

FIVE MINUTE CHATS ABOUT OUR PRESIDENTS

By JAMES MORGAN

JAMES A. GARFIELD

1831—Nov. 19, James Abram Garfield, born at Orange, Ohio. 1858-61—President of Hiram College. 1858—Married Lucretia Rudolph. 1860—Member of Ohio Senate. 1861—Colonel in Ohio Volunteers. 1862—Brigadier General. 1863—Major General. 1863-80—In Congress. 1880—Elected to the United States Senate. 1880—June 7, nominated for President by Republican Convention at Chicago. November, elected President.

ASSASSINATION OF GARFIELD

1881—March 4, James A. Garfield, inaugurated 20th president, aged fifty. Mar. 23, sent to senate the nomination of federal officers in New York City. May 16, the senate confirmed the nominations. May 17, Senators Conkling and Platt resigned. July 2, Garfield shot by Charles J. Guiteau at Washington. Sept. 6, Removed to Elberon N. J., Sept. 19, died, aged fifty. 1882—June 30, Guiteau hanged.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD was the latest and, it is fairly safe to say, the last of the presidents born and bred in log cabins. Notwithstanding that humble state, he was one of the half-dozen scholarly men who have sat in the presidential chair.

Garfield is the only president who was present at his own nomination. The presidential lightning struck him as he sat in his seat in that most extraordinary and exciting national convention which met at Chicago in 1880. All the "Stalwart" clans, believing with a St. Louis editor that there was "one more president in the bloody shirt," seized upon the great name of Grant, and under the banner of the "Hero of



James A. Garfield.

Appomattox" they rallied against the "Half Breeds" who followed "the Plumed Knight," James G. Blaine of Maine.

The rival champions in that remarkable tournament at Chicago were Roscoe Conkling, chieftain of the "Stalwarts," and James A. Garfield of Ohio, the spokesman of the "Half Breeds," although he was restrained from directly supporting Blaine by the instructions of his state in favor of the nomination of John Sherman. Conkling, a handsome fop, carefully studied the right moment to make his theatrical entry upon the stage the first day, drawing the applause as he advanced down the aisle with his "grandiloquent swell, his majestic superciliousness, overpowring, turkey gobbler strut," which Blaine had held up to the laughter of congress years before in a never-to-be-forgotten speech. The next day Garfield took his revenge by entering while Conkling was speaking, and the welcoming cheers drowned the voice of the indignant speaker. On the third day the two came to grips in a debate and the Ohioan scored on the New Yorker.

While the gallery still was cheering the victor in that round, Conkling wrote on the margin of a newspaper and sent to Garfield a mocking suggestion that he was playing to the gallery in his own interest: "I congratulate you on being a dark horse!"

In truth Garfield could not rise in the convention without helping himself more than he helped Sherman, who never had a chance to win. As ballot after ballot was taken, it became plain that neither the "immortal 306" who followed Grant nor the deafening cheers which his name evoked could overcome the prejudice against a third term in the White House, and it was made equally plain that this "Old Guard" never would surrender to Blaine.

A new candidate was necessary if the convention was not to fall to pieces in factions. One solitary vote for Garfield on most of the ballots had continued to point the finger of destiny at him. Wisconsin pointed all her fingers in his direction when her delegation broke to him on the thirty-fourth ballot.

Garfield rose with pallid face and dry lips to a point of order. But Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, who was in the chair, rapped him down. In two more ballots he was nominated by a combination of the Blaine and Sherman men.

In the midst of the uproar the nominee sat limp and perspiring in his seat. "Get me out of here," he faintly whispered to his seatmate, Ex-Governor Foster of Ohio.

Rarely if ever has a president taken up the burden of the office with a larger measure of good will from the people, regardless of party and of faction, than flowed out to Garfield as he stood on the steps of the capitol in the sunshine of his inaugural day, the picture of robust American manhood in its prime. His first kiss, after kissing the Bible in the presence of a multitude of witnesses, was for the aged mother, who, in a forest hut, had started him on his way to the White House and who held a place of honor beside the schoolmate sweetheart who had been his faithful companion all along the road.

