

FIVE MINUTE CHATS ABOUT OUR PRESIDENTS

By JAMES MORGAN

THE SECOND HARRISON

1833—August 20, Benjamin Harrison, born at North Bend, Ohio.
 1852—Graduated from Miami college, Ohio.
 1861-65—Colonel and brevetted brigadier general in the Civil war.
 1881-7—In the United States senate.
 1888—Elected president.
 1889—March 4, inaugurated the twenty-third president, at the age of fifty-five.
 1892—Defeated for re-election.
 1901—March 13, death of Benjamin Harrison at Indianapolis, aged sixty-seven.

CLEVELAND CAME BACK

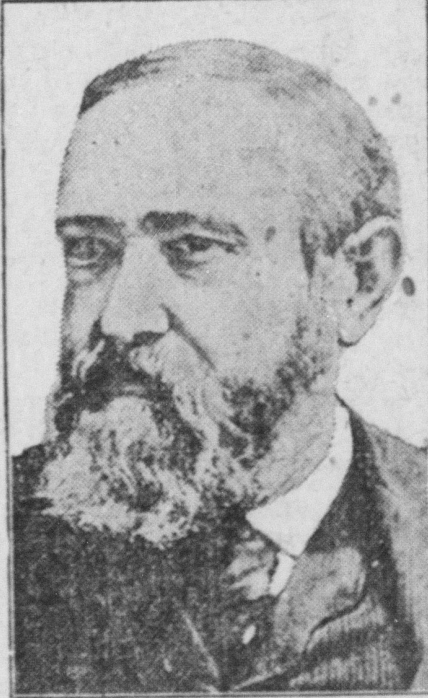
1893—March 4, Grover Cleveland inaugurated a second time, aged fifty-five.
 May, a great panic began. July 1, Cleveland went under surgical operation for cancer.
 Oct. 30, The Silver act repealed.
 1894—July 4, Cleveland sent troops to Chicago to intervene in railroad strike. Aug. 27, the Wilson-Gorman tariff became law without president's signature.
 1895—Feb. 7, Cleveland made arrangement with J. P. Morgan and others for protection of gold reserve. Dec. 17, sent in his Venezuela message.
 1908—June 24, Cleveland died at Princeton, N. J., aged seventy-one.

BENJAMIN HARRISON'S administration proved to be only an intermission between the two acts of the Cleveland drama. History gives but a passing glance at the one president whose predecessor became his successor, who had to give up the presidential chair to the man he took it from.

Although Harrison had more brains than Cleveland, Cleveland had a larger nature, and that is what counts most in the leadership of men.

Notwithstanding Benjamin Harrison was the grandson of a president, in whose house he was born, his father was poor and the boy was brought up plainly.

Graduating from a small Ohio college, Harrison married at twenty the girl to whom he engaged himself at



Benjamin Harrison.

eighteen, and they went to housekeeping in a little three-room cottage in Indianapolis. He was not admitted to the bar until after his marriage, and the first money he ever made was as a court clerk at \$2.50 a day. Later on he helped out his lean practice with his salary as clerk of the supreme court of the state. Then came the Civil war, in which he served gallantly as a colonel and marched with Sherman to the sea. Afterward he rose to a high and prosperous rank in the practice of law.

The only political office Harrison ever held before his election to the presidency was a seat in the senate. Defeated for re-election to that body in the year before he was elected president, he left Washington with no thought that he would soon return as president-elect, and he frankly described himself as "a dead duck."

The only candidate that the rank and file of the Republicans wanted to nominate in 1888 was Blaine. But he was not well, and he refused to make a contest for the nomination. At last he cabled from Scotland: "Take Harrison." And the convention indifferently took him.

The more notable events of the Harrison administration—the McKinley tariff act; the silver act, which more than doubled the purchase of that metal by the treasury; the Sherman law on the subject of trusts; the dependent pension act, and the first Pan-American congress—hardly belong in this little story, because none of them originated with the president himself. He did not rise to leadership, and congress took the reins. All the while he sat in the White House in cold aloofness.

