

## FIVE MINUTE CHATS ABOUT OUR PRESIDENTS

By JAMES MORGAN

### THE STRENUOUS LIFE

1858—Oct. 27, Theodore Roosevelt born in New York city.  
1880—Graduated from Harvard.  
1882-4—Member of New York legislature.  
1884-6—A ranchman at Medora, N. D.  
1889-95—Member of national civil service commission.  
1895-7—Member of New York police commission.  
1897-8—Assistant Secretary of the navy.  
1898—Colonel of the Rough Riders in Cuba.  
1899-1900—Governor of New York.  
1900—Elected Vice President.  
1901—Sept. 14 took the oath in Buffalo as the twenty-fifth president, aged forty-two.  
1904—November, elected president.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was the most popular of all our presidents. With the exception of Lincoln, his was the raciest, the most interesting character that we have had in the presidency.

Yet he was born apart from the multitude whom he led and he might have lived and died a stranger to the masses of his countrymen but for one thing: He had not the health to enjoy the life of ease which opened to him at his



Roosevelt as a Young Man.

birth. Roosevelt had to fight for his very breath in his gasping, asthmatic childhood.

Finally he took a post-graduate course in physical culture in the wild West, where the "four-eyed tenderfoot" had to fight the battle of his youth all over again, in a strange world, with entirely different standards for measuring men.

Roosevelt cut his eye teeth in political leadership in the corrupt machine-run legislature of New York. He could not have chosen a more thorough school for instruction in the hidden, muddy springs of parties and politics. His experience at Albany put realism into his idealism and made the academic reformer over into the most intensely practical politician we have had in the presidency.

He decided at the outset to act in each office as if it was to be the last that he ever would get, and for nearly 15 years after he left the legislature, Roosevelt could not have been elected to anything in the boss-ridden state of New York. For a long time he was "shelved" on the civil service commission at Washington, until a reform mayor of New York appointed him on the four-headed police commission; but it was soon single-headed so far as the public could see, and that head was full of teeth for police grafters and lawbreakers. At thirty-eight the most he could ask of the Republican politicians, with any hope of getting it, was the assistant secretaryship of the navy. The entire administration sighed with relief when at last he went off to lead his Rough Riders.

In five months he was back from Cuba in the far more troublesome role of a popular hero. The New York machine was in such sore need of a good name to pull it through the pending election that it met him at the wharf and humbly laid at his feet the Republican nomination for governor. But in the governorship, he realized the worst fears of Boss Platt that he harbored, as the boss naively wrote him, "various altruistic ideas," and that he was "a little loose on the relations of capital and labor, on trusts and combinations and . . . the right of a man to run his own business in his own way."

The only thing to do with this wild engine was to turn the switch and shunt it on to the side track of the vice presidency. Roosevelt loudly protested that he wanted to be re-elected governor. And while Platt was trying to push him on to the national ticket, McKinley and Hanna just as earnestly tried to push him back on to Platt. The Republican national convention rose up and roared his nomination, singing him, in spite of himself, upon the tide that led to fortune.

### THE BIG STICK

1903—February 6, Roosevelt induced Great Britain and Germany to arbitrate with Venezuela. November, the Panama revolution.  
1905—May 12, brought Russia and Japan to agree to discuss peace. August 29, the peace of Portsmouth.  
1906—Roosevelt awarded the Nobel peace prize.  
1918—January 6, death of Theodore Roosevelt, aged sixty.

AT the crackling of a twig in the still depths of the Adirondack mountains Roosevelt turned to see a guide coming out of the woods with the unexpected news that McKinley's condition was worse. Although he hastened to Buffalo, the president had died 13 hours before the vice president arrived.

At the outset of Roosevelt's administration a fearful citizen begged the rough rider not to permit his fighting spirit to plunge the country into an international war. "What!" the president exclaimed. "A war, and I cooped up here in the White House? Never!"

Many forgot the first half of the old motto that Roosevelt made his own. "Speak softly and carry a big stick." No man ever had a simpler faith in the efficacy of first "talking it over," in a fashion, with an adversary, whether a senator or an ambassador.

The meddlesome German kaiser was the earliest to feel the "big stick" to see if it was only stuffed with straw. Germany and a Tory government of England were on the point of seizing territory as a security for some claims against Venezuelan citizens, when Roosevelt succeeded in dissuading England from such a step, but he failed to induce Germany to arbitrate the matter. Thereupon he told the German ambassador that unless the Berlin government consented to arbitration in ten days, he would send Admiral Dewey to stop the Germans from landing in Venezuela. The ambassador protesting that the kaiser could not back down now, Roosevelt replied that he was not arguing with him but was simply telling him what would happen.

