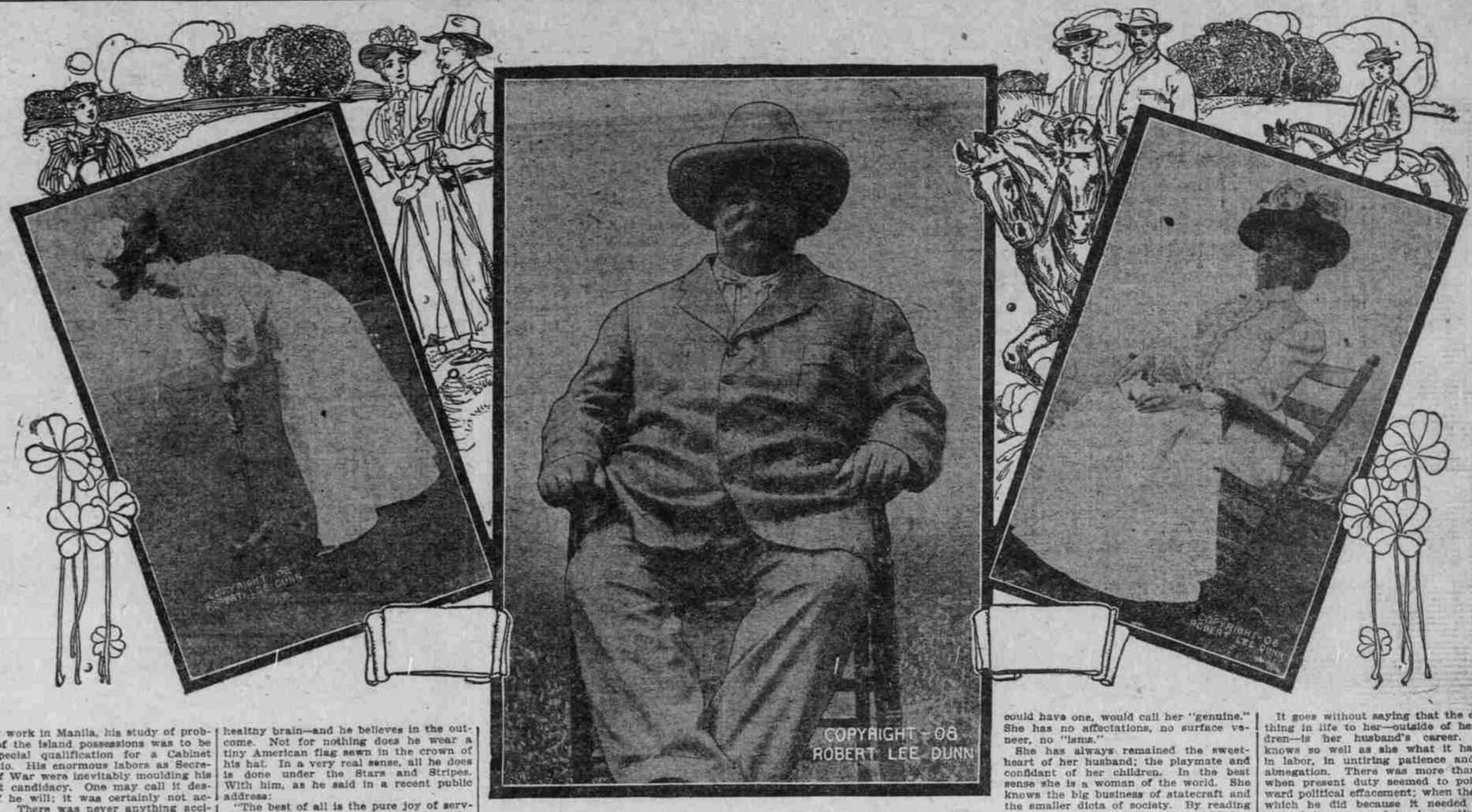
AT HOME WITH THE TAFTS—BY HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES



A FEW days ago on a little wooded island in Lake Erie a large man with kindly blue eyes and a heavy, determined chin, threw back his big shoulders, reeled in his bass fishing-line and called out to the rest of the party: "Boys, I'm going home!"

