

FIVE MINUTE CHATS ABOUT OUR PRESIDENTS

By JAMES MORGAN

UP FROM OBSCURITY

1837—March 18, Stephen Grover Cleveland, born at Caldwell, N. J.
1854—An office boy in a Buffalo law office.
1859—Admitted to the bar.
1863—Assistant district attorney of Erie county.
1870—Elected sheriff.
1881—Elected mayor of Buffalo.
1882—Elected governor.
1884—Elected President.
1885—March 4, Grover Cleveland inaugurated twenty-second president, aged forty-seven.

WEDDED IN WHITE HOUSE

1864—July 21, Frances Folsom born in Buffalo.
1885—Graduated from Wells college.
1886—June 2, married President Cleveland in the White House.
1913—February 10, married Prof. Thomas J. Preston at Princeton, N. J.

AS THE Democrats had lost power under a bachelor president, James Buchanan, they regained it after a quarter of a century under another bachelor president. That strange coincidence was brought to an end by Cleveland's marriage in the second year of his administration.

From the day Cleveland entered the executive mansion at Albany, gossip busily made matches for him with one after another of the eligible women who appeared at his receptions. A special favorite of those persistent rumors was the pretty widow of one of his old law partners, Oscar Folsom, whose home was one of the few homes in Buffalo where this unsocial person had been in the habit of visiting. It was not suspected that all along his own choice had been the daughter rather than the mother.

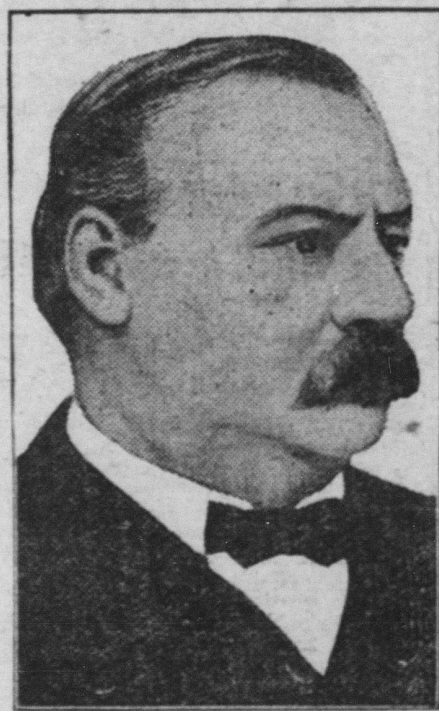
Mrs. Folsom and her daughter were guests of the president and Miss Cleveland in their first month at the White House. Even the wisecracks of Washington did not guess that the beautiful young girl who was present at a reception—all in white—would in another year be the bride of her host.

Miss Folsom had graduated and was traveling in Europe when the country was set in a flutter by the announcement of her engagement. She returned home to meet such an ordeal as no other American girl of twenty-two ever has faced. Her name was on every tongue in America; her portrait was in every paper, and the press boats crowded about her ship from which she was smuggled aboard a revenue cutter to avoid the curious crowd at New York dock.

There had been only one marriage of a president, and John Tyler was a widower, which took some of the romance out of the occasion. For the first time a president was to marry in the White House. As Miss Folsom's mother had given up her home and as her grandfather's house was in mourning for his recent death, like the affianced of a sovereign she went to her husband's home to be married.

The wedding in the blue room was extremely simple, the only guests being a few relatives of the bride and groom and the members of the cabinet. After the cake had been cut in the state dining room, the bridal pair succeeded in stealing out the back door under cover of darkness to a waiting train in a switch yard. They had eluded the curious crowds gathered in front of the White House and at the station, but not the ubiquitous press, whose locomotive was under steam and in readiness to pursue them, with a trainload of reporters, to their honeymoon retreat in the Maryland mountains.

The continued attention of a vigilant press wherever the presidential couple went was indignantly resented by the bridegroom, who hotly denounced the "ghoulish glee" with which



Cleveland as Sheriff.

had been built up in rural parsonages, where his father, a Presbyterian minister, was required to rear a large family and set an example to the community on \$300 a year.

