

FIVE MINUTE CHATS ABOUT OUR PRESIDENTS

By JAMES MORGAN

WAITED HIS TURN

1843—January 29, William McKinley born at Niles, O. 1861-65—In the Civil war. 1867—Became a lawyer in Canton, O. 1869-71—Prosecuting attorney of his county. 1871—Married Ida Saxton. 1877-91—Member of congress. 1892-96—Governor of Ohio. 1896—June, McKinley nominated for president by the Republican national convention at St. Louis. November, elected.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY challenged and disproved the old saying that the presidency casts its shadow on no man but once and that if the chance be missed then it will never come again. Twice the Republican nomination seemed to be within McKinley's reach—in the national conventions of 1888 and 1892. Each time he put it away, content to wait his proper turn, when he did not have to shake the tree to bring down the ripened fruit of his patience. McKinley was beaten for the speakership by Thomas B. Reed in 1889, and he left Washington a defeated congressman only six years before he returned as president-elect. Had he been sicker, and, instead of Reed, incurred the title of "Czar," or had he not been turned out of congress...



William McKinley.

had he won those smaller honors he well might never have won the highest honor. A disappointment manfully borne enlists the popular sympathy, and the author of the McKinley bill entered the contest for the presidential nomination in 1896 as one who had suffered martyrdom in the cause of the protective tariff. After teaching school a term or so, McKinley was called in the Civil war, that hard university which graduated the men who were to lead the nation through four decades. Having gone into the army as a private in the regiment of another president-to-be—Katherine B. Hayes—he came out at twenty-two a captain, with the brevet title of major.

Becoming a lawyer at Canton, O., again he found himself in the midst of industries in their struggling infancy. And for 14 years he was the spokesman in congress of that industrial district. The young major, when he came to Canton, was a clean-cut, up-standing figure, genial in his nature, but with a sober dignity. His readiness of speech, when on his feet, came from his practice of the art in the debating societies of his school days. His habits also had been properly formed in his boyhood when he joined the Methodist church at ten and grew up a youth who was as careful to keep his tongue as his collar clean.

All doors in the little town naturally swung open with a welcome to "such a nice young man," and a major to boot. Although he was yet poor, when Ida Saxton, the banker's daughter, who had been to school in New York city and who had just come back from Europe, smiled to him, while they were "taking a buggy ride" the banker smiled, too, and made them a wedding gift of one of the best houses in Canton. It was from the front porch of that honeymoon dwelling that McKinley made his campaign for the presidency in 1896.

McKinley's is one of the best—and one of the most pathetic—love stories in the domestic records of the presidency. With the birth of her second child, the wife was left an invalid. The death of both of her children within five years of her wedding day utterly overwhelmed her nervous organization, and her shattered health remained thenceforth the constant object of her husband's tender care.

Although he never could know from minute to minute when she would pass into a swoon, he made her his companion on his travels. Once when he hurried home from congress, and the physicians had given up hope of saving her, his own ministrations and his prayers through a long night at her bedside recalled her to life.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

1897—March 4, William McKinley inaugurated 24th President, aged fifty-four. 1898—Feb. 15, the battleship Maine blown up in Havana Harbor. April 21, War declared against Spain. July 7, Hawaii annexed. Aug. 14, City of Manila captured. Dec. 10, treaty of peace signed in Paris. 1899—Feb. 4, the Philippine War began. 1900—Aug. 15, the Allied Expedition to Peking. 1901—Sept. 6, McKinley shot by Leon Czolgosz. Sept. 14, died, aged fifty-eight.

EVENTS make sport of the schemes of mice and men. McKinley entered the race for the presidency on the tariff issue, was elected on the money issue, and the greatest problems that confronted him in the White House were the fate of a chain of islands off the coast of Asia and the destiny of China!

Spain had been engaged for two years in a desolating struggle to hold in subjection the revolting island of Cuba, and two happenings pushed McKinley into the conflict in spite of himself. In a private letter, the Spanish minister at Washington scoffed at the president as a "politician"—in plain American, "a peanut politician"—and plainly intimated that the fair promises which the Spaniards were giving him were only a trick to fool the administration and the American people. Within a week of that exposure, the battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor, with the loss of 266 American lives.