After waiting a week without an answer from Berlin, he told the ambassador that he was going to cut the limit to nine days and that unless Germany agreed in 48 hours to arbitrate, Dewey would sail. In 36 hours the ambassador came back with a message announcing that Germany consented.

In good time, Roosevelt employed the influence of his unique position before the world to bring to an end the Russo-Japanese war. Shrewdly choosing the right moment to step in, he appealed to the two belligerents with a common sense and a simple directness that a friend would use in bringing together two quarrelling neighbors. Afterward he steered the peace conference at Portsmouth against its will steadily toward a peace of reconciliation, an impatient Russian declaring that his "steel wrist" hammered out a treaty that neither of the powers wanted at that time and that "the terrible American president—Il Strenuous—was capable of locking the conferees



Edith Carow Roosevelt.

into a room and starving them into submission."

Instead of starting a war, the "big stick" stopped the only great war that broke out in the period of its sway.

While the Roosevelts were its tenants, the White House was an example and the center of the simple family life of America . . . "not a second-rate palace," the president said, "but the home of a self-respecting American citizen." A few months after graduating at Harvard, Roosevelt married Miss Alice Hathaway Lee of Boston, whom he had met in his college days. This bride of his youth passed from life as her daughter—Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth—entered it.

Nearly three years afterward he sailed from New York, directly following an unsuccessful campaign for mayor to marry a friend and neighbor of his childhood, Miss Edith Kermit Carow, who was sojourning in Europe. (Copyright, 1925, by James Morgan)

## THE SANDMAN STORY

### DOG LEARNS NEW STEP

MR. DOG was old, but the younger dogs knew that if he no longer could hunt he knew more about hunting than they did and often they would sit before the door of his house and listen to his adventures when he was a young dog.

"Did I ever tell you about the time Mr. Jack Rabbit fooled me?" he asked one day.

None of them had heard it, so Mr. Dog shook himself and gave his head a final scratch and settled down in the sun comfortably to begin his story.

"It was in the very first days of my going hunting with the master," said Mr. Dog. "We had had a very good morning and when it was dinner time



I was resting under the shade of some bushes when all at once I saw something move.

"I was pretty spry in those days and off I went like a shot to see what it was. When I was out in the path I saw Mr. Jack Rabbit going lickety-split through the woods.

"I knew pretty well where he intended to go because I had seen a place that morning I intended to look into the first spare time I had, for I suspected that Mr. Jack lived there.

"Jack was some fast runner, but I was right at his heels and the first thing he knew he was up against a stone wall that had no holes. I had him in a corner.

"He turned around and faced me. 'Mr. Dog,' he said, 'you have me cornered, and as I am about to die I should like to ask a favor of you.' 'Go ahead,' I said. 'You are as good as a dead rabbit, but I'll grant anything but your life.'

"I hear you are a great dancer and

juniper,' said Mr. Jack. 'Would you let me see you dance? I suppose you would not care to jump, as that would give me a chance to run away.'

"Just what I was thinking," I replied, 'but if you wish to see me dance I will show you a few steps.'

"I had taken only a few when he asked: 'Did you ever try this?' and he gave a queer little hop backward, then sideways and then backward again.

"It was a fancy step I had not seen and so I tried it, and would you believe, I forgot I was going to take him back to my master. I was so interested in that fancy backward step.

"The first thing I knew I had taken so many steps backward that Jack Rabbit was some way from me, and as quick as I left him room enough to run out of the corner where I had him he gave a leap and bound and away he went.

"Over the stumps and stones I followed, but he got away and I went back to my master feeling very much ashamed, and as he had been calling for some time I also was punished.

"I went the next morning to the place where I had thought Mr. Jack might live, but he had moved bag and baggage, and I never saw him again.

"Now, take warning from this story," said Mr. Dog, getting up and stretching himself, "and never try to learn any new steps from Jack Rabbit or any of his family.

"Stick to the ones you know and practice them until no steps of that family can put them beyond your reach."

(Copyright.)

### A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

#### WEALTH.

In dreaming of the riches I would win  
No fabric weft of millions do I spin.  
But just enough my daily bills to pay  
And keep the vulpine creditor away.  
With just a trifle more than I can spend  
On needy stranger, or on welcome friend.  
(Copyright.)

