

Five-Minute Chats About Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

ULYSSES S. GRANT

1822—April 27, Hiram Ulysses Grant born at Point Pleasant, O.
 1839—Enrolled at West Point Military Academy as Ulysses Simpson Grant.
 1846—In the Mexican war.
 1848—Aug. 22, married Julia Dent.
 1854—Resigned from the army.
 1861—Colonel of Twenty-first Illinois volunteer regiment of Infantry.
 1861—August, brigadier general.
 1862—April, fought battle of Shiloh.
 1863—July 4, took Vicksburg.
 1864—March, lieutenant general in command of the armies. May, opened his campaign in the Wilderness in Virginia.
 1865—April 9, received Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House.
 1869—March 4, inaugurated eighteenth president, aged 45.
 1872—Grant re-elected.
 The Credit Mobilier scandal exposed.
 1876—February, "whisky ring" exposed.
 March, Belknap, secretary of war, impeached.
 1877—March 4, Grant retired from the presidency.

SLUGS AND ARROWS

1877—Grant's tour of the world.
 1880—June, defeated for nomination for third term in Republican national convention. Entered the firm of Grant & Ward, bankers in New York.
 1884—Failure of Grant & Ward. Grant began to write his "Personal Memoirs." Afflicted with cancer of the throat.
 1885—March 4, Congress revived the rank of General for him. July 23, died at Mt. McGregor, N. Y., aged sixty-three.

WHEN Grant left the White House, freed from public care for the first time in 15 years, his uppermost wish was to visit his daughter, Mrs. Nellie Sartoris, in England, where he was surprised by the public welcome that greeted his arrival. He was "puzzled to find himself a personage," said James Russell Lowell. But his political friends were quick to see in his triumphs abroad a chance to restore their own prestige at home, and they urged him on until he had completed a tour of the world, which remains, perhaps, unequalled in brilliance. As he went his way from London to Tokyo, emperors and kings honored him.

Coming home after a three years' absence, he weakly yielded to the politicians who were using his name in a desperate adventure to regain power for the "Stalwart" faction of the Republican party. But the unwritten law against a third term was vindicated in his defeat in the Republican convention of 1880.

Falling from the White House, he was tempted by a "young Napoleon of Finance" into the whirlpool of New York and to become a partner in a Wall street bank. Into that blind venture he put what little money he had and most of all his name.

After three years he was rudely awakened from his dream of wealth by the "young Napoleons" request that he go borrowing from William H. Vanderbilt to save the bank from crashing. He was lame from a fall on an icy street when the truth was broken to him, but he limped into the Fifth avenue palace of the multimillionaire and came out with \$150,000.

As he entered the bank, two days later, he was met with the crushing news that the firm of Grant & Ward had gone down in a shameful failure. Hours afterward a clerk found the broken man still sitting at his desk in silent despair, his head dropped forward, his hands gripping the arms of his chair.

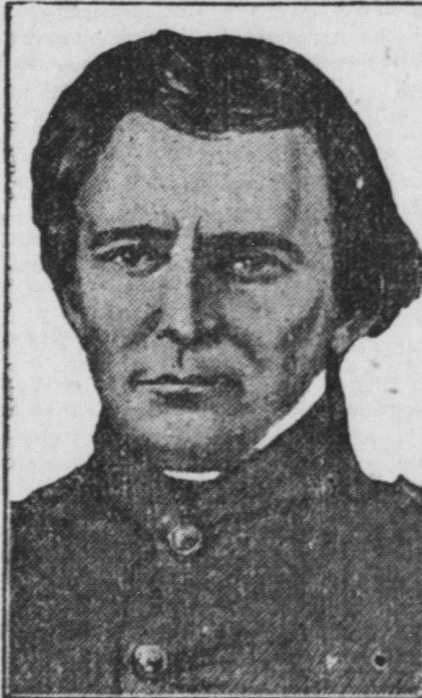
Out of bad came good. Grant opens his "Personal Memoirs" with a frank admission that he consented to write that great narrative only because he was living on borrowed money when a publisher proposed the undertaking. As he pursued his theme he was gratified to discover an unsuspected gift for unfolding a moving tale of his adventures and achievements in the field. He wrote on until he had finished a story as imposing in its directness and simplicity as his own nature. And the first sales of it brought his wife,

side-tracked from the fighting line in the quartermaster department. That experience inclined him to be a contractor for supplying bread to the army at the outbreak of the Civil war, when the politicians refused to make him an officer.

