friend, Colonel Wood. Colonel Wood, while always careful to shield his men as much as possible, was himself so fearless that he gave the soldiers courage.

He was cool-headed and commanding, as well as brave. When the bullets began to strike the trees and the men began to dodge and swear, he ordered sharply, "Stop swearing and shoot!" and they obeyed. The skirmish was an ugly one. An unseen enemy sent against the Rough Riders a hail of bullets.

As the Spanish used smokeless powder, it was impossible to see from where the attack came. The trees were no protection, for the Mauser bullets cut their way straight through them. It was not only impossible to see the enemy, but in the jungle it was impossible for an officer to watch his own men or to know what action his fellow-officers were taking.

Colonel Roosevelt would have given much to survey the field and so enable himself to

make an intelligent plan of attack. But he had to content himself with the simple command, "Forward!" The dead and wounded had to be left in the jungle.

The thought that the brave fellows might become the prey of the great land-crabs and vultures was horrible to him, but he allowed no able-bodied man to linger in the rear. Setting an example of courage, he urged on the troops.

The Spaniards fled before the combined attack of General Young and Colonel Wood, leaving the Americans in possession of the field and well on their way to Santiago. During the battle thirty-four Rough Riders were wounded and eight were killed.

The experience he gained at Las Guasimas gave Lieutenant Roosevelt so much confidence in himself that when General Young became ill and his responsibilities fell upon Colonel Wood, Roosevelt was glad to take full command of the regiment.

On the twenty-fifth, camp was moved to a marshy flat on the bank of a river, and a brief but trying period of waiting followed.

The luggage was brought up from the coast, but the tents were small protection against the tropical downpours that deluged the camp nearly every afternoon.

The weather was hot, and the food was not suited to the climate. While the supply of pork was always ample, the coffee always ran short, and no vegetables were provided.

Colonel Roosevelt made up a pack train of mules and officers' horses and went to the port, where, by dint of perseverance, persuasion, and commands, he succeeded in obtaining, at his own expense, a store of beans and canned tomatoes for the men of his regiment.

On the thirtieth of June camp was again broken and the march toward Santiago was resumed. Marching was particularly hard for the Rough Riders. They were at the rear of the line, and had to accommodate their pace to that of the division in front of them.

Whenever a halt was made, Colonel Roosevelt ordered his men to loosen their packs and lie down for a few moments' rest. When the command to march came, all scrambled up and pressed forward with good will. The arrange-

ments for the night were little more elaborate than for these brief naps. The men slept on their arms, and were roused at dawn by the booming of cannon.

The first hours of the conflict were hours of trial to Colonel Roosevelt. He had been ordered to lie in reserve, awaiting further orders. The place assigned him was open to the fire of the Spanish guns, and although he did his best to get his troops sheltered, every now and then a soldier was shot.

The inaction and continual fear of being struck by the shells bursting overhead or plowing up the ground were telling on the nerves, courage, and spirits of the men.

He requested his orderly to go in search of a general and ask permission to move into action as his regiment was being badly cut up. But the young fellow was shot as he rose to obey.

After sending messenger after messenger in search of his general he made up his mind to act on his own responsibility, and "march toward the guns"; but just at this moment the order came, "Move forward and support

the regulars in the assault on the hills in front."

As Colonel Roosevelt says, his "coveted hour" had come. He sprang upon his horse and rode about, trying to put some spirit into the men, for many of them were qualmish and afraid to rise. A bullet evidently intended for the mounted colonel struck a soldier who refused to rise, and, passing lengthwise through his body, killed him.

When the men were on their feet and the ranks formed, he pushed his way from line to line, shouting, reprimanding, joking, until the momentary panic was over and the men were as eager for action and as fearless as their commander.

When the Rough Riders had advanced to the place where the soldiers of the First Regiment of United States Infantry were lying exposed to a fire they could not return, Roosevelt rode up to one of the Captains in the rear and said, "My orders are to support the regulars in the attack upon the hills. In my judgment we cannot take the hills by firing at them. We must rush them."

The Captain replied, "My orders are to keep my men where they are. I cannot charge without orders." "Then," said Roosevelt, "as your Colonel is not in sight, I am the ranking officer here, and I give the order to charge." The Captain hesitated to accept orders contrary to those his own Colonel had given him.

"Very well," said Roosevelt, "if you are not willing to advance, you will kindly let my men through." And he rode on through the lines, followed by the grinning Rough Riders, who had been listening to the dialogue with keen enjoyment.