## BEAUTY CHATS

by Edna Kent Forbes

### THE CLEAN SKIN

CIVILIZATION is a matter of baths. At every period of history, where a nation became civilized and intellectual and superior in refinement and culture to its neighbors, it will be found that the bath was considered an important part of each day's regime. We have railroads and wireless and other marvelous inventions but the tiled bathroom with its running hot and cold water is one of the superior products of modern ingenuity.

Never omit the daily bath if you can avoid it. And, if possible, have a shower in your bathroom. If the house you are planning to build is too small to allow space for the large tub you prefer—build in a shower bath, which costs less to install and takes up a quarter of the room. Shower baths are really the only clean sort to



The Skin Should Be Scrubbed All Over With a Flesh Brush.

take—for in a tub, you bathe in your own dirty water, and you can use only a small quantity of that, owing to the limitations of the tub. At least finish your bath with a shower. Rubber pipes with spray nozzles can be purchased cheaply enough and attached to the bathroom faucets.

Scrub your skin all over with a flesh brush; the pleasant friction of the bristles brings the blood to the surface of the skin and opens the pores, eliminating the dirt. With a flesh brush

you can reach that part between the shoulder blades. Otherwise you are apt to neglect the skin there, and unpleasant blackheads result, spoiling your entire appearance when in décolleté dress.  
(Copyright.)



ONLY way I can make da leaving  
ees worka like a son-of-a-gun.  
Chreesto Columbe taka da chance  
longa time ago een dat boat and he  
finda dese place. But I take pienta  
chance weeth da money and I no can  
maka da profect—every time go broke.  
Last week I was een one place where  
gotta horse race. One my frien tella  
me come go da race weeth beem. He  
say he gotta hunch wheecha horse  
gonna win.

So we go veesit dat place and my  
frien trada feefaty bucks for leetie  
ticket. He tella me he make bet on  
longa shot horse for win da race.  
He say I can make pienta money eef  
I betta some money. "You know,  
Pietro, dat horse ees longa shot now,  
but he no stay longa shot when da  
race go," my frien say.

But I tink he was craze een da head.  
I say eef dat horse ees shot before da  
race I betta my life he ees shot when  
da race queet, too. You know I no care  
how longa da horse been shot he no  
can feela good dat way. I tella my  
frien mebbe he go dead somatime from  
da wound.

"You no understanda me, Pietro," my  
frien say. "Dat horse no getta shot  
weeth da bullet. He was jusa longa  
shot weeth da bet. Why you no betta  
your money and maka da profect?"

So I taka da chance and betta tree  
bucks. Dat horse go lha devil leetie  
way een da race and fall down. My  
frien was pretty wud losa hees cash.  
He say dat horse wud win eef he no  
getta seek. But I was surpris da  
horse run dat far when was shot.  
Mebbe he was jusa half shot and only  
run half da race. I dunno. I tink no  
horse feela good eef ees shot. Nexa  
time I betta on one weot gotta pienta  
health.

Wot you tink?"

### MARTHA MANSFIELD



Martha Mansfield, the dainty little "movie" star who has appeared as leading woman in a number of successful screen productions, takes her name from the town in which she was born—Mansfield, O.



#### Hints to Husbands.

When a woman on an allowance sits around all day saying every few minutes: "Well, I guess I'll have to hire Jiggs to cut the lawn," and yet lets Jiggs go by five or six times and doesn't speak to him about it, the really wise husband will get out the lawn-mower, hunt the oil can, fasten the handle on and get busy.

#### Finnigin Filosofy.

Every year we live knocks another prop firm under something we was mighty sure av whin we were twinty or less.

#### Not the Only.

The two foolish persons, from the North and the South respectively, were trying to open an old sore.

They had reached the stage where the southern man asked:

"What about the first battle of Bull Run?"

"Well, there was some bully running done after that, also."

#### What Are They?

"Does your daughter attend school, Mrs. Partington?"  
"Yes, she attends one of those vacation schools."

#### Cru-ell!

"My old Scotch uncle is coming to this country with his firm's check for \$20,000 to pay for a coal mine, and I'm sorry for him."

"Why—is the mine a silver?"  
"No, the mine is all right. But my uncle is so Scotch it is mighty hard for him to 'come across' with that much money."

#### His Folded Flock.

It is perfectly right for a public speaker who has his audience doubled up with laughter to speak of his folded flock.

