

# PROMINENT MEN WHO HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTED IN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS

It is the very essence of a presidential election that some candidate must get left. Some one must be disappointed. And in the history of the republic many great men have sought and lost this coveted prize. Three great names stand out prominently in the list—Clay, Webster and Blaine—each the idol of his party, each the victim of political scheming.

Aaron Burr, just a hundred years ago, missed the presidency by the narrowest margin. He was an adept in political intrigue, with a magnetic personality and a brilliant mind that won him equal favor in the eyes of the voters with Jefferson. Each received seventy-three votes and this threw the election into the House of Representatives. Thirty-five ballots were taken without result.

The Federalists were anxious to defeat Jefferson and they gave their support to Burr until the thirty-sixth ballot. Then, Burr refused to give pledges required of him, their support was withdrawn and Jefferson was chosen.

In accordance with the law of those days Burr became Vice-President. But he was a disappointed man. Following his defeat for the presidency came the fatal duel with Hamilton, the Blennerhassett scandal, his traitorous attempt to divide the country, his temporary exile and social obscurity.

De Witt Clinton was Mayor of New York City for several terms, as well as United States Senator and Governor of



New York State. He was popular with the people, but his strong character made him many political enemies. When President Madison was re-elected for a second term Clinton took the field against him and made a hard fight, but lost for lack of the vote of one State, of which he had felt sure. His fame is secure, however, as the "Father of the Erie Canal."

Henry Clay, like Blaine, made repeated attempts to secure the presidency, only to fail each time. It is a coincidence that each would have succeeded were it not for the blunders of too zealous supporters. "Harry of the West" tried for the prize in 1824, when John Quincy Adams was elected, also in 1832, when he

was overwhelmingly defeated by Andrew Jackson. In 1840 the adoption of the unit rule prevented Clay's nomination in favor of William Henry Harrison. In 1844 the Whigs nominated him by acclamation and Clay's election seemed certain. But his Southern adherents blundered by inducing him to favor the annexation of Texas, and that lost him the votes of thousands of anti-slavery men. The Whigs won in 1848 and Clay would have been their choice if Gen. Taylor's newly made military reputation had not given the nomination to that hero.

Daniel Webster is another great personality among the unsuccessful aspirants for the presidency. Had he consented in 1848 to accept the nomination

as Vice-President on the ticket with Zachary Taylor he would, upon the latter's death in 1850, have become President. In 1852 Webster's friends made a determined effort to secure him the nomination, but party jealousy made their efforts useless. This great man felt keenly the disappointment of his hopes, and his death occurred on Oct. 24 that same year.

Lewis Cass, who was very prominent in national politics sixty years ago, had two narrow escapes from presidential lightning. In 1844 an unexpected adjournment of the Democratic convention just as Cass was about to be nominated gave time for a successful combination against him in favor of James K. Polk,

In 1848 Cass was United States Senator, but resigned when the Democrats nominated him for the presidency. Owing to the opposition of the Free Soilers, he did not receive the electoral vote of New York State, and the Whig candidate, Taylor, won the prize.

Horace Greeley's defeat in the presidential contest of 1872, with its direful aftermath, was a political tragedy. High in the councils of the Republican party, respected by the whole people, Greeley put aside the political principles of a lifetime to become the candidate of Democracy. Overwhelming defeat broke his generous heart and was quickly followed by death.

Samuel J. Tilden's failure to be inaugurated as President of the United States is the one weak link in the presidential chain that connects the present with the dawn of the republic.

The result of the contest in 1876 was in doubt from the close of the polls on election day until March 2, 1877, when the electoral commission appointed to settle the matter decided that Rutherford B. Hayes had received 185 votes as against 184 for Samuel J. Tilden.

It was a perilous period, and the nation owes much to the man who refrained from speaking the word that might have plunged the country into civil war.

James G. Blaine, the "Plumed Knight," is perhaps the saddest figure in the galaxy of American star statesmen

who have sought the presidency, but sought in vain. For a score of years his name was always uppermost in the public mind whenever the Republican party met in convention. In 1876 the nomination was almost within his grasp. In 1880 he received a first ballot vote of 284, but he and General Grant, his strongest rival, had both to step aside for the compromise candidate, Garfield. In 1884 he was certain of victory, but failed through the loss of New York State by the narrow margin of 1,047 votes.

Among other well-known men who tried to be President and failed were Gen. McClellan, Gen. Hancock, Benjamin F. Butler, William J. Bryan and Admiral Dewey.

## MARCUS A. HANNA.

GRAPHIC PEN PICTURE OF THIS POLITICIAN.