With the cry of "God help the surplus!" the Republicans gave the country in Harrison's administration the first "billion-dollar congress," the appropriations for the two-year term rising to that unprecedented total. To the popular protest Speaker Reed retorted: "This is a billion-dollar country." But the country did not feel rich enough to pay the higher tariff rates of the McKinley act.

That law was passed only seven weeks before the congressional elections in 1890. Of course anyone who had anything to sell seized upon the excuse to mark up prices. The "shopping women" rose in their fury at the higher cost of living, and the voters overwhelmed the Republican majority in the house.

That was the forerunner of a still greater political overturn in the presidential election in 1892, when Harrison went down under a sweeping victory for Cleveland.



Grover Cleveland.

tary. "Thurber, this does not mean war; it means arbitration." And that was the outcome of all the hubbub. Cleveland's outburst of plain speaking had the effect of awakening the English people, as never before, to the value of American friendship, and it opened a new era in the relations of the two governments.

Cleveland's hardest, longest battle in his second administration was for the gold standard. Almost alone he upheld it through four years, abandoned by most of the Democrats and unaided by the gold Republicans in congress, who were afraid of "hurting the party" with the silver people.

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THE SAD PRINCESS

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful princess named Edna. At her christening party the king announced that he was determined she should never know pain or sorrow. And he told his wise men that he was determined to shield her from all unpleasant sights in order to secure her happiness.

"You are making a mistake, Your Majesty," sighed a wise old man, "and you will regret it. Let her live among her people and know life as it is."

But the king would not listen. He shut Edna up in a lovely palace of crystal. All around were rose gardens, parks and giant trees, lakes with fountains and swans. Only young,

unhappy shut up from the world—I want to share its sorrows as well as its joys. And now that I see there is so much to be done, so much to help, I know I will find my happiness in helping."

So the great estate was turned over to the villagers for a park, the marsh was drained, the huts were replaced with comfortable cottages, the aged were given a home, the sick were sent to a hospital and schools were started.

And the princess was the happiest of all. No longer sad, she went about, busy from morn till night, a smile on her face, helping all who needed aid and seeing that every one in her land got justice, care and kindness.

The old king was surprised. His sad daughter was now a model of happiness and health and her domain a scene of busy comfort.

One evening the same wise old man who had been at the christening of the princess came upon the king as he sat alone.

"I see your young daughter, the princess, has found the right way, in spite of your mistaken efforts," smiled the old man. "You ought to be glad you have not ruined her life. She was a wise girl to take things in her own hands and find happiness as she did. Living for one's self in luxury only begets discontent. And only in doing for others in a busy life can happiness be found."

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COMING DOWN THE ROAD WAS AN OLD MAN

handsome lads and maids waited on her—she never saw anything old, ugly or unhappy; only everything which was beautiful and gay.

But as she grew older she seemed to weary of this luxury. For hours she would sit alone watching the wild geese flying overhead or the twinkling lights in a far-off village. Her face grew sad and in vain her father tried to brighten her life.

One day she mounted her pony, and while her guards were lunching she rode rapidly through the gate and galloped alone outside of her grounds.

"I am tired of my home," she murmured, as strange sights came into view. "The palace, the gardens, the rich robes and constant gaiety have grown wearisome. Maybe out here there is something different."

Then, for the first time in her life, she saw a tumbledown hut on the edge of a marsh. Coming down the road was an old man, hobbling with a crutch. At a turn in the way was a blind beggar asking alms. In the gutter ragged children played and bent mothers carried loads of wood upon their backs. For the first time she saw life with its work, its pains, its misfortunes, its poverty and its lessons. She had never known that there was pain, sickness or sorrow in the world before. Struck with terror, she galloped home and wept; then, rising with a bright face dawning through tears, she called her maids.