Politicians, National committee representatives, Cabinet officers and the staff commanders of a great National party in the field had been coming and going. A group of keen-eyed men picked from the forces of the great newspapers and news-gathering associations of the country were camping on his trail. The wheels of the huge Republican machine, grinding faster and faster, had been demanding more and more of his sorely needed Summer rest-time. The campaign was about to open. Then William Howard Taft wound up his fishline, kicked over the baitbox and started—whither? To the place where, as a good plain American, he hoped to gain the final inspiration for the greatest struggle of a long and strenuous public career—the last battle, which the Republican party confidently believes will seat him in the White House, the President of the United States. "Home" meant Cincinnati.

The act was both fitting and significant. In Cincinnati, 51 years ago, he was born. There, in the suburb of Mt. Auburn, he passed his boyhood years at public and high school. In Cincinnati he began his life study, entered the bar and held his first public office of Assistant prosecuting Attorney of the county. In Cincinnati he first ascended the bench and it was as a Cincinnati justice that he rendered those far-reaching decisions that led to his selection by President McKinley for the Philippine Commission.

There are stronger ties even than these. It was in Cincinnati that William Howard Taft met, courted and married Helen Herron. There the young couple built the house that was to be their first home and in which their children were born.

Since then the path has led in many directions—to the Philippine Islands, to Rome, to Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico and around the world by way of Japan and Siberia.

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Public office has been no sinecure to William Howard Taft. He has worked hard, in all climates and seasons, and has had little time to call his own. Now when he pauses for a breath on the threshold of the greatest honor this Nation or any nation can offer him, he yields to the home-pull, turns his back on the approaching whirlwind and goes to the old home, to Cincinnati, to see long-familiar scenes, to have the warm greetings of neighbors, to draw a deep breath of inspiration of the intimate atmosphere before he begins the last great battle that may make him the proud and free head of the proudest sovereign people on the face of the earth.

Mrs. Taft—the Helen Herron that was—the perfect wife, mother and hostess that is—is with him, and there will be for a few short weeks a touch of the old homelike air. When the real fight opens he will go to it with a lighter heart, for

The touch of kindly, open hands, the smile
On well-remembered faces and the wile
Of boyhood's recollection, youth's recall,
And the old mem'ries unforgot 'mid all.

There have been leaders of great popular movements who have been called "Men of Destiny." In a way it is difficult to take the name of William Howard Taft from this category. Not that his paths have been mysteriously opened for him. But looking backward one sees how curiously every step in his public life has been, not in a general but a specific sense, one of preparation. His experience on the Ohio Bench was fitting him for the particular work in Manila, his study of problems of the island possessions was to be an especial qualification for a Cabinet portfolio. His enormous labors as Secretary of War were inevitably moulding his present candidacy. One may call it destiny if he will; it was certainly not accident. There was never anything accidental about his career. He has gone ahead for the reason a locomotive does—because it has steam up and stays on the track. The track, for Mr. Taft, has always been the line of present duty.

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All his life long he has had steam up. Someone once called him (as an English statesman was once dubbed), "a steam-engine in trousers." His capacity for continuous labor has become a proverb in Washington officialdom. Two meals a day and 12 hours' work—with no pause for luncheon—has become his habit. And he has thrived on it. Each time he has had the big, serious, laborious, hopeless tasks to do. It was, however, the useful thing, and it was this fact that made the work one after his heart. For with his chronic optimism he has always combined the passion for service. He has a sound belief in himself—not cocksureness, but the faith that springs from honesty of motive and the clear outlook of a healthy brain—and he believes in the outcome. Not for nothing does he wear a tiny American flag sewn in the crown of his hat. In a very real sense, all he does is done under the Stars and Stripes. With him, as he said in a recent public address:

"The best of all is the pure joy of service. So do things that are worth while; to be in the thick of it; that is to live!" A clear note of optimism that has seldom been sounded by a public man!