The regulars could not lie still and see the volunteers pass them, so, jumping to their feet, they joined the Rough Riders in their charge up the hill.

At almost the same time other regiments started forward, and there was a general advance against the Spanish stronghold. Colonel Roosevelt rode, now along the lines to hurry on those in the rear, now at the head of the regiment, waving his hat and cheering on the men until, at length, coming to a wire

fence, he was obliged to dismount and turn "Texas," his horse, loose. Then, afoot, he rushed on up the hill.

All was excitement. Every man's one wish was to be the first to reach the top of the hill. The deadly fire from the Spanish could check the onward rush of those only who were actually struck by a bullet.

Having reached the crest of the hill, Roosevelt saw, at his left, the infantry climbing the hill to attack the San Juan block house. He set his sharpshooters to firing at the men in the trenches. The arrival of Lieutenant Parker with the Gatling guns was cheered by the Americans.

As the infantry neared the top of the hill, the Spaniards took to their heels. Seeing this, Roosevelt shouted to his men, bidding them follow him, and started to charge the next line of entrenchments in front, from which the Spanish were sending a rapid and well-directed fire.

He leaped over a wire fence and started up the hill at a run in the face of the fire. He ran a hundred yards before he discovered that

he was followed by only five men. Two of these were shot, and he rushed back, summoning the Rough Riders and reprimanding them for not supporting him.

In the excitement they had not heard or seen their colonel, but their attention once gained, they were eager to make up for their delinquency, and when he started across the field again, it was with a strong following. By bold dashes the Americans drove the Spanish from entrenchment to entrenchment until they reached the heights overlooking Santiago.

Colonel Roosevelt found himself the ranking officer on the hill in the extreme front, and so in command of those soldiers of the six regiments that had kept pace with him. The exposed position in which they stood offered little shelter from the Spanish fire, but Roosevelt had no thought of retreating or of allowing any one else to do so.

Seeing that the colored infantrymen who had been most courageous in the charge were getting nervous and drifting to the rear under pretense of finding their officers or helping the

wounded, he drew his revolver, saying he would shoot the first man who went to the rear. He tells the story as follows:

“My own men had all sat up and were watching my movements with the utmost interest. I ended my statements to the colored soldiers by saying: ‘Now, I shall be very sorry to hurt you, and you don’t know whether or not I will keep my word, but my men will tell you that I always do,’ whereupon my cow-punchers, hunters, and miners solemnly nodded their heads and commented in chorus, exactly as if in comic opera, ‘He always does; he always does.’”

Later Colonel Roosevelt received orders not to advance, but to hold the hill at any cost. With only such food and blankets as they found in the Spanish camp they passed the night on the hill.

Until midnight most of the men worked, throwing up trenches to shelter themselves from the fire in front. Then, completely exhausted, they slept in spite of cold and hunger.

The officers fared no better than the soldiers, and these days of danger and hardship, shared

together on San Juan Hill, did much to endear Colonel Roosevelt to his Rough Riders.

The men vied with one another to contribute to the comfort of the colonel who had shown himself ready to suffer every privation his men were called upon to endure.

When offered a dollar a piece for hard tack, they would rather give any luxury that came into their possession to him than to sell or keep it. If a Rough Rider shot a guinea-hen, he insisted on Roosevelt accepting it, and would probably have been disappointed to learn that instead of eating it he sent it to the temporary hospital for the wounded.

An ex-round-up cook who had found some flour and sugar in the Spanish camp sent his first batch of doughnuts to his colonel.

When the truce came, Colonel Roosevelt again exerted his influence and spent his money to see that the vegetables provided only for the officers' mess made a part of every soldier's rations.

He took pains also to get rice and appropriate food for those suffering from wounds and illness.

In spite of hardships, it was not without a sigh of regret that the Rough Riders reflected, as they saw the American flag raised over Santiago, that fighting, in that neighborhood at least, was over.

After the siege was ended the cavalry went into camp on the foot-hills west of El Caney. The region, though beautiful, proved to be unhealthy, and the soldiers suffered greatly from malaria, notwithstanding Colonel Roosevelt's efforts to give them proper shelter and food.

Seeing that the health of his men grew worse daily and that many must die if they continued where they were, Colonel Roosevelt earnestly recommended the removal of the troops to a cool place for the summer. His recommendation was supported by the approval of his fellow-officers, and an order was given to transport the troops to Long Island.

When the Rough Riders left Cuba on the seventh of August, they expected to return to the islands in the fall, but they were greeted at Long Island with the intelligence that the

war was over, and that peace negotiations had been begun.