The first time Grant came in sight of the enemy in the Civil war he frankly tells us that his heart jumped into his throat. "I had not the moral courage," he said, "to halt and consider what to do; I kept right on."

That is the whole story of how Grant got to Appomattox; he kept right on. Starting without a friend at his back, and with only a long, unbroken trail of disappointments behind him, he never asked for promotion, an assignment or a favor, yet this unambitious man rose to be general in chief.

No conqueror ever was higher souled than Grant at Appomattox. Sad and depressed, as he tells us, at the downfall of a valiant foe, he met Lee as if that foeman in war were a neighbor in trouble.



Grant as Second Lieutenant.



Ulysses S. Grant.



THE INNOCENTS

NOW Mr. Rat was rather young and he did not know that he should look well around before he ran out of his home under the barn floor in the daytime.



Mr. Rat stopped nibbling and ran back of a barrel, where he peeked out, but when he saw it was not the big dog he began to run around the barn.

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ETHEL CLAYTON



Ethel Clayton, one of the popular "movie" stars, finds her greatest recreation in reading. She has a carefully chosen library in her Hollywood (Cal.) home. Last year she made a trip to the Orient, spending several months in Japan and China, and this summer was booked with her mother and brother, Ronald, for an extended vacation in Europe.

WOMAN SLAYS HER AVENGER

Shoots Man Who Had Killed Two Others Who Had Attacked Her Honor.

ARGUES OVER MOTOR

First Husband Ambushed and Killed Six Years Ago—Her Ranch Foreman and His Father Were Shot by Wilson.

Winfield, Kan.—A year and a half after he had shot two men to death on the main street of Tahlequah, Okla., to avenge his wife's honor, Homer S. Wilson, himself, was shot and killed on a lonely country road, near Winfield, Kan., by Mrs. Wilson. He is the fourth man, intimately acquainted with his pretty dark-haired wife, who has perished.

Charles West, first husband of Mrs. Wilson, was shot and killed from ambush near Tahlequah six years ago. Then Frank Anthony and his father, William, fell at Wilson's hands because Wilson charged young Anthony, foreman of Mrs. Wilson's ranch, at Tahlequah, had been too friendly with Mrs. Wilson while her husband was in the army.

Wilson had been driving his automobile very fast, according to the story told by eye witnesses to the tragedy. When a stop was made for tire trouble and Wilson left the car, Mrs. Wilson slid into the driver's seat, insisting she would drive. An argument followed and Mrs. Wilson suddenly shot twice with an automatic pistol she had taken from the flap of one of the seats.

After Wilson had been inducted into the service he complained to the draft officials that his wife had reported suf-

fering at the hands of her foreman, Frank Anthony. When he returned from the army he engaged Anthony in a duel in the street, shooting him twice. The elder Anthony rushed around a corner and was shot dead by Wilson as he reached for his fallen son's gun.

Acquitted Under "Unwritten Law." The successful duelist was acquitted by the jury under the "unwritten law." He testified at the hearing that his wife had confessed the Anthonys had ambushed and killed her former husband and had sworn also to kill Wilson.

Wilson, thirty-five years old, gained fame in the cattle country through his ability as a liar thrower. He was with the 101 Ranch Wild West show several years as chief of its cowboys, touring Europe and South America with that circus. Mrs. Wilson is of Indian blood, according to friends.

Bathtub Is Too Warm. Philadelphia.—Before going upstairs to take a bath, Solomon Salkin, proprietor of a hardware store in Philadelphia, lighted an oil lamp and placed it in the store directly below the bathroom.

Later, Solomon, sitting in the bathtub, noticed that the water was becoming unusually warm. He turned on the cold water. It failed to reduce the temperature. Getting out to investigate, Solomon found flames erupting through the floor beneath the tub. He suffered a \$4,000 loss before firemen extinguished the blaze.

Wasp Bored Holes Through Ear. Springfield, Mass.—Rushing into the office of an ear specialist, Miss Lillian Beechly had a wasp which had punctured her ear four times removed by the physician.