"To be in the thick of it!"—that is, after all, the very essence of Americanism, boiled down, strained and decanted. It is doing what one does at all, with one's might. He does just that. He works hard because he can't help it, and he plays hard so that it will make him better able to work. Two meals a day and 12 hours' work is his habit. Every one knows what grinding drudgery some of his labor in Manila and Cuba was, but he never complained. There was the little silk flag sewn in the crown of his hat!

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There is something in the high sense of duty to the res publica that keeps a man democratic. Those who saw will never forget a little incident that occurred last Winter during a journey Mr. Taft made through Russia. As he left the Kremlin—that huge fortress—Palace in which the Czars are crowned, wedded and buried—whither he had been escorted by jingling cavalry and splendidly decorated officers, he passed an aged white-bearded guardsman, infirm and half-blind, whose withered hand came up in trembling salute as the distinguished visitor went by. Mr. Taft paused and asked how long he had been a guard of the Kremlin.

The old soldier saluted again. "Forty years, Excellency," was the answer.

"Ask him," said Mr. Taft to an interpreter, "if he will shake hands with me."

The old man looked up in a half frightened way as the words were translated to him. This was something that he had never experienced in all his decades under the iron militarism of Russia! Then as the big visitor held out his hand he took it and lifted it to his lips and a great tear ran down his grizzled cheek as he did so. "Tell him," said Mr. Taft, "that my father was once the American Minister to this country."

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Deeds like this spring naturally from the nature of the man, the souls of brotherhood to which "a man's a man for a' that." And this is Americanism, too—of better sort—the kind that hates the pomp and sham that often masquerades in the name of dignity, afraid lest it be cheapened by the exercise of that homely, kindly sentiment of equality that is as much a badge of the true Americanism as wanting "to be in the thick of it."

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In Cincinnati—and in Washington—those who know the candidate and his family find themselves speaking of "The Tafts." This is an unconscious tribute to the solidarity of the family. "Like attracts like, and in qualities of mind and heart, William Taft and Helen Herron must have started life even. She has the same straightforwardness, the same direct honesty, the contempt of tinsel and sham and pretense. Her worst enemy, if she could have one, would call her "genuine." She has no affectations, no surface veneer, no "lams."

She has always remained the sweetheart of her husband; the playmate and confidant of her children. In the best sense she is a woman of the world. She knows the big business of statecraft and the smaller dicta of society. By reading and studying she has kept pace with her husband, till, possibly, there is no woman in American public life who is better qualified to discuss the real questions of the day. She speaks perfect French, reads much and widely, understands music, knows every detail of the home management and has been the constant adviser in her husband's career. They are the truest of companions. When he was sent to the Philippines (not an attractive place for women in those days) she went with him. He has become of late years a famous world traveler, but whether it has been in steamship or on trans-Asian trains, wherever he has gone, she has been at his side, carrying with her the spirit of the real American home. She walks with him in the ceaseless tramps he takes to keep in condition, she rides horseback with him.

At Hot Springs, when he played golf for his daily exercise, she followed his progress around the links.

It goes without saying that the dearest thing in life to her—outside of her children—is her husband's career. None knows so well as she what it has cost in labor, in untiring patience and self-abnegation. There was more than once when present duty seemed to point toward political effacement; when the thing which he did because it needed doing, seemed to mean a futureless retirement, and yet when she hesitated no more than he. None has such a loyal pride in his past achievement, his patriotism, his pure life, and the future that awaits him. She dislikes publicity for herself, preferring to hide behind her great, good-natured husband, who offers her in return, a constant consideration, an undeviating deference, that speaks volumes for their mutual success as home-builders. In the last battle that is now so soon to begin, she will stand side by side with him. And he will many a time turn in the fight to "Nellie" to see the encouragement and understanding that has always been his.

