

CLEVELAND'S DEATH SHOCK TO COUNTRY

Ex-President Succumbs Unexpectedly, Though He Had Long Been Ill.

Great Democrat, Twice President of the United States, Dies at His Home in Princeton, Aged Seventy-One Years---Sketch of His Career, from Poor Boy to the Highest Elective Office in the World---Famous Venezuelan Message

Princeton, N. J.—Grover Cleveland, twice president of the United States, died suddenly Wednesday at his home here.

Mr. Cleveland had been a sufferer from gout and diabetes for more than two years. Early in 1906 he was stricken with an attack of indigestion, the result of diabetes, and for weeks was unable to partake of any except liquid nourishment.

A sojourn in the south improved his health considerably, and his sudden demise comes as a complete surprise.

A statement, signed by Dr. Joseph B. Bryant, Dr. George R. Lockwood and Dr. J. M. Camochan, explaining the death of their patient, was given out: "Mr. Cleveland for many years has suffered from repeated attacks of gastric intestinal origin. Also he has a long-standing organic disease of the heart and kidneys and heart failure complicated with pulmonary thrombosis and oedema were the immediate causes of his death."

Cleveland's Early Struggles.

Grover Cleveland was born at Caldwell, Essex county, N. J., March 18, 1837. As a country boy, he left home when 16 years of age, charged not only with the necessity of making his own way in the world, but with the responsibility of providing for his mother and sisters. He fought the battle stoutly and not only won, but achieved the highest honors that can come to an American.

His father was a Presbyterian minister. The son was christened Stephen Grover, in honor of Rev. Stephen Grover, who had preceded Rev. Mr. Cleveland in the pastorate of the little church at Caldwell. In even the earliest childhood of the boy, however, the parents omitted the name Stephen and addressed him always as Grover. The son always signed his name as Grover Cleveland.

In 1841 the family removed to Fayetteville, N. Y. They lived afterward at Clinton and Holland Patent, Grover, while he attended school, served in his spare hours as clerk in a country store.

His father died in 1853. His money, it was found, had been expended for the education of his children. It devolved upon Grover, then 16 years of age, to qualify as a contributing member of his family. Through his brother, who was connected with the New York institution for the blind, he secured appointment there as assistant teacher.

Attracted by Law Career.

Two years gave him enough of teaching. He was ambitious to become a lawyer and to work in a field that offered more advantages than could be found in the east. The city of his choice was Cleveland, Ohio. All of his spare earnings having been sent to his mother, he required borrowed capital to get his start in the world. The amount of this capital was \$50 and the friend who gave it to him was an old man who had been a deacon in his father's church. The lender's security was a note signed by the boy. That it was sufficient was proved two years later when he received a remittance covering the amount of the loan with interest.

Grover started in 1855 for Cleveland by way of the Erie canal. He stopped over for a day at Buffalo to visit a rich uncle, Lewis F. Allen. The latter prevailed upon the youthful pilgrim to make his home in Buffalo. He provided Grover with six weeks' work at \$10 a week to assist in the compilation of a herd book and secured for him a place in the office of a prominent law firm. As a law clerk he received \$4 a week.

In 1859 Cleveland was admitted to the bar. He remained in the service of the law firm as managing clerk. In view of his dignity and honor his stipend was increased to \$10 a week.

On January 1, 1863, he was appointed assistant district attorney of Erie county. He allowed himself the bare necessities of life. Every surplus dollar was sent to his mother and sisters. At this time he was drafted for service in the union army. He borrowed money and sent a substitute to the war. Much was made of this fact in the political campaigns of later days. Friends of Cleveland replied that his action was in accordance with the custom of those days, when some members of a family went to war, while others remained to care for the dependent ones. Two of Cleveland's brothers were in the army.

Entrance into Politics.

