

## PEN PICTURE OF MRS. MCKINLEY.

Though the Daughter of Wealthy Parents, She Was Taught to Earn Her Living With Her Own Hands—Her Life Has Been a Constant Honeymoon.

A few days ago a San Francisco newspaper man drew interesting pen pictures in the call of the father and mother of President McKinley, also of the President and his wife, and their little niece, Marjorie McKinley Morse. The one of Mrs. McKinley was as follows:

It was in the latter part of the sixties that the Canton people living along Market street used to watch the flight of a very high cigar trailing its late way from the Saxton house—the big house on the corner of Ninth street. As the weeks wore on, this cigar light acquired a habit of returning its way toward the Saxton house, and it some times did this more than once.

Gossip spread it abroad that it was the cigar of young Major McKinley. Gossip like this added that he was courting Miss Ida in at the big house and that he went back every evening for another goodnight and sometimes for more than one. The major was very much in love, people reported. He has never been known to deny the fact from that day to this. If you ask him about it, he will ask you why he shouldn't be in love with her? Note, not why he should not have been, but why he should not be. He is quite as serious in love today as he was in the sixties and he is quite as fond as ever of recalling with her the days when they first became acquainted up at Meyers Lake.

It seems that this was a small lake about two miles from Canton—the favorite resort throughout for picnic parties and boating. After the civil war McKinley returned to his Canton home with the title of major, and he was honored in a way that would have turned the head of a lesser lion. He was the hero of the hour, and countless parties were made up in which he played the leading man's part.

Day after day there were excursions to Meyers Lake. The most popular young lady of Canton and of all these parties was Miss Ida Saxton, the oldest daughter of the banker.

The major's first impression of Miss Saxton was gained at a chicken and waffle supper, for which the old hotel at the lake was famous throughout several counties. He was particularly delighted with the fact that she ate chicken and waffles as if she had a healthy appetite, instead of affecting the live-on-air style that was the rage with young ladies at that particular period. From that moment on his admiration grew and she on her part held a marked admiration for the brave and handsome young major.

They used to row together on the lake. They were head and front of all the merry-making that the young people were carrying on, and they found time for tete-a-tetes as well.

Then, in the midst of all this, came the dreaded time—the time when the young major's duty called and he was obliged to leave his Canton home for the long and tiresome law study in Albany.

It was not until 1867 that he returned to Canton. In the meantime Miss Saxton had been as busy as he. It would never have been a possible thing for her to be idle. Every of late years, while Lexington has been here to end, she has been busy. When she could not leave her chair, her fingers were busy with the crochet needle that wove the thousands of baby shoes that have gone to smaller invalids all over the country.

As a girl she was busy, whether at work or at play. In the first place she went to boarding school at Miss Saxton's in Cleveland, and later on at Miss Eastman's in Media, Pa. In both of these schools she left the stamp of her personality. That is what she does everywhere. She led the other girls in their enterprises, sometimes made one, and her quickness kept her at the head of her classes, while she spent less time in study than any of the others. One thing is always recorded of her by all those who knew her; she never said unkind things of any one. She seems to have been too big to bother with any petty acts.

Miss Eastman, the principal of the school, lived for long years after that time, long enough to tell many a story of her favorite pupil. She said that Ida Saxton was the one girl in her school who ever caused her to break her rule against favoritism. She believed that it was unfair on a teacher's part and she fought persistently against it, but Ida Saxton was too much for her. She couldn't help loving her better than she loved any of the others, and in her fear of showing this she was more severe with her than any other.

Probably Ida saw through this feigned severity. At any rate, she responded most heartily to her teacher's affection, and afterward, when she became the distinguished Mrs. McKinley and with her distinguished husband visited now and then in Philadelphia, she always sent a letter out to Brooke Hall, as the school was called, inviting Miss Eastman to dine with them.

Mr. Saxton was a wealthy man and a devoted father, and he lavished upon his daughter every pleasure and accomplishment that was to be had. After her excellent education in this country she went abroad and made a long and extended tour over Europe with her sister. She did not return until 1869.