Perhaps it is this association that has kept them both young, soft-hearted and clear-eyed and clean-skinned. For her cheeks are like a girl's, and the only lines in his face are the relics of habitual smiles. Life is good to them, and the world, after all, a good place to live in, touching elbows with their fellows.

An English View of King Edward VII

He Has That Plainness of Mind Which Is the Best Attribute of a Constitutional Monarch.

London Daily News.

CHARLES LAMB, referring to the fact that he had no ear for music, said he had been practicing "God Save the King" all his life, humming it to himself in odd corners and secret places, and yet, according to his friends, had still not come within several quavers of it. Lamb did not know his good fortune. King Edward probably regards him as the most enviable man in history. For His Majesty would not be human if he did not tire of that eternal reminder of the gilded cage in which he is doomed to live. Does he go to church, then "God Save the King" thunders through the aisles; does he appear in public, then enthusiastic bandsmen salute him at every street corner with "God Save the King"; does he go to a dinner, then grave citizens leap to their feet and break into "God Save the King." He cannot escape the Boeotian strain. He never will escape it. It is the penalty we inflict on him for being King. It is a penalty that should touch any heart to sympathy. If one were offered the choice, "Will you dwell at Windsor and hear 'God Save the King' morning, afternoon and evening, at work and play, at home and abroad, or work, a free man, in a coal mine," can there be any doubt what the answer would be if one were sane?

When the Archduke John of Austria disguised himself as a seaman and vanished forever from the tyranny of courts, he was regarded as a victim of mental aberration. He was, of course, one of the sanest men in history. No man in his senses would be a King if he could be a cobbler. For a cobbler has two priceless privileges of freedom and obscurity, and a King has only a prison and publicity—a prison, none the less, because its walls are not of stone, but of circumstance. The cobbler may have friends; but where among the crowd that makes eternal obeisance before him is the man whom the King can call friend? Walled off from his kind, living in an unreal and artificial atmosphere of ceremonial, pursued by the intolerable limelight wherever he goes, cut off from the wholesome criticism of the world, fawned on by flunkeys, without the easy companionship of equals, without the healthful renovation of privacy, what is there in kingship to make it endurable? The marvel is not that Kings should so often fail to be Kings, but that they should ever succeed in being tolerable men.

Now, King Edward is, above everything else, a very human man. He is not deceived by the pomp and circumstance in the midst of which it has been his lot to live, for he has no illusions. He is eminently sane. He was cast for a part in the piece of life from his cradle, and he plays it industriously and thoroughly; but he has never lost the point of view of the plain man. He has much more in common with the President of a free state than with the King by divine right. He is simply the chief citizen, primus inter pares, and the fact that he is chief by heredity and not by election does not qualify his view of the realities of the position. Unlike his nephew, he never associates the Almighty with his right to rule, though he associates him with his rule. His common sense and his sense of humor save him from these exalted and antiquated assumptions. Nothing is more characteristic of this sensible attitude than his love of the French people and the French institutions. No King by "divine right" could be on speaking terms with a country which has swept the whole institution of Kingship on to the dust heap.

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And his saving grace of humor enables him to enjoy and poke fun at the folly of the tuft-hunter and the collector of Royal cherry stones. He laughingly inverts the folly. "You see that chair," he said in tones of awe to a guest entering his smoking-room at Windsor. "That is the chair John Burns sat in." His Majesty has a genuine liking for "J. B.", who, I have no doubt, delivered from that chair a copious digest of his Raper lecture, coupled with illuminating statistics on infantile mortality, some approving comments on the member for Battersea, and a little wholesome advice on the duties of a King. This liking for Mr. Burns is as characteristic of the King as his liking for France. He prefers plain, breezy, men, who admit him to the common humanities, rather than those who remind him of his splendid isolation. He would have had no emotion of pride when Scott, who, with all his great qualities, was a deplorable tuft-hunter, solemnly put the wine glass that had touched the royal lips, into the tail pocket of his coat, but he would have immensely enjoyed the moment when he inadvertently sat on it.