At Long Island the entire regiment of Rough Riders was united once more. Those who had been to the front were glad to meet their comrades. They were glad, too, to have their horses. The northern air was invigorating, and with proper care most of the sick regained their health and strength.

One Sunday, before the troops were discharged, Colonel Roosevelt rose after the Chaplain had finished his sermon and made a short address. He told the men how proud he was of them: extolled their bravery and endurance in generous and sincere terms, and gave them some wholesome advice.

He reminded them that, however glorious their record was, the world would scarcely make heroes of them for more than ten days, and urged them to return to work and again become peaceful and useful citizens.

A few days later he was called from his tent one bright afternoon to find his regiment drawn up in a hollow square with the officers in the middle.

As the colonel advanced with a questioning look, one of the troopers stepped quickly forward, and with words of gratitude and affection, on behalf of the regiment, presented the colonel with Remington's bronze, "The Bronco-buster."

Colonel Roosevelt was deeply touched by this appropriate tribute. It was with deep feeling that he shook each manly fellow's hand as all filed past to say good-by.

His interest in the Rough Riders did not end with this farewell; he has since sought to know how each has taken up the duties of peace, and has contrived to help those who have suffered by reason of their four months' service in the uniform of the United States Volunteers.

IX.

THE PRESIDENT.

WHEN Mr. Roosevelt returned from Cuba he was one of the heroes of the hour, and it is not surprising that with the record he had made in peace and in war he was honored by

his State with the highest office it could bestow. In 1898 he was made Governor of New York.

This position was one that suited him admirably, and it was with genuine reluctance that he accepted the nomination to the Vice-Presidency of the United States, made by the Republican Party in 1900. While he appreciated the honor, he gave up with regret the more active duties of his office at Albany.

Having been elected Vice-President, however, he made a most excellent one until called by the death of President McKinley to fill a higher place.

When the news of the great calamity spread over the country, some questioned Mr. Roosevelt's fitness for the office. Men who had perfect confidence in his high purpose, his integrity, his business ability, and his nobility of character, feared he was too young, too independent of party and public opinion and counsel of any sort to assume power so vast and duties so delicate.

But his conduct soon put to rest all such fears. On the fourteenth day of September,

1901, he was summoned to Buffalo, where President McKinley lay dead. On the afternoon of that day, at the home of Mr. Wilcox, he was requested by the Secretary of War to take the oath of office. His inaugural address was brief, but it contained exactly what the people wished to hear. He said:

“I shall take the oath of office in obedience to your request, sir, and in doing so it shall be my aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley, which has given peace, prosperity, and honor to our beloved country.”

He further won the confidence of the public by requesting the members of President McKinley's Cabinet to retain their positions.

The new President filled the public eye. As a man, he pleased the American people both in his public and private life. Mrs. Roosevelt (Mr. Roosevelt married again not long after the death of his first wife) makes a much-admired hostess of the White House, and the large family of children give the dignified old place a pleasantly home-like atmosphere.

In all social relations, from the simplest ones of home to those of a formal diplomatic character, President Roosevelt is peculiarly genuine and ingratiating. Whether romping with his children at his summer home at Oyster Bay or entertaining a prince at Washington, he is every inch a man.

In public affairs, although essentially carrying out the policy of President McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt could not fail to make his own strong personality felt in innumerable ways.

He could never be classed among the "timid good," "who," he says, "form a most useless as well as most despicable portion of the community."

Fearless of criticism, anxious to make full and right use of the incidental as well as the official power of his position, he decided in the winter of 1902-1903 to do what he could to put an end to the great coal-strike that was causing wide-spread suffering.

He invited the representatives of the striking miners and of the coal-mine owners to a conference. They were not bound to obey his

summons, but they could not well refuse to do so. The effect of his humane interference was to bring the strike to a close.

He is broadly tolerant by nature and training, and is quite quick to recognize worth outside of the beaten paths. An educated man and an able and interesting writer, he is never a carping critic, but is generously appreciative of literary merit, and does not limit his praise to the work that is receiving the applause of the hour.

Having found the red man a true and loyal guide in the western mountains, having seen the black man valiant under fire, he cannot understand the spirit of those who refuse to shake hands with a man unless his skin is white.

While opposed to trusts, he refuses to favor labor unions in appointments to civil service. He realizes that he is the president of all classes of citizens, black and white, rich and poor.

His sound sense, broad humanity, and perfect impartiality have won confidence and made friends for him everywhere.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2010

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 414 373 A