After withstanding for nearly two months the popular outcry of "Remember the Maine," the president yielded, and war was declared. In ten days Dewey had smashed the enemy squadron in Manila bay; in ten weeks another squadron was sunk or captured off Santiago; in three months and a half poor old Spain threw up the sponge.

It took twice as long to make peace as to make war. The Philippines caused all the trouble. As we had not captured the islands in the war, many believed that we should let them alone. But McKinley decided to demand from Spain the surrender of the Philippines.

Without waiting for ratification, the president dispatched a military expedition to take over the Philippines, proclaiming to the revolting Filipinos the policy of "benevolent assimilation." The resulting war dragged its unpleasant length for two years before the inhabitants unwillingly bowed to their new master. It was the strange fortune of a president whose entire public life had been given exclusively to domestic questions to plant the flag in the distant Philippines and to send it to the pink walls of the Forbidden City of China. In the march on Peking for the rescue of the foreign legations from the siege of the Boxers, or Chinese revolutionists, the United States joined other powers for the first time in a military expedition.

Under the high statesmanship of John Hay, the secretary of state, the United States had already, before the



Mrs. William McKinley.

Boxer rebellion, laid a restraining hand upon the nations that were looting Chinese territory and had drawn from them pledges to keep an "open door" to trade in the ports they were seizing at the point of the gun. The "open door" has remained ever since the chart of our course in the East. If we will only continue to follow it and should succeed in inducing others to follow it a while longer, until the giant of the Orient awakens from his long slumber and shakes off his foreign despoilers, an emancipated China will be the imposing monument of William McKinley's presidency. (Copyright, 1926, by James Morgan.)

The Woods

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

THE CALL OF THE WOODS.

Talk of your "call of the wild," "Nature" an' similar stuff! Talk of "the call Of the forest" an' all— Haven't I heard it enough? Why am I cranky an' riled? What is it allin' of me? What's my complaint? Jest "the woods!" If it ain't, What in the world kin it be?

Out of the woods it breaks forth— Call of the wild in the air. What do I hear With my listenin' ear? Somethin' 't-coakin' me there, Wind has swung 'round to the north. Sky has a promise of snow, Moon on the hill It is silver an' chill; An' I am longin' to go— Breathin' the breath of the pine, Walkin' the hayroad again, Hearin' old tales An' trampin' old trails, Bunkin' with men that are men— Men that are partners of mine, 'Fighters an' workers an' kings, Men who have stood By my side in the wood At the beginnin' of things.

Woods? I have lived, man an' boy, Up in the woods forty year, Driven their streams Where the quickwater gleams, Fought 'em from store-hoam to rear, Tasted their pain an' their joy, Drunk of their fun an' their woe, Sorrow an' song, An' it's there I belong— Lord, but I'm crazy to go! (Copyright.)

LAST NIGHT'S DREAMS

—WHAT THEY MEAN

DREAM CITIES.

IT IS not an uncommon experience to find ourselves in a dream city. Perhaps it is one which we recognize though it may be changed by the dream phantasmagoria; familiar buildings may take on a strange aspect, or strange city buildings appear in unexpected places. Sometimes we recognize it as a city we have always wanted to see and never have seen; and sometimes it appears to be one of which we never have even heard. Not infrequently a name for the place is suggested in our dream—a name which we are sure is new to us. It is a cheap way to travel and, the mystics say, not a bad one. For, while to visit cities in the waking life is an expensive operation, to travel to the cities of dreams is accounted a most favorable omen and means riches ahead. Unless indeed the city be on fire; then take care of your finances or poverty will overtake you.