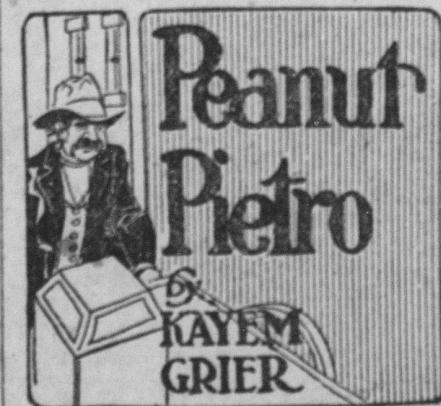
"No more of this," she said. "I am

What the Sphinx Says

By Newton Newkirk.



"Some men begin whipping the devil around the stump—then run around 'other way to meet him!"



Peanut Pietro

ONE my frien he been een da school for longa time een dees country. Other day he taka me veesit dat place for see da football game. And after I watcha dat ting leettle while I stronga favor da League of Nation. Ees too moocha fight wot no gettu you somating enn dat game alla same een da war.

But was greea beeg crowd alla right een dat place. Some guys come out weeth a ball wot losa da shape and starta plenta trouble. One man keeka dat ting so harda he can and den everybody run lika devil.

My frien say dat was keek off for starta da game. So I keeka right on look leettle while. Preeety soon I aska my frien when dat bunch gonna queeta fight and starta da game. He tella me da game has been go on for longa time and ees no gonna be any fight.

Well, for tella you straighta goods, I tink my frien ees craze een da head. He say da guy wat maka da keek try getta da ball back now. I say eef he wanta keeka da ball wot he keek away for een da firsta place.

Seema lika everybody try smasha dat ball. One guy stoop over an trow

between hees legs to other one. And righta queek beega light ees broken loose. Everybody jumpa on da other one and try breaka hees head or dat ball or somating. I dunno. Den dat bunch getta up, geeva look and when he see da ball ees no bust yet some more push and pull and fight lika devil oreenka loose.

I no lika dat fight so I leava da place and go home. My frien aska wot's matter and I tella heem I gotta deegust. I say nexa time I come see da game 'nd eet breaka up enn da fight I tella da cop.

Wot you tink?



Don't Worry—VEN THE PAIN POW IS FULL OF SPINER.

Proud Mother—Do you detect any signs of genius in my daughter, professor?

Professor (coldly)—Madam, I am not a detective.—Answers, London.

Betty Ross Clark



Betty Ross Clark, the charming screen star, has aided wonderfully in making Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle famous in the "movie." She is regarded as one of the prettiest and most talented of the younger motion picture actresses.

BEAUTY CHATS

by Edna Kent Forbes

KEEP THE NECK YOUNG

AGE shows itself in so many places, that the woman who seeks to keep young in spite of increasing years, must do more than massage her face, to preserve her youthful appear-



Exercise and Massage Will Keep the Neck Youthful.

ance. She must keep her neck young, as well as her face, for a flabby-lined throat will give away all the years the well-cared-for face might hide.

And here massage is excellent, provided it is gently given. The neck should be massaged with flesh-building cream, for as age comes on, the supply of natural oils diminishes in the glands beneath the surface of the skin. This means a drying of the skin, a weakening of the muscles, inasmuch as these oils have been continuously repairing the natural breaking down of all fleshy matter. The cream will help to take the place of these oils.

The neck is stroked crosswise in front, with the tips of the four fingers of each hand. The left hand starts under the right ear, the right hand under the left ear, the strokes alternating. The fingers naturally leave the neck after they have passed the wind-pipe. Then the fingers are started at the top of the shoulders, and run upwards to the hair and to the ear. Front again, the tips of the fingers start at the chin and press downwards to the chest, cross and smooth the lines that run about the throat. Superfluous cream is wiped off, and a piece of ice is rubbed all over the throat, to close the pores upon the cream and to strengthen the muscles. This also helps prevent sore throat.

(Copyright.)

Off Again, On Again

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

Cause for Depression.