He Achieved Fame, Notoriety and Leadership at a Bound—He is a Many-Sided Man of Wonderful Force and Energy.

There are few more interesting figures in the political life of the country than Marcus A. Hanna, and in the current number of McClure's Magazine William Allen White draws a most interesting pen picture of him.

Hanna, says the writer, is intensely human. There is nothing god-like, nothing demonic, nothing cherubic, nothing serpentine about him. He is a plain man, who stands in the last ditch with his friends, and fights his enemies to the death. He enjoys a good joke, a good fellow, or a good dinner; and, if possible, likes all three served at the same table. Often he wins brilliancy, sometimes loses conspicuously, makes a fool of himself occasionally, laughs at it good-naturedly, and does it over again, "even as you and I." He has on his bones the clay of the unexplainable old Adam—rich in weakness and strength, graces and foibles, and withal he has the philosophy which sustained the shepherd of Arden. So his strength is more than his weakness, for he has the virility of common sense. He is not happy crocheting tidies and adopting ringing resolutions. He is a man of deeds rather than of explanations.

Hanna is not a man of exalted ideals. Between his purpose and his execution his path lies in a straight line. If gentlemen in spectacles come along the



MARCUS A. HANNA.

path, stretching across strings of ethical obstacles, and planting in the potsherds of transcendental philosophic scruples, Hanna pushes forward to his end, kicking away the strings and crushing the pottery under his feet.

Later, if he has time, he devotes a few lurid minutes to the spectacled gentry before he closes the incident with a bang and goes about his business. Hanna is perfectly willing to admit that beyond the Alps lies Italy and that the hills are green afar off; but he insists on his American privilege of voting for the majority report. In politics Hanna is a partisan. With him the long-nosed, short-chinned mugwump is entitled to the same consideration due to the guerilla in time of war. Hanna would endorse a political proposition not authorized by his party caucus and his platform about as readily as a general would take orders from a newspaper. In his party Hanna has disputes, differences and contentions. But he knows when he is whipped, and respects a similar knowledge in his adversary. When a fight is over, it is over with Hanna. He bears no malice, carries no knife from the conflict to use another day, and he has a scorching contempt for the contentious—and to Hanna impossible—persons who insist that a question is never settled until it is settled right. From Hanna's point of view the ways of the reformer and of "the serpent on the rock" are beyond understanding.

For Hanna's solicitude for the people is as tender as that of the late William H. Vanderbilt. Hanna believes in every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. He does not fawn upon the failures of life, nor mince matters in locating the blame for their condition. Every good cause has produced its demagogues, who are as dangerous to progress as the opponents of the cause. And although Hanna has been grilled in cartoons as a money devil with dollar marks for scales; has been sizzled in public scorn as a conscienceless boss; has been called a crusher of labor, an industrial octopus, a commercial Moloch, and every manner of bird or beast on earth, in the air above, or in the waters beneath, his bitterest enemies in their most interesting flights of vituperation have not added to the gaiety of nations by calling Mark Hanna a demagogue.

If a large, jagged, brown cuss word is needed in a diplomatic situation, Hanna furnishes it. If a laugh is needed, Hanna has it and is not afraid to use it. If an open fight is required, Hanna makes it. He is a man of simple instincts and simple purposes. His relations with certain of his Senatorial colleagues were arranged in their biological development millions of years ago. For instance, the velvet-pawed feline tactics of former Senator Quay set Hanna to baying deep-mouthed imprecations and kicking out behind the loam of recent alluvial reminiscence. It is not that Hanna is so entirely displeased with what Quay does as with the way it is done, for Hanna is no prude.

### TRIFLES NOT LIGHT AS AIR.

Slight Causes that Have Resulted in Momentous Events.

Only a short time ago the ancient Swan Hotel at Ipswich, England, was destroyed by a fire, which originated through rats gnawing matches.

The sudden appearance of a hilarious mouse among the occupants of the gallery of the Victoria Theater, Westminster, on boxing night, 1858, started a panic, which resulted in the death of fifteen people.

A mongrel cur strayed on the St. Leger course some years ago, just as the field swept by. Seven horses came down in a heap, and of the jockeys who were riding them five were hurt—three seriously.

To win a bet of 2 pence a little pit lad, employed at the Ferndale colliery,

in the Rhondda Valley, picked the lock of his safety lamp with an ordinary hairpin. He himself, together with nearly 200 of his mates, perished in the explosion which followed.