"One thing though lackest yet," and that is a slight ossification of the heart," John Hay had written to the president-elect. This lack was fatal. Had his heart been harder, Garfield would have made his administration wholly his own, lifting it above factions, and he might have lived through a prosperous term. Instead, he remained his few months in the White House what he had been in congress, a lieutenant of Blaine, whom he appointed to the secretaryship of state—"with the love of a comradeship of eighteen years"—and who became at once the power behind the throne.

The only president to step directly from the capitol to the White House, he was without executive experience or tastes. His whole training had been to debate and compromise, not to act or decide on his sole responsibility.

Garfield himself was rather indifferent to factions, liking to get along with all men. He appreciated Conkling's reluctant but timely support in the campaign and invited him out to Mentor in the winter to talk over the New York patronage. He thought of inviting him into the cabinet itself, until Blaine whispered no.

Less than three weeks after he took his seat, Garfield told the senator that he was not yet ready to consider the question of filling the New York offices. Only 48 hours afterward, he filled them, nominating for the highest of those offices Blaine's best friend and Conkling's worst enemy in New York.

With Garfield's hand, Blaine had thrown down the gauntlet to the haughty chieftain of the "Stalwart" clan and a duel of factions was on in blind fury. The administration succeeded in beating Conkling in the senate, where he opposed the confirmation of the offensive nominee. But the senator and his colleague, Thomas C.

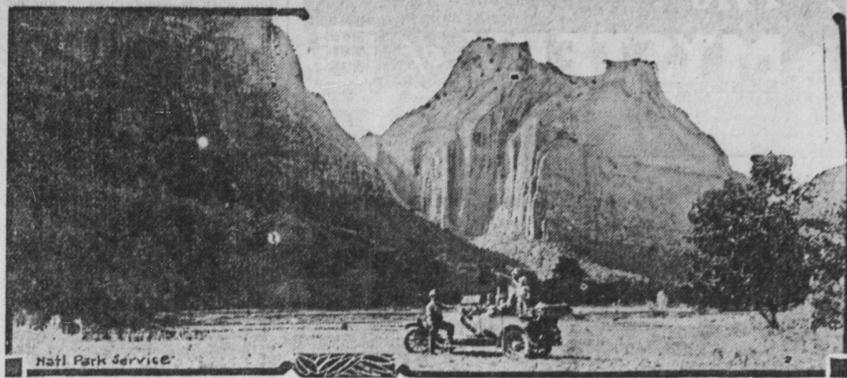


Lucretia R. Garfield.

Platt, resigned their seats and appealed to the New York legislature to re-elect them as a vindication of their course.

When the conflict was bitterest and when the "Stalwarts" were losing at Albany, a disappointed place hunter at Washington, Charles J. Guiteau, conceived the mad idea of saving the situation with a pistol shot, and he posted himself at the railway station, where his victim was to take a train for Massachusetts. The president was going back to Williams college, the goal of his struggling youth, and was smiling like a boy off for a vacation as he entered the waiting room at the railway station with Blaine at his side. In two flashes of a revolver he fell. (Copyright, 1906, by James Morgan)

Scene in the New Zion National Park



Zion national park, in Utah, has just been formally dedicated and is sure to attract many tourists next season. The illustration shows the entrance to Zion canyon, in the park.

GRAPE GROWER MAY BE HAPPY

Products of the Vineyards Are in Big Demand, Says the Federal Government.

FRUIT FINDS NEW OUTLETS

Makers of Unfermented Juice, Jams and Jellies Are Utilizing an Increasing Tonnage Each Year—Co-operate Handling Crop.