Then, after all these years of fashionable education, she did a most unexpected and unconventional thing. She turned bank cashier. Canton found cause for gossip in that fact, but Miss Saxton's serene bearing and her popularity were of a nature to wither gossip. Were the family funds giving out? Gossip at first inquired. That was soon

found to be not the case. Mr. Saxton himself explained the matter. "I have seen enough of the world," he said, "and I don't intend that this shall ever happen to my daughter. She can be taken care of at home now, but I may be poor some day. Nobody ever knows what is going to happen. I want her to be able to support herself. If trouble ever comes her way. Above all, I don't want her to have to marry solely to be supported, as I have seen plenty of girls do. I want her to marry because and whom she wants to."

These were the soundest of modern doctrines, but they were a bit in advance of their times in '70, and they caused something of a commotion in a small town. Still more commotion was caused when the face of the prettiest girl in the whole town appeared at the cashier's window. Young men found it convenient to draw out their money in extremely small checks. This necessitated frequent visits to the bank.

Through all the flutter that her presence caused in the place of business, Miss Saxton preserved a business like calm. She worked diligently and learned the business thoroughly. She was accurate, quick and reliable, and she has the equipment to take her place today in the business world and hold her own with men.

Through it all she clung to the eternal feminine. She has been said to have all the virtues and none of the faults of the "new woman." She considers this one of her greatest compliments.

When the young lawyer, William McKinley, returned from his law studies, he found her still turning away discouraged suitors. He made up his mind then to do what he has made a habit of all his life—to go in and win. He accomplished his purpose, and this elaborate and formal article appeared in the Canton Weekly Repository and Republican on the morning of January 27, 1871.

The audience room of the new stone Presbyterian church being nearly filled, the lady members resolved to have it ready for the wedding of Major McKinley and Miss Ida Saxton.

Promptly at the hour—yes, long before the 7:30 p.m. named upon the invitations—the house was filled with the expectant multitude. The scene at the church was novel and interesting. Here were a thousand people—all the building will hold—on tip-toe of expectation to see Professor Pieter come in and entertain them by music upon the organ. Some minutes after he commenced to play there was a sensation. Everybody's face was turned toward the door. Many stiff-necked old and young sinners nearly broke their necks at it. At length it came, first up the left aisle James A. Saxton leading the bride, his daughter. They were followed by Miss Mary Saxton, a bridesmaid, escorted by Abner McKinley. Upon the right aisle Major McKinley approached the pulpit, leading Mrs. James A. Saxton. Ushers and bridesmaids followed. As to the dresses worn by the ladies, we shall be compelled, owing to narrow margin training in Jenkins' technicalities, to be entirely silent, except to say that they were faultless in taste and exceedingly rich and beautiful.

Arrived at the area in front of the pulpit, the parties disposed of themselves gracefully and with perfect facility, the bride and bridesmaid in the center of a half circle, the former supported by the maids and the latter by her friends. The Rev. E. Buckingham and the Rev. Dr. Endley married the couple, using the plain and yet impressive ceremony usually employed by ministers of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches. At the conclusion of the ceremony the crowd waited respectfully until the newly made husband and wife and their companions had passed out. Then tongues were loosed and the dumb spake and gossip became supreme, and all agreed that nothing could have been more gracefully performed than the first act in the life drama upon which the gallant major and his young and beautiful wife have just entered.

After the marriage ceremony the personal friends of the families partook of refreshments, which had been laid at the residence of Mr. Saxton. Major and Mrs. McKinley took the 10 o'clock train for the East and will make a bridal tour of the Eastern cities, not being expected to return for three or four weeks.

That was the first honeymoon, but not the last. There have been journeys through all the long years of their married life that were as much enjoyed as the first, and the present journey has some of the honeymoon element even in the midst of its many outside demands. Mrs. McKinley has never been really well enough to keep up with the urgent life of a greatly ambitious man, but she has done it at the cost of her own strength.

