

WASHINGTON.—The interest in the personality of Grover Cleveland has naturally recalled many incidents of the days when his was the most forceful figure in American public life. Nothing which he ever did while president attracted more attention than the famous message he sent to congress in December, 1895, on the subject of Great Britain's controversy with Venezuela over the boundary between the latter country and British Guiana. In an interview with a New York Times correspondent Hilary A. Herbert, then Mr. Cleveland's secretary of the navy, now for the first time tells the true inwardness of that historic episode.

"The foundation for Mr. Cleveland's celebrated Venezuelan message," said Mr. Herbert, "was the note of Secretary of State Olney to Lord Salisbury, the British minister for foreign affairs. That note was written during the congressional recess, three months before congress convened, and before Mr. Cleveland's message was prepared. The Olney note was drafted after a consultation between the secretary of state and Mr. Cleveland during the summer at Great Gables on Buzzard's bay. Mr. Olney went there, as I have always understood, to confer with the president about the Venezuelan question. The note was submitted to every member of the cabinet. I remember distinctly I was in Washington that summer and a copy of the note came to me and Mr. Carlisle, the secretary of the treasury, and Mr. Lamont, the secretary of war, and we considered the policy together."

"I remember that as the note developed it almost took my breath away, and I was inclined to oppose its presentation, but before the reading was finished I realized its force and value and I heartily approved it. Between Mr. Carlisle, Mr. Lamont and myself some

GROVER CLEVELAND in the SUNSET of his BUSY LIFE

make every effort to induce Mr. Cleveland to attend his church. Immediately after the inauguration Dr. Sunderland called upon the president, and the latter agreed to be enrolled among his parishioners. Cleveland was very regular in attendance. Always a large crowd assembled in front of the church to see him entering and leaving. The crowd was amazed to find that when the carriage stopped Cleveland would leave the vehicle and start for the door, while some one else would have to assist Mrs. Cleveland to alight. Then she would hasten after her husband and, catching up with him, the two would walk up the aisle together to their pew.

A BAD CAMPAIGNER.

CLEVELAND was known always as a bad campaigner. It was an extremely difficult thing to get him to take an active part in politics, even when he was running for office himself. When he was nominated for mayor of Buffalo, a quarter of a century ago, his political managers were in despair because of his indifference. The future president would promise to speak, but when the time came he would fail to appear, and then it was

ter when his pen touched the paper. His handwriting was small, but clear. It was like copper-plate. Probably no president of recent times used a pen with as much frequency as Cleveland. The painstaking character of Mr. Cleveland's work will be realized when it is known that he made a personal examination of every paper that came before him. This particularly was true of the records of courts-martial of officers of the army and navy. Whether the defendant was an ensign or an admiral, a lieutenant or a general, he could depend on Mr. Cleveland to give fair consideration to the report of his trial. It frequently happened that Mr. Cleveland detected flaws in the proceedings of the court, in which case the officer benefited either in the way of modification of his sentence or a new trial.

EMBARRASSING FRIENDSHIPS.

ONE of the remarkable traits of Mr. Cleveland's character lay in his ability to shake himself loose from embarrassing friendships upon reaching a position where he was charged with the responsibility of filling federal offices. Probably this was most

torney for the northern district of New York. This was indignantly declined at first, but subsequently accepted for the benefit of Lockwood's young associate, William B. Hoyt.

CLEVELAND'S HOME LIFE.

ON ONE occasion a New York paper which was especially virulent in its treatment of Mr. Cleveland printed a story to the effect that on the previous night he had gotten beastly drunk and had kicked his wife down stairs, bruising her terribly and blacking both her eyes.

Those who knew the charming relations which existed between the president and his wife were indignant at the publication. That it was absolutely false I quickly discovered for myself. Crossing the White House grounds, I saw Mrs. Cleveland bending over a bed of pansies in which she took special interest. She was a beautiful picture that morning. Her eyes were as clear as crystal, showing that she had slept well, and her skin without a blemish. The alleged brutality of Mr. Cleveland towards his wife was frequently described by the paper referred to, but never did I see any justification or foundation for the statements it published. Because the president and Mrs. Cleveland refused to exhibit their children to the gaping crowd reports were published that they were idiots and that one of them was blind. These reports were not only false, but so cruel as to arouse the hearty indignation of the friends of the president and his wife.