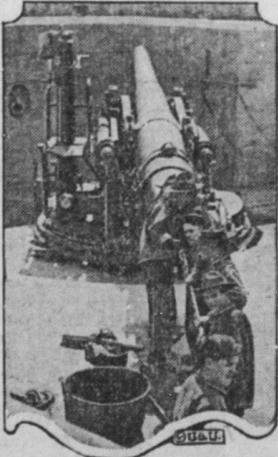
Washington.—Aside from California, the grape-growing industry in the United States promises soon to become of even greater importance than in the days before the making of wine was prohibited, according to an announcement just made by the United States department of agriculture. A big demand has developed for grape products and the shipments of grapes last year were the largest for the last four seasons under review. It is even predicted that within a few years annual production of grapes will not adequately supply the table stock and the unfermented juice, jam and jelly trade.

"While grapes may be produced almost anywhere," says a bulletin from the department, "there are, it seems, only a few districts where all the factors of soil and climate favor successful commercial production."

It is pointed out that the extensive grape-growing industry of central and southern California is not included in the article, which is limited to sections producing the eastern or American type of grapes.

Michigan Growers Wise. The surplus production in the years between 1902 and 1908 stimulated the grape-pressing industry, including un-

LOADING FOR A SALUTE



Loading a 6-inch rifle at Fishers' Island. Just a few seconds before it fired a salute in honor of the Atlantic fleet.

COSTS BLOCK TRAVEL

Extortions Practiced at the Frontiers of Countries in Central Europe.

Price of Passport Vises Has Been Greatly Increased, Especially for Americans.

Budapest.—The cost of travel for Americans in central Europe and Balkan countries is reaching extortionate proportions through the tendency to charge Americans the same price for passport visas as that of the American government for foreigners, which recently was increased from \$1 to \$10. If this tendency is continued, an American in the course of a few days' journey, passing several frontiers, may have to pay \$30 to \$50 in visas.

For travelers of all nationalities however, the charge has been rapidly

increasing during the last six months. The Germans began the high charges, demanding \$5. Then Austria followed suit with the same charge and Hungary and other countries have been obliged to make like charges. Because of the huge revenue so obtainable, passports are severely examined, more so than in war time.

Under pretext of obstructing bolshevik travel, guards at frontiers ruthlessly turn back travelers without proper visas.

Because of this unneighborly practice, it is difficult for citizens of a foreign country to pass homeward. Budapest is now full of thousands of people who, under the new frontiers fixed by the peace conference, are subjects of Romania or Jugoslavia, but cannot get passport visas home to their property. In one instance Americans used their good offices to get visas for two widows, formerly Hungarians, but whose farms are now in Serbia. They had waited eight

months to get permission to travel 150 miles. The office of American High Commissioner Grant Smith at Budapest is daily besieged by hundreds of people who wish to go to America or to secure work to reach their homes in Czechoslovakia or other countries.

NEW JAP CULT IS RADICAL

"Omoto Kyo," Mysterious Religion, Proves to Be an Extreme Form of Socialism.

Tokyo.—"Omoto Kyo," the new mysterious religion of Japan, is merely an extreme form of socialism aimed at the destruction of the existing social order, according to Kakuji Kato, a merchant who made a secret pilgrimage to Ayode, the village headquarters of the sect.

The leading adherents of the cult, Kato reported, were retired and discontented military men. He said the trunk of the sect's founder bore a striking resemblance to the imperial mausoleum at Modyama.

TREASURE HUNT VAIN

Searchers for Buried Silver Are Sure to Fail.

So Says Galveston Expert of Efforts to Find Wrecked Bullion Ship.

Galveston, Tex.—Searchers after buried silver on the mainland opposite Pete Island, 18 miles southeast of Corpus Christi, Tex., probably are doomed to disappointment, in the opinion of Dr. J. O. Dyer, a local writer on historical and scientific subjects. The rush of treasure seekers began with the discovery recently of 25 skeletons, popularly believed by many to be those of members of the crew of a Spanish treasure ship which foundered off the Texas coast early in the eighteenth century. No record is available of any such wreck.