Before McKinley's first election she had a two weeks' taste of the responsibilities of the lady of the White House. Mrs. Hayes, her personal friend, was obliged to be absent from her post and she begged Mrs. McKinley to take her place. "It was no easy matter," she said afterward, "and when she entered upon the task for four years it was with no little doubt of her ability to complete it. But her health has improved on the whole, and, sick or well, her personality has been one of such grip that she has been first lady in the land more than name."

Her love for children has always been her marked characteristic, and it has increased with the years. Her two little girls, who lived barely through their babyhood, made this love of little people stronger in her heart. In her Canton home she had many small callers as large ones, and she was "Auntie Kinney" to them all. The many have had to take the place of the two.

"Mr. McKinley cannot walk across the room without looking at his wife. He will not leave the room without speaking to her; never leaves the house without saying good by. It is like the love between two children," said a member of the family in speaking of them.

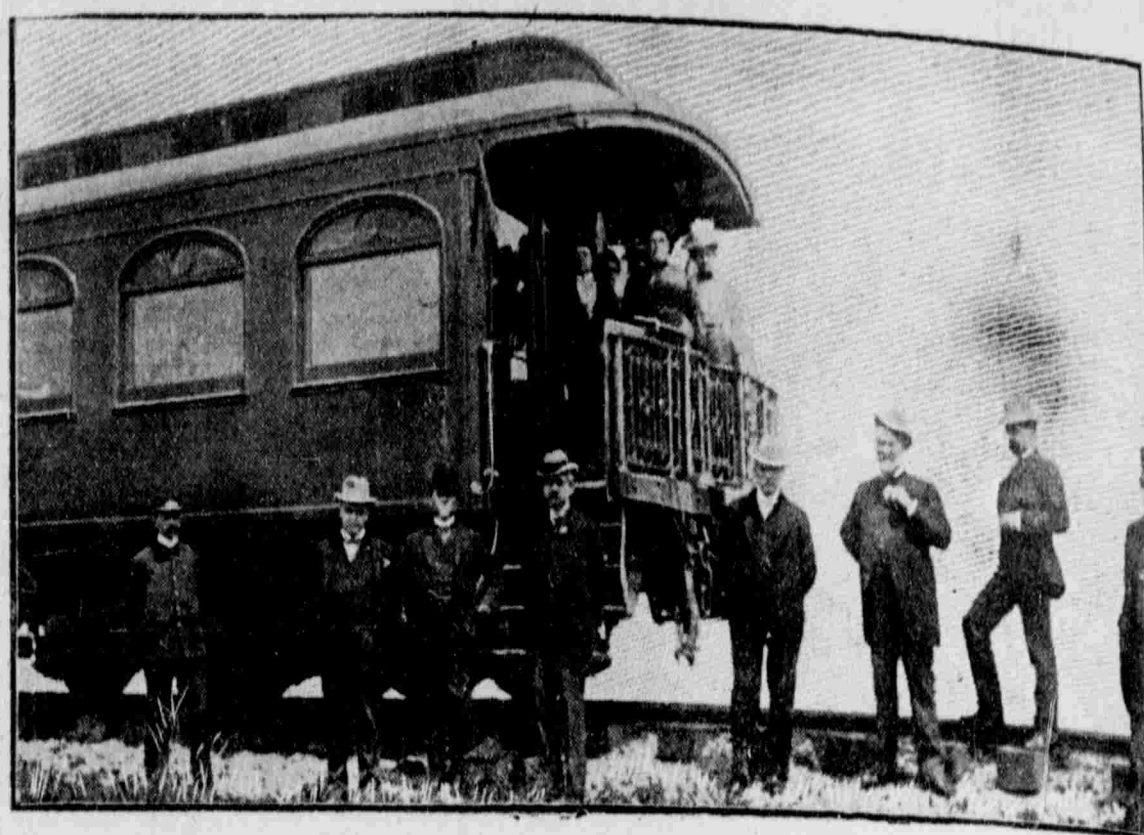
It must take a wonderful personality in a woman to hold the affection of a man with as great affairs on his hands as a statesman has.