It has been often said, and with justice, that Mrs. Cleveland made an ideal "First Lady of the Land." Probably Mrs. Cleveland did what no other wife of a president attempted. At receptions she would take a step forward and shake hands with the caller, returning to her position before saluting

HER HUSBAND

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

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"Of course, dear, suit yourself about it. If you think you would like the Hotel—better, why, we will go there. But I imagine you will find these large hotels very much the same."

"Yes, I suppose so," she answered listlessly.

The waiter came up now, filled her glasses and placed the menu before him. He looked at it a moment, then handed it over to her.

"Perhaps you had better order—" his voice was strained.

She flushed, a deep, painful flush, as she took the card and gave the order. When the waiter had gone, she leaned back, her eyes wandering over the brilliantly lighted cafe.

It was becoming intolerable—this thing between them, this consciousness that he knew—that for weeks he had known. She felt now that from the first, even before she had admitted it to herself, with the quick intuition of his love he had known—that she was ashamed of him! Ashamed of his awkwardness, his ignorance, his inability to act and dress and look like the men around them!

No word had passed between them; in no direct way had either of them referred to it, yet she knew it was never quite out of their minds.

It began with their first week in New York. She had chosen to live at the most quiet, the most exclusive hotel in the city, a place rarely invaded by the western millionaire; and it had come like a blow—the contrast between the men there and her husband.

She fought against the feeling that was aroused in her; she told herself of his sterling worth and manliness; and yet she was constantly comparing him with these men of the world, these clubmen with their air of ease and nonchalance; with the way they



"Perhaps You Had Better Order."

walked and stood and lounged about, the way they wore their clothes—the countless things that made up their bearing.

It was an infinite relief when the dinner was over.

In their own room, still with averted eyes, she drew a chair to the light and picked up a magazine. But her glance remained fixed on one short paragraph.

He made no pretense of reading, but stood at the window looking down at the street below. For a long time he stood there. Then he entered his own room, closing the door after him.

The light burned in his room until long after midnight. In her own darkened room she tried in vain to sleep. Tossing restlessly, her thoughts went back over the 14 months of their marriage.

The first year had been spent on his Montana ranch, and then some mining interests had called him to New York, for only a few days, as he thought. But the days had lengthened into weeks, and still he was detained.

With a marvelously quick adaptability she had acquired the style and air of the New York women.

But with him it had been different, perhaps because he had never felt the need to be anything but himself, and perhaps because he had been too busy and indifferent to think of it. But gradually he had come to feel her unspoken criticisms and his self-consciousness became infinitely worse than his previous careless indifference. Now he was constantly trying to please her, and only succeeded in being more consciously awkward than ever.

As she lay there in the dark, watching the light from his room, there came to her a great longing to blot out these two months in New York. They had been so happy in that year on his ranch. She had gloried in his strength and manhood; his very crudeness and simplicity she had loved then.

Tears of contrition and tenderness came to her eyes. She would go in to him now, creep into his arms and tell him that she loved him; that nothing else mattered.

She slipped out of bed, threw a loose robe around her and knocked softly at his door. He was still dressed, lying on the couch, shading his eyes from the light. He had heard neither her knock nor her quiet entrance. For a full moment she stood there before he saw her. Then he rose quickly.

"Why, Elizabeth, I thought you were asleep."

"No—I—" She started toward him, but he made no movement to meet

her; his face reflected none of the tenderness that she felt was in her own. And in that second she realized what the past two months had done—the extent of the alienation it had brought.

"I—thought perhaps you had some of those bromide tablets; my head has been aching."

"Why, yes, I think I have some." He got them for her. "Is that all? Is there anything else I can do?"

She shook her head. "No, this will probably put me to sleep."

In her own room again, she crept into bed with a miserable sense of failure and a vague feeling of dread. Where was this estrangement leading them? How would it end? It was nearly dawn when at last she slept.