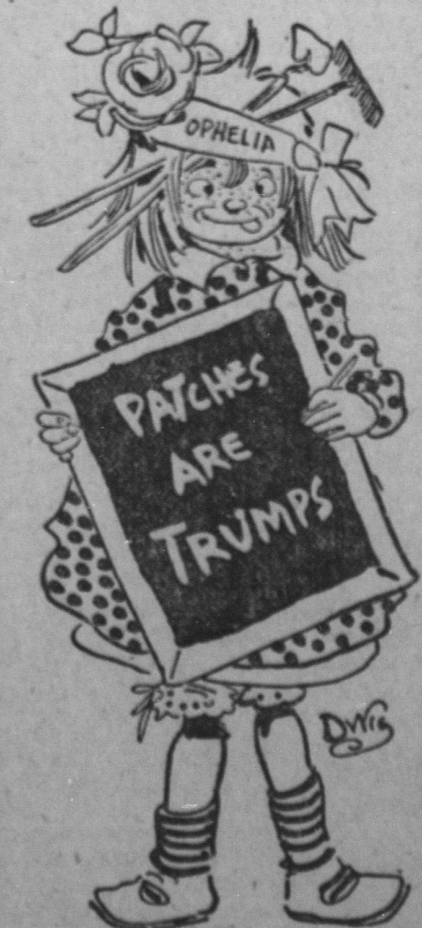
#### Would Pass 'Em Up.

If some folks we know were to go to the dogs, the dogs would immediately change locations.

#### FINNIGIN FILOSOFY.

Ut alvez seems t' me or inny Irishman a rotten thing to boast av "a matherly retreat."

"Robin Hood" is spoken of by almost every great English poet.



## MAKE STIR IN SUMMER COLONY

Three Wealthy Sportsmen are Believed Part of Gang of Bank Robbers.

### OWN POWERFUL CARS

Police Kill One of Men in Battle in Raid—Were Popular in Millionaire Resort—Launch Ready for Flight.

Algonac, Mich.—Six weeks ago a charming, stylishly dressed young woman, accompanied by three young men, drew up in Algonac in a big touring car and established themselves in a bungalow cottage in the midst of the millionaire summer colony. In a remarkably short time the vivacious young woman and her party had been "taken up" by the leaders of the elite and their bungalow became the center of the social life of the community.

Not only were they cultured, but they seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of money. They let it drop that they were oil promoters. The young woman was introduced as Mrs. Densmore. They entertained frequently and elaborately. In short, their functions became the talk of the town.

#### Own Powerful Motor Cars.

Their fast, powerful motor cars and large accounts in the Algonac banks were unnecessary guarantees of their wealth. Often the group would be gone over night on motor trips along southern Michigan and northern Ohio, but always they returned to Algonac.

A regatta scheduled for Labor day was one of the events of the season. Not to be outdone, the three young men went to Chicago and returned with a beautiful racing launch which they named the Emma, for one of the favorites of the colony. It was reported that this little investment alone set them back \$11,000, but they received ample recompense by winning the feature event of the regatta—the ten-mile handicap—which brought them a huge silver loving cup.

It was while they were still celebrating this event, the climax of their social achievements, that the bubble burst. On a mysterious tip, the source of which has not been divulged, the police followed the three young men to Toledo, Ohio, and swooped down on their rendezvous. In the battle "Cowboy" Hill was killed and the other two young men, Archie Dennison and Joseph Forest, were wounded. A search of the elaborately furnished

launch revealed a kit of burglar's tools and a craftsman's outfit. The police say the three young men and the young woman are part of a gang which altogether has stolen more than \$300,000 from the banks of Ohio and Michigan in the last six months. The money is said to have been placed in Algonac banks.

#### Launch Ready for Flight.

There is no evidence that the group operated in the lake shore district, where they spent their wealth. The police think they conducted their operations while making trips in the fast motor cars, and that the little boat, Emma, was tested in the regatta to see if it could outrun other boats if it was necessary to flee to Canada.

### CHILD DIES IN SHAM BATTLE

Casualty Follows Re-enactment at Camp Meade, Md., of Fight in the Argonne.

Camp Meade, Md.—The regular army re-enacted here as a closing feature of the national encampment of Veterans of Foreign Wars a detail of the fighting in the Meuse at Argonne.

It was a carefully planned sham battle, but was not without a casualty. Carl Duransh, a four-year-old boy, was killed by a fragment of a shell from one of the guns used in laying down the miniature barrage.

The eagerness of the crowds to obtain a better view of the operations resulted in groups venturing into the zones of danger. The child who was hit was accompanied by his uncle.



"Cowboy" Hill Was Killed.