For more than a quarter of a century he plodded along in Buffalo, a quiet, trusted, but not distinguished lawyer. Unmarried and without family or a home, he took no part in the social life of his community, where 100 other Buffalonians may have been better known to their fellow-townsmen.

He had been an assistant district attorney of Erie county and also its sheriff. The first that was ever heard of him outside his neighborhood were his sledge-hammer vetoes from the mayor's office only two years before his election to the presidency. The whole state of New York stopped to listen to his resounding whacks and next the whole country took notice.

The sudden, the theatrical rise of the man was not a mere caprice, a blind stroke of luck. On the contrary, he was nominated and elected president because he was the logical, common-sense choice; because this unknown, unambitious lawyer of Buffalo had become in two swift years the most conspicuous embodiment of the things that the times called for—Independence in politics and a higher standard of conduct in office.

Here was a man who was to make his own precedents, a man who was to care for nothing that had happened before he happened. The first president after the Civil war to have had no part in that strife, he was without a political past, and his face was turned wholly to the future.

He struck dismay to the greedy hopes of the Democrats, after their long wandering in a wilderness without spools, by announcing that he would let the Republican office-holders finish their terms, with the exception of those who had been guilty of "offensive partisanship." When the Republican senate attempted to interfere with such removals as he did make, he objected to the revival of an old statute "after an existence of nearly 20 years of almost innocuous desuetude." This phrase was too much for the senators, and the act was repealed.

At last Cleveland deliberately sacrificed himself for the sake of plain speaking. The prospects of his reelection were bright. His native conservatism had made him a favorite in the great financial centers of New York, and the all-powerful business interests of the country were satisfied with him. But on the eve of the election of 1888 he upset the entire situation by sending to congress his sensational tariff message, opening with the now oft-quoted words: "It is a condition which confronts us, not a theory."



Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

his family affairs were discussed. More malicious, more cruel were the unprinted tales which were persistently circulated as long as he remained in public life.

Mrs. Cleveland is said on one occasion to have given a pathetic hint of what the strokes aimed at the president through her little ones meant to a mother. With childlike bashfulness a daughter was holding back from the greetings of a small company at the White House, when Mrs. Cleveland said, "Speak up, dear, or the people will be told that you are deaf and dumb."

Mrs. Cleveland herself was spared. At first her girlish charms, afterward her womanly dignity and her maternal devotion made this most youthful the most beloved mistress of the White House.

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Artillerymen Make Fine Scores in Maine



United States artillerymen firing eight-inch TNT shells at Rockport, Me. The shooting was particularly good, and the targets were punctured regularly. This photo was taken during the target practice by the Forty-Second regiment of railroad artillery.

Stratford Is the Place of Peace

Shakespeare's Old Home Casts Softening Spell Over Its Throngs of Visitors.

RESTFULNESS IS ITS LURE

Voices of Strangers Are Not Lifted in Hilarity—Villagers Enjoy and Appreciate Shakespeare—Many Americans There.

Stratford-on-Avon.—The poet of Shropshire has given his high metrical authority to the statement that the quietest places under the sun are in that county; but he refers to places only, and obviously is not thinking of towns, of which the quietest under the sun is surely Stratford-on-Avon. It assimilates its visitors without noise, much as Shakespeare himself comprehends the heights and depths of human life easily as to the manner born.

There are plenty of strangers here this summer, but they do not make a crowd and their voices are not lifted in hilarity. Perhaps they are under the softening spell of genius. The nearest approach to merriment I have yet noticed, however, was in front of the birthplace. It was already full of sightseers, and a little throng awaited entrance on the pavement. Among them was not one "in the learned way," as Boswell puts it, but the whole company bore the plain, sturdy, bucolic stamp. Dressed in their customary Sunday suits of solemn black they revered the immortal memory with contrasted cheerfulness.

In the train from London a Frenchman on holiday asked me for advice on motor traveling between Stratford and Leamington. Having just four hours to spend in Stratford he was proposing to see all the sights, to attend

Asked Jail Sentence to Be Sure of Home for Winter

Manuel Costa of San Francisco, who has been occupant of the city jail every winter for 20 years, is again "at home" in a cell reserved for his use, and he will remain there for three months. Police arrested Costa, saying he was tearing up the pavement, pitching the cobblestones in the air and bounding them off the back of his neck.