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He would laughingly disclaim that he was either a seer or a saint, though in his education every effort was employed to make him at once an archangel and an Admirable Crichton. There has probably never been a personage in history upon whose upbringing there was expended so much thought and such variety of influence as upon that of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. There have been cases in which equal solicitude has been displayed by fond parents on behalf of their children. In the preface to Montaigne's Essays we are told that the great writer's father resolved that his son should be a perfect Latinist, so arranged matters that the boy heard no language but Latin till he was 7 or 8 years of age. In his presence even the servants had to speak Latin or not at all, the result being that in Montaigne's native village there was for long after a strong element of pure Latin in the local French. Montaigne was never allowed to be awakened suddenly, but was wooed back to consciousness by soft music played near his chamber. And so on. But this was a case of mere paternal affection. The education of the Prince of Wales, on the other hand, was a national, almost an international question. Baron Stockmar, the Coburg adviser of the Queen's family, wrote elaborate treatises on the subject, bishops and peers and educationists were consulted, rival schemes of treatment were considered, and every precaution was taken to make the little Prince a prodigy of scholarship and a miracle of virtue.

But there is no royal road either to saintship or knowledge. The Prince was endowed neither with the attributes of intellectual passion, nor of mystical fervor, nor of artistic emotion, and the attempt to graft these upon the stem of ordinary human instincts, was destroyed by the world of levity and flattery, into which he was plunged as a young man. It is easy to cast stones at the King; but it would be more rational to ask how many of us would have come through such a career of temptation with a better record.

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King Edward is not built in the heroic mold. He did not "turn away his former self" when he came to the throne; but he did reveal a seriousness of purpose and a delicate appreciation of his office that we were not entitled to look for from such an apprenticeship. He is, indeed, by far the ablest man and the best King his stock has produced. Contrast him with the four Georges and he is an angel of light. Judged even by more severe standards he emerges with credit. For he has that plainness of mind which is the best attribute of a constitutional monarch. Genius is the essential of an autocrat, for exceptional powers alone can justify and sustain exceptional pretensions. But in a constitutional monarch the best we can ask for is common sense and a nice regard for the true limits of the kingly function. And King Edward is in these respects an ideal King. He realizes that his function is not active but passive, not positive but negative. He has leaned to no party, cultivated no "King's men," aimed at no personal exaltation, uttered no "blazing indiscretion." Few men in his position would have done so well. No man with strong convictions would have done so well. We want a King whose convictions hang about him easily, "like an old lady's loose gown," who has many sympathies and no antipathies, who can be all things to all men, who, in fact, stands for citizenship which is common, and not for sect or party which is particular. We want, that is, a plain, prosaic, simple citizen, and that is King Edward's character. He is the citizen King, and the most popular of his line. If ever we have a man of genius as King, we shall probably end by cutting off his head.

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He is the Imperial smoother, and deserves the jolly title of "L'oncle de l'Europe," which France has conferred on him. There is an avuncular benevolence about him which is irresistible. He likes to be happy himself, and he likes to see the world happy. Does Norway want a King? Then he is the man to arrange it. Does the King lack a Queen? Who so accomplished to fill the role of uncle? Does the King of Spain want, like Dame Marjory, to be "settled in life?" Again he assumes the familiar part. And his activity does not end with marriage bells. He loves to play the part of missionary of peace. He plays it skillfully and constitutionally, and not in any assertive or authoritative spirit. He is far too astute for that, and they are his worst enemies who encourage the fatal theory that the King is his own Foreign Minister—a theory which would make the external relations of a great people dependent on the private feelings of an individual whom it could not control and whose mind it could not know.