Here at the present time is thus described by a recent visitor:

"Mrs. McKinley is a tall, well rounded, strong-faced, clear-eyed woman. She looks straight of about medium height, with a full, straight figure. The face has strong cheekbones, a wide brow not very high, from which her soft hair divides, a broad parting waves back to the collar, reminding one of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Her eyes are her telling point. They are magnetic. In them one sees the heritage of suffering, the discipline of common sense, the tenderness of a wife who loves wisely and well."

"She possesses cool-headed judiciousness regarding the world, but this knowledge does not tend to harden her face.

## PRESIDENTIAL PARTY GREATLY ENJOYED BIG TRIP.



Here is an exclusive snapshot showing President McKinley and the other members of the Presidential party of tourists lined up against the President's special car. On the observation platform can be seen the ladies of the party.

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

"She is temperamentally inclined not to worry, and the sign is there on the smooth, white forehead."

"Mrs. McKinley lives where the President brought her home as a bride—that is, barring the residence at the White House, which can never be considered more than perfunctory. For twenty-five years the house on North Market street, in Canton, has remained unaltered, and the President and his wife dearly love every picture on its walls and every rose that climbs the terrace."

"Mrs. McKinley is the most popular woman there today. No honors of state or nation's capital have spoiled her. She is just as gracious to some old beau whose lives have come to nothing as she is to an illustrious executive."

"She is an excellent hostess who was either born with or has acquired the gift of listening and bringing her guests out, and you know that if one proves you to be clever you are convinced of the cleverness of the one who does so. So people go away from her with a snug, comfortable conviction about the region of the heart that they have proved themselves most entertaining persons. It is a wonderful gift, but no one would laugh more at a suggestion of her possession of it than

would Mrs. McKinley. 'But, I am really so interested,' she would say."

"She does a deal of newspaper reading and takes profound interest in all that is printed in regard to her husband. Her personality has lost little of its charm for she has one advantage that time never destroys—a remarkably well-shaped head: small and admirably proportioned. In short, fine enough for a medallion—a milliner would say a good bonnet head. It may be said in passing that Mrs. McKinley always wears pretty bonnets, which her husband takes interest in choosing."

Beyond this she cares little for dress, her toilets being marked by simplicity and love of color. She is a connoisseur in lace, of which she has an exquisite and rare collection, the nucleus of which was formed when as a young girl she traveled some time abroad.

"A sensitive, nervous, highstrung woman, Mrs. McKinley has the extraordinary power of endurance that goes with her temperament. Although unable to be present at public meetings and festivities of any sort, she travels north, east, south and west, thousands and thousands of miles, in order to be with her husband; at all times cheerful; ready to be amused; quick to appreciate the kindness and consideration her presence commands."

"There can be no winter in the disposition that for so many years has warmed the love of a man's heart and kept it from growing cold, though the

quarter century mark of their married life was passed many years ago."

"It is her constant approbation, that rarest of all traits in women, to sustain them. Of course and commendation, prophesy of failure, the world will give them their share. But they are sure to find encouragement to know that there is an imperious castle which despair can never take."

