

## President Inaugurated.

At last a figure well known in Washington appears in the portico. It is stockily-built, smooth, suave, yet strong. The face matches the form. The smile fits the face. It is the President, and every one knows him—the President who was and the President who, by grace of the American people, is to be.

There is a cheer, mighty and prolonged. There is no doubting the President's popularity.

The big capital takes up the echo and sends it over to the library. The library hurls it back again. The dense mass in front of the stand lightens once more, surges to and fro. Its units are on tiptoe; the whole is strangely agitated.

By the chief magistrate's side is the fine figure of the little chief justice. Immediately after them is the man of action and achievement, the Warwick of two king-making campaigns, Senator Hanna.

After him the other committeemen, some in shining hats doomed to quick ruffling. Jones of Arkansas, southern from toe to top, wearing a big sombrero; Spooner, on whom the smile of man's favor already shines and speaks of great things to come, modest and fairly western in his dress between a slouch hat and a topcoat. All advance to the pavilion; the people on the stand rise at them; the crowd goes on cheering.

President McKinley gathers up Roosevelt on the way and carries him to the rostrum. They smile and bow; both lift their hats again and again. The crowd cracks its mighty throat. Wild waves begin to run through that human sea. Children held aloft by doting parents look like buoys or bits of wreckage bounding along upon the billows.

The President keeps his overcoat tightly buttoned to the chin. His hair is seen to be thin and a bit straggly. It blows about in the wind. He smiles and smiles. He has faced the American people before. He knows what to do and how to do it.

The new vice president, realizing that here another than himself is to be the central figure, steps modestly to the rear. All the others find seats, too.

At this moment there was great excitement among the photographers. As the President faced the throng two batteries of cameras confronted him. They occupied ramparts built up 10 or 12 feet high, and they presented a most formidable appearance. There were cameras of all sizes and shapes—great, cavernous fellows, with funereal black cloths over them, and wee ones, with saucy clicks. Two or three kineoscopes stood limbered for action, but the sun god would not deign to favor them with the necessary light.

Without loss of time Chief Justice Fuller advanced to the front. He stood at the President's right hand. The two men faced one another. Between them was the clerk of the supreme court, with an open Bible held in his two hands.

The chief justice, his white hair flying over his forehead and flanking his ears, raised his right hand. The crowd stood to attention. It lifted reverently its thousands of hats, and onlookers thought the skies had cleared at last, so many white foreheads strangely illuminating the dull landscape.

After the chief justice the President repeated, "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and to the best of my ability protect, preserve and defend the constitution of the United States."

Then Mr McKinley bent his head and kissed the holy book with manner eager and devout. Another shout from the spectators. The deed was done.

William McKinley was again President. He had entered upon his second term. As simple as this, as quickly over as this, was the ceremony of inauguration.