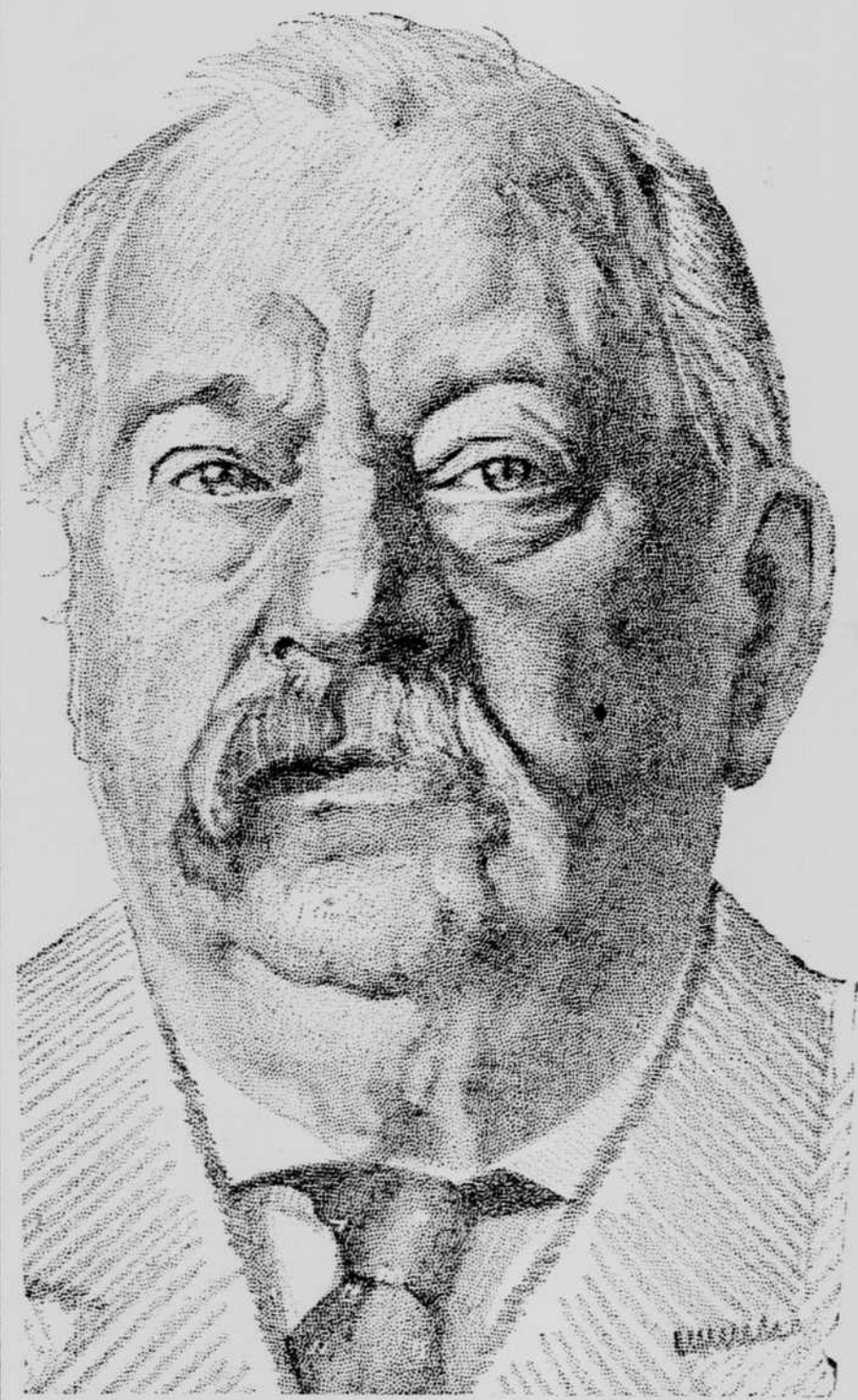
In 1865 Cleveland was nominated for district attorney. He began the prac-

lice of law. He also maintained a keen interest in politics. In 1866 he was chairman of the county committee. He had few intimate friends, but was favored by a strong following of men attracted by his power of leadership. In 1870 he was elected sheriff and filled the office for three years.

Then he returned to law. Success was gained by hard, faithful work. He had never been accused of being brilliant, but he was thorough, and gained by conscientious digging the victory that came to others by so-called genius.

In 1881 he was elected mayor of Buffalo, as a Democrat, by a plurality of 3,500. The candidates on the Republican state ticket carried the city by 1,600. After the election Cleveland said in a letter to his brother that he proposed to stand in the relation of an employe to the people of the city. His one aim would be to render faithful service to his employer.

In carrying out this resolution he became known as the "veto mayor."



THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND.

It was an honorable title. Buffalo had long been in the grip of unscrupulous politicians.

Grown arrogant from power and rich from graft, they had come to regard rule wholly to their interest as a settled right. Mayor Cleveland disabused their minds. Raids on the treasury were blocked by his veto. Officeholders were warned that their allegiance was due the people. Claims of friendship and the pressure of powerful influence were without effect upon him. His sturdy fights in the interest of his "employe" were widely published and attracted attention throughout the state.

Governor of New York.

So it happened that when the Democrats in 1882 cast about for a candidate for governor their eye naturally turned toward Buffalo. Grover Cleveland was placed at the head of their ticket. He was elected over Charles J. Folger, then secretary of the treasury, by 200,000 plurality.