Considering the delicate path he has had to tread in public and the fierce light that has beat upon it, he has made singularly few false steps. His presence at a race meeting on the day that Tennyson was buried left an unpleasant impression on the mind, and the exclusion of certain members from a garden party apparently because of a vote given by them in the House of Commons was a startling departure from correctitude that by its singularity emphasized the general propriety of his conduct. But these lapses apart, his career is a model of public deportment, and we can have no more sincere wish than that this country will have always upon the throne one who understands his place in the Constitution as well and does his task as honestly as Edward VII.

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I like to think of him as one sees him on those sunny days at Windsor when he holds his garden party and moves about industriously, smiling and gossiping while the band plays the interminable tune and the fashionable world crowds around him in eager anxiety for notice. It is then that one understands the boredom of Kingship, and the heroism that enables him to play his part so cheerfully and unfailingly. Hard by the brilliant scene you may come suddenly upon solitude and a colony of rooks holding high revel in the immemorial elms. Their cry—the most ironic sound in nature—seems like a scornful comment on the momentary scene yonder and all it signifies. I fancy that when the shadows fall athwart the greensward and the last guest has gone King Edward strolls off with a cigar to take counsel of these wise birds who seem to know so well what is real and what is transitory, and tell it with such refreshing candor.

Value of Men as Friends.

Octave Thanet in Harper's Bazaar.

Chivalry is an old-fashioned word, but the thing itself, though less in evidence, was never so much in action as in our very own time. Men show it in their whole attitude towards their women friends. They handle our feelings with their lightest touch, they walk among our prejudices on tiptoe; they take off their hats to our bigotry if we call it religion; they accept our squeamishness for refinement; and they grow gray before they discover that with certain women a fit of tears means no more than a fit of profanity from some men. They surely are patient in their own way. But neither can it be denied that in their choice of friends they are sometimes stupid to a heartrendering degree. In the main, an Anglo-Saxon man's friends are as little of his choosing as the shape of his nose. One can run over the list in the dark. His family friends, his wife's friends, the wives of his friends. Then come the inconsiderable residuum (in size), the friends whom he has chosen for himself. Here will be where the blunders will show, but the worst are like to be birds of passage. Perhaps he made them during his college days when the haze was over every pretty girl whom he met. It is too much to expect a lad to pick the girl of really fine nature and sweetness. Nor does he; he admires the girl all the other fellows admire—a pretty, flippant little creature who isn't afraid to talk (usually he is!) and can dance like a dream. But will men continue to admire Missy? I trow not.

Drawing Party Lines.

Kansas City Journal.

Tom Reed and Jerry Simpson, the noted Pop Seventh district Congressman, were great friends. Their good relationship came after this incident:

"Say, Jerry," said Reed one day, "why are you a Populist?"

"For the same reason," said Simpson, "that you are a Republican. A majority of the people of our respective districts are of our way of thinking."

Both Candidates Defy "Hoodoo" This Year

Why Old-Line Politicians Believe Touring Candidates Will Be Unlucky in November.

BY JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

A WHIRLWIND campaign is assured now that both Taft and Bryan, after hesitating, have decided to tour and stump the doubtful states throughout October. Their hesitancy was doubtless out of respect to old-line politicians, who, one and all, believe that a hoodoo fits in the wake of the Presidential campaign tour. Mark Hanna believed in this hoodoo, which blighted the hopes of Clay, Douglas, Greeley and Blaine, who before Bryan's coming were our only Presidential candidates who went on big speechmaking tours. Hanna on this account kept McKinley at home in both campaigns, as both chairmen did their candidates four years ago. This has been the hoodoo's swath: Lincoln in 1860 did not stir out of his state and made no campaign speech; Douglas made 65 speeches, traveled 2750 miles and was defeated. Lincoln in 1864 made one campaign speech in New York and spoke briefly to four visiting delegations; McClellan made five speeches in New York and was defeated. Grant in 1868 made no political speeches; Seymour made eight speeches, traveled 1100 miles and was defeated. Grant in 1872 made neither campaign tour nor speeches; Greeley made 79 formal speeches, traveled 2234 miles and lost. Cleveland in 1884 traveled 312 miles and made three speeches, while Blaine traveled 4760 miles, made 195 speeches and was defeated. Bryan beat Blaine's record on both of his former campaigns, while McKinley stayed at home and won. Hayes and Garfield, however, both defied the hoodoo and won out. Tilden made no tour and only one short speech, but there are many who believe that he really won. Garfield, then, is the only notable exception. He traveled 2300 miles and made 97 speeches, while Hancock made no tour and only two brief speeches.