When Costa appeared before Police Judge McAtee he asked to be sent to jail for six months, explaining to the court that by expiration of his sentence the Alaskan fishing season would be open and he would be ready to go north. The judge compromised on a three-month sentence.

WOMEN'S VOTE LARGE

26,500,000 Are Eligible to Ballot in November Election.

Washington.—Figures compiled by the census bureau and other government departments indicate that the number of women in the United States over twenty-one years of age is 28,035,000, of whom approximately 20,500,000 are eligible to vote in the November election. This estimate makes a liberal allowance for alien women, American women married to aliens and other ineligible.

Exact figures are not available on the number of women over twenty-one, but barred from voting from various reasons. Census bureau officials believe, however, that this year at least 1,000,000 of the 5,250,000 foreign-born women in the United States will not yet have become naturalized. In addition there were in 1910, according to the census, about 60,000 Indian women, most of whom were living on

the summer festival matinee of "As You Like It" in the Memorial theater, and to catch a glimpse of Warwick on his way back to the railway. Evidently Americans are not the only folk who can hustle. He might have been reassured on the motor question. Such is the enterprise in this direction that it is calculated that sixty char-a-bancs and the like stay in Stratford every day. They take their passengers to the many delightful towns and villages in the neighborhood and bring in the inhabitants of spots which would otherwise be remote.

Many Americans There, Too.

The Warwickshire meadows are as smooth and green as ever. There the river glides at its own sweet will with the placidity of other streams but none of their dullness. One wonders whether it is only for Shakespeare that the whole world comes to Stratford, or whether some part of the compulsion is not that desire for retreat which he has expressed in many a remembered passage.

Be the attraction what it may, the visitors this very year form a kind of conspectus of Stratford's universal attraction. It need hardly be said that there have been many small parties of Americans. From various registers may be gathered an idea of their representative character, for Denver follows Boston and New York is next door to Colorado in those undeniable pages. South America is there, too. Australia stands high in the list of Dominion visitors, and after Australia comes South Africa.

open place to which a Maypole would seem no alien addition. From time to time much has been said and written of its commercialization. With some, the memory of Shakespeare may have become a trade, like aluminum or anything else. Others have shown how little they fear the intrusion of a factory. Yet the town remains a very passable vestige of that in which Shakespeare was born. The spirit of the Elizabethan village still broods over its timbered houses and spacious streets, and the business in mementoes has not succeeded in destroying their meaning. No town can get peace for the asking, and it is peace which Stratford has secured by some semi-divine right and retains in spite of every provocation to barter the possession.

TRIBUTE TO BRITISH

New Home for Orphans of War Heroes Is Opened.

Funds to Buy and Maintain It Given by American Admirers of English Valor.

New York.—A home for fatherless sons of British war heroes has just been opened in Reading, 40 miles from London, by the National Allied Relief committee, working with funds raised in the United States, according to an announcement made by that organization, whose headquarters are at No. 2 West Forty-fifth street, New York. The announcement said that the money for the home was supplied "through American admirers of British Valor," and that the home was "a tribute of appreciation and a memorial from the American people." Lieut. J. G. Churchill of the British army has been named headmaster of the home, and his wife, Mrs. Churchill, has been appointed matron. It will be under the protection of the British ministry of education. It will be a home for 48 boys.

A check for maintaining the home was taken to England a few weeks ago by John Moffat, chairman of the National Allied Relief committee, and

turned over to the British management committee. The home was formerly St. Andrew's home of the Waifs and Strays society of England and was purchased furnished and fully equipped.

The British management committee is composed of Col. Arthur C. Murray, chairman; Maj. J. J. Astor, treasurer; Evelyn Wrench, secretary; Lieut. Col. A. S. Cleaver, Robert Grant, Jr., G. Mills McKay and James Van Allen Shields.

The honorary patrons of the committee are Earl Reading, formerly British ambassador to the United States; Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian ambassador; Kijuro Shidehara, the Japanese ambassador, and Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard university.

Didn't Need to Be Egged On.