At Shoeburyness some fifteen years ago Col. Francis Lyon invented a new kind of sensitive fuse for big caliber shells, and invited a number of gunnery experts to be present at the trials. On the night prior to the day on which the experiments were to be made he locked up a number of the fuses in a shed in which there were some fowls. The chickens started scratching, and

lighting the 2,000 tapers on the grand altar when the errant spider skipped into the central aisle and alarmed a lady, who screamed. The acolytes, or some of them, looked around to ascertain the cause of the commotion and one of the naked lights they carried came in contact with the drapery of a colossal figure of the virgin. A few minutes later the vast cathedral was a raging furnace, in which were being consumed more than 2,000 bodies.—Stray Stories.

### PASSION PLAY REALISTIC.

Lillian Bell Describes the Acting of the Peasants of Oberammergau. In the Woman's Home Companion Lillian Bell writes of her experiences at Oberammergau and of the impressions made upon her by the great Christ drama. She concludes with these vivid words:

"As to the play itself, I wish I need say nothing about it. My mind, my heart, my soul, have all been wrenched and twisted with such emotion as is not pleasant to feel nor expedient to speak about. It was too real, too heart-rending, too awful. I hate, I abhor myself for feeling things so acutely. I wish I were a skeptic, a scoffer, an atheist. I wish I could put my mind on the mechanism of the play. I wish I could believe that it all took place two thousand years ago. I wish I didn't know that this suffering on the stage was all actual. I wish I thought these people were really Tyrolean peasants, wood-carvers and potters, and that all this agony was only a play. I hate the women who are weeping around me. I hate the men who are letting the tears run down their cheeks and whose shoulders are heaving with their sobs. It is so awful to see a man cry!

"But no, it is all true. It is taking place now. I am one of the women at the foot of the cross. The anguish, the cries, the sobs, are all real. They pierce my heart. The cross, with its piteous burden, is outlined against the real sky. The green hill beyond is Calvary. Doves flutter in and out, and butterflies dart across the shafts of sunlight. The expression on Christ's face is one of anguish, forgiveness and pity unspeakable. Then his head drops forward on his breast, it grows dark, the weeping becomes lamentation, and as they approach to thrust the spear into his side, from which, I have been told, the blood and water really may be seen to pour forth, I turn faint and sick and close my eyes. It has gone too far, I am no longer myself, but a disorganized heap of racked nerves and hysterical weeping, and not even the descent from the cross, the rising from the dead nor the triumphant ascension can console me nor restore my balance. The Passion Play but once in a lifetime."

Japan in Search of Ideas. Japan's efforts towards Western civilization and methods take a new de-

parture every day. The latest venture of the enterprising authorities of the Flowery Land is in the direction of architecture, a matter in which up to the present Japan has been particularly conservative.

It will be remembered that the Crown Prince Yoshihito was married a short time ago and amid universal rejoicing. It has been found that there is no place sufficiently magnificent to accommodate the royal couple, and it has, therefore, been decided to build near Tokio a dwelling which shall rival in splendor anything existing in the East and possibly even surpass the royal palaces of Europe and the magnificent structures of America.

To achieve this object it was necessary that Japan's architects should see some of the buildings of the West, and accordingly Prof. Toro Iwamura and Mr. Sano, the former a member of the Tokio Academy of Fine Arts, and the latter an architect in the employ of the Japanese Government, have started on a tour with this purpose in view. After visiting various cities in the United States and Canada they will extend their tour to Europe.—London Daily Mail.

### Called Teddy a Lobster.

As Governor Roosevelt and two other men were crossing 33d street, New York, from the Republican headquarters, they met Lieutenant Governor Woodruff and the party stood talking on the car tracks until they were almost run down by a street car.

"Get off the track, you big lobster," shouted the motorman to Governor Roosevelt and Lieutenant Governor Woodruff, as they were shaking hands. "Are you trying to hold up this car?"

"That's the Governor," remarked a man on the car.

"Take it all back, Governor; I'm the lobster," said the motorman, taking off his hat to the Governor, who waved his hand and laughed.

### No Place Like Home.

An Aitchison man took sick Saturday and decided to stay home till he got rested. He was back at work Monday. His wife had asked him within a few hours to take care of the baby, to chop onions for pickles, to grind the coffee, to dress the chicken, and to milk the cow "while he was resting."—Aitchison Globe.

### Effect of a Lovely "Ad."

Fair Visitor—So you have really decided not to sell your house?  
Fair Hostess—Yes. You see we placed the matter in the hands of a real estate agent. After reading his lovely advertisement neither John nor myself could think of parting with such a wonderful and perfect home.—London Tit-Bits.