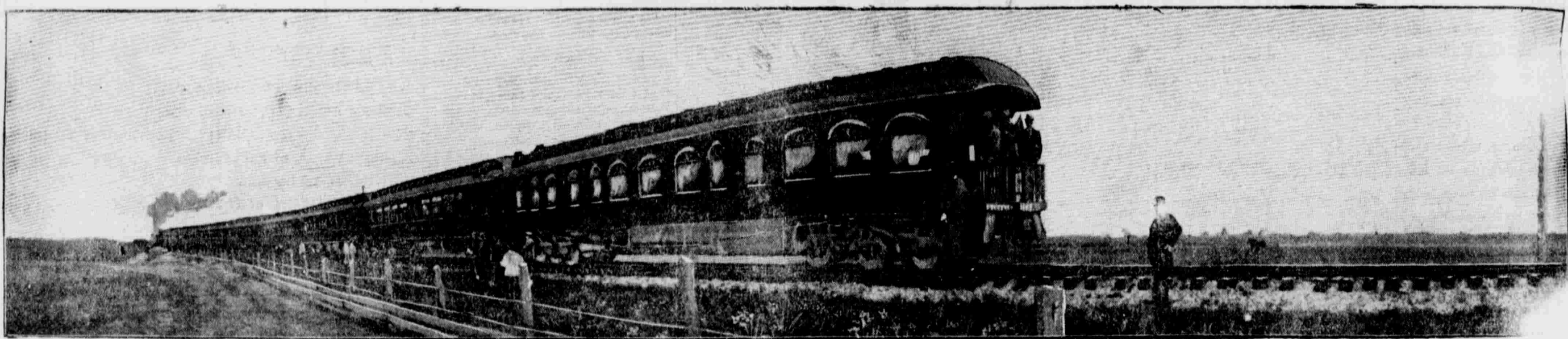
"There is the true field which a woman accomplishes more than by any role in which all of the successful women of the world have shown."

"And brightest of them all is she who is soon to be among us."

She has always assisted her husband in politics. She has been a wise counselor, a sympathizer, and heartily enjoyed all the honors he has won. Her presence has more than once served as an inspiration to him. When his first political preference came it was she who urged him to accept. He has at times doubted his ability; she has never done so. She believed implicitly in him and was confident that his services would be for the good of the state. She knows the value that her presence and its encouragement are to him, and she has traveled thousands of miles to give them to him. All but five years of their married life have been passed by him in public service. In spite of her pride in this it has meant a great sacrifice to her.

## EXCLUSIVE SNAPSHOT OF PRESIDENT'S FLYING SPECIAL TAKEN EN ROUTE BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER.

Here is a fine authentic snapshot of the President's famous train. Some of the male members of the Presidential party can be seen on the rear platform. It is the most striking picture of the special ever published during the entire trip.



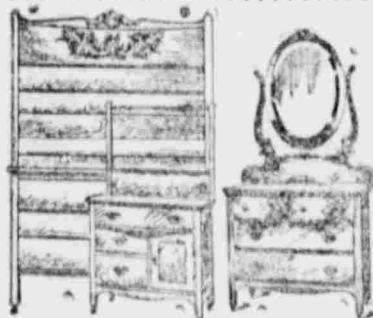
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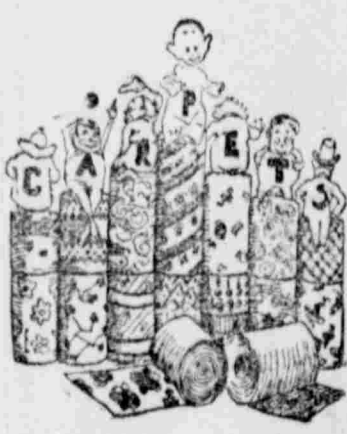
Solid oak elegant bedroom suit, well front, quarter sawed, piano polished worth \$18.00. SALE PRICE—\$27.50



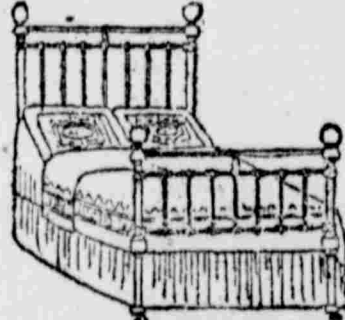
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### Carpet Bargains

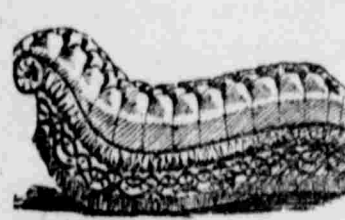
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