Cincinnati.—Two boys are held in juvenile court, but no charge is docketed against them. It was this way: They decided to have an egg battle, secured several dozen eggs, repaired to an empty room and there had it out. Police arrived as the last eggs were being thrown.

About 600,000 is the estimated population of Venice, which is built on between 70 and 80 islets.

would be entitled to vote in November.

In Death They Are Not Divided.

Lexington, Ky.—"Red Buck" was only a dog, but he was faithful to his master, S. S. Fizer of Mt. Sterling, Ky., and is to be immortalized in stone along with his owner, according to an order just placed with a local monument company. Fizer, when he died a year ago, set aside \$1,000 for a monument, which shall contain a life-size likeness of the dog.

This One Starting Young.

Huntington, Ind.—Girls have been known to give wrong phone numbers to chance acquaintances. Katherine Parrott, aged three, who ran away from home to find her daddy's office, fooled her gentleman friend, too. He was a policeman. She told him her phone number was 1503 when it was 1523 and it took four hours to identify her.

India is a little less than half the size of the United States and possesses untold timber wealth.

KEPT YOUNGSTER ROPED TO WALL

New York Boy of Ten Years Tied Up for Four Days by Parents.

WEAK WHEN RESCUED

Stepmother, Arrested, Declares the Boy Incurable, and "Roasts" Neighbors for Interfering—Proper Home Will Be Found for the Lad.

New York.—It all came about—the police court fairy tale—because little Miss Thirteen, who is wide-eyed Anna Gold, was visiting "down the block" on the evening of Saturday, Aug. 28.

Anna was sitting with her friend, Mrs. Marie St. Jacques, on the first floor of the two-family house at 534 Fifty-seventh street, Brooklyn, when a plaintive, frightened voice came to them:

"Mrs. St. Jacques, oh, Mrs. St. Jacques; have you anything to eat?"

The words melted into a choking sob. Little Miss Thirteen leaped to her feet and rushed upstairs. In a dark bedroom opening on the hall she saw a dark shape huddled against the wall. She got some matches, lighted one and saw a thin, pale little lad, his slender arm, bound by a rope and his frail body encircled several times by another rope which was attached to a spike driven into the wall.

Tied Up for Days.

"What's the matter, little boy?" tremulously asked Miss Thirteen.

"I've been tied up since Thursday morning," weakly answered Little Master Ten, who is Joseph Plock.

"My father and stepmother tied me up to punish me. They have given me only a little bread and water. They have gone out for a little while and I am starving."

"Don't worry, little boy," reassured Little Miss Thirteen, her eyes gushing tears of sympathy. "I will get you something."

Soon she returned with some bread and milk. She helped free Little Master Ten's arms, fed him and was leaving to get some more food when the sound of approaching steps and a shiver of terror in the boy warned her the "bad parents" were returning.

So Little Miss Thirteen had to be content with repeating her story to Mrs. St. Jacques and other neighbors, who warned the Children's society.

So it came about that Little Master Ten was released after he had been fastened to the wall for four days and three nights and the parents were arrested. Then the two little figures in



His Arms Bound by a Rope.

the bread-and-milk idyl told their stories to Magistrate Louis Reynolds, in Fifth avenue court, and Plock and his wife were held in \$500 bail each.

Little Master Ten was pale in contrast to the ruddy strength of his father and the buxom robustness of his stepmother, fingered his cap nervously as he told of his agonizing experience. He said his father punished him frequently after his second marriage.

He was trussed to the wall because he took some prunes from the ice box. The first night he remained standing against the wall and all the next day.

Woman Assails Neighbor.

Plock and his wife asserted the lad was incurable. The latter said she could have "conquered" him if the neighbors hadn't "batted in." At which a bevy of neighbors in the courtroom "boomed" audibly.

Little Joseph shrank away from his parents in the courtroom. He clung to Agent Charles Harstedt of the Children's society, who took him into an anteroom. Here he was visited by Mrs. Ellen O'Grady, deputy police commissioner, who put her arms around him and said:

"Don't worry, little man. We are going to find a good home for you." For the first time Little Master Ten's tense look relaxed and he smiled.