The boy working on our shoes was solemnly silent.
 "Smatter, Rastus?"
 "Nuffin' much. But I was jus' thinkin'."
 "What about?"
 "Well, Fred Douglas is done gone, and Paul Laurence Dunbar's done gone, an' Bookah Washington's done gone, an' I ain' feelin' none too good mahself!"

A Popular Method.

"How in the world can I ever break into the poetry market and get the critics to notice me?"
 "Get a job driving a garbage wagon. Then some day when the reeking is especially good, go to a magazine office and hand in some of your best verse. You will at once become known as 'The Garbage Man Poet,' your verses will be twice as good as if you had written them on bond lined at a mahogany desk, and your success and notoriety will be assured."

DIFFERENTIATED

Recently by riding all along an extensive inter-Reuben railway system twice, we found out the difference between a "limited" and a "local." The limited merely makes what stops there are, and the local makes all of them.

Not the Steadfast Kind.

"Now," said the zealous salesman, "can you show me just one reason why you shouldn't buy one of the Gale locks to keep your car from being stolen?"
 "Yep," said the quiet man. "Come take one look at me car."

PROBABLY NOT.
 Mizroy lovea company, but the attraction isn't mutual.

MANIAC HOLDS FORT IN TREE

Human Monkey Is Finally Shaken Out by Firemen After Other Methods Fail.

GIVES PEOPLE SCARE

Insane Man Sleeps in Tree, Chatters to Himself and Apparently Derives Much Pleasure From Impromptu Toilet Aloft.

Denver, Colo.—Fred Burns, an escaped patient of the insane ward at the county hospital, gave residents in the neighborhood of Third avenue and Acoma street ample proof that it is quite practical to emulate the tree-climbing proclivities of the inhabitants of jungle land.

Burns was discovered shortly before eight o'clock in the morning perched in the topmost branches of a tall tree by Arthur G. Scavers, in front of Scavers' home at 345 Acoma street. He was chattering to himself and apparently deriving much pleasure out of an impromptu toilet.

Spends Night in Tree.

Apparently Burns had spent the night in the tree. He was dressed only in trousers and a shirt, was bare-headed and without shoes. An extra pair of pants and a tattered coat had been pressed into service in lieu of a mattress. He appeared perfectly comfortable in his primeval habitation.

Scavers notified the police. Patrolman Henry Sellers and a squad of assistants were dispatched to the scene. Their efforts for over an hour to coax the deluded man down from his dizzy perch proved futile. They were joined by a hook and ladder company of the fire department. An ambulance was summoned from the hospital.

Fear that any attempt to forcibly bring the man from the tree might cause him to become violent caused the housewives of the neighborhood to be pressed into service. Armed with cups of steaming coffee, griddle cakes, candy, fruit and other tempting food-stuffs they implored Burns to join them in breakfast.

"Not a chance, not a chance," was his reply. "I know you blacklanders and you'll never get me now."

Shake Him Out.

Despairing of their efforts to induce the man to descend from the tree peacefully, the police and firemen placed a second ladder against the



"Not a Chance," Was His Reply.

tree. Policemen mounted to the top armed with ropes. Burns scampered far out on a limb and amused himself by tossing twigs at passing motorists while plans were made to bring him down.

A net was thrown across the street to break the fall and the rescuers attempted to throw a rope over the body of the "monkey-man." Suddenly he screamed shrilly, threw both hands into the air and leaped.

Burns was safely caught in the net and was not injured by the fall of 25 feet. He was quickly overpowered and loaded into the ambulance and was returned to his cell in the county hospital.

Died Preparing to Operate.

Springfield, Mo.—Dr. Walter A. Camp, sixty-eight years old, was stricken with apoplexy while preparing to perform an operation on a patient in a hospital, and died a few minutes later.

Judge Rolled Dice With Crap Shooter.

Chicago.—"Thirsty" Sniddy, negro, crap shooter, lost \$1 and costs when Municipal Judge Stewart rolled the dice with him for a fine in a Chicago court.