That morning he went to his office early. He did not come into her room until he was leaving; he was carrying his hat and coat. He came up to the bed and kissed her quietly goodbye.

The day dragged painfully. She felt strangely alone and desolate. Even the shops failed to interest her. Once she started to telephone her husband, and then in quick fear had hung up the receiver. What was there to say?

When he came home that evening later than usual, she felt it was purposely to avoid their accustomed chat before dinner. He went immediately into his room to dress.

In half an hour they were seated at their table in the cafe. They had reached the entrance when the woman whose dress had been torn last night swept in and was seated by the head waiter at a table next to theirs. She saw the color in her husband's face deepen.

And then—confused and embarrassed by the sudden appearance of this woman, his hand hit against a slender dish of tartar sauce near the edge of the table and sent it splashing to the floor.

In one agonized glance she saw the bespattered, ruined gown of the woman and the furious anger in her face. Then she bowed her head that she might not see the wretched mortification of her husband. She heard his pitiful attempts at an apology and felt the frozen silence of the woman. The waiter came up hurriedly, removed the broken dish and wiped up the floor.

A scream—shrill, piercing—rang through the room! Another and still another—screams of agony and terror. People started to their feet. Through the swinging doors used by the waiters rushed a figure enveloped in flames.

Some one screamed "Fire!" There was a rush for the doors. Then above the din and confusion rose her husband's voice, clear and stern.

"Stop! There is no fire! If there is, you are perfectly safe—on the first floor. Help me with this girl! Quick! Rugs—coats—something!"

There, in a far corner where he had caught the girl, was her husband—alone, rolling her on the floor, his coat around her.

With something like shame in their faces for their instinctive cowardice, two or three men now rushed to him with their coats. There were no rugs and the strips of carpet between the tables were fastened to the polished floor.

But it was her husband, unheeding their useless efforts, who was still beating the flames that clung to the girl. At last he had them smothered.

And then, still unmindful of his hands that were cruelly burned, her husband carefully unwrapped the coats from the poor, blackened creature that lay there. The people stood back, watching him breathlessly. They seemed incapable of action or speech.

Some one whispered that it was a pantry girl who had overturned an alcohol lamp as she was placing it under a coffee urn.

A few moments later a doctor made his way through the crowd and then two white-coated ambulance attendants lifted the still unconscious girl on a stretcher and carried her out.

The people were now crowding around her husband, praising his courage and bravery and presence of mind. They pressed forward to shake his hand, and were horrified to find that his hands, his wrists, even his arms, were burned.

Some one touched Elizabeth on the shoulder. She turned. It was the woman who had sat opposite them. Her eyes were full of tears.

"I haven't the courage to speak to your husband, but I want to tell you how sorry I am for my rudeness in—ignoring his apologies. I—I am very sorry. I wish you would tell him that."

She was gone before Elizabeth, in her embarrassment and agitation, could find any words for a reply.

Later, in their own rooms, after the doctor had left, and he lay on the couch with helpless, bandaged hands, Elizabeth came over and knelt beside him. For a while neither spoke; then he realized that she was sobbing quietly.

"Elizabeth, what is it, dear?" She made no answer, only crept closer to him.

Clumsily he tried to smooth her hair, but she took the poor hand in both of hers, covering it with kisses and tears. Perhaps he understood, for he only said, tenderly:

"Elizabeth—dear little Elizabeth!"



First Photograph of Ex-President Cleveland and His Family Taken at Their Princeton Home.

From stereograph, copyright, 1907, by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

suggestions were made as to amendments, perhaps slight, and my understanding is that these amendments were subsequently adopted. All the cabinet knew for three or four months before congress convened that this bombshell had been prepared. Nevertheless, it was kept absolutely secret. Nobody knew anything about it. As Mr. Cleveland himself said, he did not believe in doing public business on the sidewalk. The message that Mr. Cleveland afterwards wrote was prepared by himself just after he had returned from an outing. He had gone down the river on a fishing excursion, and when he got back the message was written, occupying him for two days. The message was read to the cabinet before it was sent in. I do not remember whether any suggestions were asked or offered, the message being a condensation of the very powerful Olney note.

"Did you anticipate that war would result from the message?"