It is generally agreed that if your city of dreams is a strange one to you, and you are lost in it, you will shortly change your residence with, as a rule, favorable results to your business. All scientists do not agree with Freud that every dream is the fulfillment of a wish, but it is easy enough to fit this dream into its category. An analysis of our dream will generally enable us to discover the origin of the strange name propounded by our

dream—consciousness for the strange city in which we may find ourselves. Thus Freud dreams of being at a strange place called Fleisa and one further on named Hearsing. Fleiss was the name of a friend, Hearsing was put together from the names of places near Vienna which so often end in "ing" and the English word "hearsay." He had been reading a poem about a slanderous dwarf named "Saidhe Hashesaid." By connecting the final syllable of Hearsing with Fleiss was obtained Vlissingen—the German V pronounced like F—the German name for the port of Flushing through which his brother passed in coming from England to visit him. (Copyright.)

Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

OTHELLO

OTHELLO was a violent specimen of brunette manhood who was written up by W. Shakespeare after he had departed this life, and it was safe to do so. Nobody wrote up Othello while he was in the flesh without being assailed by remorse and a corps of trained nurses.

Othello was a large man with a muscled exterior and feet which had to be fitted out of stock. He was a great warrior and was sent into Turkey every once in a while to increase the death rate. Turkey at that time was animated by the same humane and law-abiding instincts as those which now endear her to the civilized world. It was on his return from a depopulating mission to Turkey that Othello met Desdemona and married her at one of the largest church weddings of the season. For a time it seemed as if the wedding would have to be postponed, as Desdemona wanted one of her close per-



Othello Objected in His Boorish Moorish Manner.

sonal friends with a thick, wavy vibrato to sing "A Perfect Day" as the bridal couple entered, but Othello objected in his boorish-Moorish manner.

Mr. Shakespeare states that Othello and Desdemona would have lived to a ripe old age if it had not been for one Ingo, who was a coarse person with the rank of first sergeant. Othello had a large, green bump of jealousy, and Ingo played upon the same until it resembled an arc light. In fact, Desdemona was a perfect lady and thought as much of her husband as she did of her clothes, but she innocently gave a pocket handkerchief with strawberry juice upon it to a friend of the family named Cassio, and in return for this generous act she was assassinated by Othello with that deadly weapon, the straw tick. When Othello discovered his mistake, he climbed onto high C and cried out for revenge after which he fell on his sword and expired with an annoyed look.

The life of Othello should warn wives not to provoke their husbands to jealousy, especially in view of the large number of coy affluities who lurk on every corner. (Copyright.)

MILITANT MARY

I thought he loved me for myself, but by and by I WAKED And realized he loved me for THE LAYER CAKES I BAKED!

Prolific Egg Producer. An oyster produces 400,000 eggs annually, but of these only 400 or less reach maturity.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK by Nellie Maxwell

Some one has said that "true hospitality consists in having what you were going to have anyway, and not changing the cloth unless you were going to anyway."

Good Things for the Family. Soften one cake of compressed yeast in one-fourth of a cup of lukewarm water, add one cupful of scalded and cooled milk and one and one-half cupfuls of flour; beat until smooth. Cover and set out of draughts to become light. Add one-fourth of a cupful each of melted shortening and sugar, two egg yolks beaten light, one teaspoonful of salt, the grated rind of a lemon and flour for a dough—about three cupfuls. Knead until smooth and elastic. Cover and set aside to become double in bulk. Turn upside down on the molding board, roll into a rectangular sheet, brush with melted butter, dredge with sugar and cinnamon mixed, sprinkle with half a cupful of currants, and roll as a jelly

roll. Cut into pieces an inch long. Cream one-fourth of a cup of shortening, beat in one-fourth of a cup of brown sugar and spread mixture on the inside of a cast iron frying pan; lay in the buns and when doubled in bulk, bake one-half hour. The sugar and butter should glaze the bottom of the buns. Serve turned upside down, glazed side up.

Hard Sauce. Beat one-third of a cup of softened butter to a cream, add one cupful of light brown sugar gradually; when well mixed add two tablespoonfuls of cream, drop by drop, and lastly one teaspoonful of vanilla and a few drops of lemon extract or a grating of lemon. Place and lemon rind may be used in place of the vanilla and a few tablespoonfuls of creamed dates added to give bulk. (Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

COUNTERFEITER AT 92, FEARS PRISON

Craves Freedom for the Few Days of Life Remaining to Him.