BEAUTY CHATS

by Edna Kent Forbes

STEAMING THE SKIN

"CAN you tell me," runs a letter signed Roberts, "whether steaming the face is really good for it or not? I once had my face covered with blackheads and pimples but have cured these by dieting and using daily cream for a month. It left my skin full of noticeably large pores, though, and I want to reduce these to normal invisible size as soon as possible. Will steaming really help me?"

Steaming will, if the face is rinsed immediately after with cool water and rubbed with a piece of ice for a few moments. Daily massages will also help, for anything which promotes

the activity of the skin tends to remove its blemishes. The face should not be steamed more than twice a week and then gently, for about ten minutes. If the skin is muddy or blotchy a massage with healing cream into the open pores is advisable, but if, as in Roberts's case, only the fineness of the skin is desired, the face should be wiped off with a soft cloth, to remove the oil steamed out of the pores, then it should be rinsed in cool water to close



The Skin Should Not Be Steamed Too Often.

the pores, and finally, rubbed with a piece of ice to close them completely. The action of opening and closing the pores tends to shrink them and in time they will return to their normal size. Everything takes time, of course. Nature, intelligently assisted, will overcome and cure most abnormal conditions, but nature works slowly.

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them! The boss knows very well if he let the other fellows do those things awhile they'd get hep to what a snap he has, and wouldn't have any respect for him at all.

Hub! Guess yes. O well, some people get it mighty nice, but others have to work. When an employee says Work with a capital, he means his own job. When he says it in lower case, quotation marks around it, he means the snap the other fellow has and thinks is work—hub! What's he know about work?

The permanently unemployed and unemployable are those who cannot be fitted with a job. There is something wrong about every job they get. People who are inclined to be frank about it, think the main objection on the part of some folks to a job, is that there is work connected with it. But of course this may be wrong.

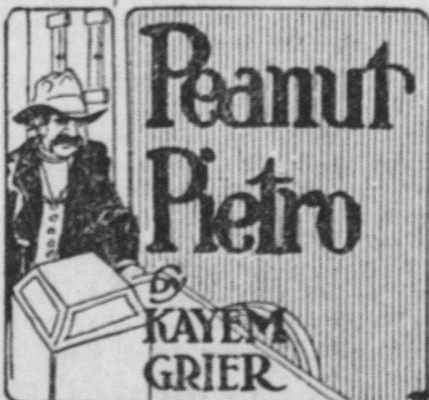
FINNIGIN FILOSOFY If yes find anny trouble lov- in' other people, use on thim some av what yes have been wa-ast' on yr-aif.

What the Sphinx Says

By Newton Newkirk.



"Some men, in order to be well spoken of, are obliged to do the job themselves."



I MAKA meestake deess morning I and show up for da work. And da boss he maka meestake an show up, too. He geeva look wot day ees on da calendar and tella me go home.

When nobody eese show up for da work I think mebbe was out late and no gotta amishish deess morning. But da boss tella me was no trouble lika dat. He say today was da Labor day and nobody work. He tella me I can go home and hava da vacash.

I dunno somating bouta Labor day. I tink every one was da labor day eef you gotta steady job. I no tink today was moecha deefrence—jusa plain Monday, September six time.

But he say een deess country one



THE QUICKEST WAY TO SKIN A CAT IS TO CHAZE IT THRU WALL & TREAT



IN CONFIDENCE. I would not speak in bitter tone, But Brown is such a stupid pup! His collar-button's made of bone, And so is he, from that place up.

Jobs. Jobs are what everybody is supposed to have or to want. The job a man has is hardly ever the one he wants, after he has got it. He knows of another job that beats his all hollow.

Another fellow has it. It is easier work and pays better, and the dib who is holding it down—well, how he gets by is more than anybody can find out.

Must have some kind of pull, he reckons. This job the man has would be all right if the hours were different, if the pay was raised, and if the boss wasn't unreasonable.

Only last week the boss refused to take this man's advice about something. Stubborner's a mule! Like to know how that guy got to be boss, anyway. Some fellows have all the luck. He gets to do the kind of things he wants to. If the man had the kind of things the boss gets to do—ah, there would be the snap!