The "life" of a skeleton buried in the sands of the beaches of the coastal country, Dr. Dyer points out, is not over 40 years.

He also says treasure ships from Mexico to Spain were discontinued after 1820, partly because of the activities of Jean Lafitte's fleet of buccaneers.

Even before that time the Spaniards tried to avoid excessive losses from storms and Lafitte's fleet of buccaneering vessels and 50 Spaniards transported less than 20 tons of silver bullion to the vessel.

Then, the current rate in Mexico was approximately \$10 a troy pound. The most valuable of all Lafitte's prizes, the Sevilla, carried only \$150,000 in specie.

Lafitte's captured treasure, according to the records extant, was buried in three caches. Two of these were located on Galveston Island and the third on a small island to the east, which was completely washed away during a storm in 1820.

There have been many reports of the discovery on this coast of caches of coin or chests from trading ships containing from \$3,000 to \$15,000.

tion occupied by this commodity in the leading producing sections of New York, Michigan and Pennsylvania during the past few years, local dealers have been able to dispose of practically all offerings on a f. o. b. basis by wire orders, so that consignment has been the exception rather than the rule.

"Co-operative shipping associations have been found to be most successful when handling crops of which a few standard varieties ripen about the same time. Thus they have proved of great value in the grape industry in Michigan and also in the leading grape-producing sections of New York, Pennsylvania and the Missouri valley. The co-operative association takes the place of the local dealer, the association receiving the grapes direct from the producer on wire orders, to city carlot receivers. An additional factor, a national distributing agency, sometimes comes between the local buyer or the co-operative association and the city carlot receiver."

Relative to the future of the grape industry, the government bulletin says:

"The production of unfermented grape juice and of jams and jellies is utilizing an increasing tonnage each year and will do much toward using the surplus left by the cessation of wine production. These factories usually buy their supplies direct from the producer on advance contracts, agreeing to pay the current market price on the day of delivery. This method of sale is satisfactory from the standpoint of the producer, and, as the demand for manufactured grape products at present exceeds the supply, it is not unreasonable to suppose that in the not very distant future the annual production of grapes may not adequately supply the table stock, and the juice, jam and jelly trade."

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WAS WEARY OF LIFE'S BURDEN

Despondent Mother Drowns Child to Save It From Life of Toil.

THEN TRIES SUICIDE

Never-Ending Cares, Heavy Labor, and Lack of Sleep, Had Driven Mother to Welcome the Thought of Death.

Cleveland.—Life had dealt harshly with Mrs. Katherine Mikulic. Years of hardship and suffering made her wish to end it, and it was to save her daughter from a similar experience that she threw her five-year-old child into the water and tried to drown herself in Lake Erie.

With a sigh and a shake of her head, she sat on her cot in the prison ward at City hospital and told the reasons which prompted her act.

"Yes, my baby's gone," she said. "Now she won't have to suffer and struggle as I have. Please give me something so I can go to my baby. 'I want to die. Please let me die,' she pleaded as she pressed her hands to her temples. 'This headache will never go.'"

As if in a daze, Mrs. Mikulic sat, clasping her hands about her knees, and sighed again. Her eyes were red from tears, and she stared long at the sheet.

Her hands were coarse, bruised and swollen. Her long black hair glistened as if still wet from the waters of the lake.

Although she says she is twenty-nine, Mrs. Mikulic seems nearer forty. "John? He can take care of himself bye and bye," she said when asked why she had not taken her twelve-year-old son with her to the lake.

"Eight years I have this headache," she said, again pressing her hands to her temples. "Oh, I so want to die. 'Four years I have worked every night, and every day I can't sleep. This headache never goes away. All day I walk the floor until it's time to go to work again. Never do I sleep.'"

"Husband No Good to Me." "My husband? He was no good to me. He worked a little, and then he won't work again. He spent all the money drinking."

Mrs. Mikulic stared at the spoon which she took from a tray of food. "Ten years ago my husband came here. He left me in Croatia with my babies. Two years I did not hear

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