Putting on the Muzzle.

"The greatest danger of the campaign lies in the candidate," said the late Senator Barnum. Campaigning, as we know it, was unknown until Jackson ran. There were no National conventions, platforms, parades or mass meetings. Men with aspirations for the Presidency were spoken for by their friends in stately and dignified oratory. Jackson in 1828 started the new order of events, and thereafter candidates were allowed to do and say what they pleased until 1844, when Henry Clay defeated himself by an unfortunate utterance. His election was almost conceded in that campaign until he made his unfortunate allusion to the admission of Texas as a state, which lost him New York. After that experience shrewd campaign managers tried to keep their candidates in the background. Thurlow Weed and Governor Morgan, of New York, Lincoln's first active campaign managers, were in constant fear that their candidate would say something to wreck his fortunes, and Weed made a special trip to Springfield to get Lincoln's promise not to talk. Since Parson Blanchard's "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" speech in Blaine's presence lost New York to the Plumed Knight, Republican National chairmen have required that orators speaking formally in the presence of candidates submit copies of their speeches in advance, and candidates also have been required to write their formal speeches and submit them to an advisory committee.

Now, the National chairman is to the candidate as the theatrical manager is to the star actor and the editor is to the author. Good discipline demands this authority, and the only recent candidate to break it was Grover Cleveland. Almost from the first hour of his campaign of 1884 he quarreled with Senator Gorman, his National chairman, who became so angry with the candidate that a week before election he threatened to close up the campaign headquarters in New York, and was only prevented by William C. Whitney. Blaine was amenable to discipline and unwillingly obeyed his campaign manager, B. F. Jones, the Pittsburg iron master, who instructed the candidate to come East and attend the ill-advised "Belshazzar's feast" of financiers. Quay, Harrison's manager, had a hall hired in Indianapolis where Harrison could address visiting delegations. Only the candidate was allowed upon the platform, and he would emerge from the wings, make a few remarks and retire so suddenly that no amateur politician had a chance to utter a tactless or blundering remark. Today printed copies of each candidate's formal speeches are sent to the editors throughout the country in advance and are already in type in the newspaper composing rooms when delivered from the hustings.

Both candidates are tried tourists. Judge Taft thinks nothing of stepping around the world and Mr. Bryan has trotted pretty much over our little globe. In his first campaign Mr. Bryan covered 19,000 miles and made 599 speeches. This record, however, was broken in 1900, when Theodore Roosevelt, candidate for Vice-President, traveled 21,300 miles, made 673 speeches, visited 567 towns and cities and talked to 3,000,000 people. The record audience for a single campaign speech was made, however, by William Henry Harrison, who, during his campaign of 1840, addressed a crowd of 100,000 people at Dayton, Ohio. The same year 75,000 gathered around Bunker Hill to hear Webster.

The main effort of each National chairman will be to awaken the voter. Sweeping as was Roosevelt's victory four years ago, nearly 2,000,000 voters failed to cast their ballots for any one. Each party has opened dual headquarters in New York and Chicago, the Republicans' Eastern office being 14 rooms on the 10th floor of the tower of that monster new structure, the Metropolitan Life building. A suite in the Hoffman House is the Eastern hanging out place of the Democrats, whose main headquarters is at the great Auditorium Annex Hotel, on the Chicago lake front. Here Chairman Mack has partitioned off for his use the green room and palm garden, besides leasing a suite of individual rooms on the parlor floor. In Chicago, also, Chairman Hitchcock has established Western headquarters in a suite of light and airy rooms in the Harvester building, where Secretary William Hayward will be permanently in charge while Mr. Hitchcock is on his roving commission about the country.