Short One—"Go azy, Tim; ut's tree molles that's before us!" Tall One—"Sure an' that's phy O'm burryin; O! want to git there before I git all tired out!"—Lyn Life.

It weren't for the iniquities of the servants, the tradespeople and Mrs. X, but, handicapped by them, I am fain to declare that running one's own establishment has its drawbacks.

"I've thought so for a long time, ever since the pipes froze in the bathroom last winter and the stovepipe in the kitchen fell down and covered my breakfast with soot, to be accurate, think so more than ever since Saturday night, when the climax of my unhappy marital experiences was reached.

"It was Mrs. X's fault. It always is Mrs. X's fault. Since the time of Eve the weaker sex has been to blame for all masculine discomfort. At any rate we were to have some friends to dine with us on Sunday, and my better half, instead of going to market early, as she should have done, put it off until afternoon, and had, as is her foolish custom, I believe, her baskets of provisions sent to the butcher's to be delivered by him.

"Saturday night we went to the theater, and some malign fate induced me to tug up as seldom before. I wore my dress suit and my open hat and a boutonniere and the other things that go with this festive array, and when I came downstairs Mrs. X, said I looked lovely, which is her way of declaring that I'm a presentable-appearing chap.

"We enjoyed the play immensely, and when we got home we were both so hungry that we agreed to make a rabbit and have a cozy little luncheon together, and this is where I made my awful mistake. If I had never suggested the lunch my wife wouldn't have discovered there wasn't any butter, nor any cheese in the house; that that perfidious butcher, in fact, hadn't sent the market baskets home.

"The cook was in bed asleep, the maid gone home to spend the night, the market would close in half an hour. It was up to me to get those baskets.

"My wife wouldn't even let me change my coat.

"Go! Go!" she kept meaning, "what in the world will I give Mr. and Mrs. Blank to eat to-morrow if you are too late?"

"Behold me, therefore, thirty minutes later the cynosure of all eyes in a trolley car, a pair of squawking chickens over one broadcloth-clad arm, a huge market basket on the other. I had removed my gloves and my boutonniere, but I still appeared sufficiently festive to attract a great deal of attention.

"I tried to be imperturbable, and to look as if going to market and in full dress was a usual occurrence, but I'm afraid I succeeded badly.

"That's all the story except the aftermath, which was that Mrs. X, declared I was the worst-tempered man she ever met, and that I could take my choice between getting a divorce or going to a hotel to live. That's the reason we start to boarding next week."—Baltimore News.

### Author Made a Happy Hit.

One of the most popular novels of the day had a strange history which might have been considered fatal to its success had it been known in advance. A New York author whose books are always sure of a certain degree of popularity finished all but the last few chapters of a novel. Try as he might, it was impossible for him to complete the story satisfactorily. So he put the book away, and for two years it lay unfinished on his desk, although the author thought of the work from time to time without being able to get any nearer the solution of the plot.

Finally he lost all hope of ever completing the work and decided to end it at a point several chapters in advance of that at which he had ceased to write. With this abrupt and unexpected ending the novel went to a publisher, was accepted and turned out one of the most popular novels this author has ever written. One of the most praised features of the book is its unconventional ending, which is said to be just explicit enough to satisfy everybody without going into inartistic detail. And the author was at one time so discouraged about the ending of the book that he had almost given up the idea of submitting it to any publisher.—New York Sun.

### Story of a Prodigy.

"Elbridge T. Gerry's fixed conviction that the use of children as public entertainers is ruinous to their moral and physical being has resulted in much benefit for talented youngsters and in a deluge of abuse for their protectors. Several years ago he called in the aid of the law to prevent the performances of a child pianist. The child was admitted by all qualified to judge to be marvelously talented, and as the young prodigy seemed to be well cared for the outcry against the society was long and loud. But Mr. Gerry never flinched, and the law upheld him. Shortly afterward the child was taken to Europe, and the episode faded from the public mind. Ten years later the same pianist reappeared, now in the vigor of youth. His musical gifts had been developed under the guidance of the most accomplished foreign instructors. The public wondered and admired, but few knew that the musician owed the training in his art to the generosity of the man who had restrained him from concert playing ten years before."—Anslee's Magazine.

### Zoological.

"Africa is to have stringent game laws."  
"Yes; things are getting so that our menageries won't have a thing in them but white elephants and Welsh rabbits."—Indianapolis Journal.

Belgian Artificial Nutmegs. A German chemist has analyzed the artificial nutmegs that are made in Belgium in large quantities. They include various vegetables and 20 per cent. of mineral substances.

A man ought to enjoy his wedding trip; when he returns, he has twice as much work to do as he had before.