Cleveland's record as mayor and his overwhelming victory in the election made him a national figure. There was widespread curiosity as to the course he would pursue as governor. He gained new celebrity through his vetoes. He refrained from discourses on public affairs and framed no theory

of government, but he gave keen attention to the matters brought before him for action. When these seemed not to be for the public good his disapproval was expressed promptly and with the plainest words in his vocabulary. From 12 to 14 hours a day were devoted to the investigation of bills and reports submitted to him for action.

On July 11, 1884, in Chicago, he was nominated to oppose James G. Blaine in the campaign for the presidency. A slender plurality in New York state turned the scale and he became the first Democratic president since the civil war. The second time in his life that he visited Washington was when he went to the capital to take office as president. His bearing on the stand erected for the inaugural revealed his masterful character to the experienced statesmen who sat around him. Stretched before him were more people than he had ever seen assembled for any purpose. They were enthusiastic, but neither their demonstrations nor thought of the grave responsibilities he was about to assume affected him in the slightest degree. He was calm as any man there having nothing at stake. When the time came to speak he advanced to the bar firmly and coolly as a lawyer in court. Deliberately and in a strong voice he delivered his address of 8,000 words, and he shattered all precedents by giving it from memory instead of from manuscript. He declared for the Monroe doctrine, economy, protection of the Indians, security of the freedmen, and for civil service.

Famous Venezuelan Message.

The death of Mr. Cleveland will recall to 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. The foundation for Mr. Cleveland's message 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.

WHY MARRIAGE SEEMS A FAILURE

BY (Miss) DORA MAY MORRELL



WHETHER marriage be absolutely a failure or not is decided only by those who have tried it, and I am no feminine Don Quixote, tilting against windmills. I am simply an observer, seeing happy marriages, and unhappy, and sometimes finding what is evident to all except the persons most concerned, "the little rift within the lute," which has made its music mute.

It might be said at the outset that the fact of asking all over the world if marriage is a failure



is not proof that it is a success, nor is the excellence of an institution proved by the few cases but by the many. The few but prove the possibility of success where there is more often but slight measure of it.

No one who has considered the matter thoughtfully can doubt that marriage at its best is the perfect life, ideal in its relations and in its development of the best type of man and woman, but, unfortunately, that a thing may be is not the same as that it is.

Against matrimony, one of the strongest arguments against matrimony is the number of those who try to get out of it. Being tied is in itself a condition trying to an erratic temperament, for you are never so eager to get away as when you know you can't.

I have watched devoted lovers grow into different partners, and also have seen most beautiful marriages grow from rather commonplace wooings, so the advance stage seems not much of an indication what the future will give.

One of my girl friends said to me of her fiancé: "I am not one of the silly girls who cannot see faults in those they care for. I can see them all the plainer because I love, and though I have hunted very hard for love, I can't see a fault in Joe, and so I know he hasn't got any." She and Joe got married and went their loving way. Some years later I met her, and in the course of conversation she surprised me by saying: "No, of course, I don't tell Joe everything, the way I used to. Men are so stupid they never understand, so it is foolish to tell them and get into a fuss."

"Do they grow stupid after marriage?" "Well, they may not, but they seem to. Why, Joe never went wild over the most innocent letter that a man sent me, and he happened to find. I've told the maid again and again never to bring my letters to the table, but to put them in my bureau drawer, but she is so careless. One often has letters she doesn't wish her husband to see, bills and things of that sort."

Now, it is hard for me to imagine marriage a success in which one party to the contract has such a feeling as that. Marriage, it seems to me, is one of two things, either a business contract, or a union founded upon sentiment, and if deceit enters into it one party or the other is not living up to the agreement, however smoothly things may seem to go. If it is a business concern, each partner has a right to the confidence of the other, and so long as sentiment enters into it there will be the same interchange of interests between married couples as between the engaged. The rule holds as good whether applied to man or to woman.

Another of my friends loves her husband devotedly, she says. She has no secrets from him—not from anybody else—not even those she ought to have, for perfect faith does not necessitate telling a man every foolish little thing, nor telling her when to do something some girl friend has told her. On a time something her husband puts on his coat to go out this wife begins: "Why, Harry, are you going out this evening? Where are you

WHY HARRY ARE YOU GOING OUT THIS EVENING?

going? What are you going for? Who else is going? What makes you go? You can think of me waiting here alone until you get back. I shall sit up until you get home."