The Democrats have long regarded Chicago as the center of hostilities and so did Republican Chairman Hanna, but Chairman Cortelyou regarded New York as the vortex four years ago and remained there.

Each National chairman already regards himself as the busiest man on the face of the earth. Each is maintaining a close alliance with all parts of his huge organization, even to the thousands upon thousands of precinct committeemen. Constant reports and recommendations are already pouring in at all headquarters from state, county and precinct chairmen, and daily each National chairman knows whether these subordinates are performing their tasks. Millions of documents have to be mailed to selected individuals, while magazines, daily newspapers and billboards have to be reached with advertisements. The organization of voters' clubs, manufacturers' clubs, labor clubs, college men's clubs, etc., has to be pushed. The foreign-born voters also must be organized and reached by literature in their own language. Four years ago as many as 20,000 signed letters were sent out by Chairman Cortelyou in one week and 35,000 precinct committeemen each received separately written and signed letters during the campaign. It was then Mr. Hitchcock's duty, as secretary, to risk pen paralysis and sign these communications. Women's clubs will be organized by both committees throughout the intermountain states where women vote.

Corps of campaign orators are being organized by both chairmen. The pay of these spellbinders has varied in past campaigns from $25 to $250 per week, with $8 per day for expenses. Attached to each speaker's bureau will be a man experienced in railroading, who will look after the itineraries of speakers. The great orators of the two parties, such as Governors, Senators, Representatives and Cabinet officers, will be given particular problems to expound.

Taking a lesson from the Parker-Roosevelt quarrel over Cortelyou, on the eve of the last election, both campaign managers will this year be on the sharp lookout to prevent vituperation. Few candidates, however, have escaped this sort of weapon in past campaigns. George Washington, during one of his campaigns, was charged with being a thief and a murderer, and a New York newspaper accused him of overdrawing his Presidential salary. At a dinner in Alexandria, John Randolph, of Roanoke, proposed the toast: "George Washington—may he be d—d!" Jackson claimed that the slanders uttered against him during his first campaign killed his sick wife, who died just before his inauguration. Lincoln was, when he ran for re-election in 1864, represented by the opposition as a buffoon, a libertine in speech, while McClellan was called a "carpet soldier," a "coward" and a "traitor." Grant was branded as a nepotist and a confirmed drunkard, who had turned the White House into a dive, while Tilden was called a "railroad wrecker" and "blackmailer of canal thieves," and Hayes was accused of buying his seat with pledges of immunity to the Ku-Klux-Klan. Garfield was flayed as a crooked lobbyist, Hancock as the "tool of Tammany" and Cleveland as a hater of Irishmen and Catholics, and one who had engaged in crooked land speculations. Bryan, in his earlier campaigns was called an "anarchist" and McKinley an "emperor," and so it has gone from the first.

One of the strangest campaign slanders of the earlier days was that circulated in 1828 against Jackson by Seba Smith, a humorous writer of that time. He accused Old Hickory of being so illiterate that he employed "O. K." as an abbreviation for "Oll Korrect," Jackson's partisans not taking the trouble to deny the charge, adopted the letters as a rallying cry. One of the calumnies that helped defeat Van Buren in his campaign against Harrison was that his son John, who had been presented at the English court, was going to marry the young Queen Victoria. They were caricatured as dancing together, and young Van Buren was contemptuously alluded to as "Prince John," which clung to him as long as he lived. Happily, we have become more polite in our politics than we were in those "good old days," when men actually killed each other in disputes as to whether Andrew Jackson's martyred wife smoked a pipe or not.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 19.

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