San Francisco, Cal.—There isn't any place left in the world for me. Even if I did have a home it wouldn't be any use. I'm too near the end."

The white head of William Smith, ninety-two years of age, held in the county jail at San Jose on counterfeiting charges, was sunk in bitter grief. He was ragged and dirty and old. His white hair hung in shaggy, unkempt locks about his pitiful, frightened face. His paralyzed arm in the ragged overcoat sleeve hung limp at his side.

"I have worked for eighty years. My father died when I was two, and at twelve I had to leave school and go to work. I feel as though I had lived for centuries, always toiling."

"I was apprenticed as a carpenter and sent away from my home in Eng-



He Was Ragged and Dirty and Old.

land. I soon forgot what a mother and a home were like. Nothing but work, work, work.

"I came to California in 1896. For a time I worked on Ross' ranch at San Jose. Most of my life here has been spent about San Jose and the bay cities.

"I was not afraid of any tomorrow that might come. I felt I had my two strong hands and could work. But the years went on, and at last I found that the world had little use for its old helpless men. I began to be afraid.

"One morning I awoke in a cheap lodging house in San Francisco. My left arm was paralyzed. I do not know why it should have come upon me so.

"Well, that was the end. I tramped about, grinding scissiors. It was all I could do. It is all I can ever do.

"I was old and homeless and lonely. There was little I wanted, yet I could not get even those few things. The homes I tramped by, the people turned me from their doors.

"One day I raised a \$1 bill to \$10.

"When I was caught I had to serve a year at McNeil island. Then I was turned out on the world again. What can an old man do? I struggled for a time, then I raised more bills. Even there are nights in winter when I have to sleep out of doors in my ragged blanket.

"If they send me to jail I will die. I am near my Maker, very near. I was treated better in jail than ever before in all my hard life. But oh, I don't want to go back into the jail."

The sad old mouth quivered and the pale blue eyes sickened with fear. "I want to be free," he whispered, choking. "Oh God, every one wants to be free. I don't want to die—in there."

Smith was asked if he would like to be sent to a home, or a charitable institution. This seemed to terrify him as much as the mention of jail had done.

"I am afraid of those places," he said. "I've heard stories that frighten me. I just want to be free. I'm too old for anything else."

When arrested Smith had in his possession \$27, the result of much painstaking work on the part of his one hand.

Jailed for Kissing. Madrid.—A severe reprimand and a warning not to let the misdemeanor occur again has just been administered to a visitor to Madrid, who when he assisted his wife into a cab at the door of his hotel on the Puerta del Sol, kissed her good-by. A policeman led him off to face his captain, who informed the offender ignorance of the law was no excuse, but that he had violated a law of Madrid which forbids a man to kiss any woman while in the streets of the city with or without her consent.

SCHOOL DAYS



No man's land.

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"Fox-Trot."

VARIOUS efforts have been made to trace this name for the popular dancestep to the pace or trot of a horse, some investigators going so far as to locate a certain Mr. Fox who owned a horse which trotted in a peculiar fashion and, because of which, he referred to one of the newest of dances (at that time) as a "fox-trot."

But, while there was a man named Fox connected with the origin of the term as commonly used today, he was a vaudeville dancer, not a horse fancier. When this dancer desired to introduce a number of new steps into his vaudeville act, early in 1914, he took certain portions of the one-step and added to them a number of variations of his own, billing the entire performance as "The Fox-Trot, a new dance originated solely by the performers themselves." Society, eager to take up something new in the line of dancing, studied the steps and it was not long before the entire country was fox-trotting to the syncopated melodies which precisely fitted this kind of amusement. The only reward that Fox received was that his name, without the capital letter, was spread broadcast over two continents. (Copyright.)

Inconsiderate Birds.

She was a trifle disappointed at finding the country so noisy, but for a long time, being a well-conducted little girl, she made no remark about it. But at last, at breakfast time, she plucked up courage to pass a remark upon the subject to the farmer's wife. "It's very nice," she said, thoughtfully, "for the birds to get up so early in the morning, but don't you think they ought to be quieter about it?"