"No, I did not think so, because I did not think there was enough in the controversy to cause a war between the two countries which were so closely allied in blood and business. Of course, such measures as could be taken with the means in hand to be prepared in case of trouble were taken by the navy department, but there was neither time nor money nor opportunity to make any extensive preparations."

A REGULAR CHURCHGOER.

CLEVELAND'S father was a Presbyterian minister. When the son was elected president the Rev. Dr. Sunderland of the First Presbyterian Church in Washington determined to

necessary to send carriages for him and drag him to the meeting. But his popularity was so great that he experienced little difficulty in polling a large vote for mayor. This campaign occurred during a time of political upheaval, when Buffalo was one of the doubtful cities of the state. From the close of the war up to the '90s no one could foretell just how the municipal elections in Buffalo would turn out. Cleveland was made candidate for governor particularly because of his vigorous administration of the mayor's office. His most conspicuous act was the veto of an ordinance of the council granting a contract for cleaning the city to personal friends. Cleveland regarded this contract as against public policy, and, notwithstanding the pressure exercised by his closest advisers, he disapproved the measure, and by this act attracted the attention of the state. There is not the slightest doubt that what Mr. Cleveland did on that occasion had a greater bearing on his future political career than anything he had done.

A FRIEND OF THE PEN.

M R. CLEVELAND took a great interest in pension legislation. Observing a discriminating attitude, which was most important, both for the public treasury and from the point of view of those veterans of unblemished records, it was his custom to examine each act and all the facts connected with the claim of the beneficiary with the greatest care. If he found a flaw in the record he would put a veto on the back of the act in his own handwriting. Cleveland rarely dictated. He found his ideas flowed bet-

strongly illustrated during the months following his inauguration as president, when Washington was crowded with hungry place hunters. Two days before the 4th of March, 1885, about 300 Buffalonians came to the capital, marched from the freight depot on Virginia avenue to Odd Fellows' hall on Seventh street, and took up their quarters in the latter building. This contingent lustily carried out the ostensible purpose of its visit to "Whoop it up for Grover." The main object of every man, however, was to secure a job under the federal government. Their ambitions ranged from collector of internal revenue down to driver of the mail wagons. The candidates remained in Washington seven days and then departed without a single plum in their possession. Of that noble band of 300 none secured an appointment from Mr. Cleveland during either of his administrations.

The most conspicuous example, perhaps, of Mr. Cleveland's unwillingness to consider friends for public office was that furnished by the case of the late Daniel M. Lockwood. Lockwood placed the name of Cleveland before Democratic conventions for mayor, governor and president. As his reward he sought appointment as United States minister at Madrid. He secured enough endorsements to qualify himself for a cabinet office. Mr. Cleveland had other views, however, with the result that the close friendship between the two men was ruptured, and Mr. Lockwood did not renominate Cleveland in the convention of 1888. The breach was apparently uncloseable, but at last Mr. Cleveland tendered Lockwood the position of district at-

the next in line. This was a task which only a woman of tremendous physical endurance could carry out successfully. At the New Year receptions, for example, 9,000 persons greeted the president and his wife. So that Mrs. Cleveland took 9,000 steps and shook hands 9,000 times on each of these occasions.

AS FRIEND AND LAWYER.

CLEVELAND was more of a social man than a social one. He enjoyed few social relations in Buffalo, rarely visiting the houses of friends. At the same time he was most convivial with his male acquaintances. He was fond of playing cards in his youth and spent most of his time with the boys. As a lawyer he seldom practised in court, and, while never regarded as a close student, he had the facility of grasping a legal problem, which made him invaluable as counsel. His practice was confined almost altogether to his office, his associates making the arguments in court.

PRESIDENTIAL LOVEMAKING.

ACCORDING to a story in circulation at the time, Daniel S. Lamont was the John Alden of Grover Cleveland in connection with the latter's marriage. Lamont was sent by the president to Buffalo to ask Miss Folsom to marry his chief. There was no "Speak for yourself, John," as Miss Folsom accepted the offer. Miss Folsom, of course, knew her future husband very well, as she had been his ward and had come into frequent and intimate contact with him.