Think of a self-respecting, able-bodied and minded man being subjected to that every time he goes out of the house. Could you bear it, oh, sister woman, if he put you through like questions? Why should a man or a woman be required to give an account of all the moments as they fly? Speaking of human beings from my own standpoint, I should say there is nothing dearer than freedom of the individual, and nothing much harder to bear than any infringement upon it. I consider being questioned almost the unpardonable offense on the part of a friend, yet, left to myself, probably I should tell him or her all I knew; but quizzing me always results in my telling nothing, and there must be others like that.

Something of this kind I said to Ella, and that to ask a man so much seemed to me like an indignity. She replied: "How funny you are! Why should he be object to telling me if he isn't going where he is ashamed to have it known? Am I not his wife and entitled to know all he does?"

"He probably might tell you without your asking if you gave him a chance, but anybody with an atom of sense would object to being forced to tell every time he turned around and why."

"If he loves me he ought to be willing to tell me so little a thing as that."

"What are you going to do with a woman like that to live with every day—love her? Yes, but you will come to the conclusion that dumbness is not without some compensations."

Once I was visiting a friend who had been the most romantic and sentimental of girls. When she was first married she wept bitterly because her husband said another woman was the handsomest one he had ever seen.

"No other woman ought to be so handsome to a man as his wife, however she looks," sobbed she, as if a man lost his eyesight when he married. Wouldn't you suppose a woman would lose confidence in her husband's judgment if he thought she was the most beautiful of women when her mirror told her she was not?

While I was at this friend's home her husband told at dinner of something funny that had happened that day in the office, addressing his remarks directly to her. She made no pretense of listening, and evidently did not hear a word.

"Oh, I never listened to it at all. I thought likely it was as stupid as the stories you usually tell"—rudeness in her manner as in her words.

She often sighs because marriage is so different

HE WENT WILD OVER THE MOST INNOCENT LETTER A MAN SENT ME

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THAT FIFTY CENTS I GAVE YOU LAST WEEK?

WHY HARRY ARE YOU GOING OUT THIS EVENING?

from the girl's dream, yet she never blames her self for any part of the failure. Still, as she could speak before me and her children with this lack of courtesy to the man whom she had sworn before God to love and honor, she may not be wholly free from fault. Should you, present lovers, call the marriage in which such as this was a common occurrence, a success or a failure?

In the course of my wanderings to and fro I have often spent some time at a house where there never has been a meal finished without some fault-finding by the master thereof. This is not due to ill-cooked food, for the wife prepares good dishes and sees that the cook does likewise. If the chicken is broiled, "Why didn't you fry this?" If it is fried, "Why wasn't it broiled?" Or perhaps the complaint will be that chicken was cooked at all when he wanted fish. The vegetables were always over or under done; something that he wanted and had not spoken about had not been prepared. Maybe it would be: "I've been trying ever since I was married to

teach Polly to make bread, but it seems impossible for her to get it into her head," and the bread is as light and sweet as bread ought to be. Heaven help the woman whose husband thinks he can cook, and help her doubly if at the same time he has the grumbling habit!

If you sat at the table three times daily to such remarks, you dear little bride of the future, what would life be worth to you? Yet this man has been much loved of women and has made three wives happy—or miserable?—well, conscious of a few of their defects, let us say. But to some women it would be bitter bread as comfortable walking on tacks as living with a man who is never suited, never praising, but always finding fault.

I have never seen an instance of a very happy marriage when the woman was the weak winner. If the husband were a strong, well man. If a woman makes a home and cares properly for the husband and children who should be in it, she has business enough within the walls of her house. Whatever she does outside is just so much taken from the strength and thought that belong rightly to the home and its inmates. From the beginning it has been woman's part to care for what the man provided, and this instinct is rooted back many centuries, and is a part of the human race to-day. So surely as it is violated for anything but the greatest need the woman and the man suffer for the violation. She grows to despise the man who does not provide for her—and he loses his respect.

The woman who works with all her might to help a man make money, makes a great mistake if she is seeking happiness, for the money is bought at the cost of the character development in tenderness and selfishness that the man needs and gets when he looks after his wife as he wants to when he marries. It should be some very strong cause that leads her to take from him this right to an unselfish manhood. The woman who makes a true home does more for the man than she does by going into the labor mart, and she cannot do both.

It is true that the happiness of married life depends a good deal upon the woman—more, I think, than upon the man—because her strength lies in just and proper using of the powers of heart and spirit. Of course, men sometimes are trying and dense, but I have seen most unpromising material made into husbands who were delightful and the envy of women who had not known or cared how to use what was theirs to build with.

One cannot be happy with an unbearably jealous man who suspects his wife at every turn, but the man with minor faults, such as asking "What did you do with the 50 cents I gave you last week?" may be cured by the right handling.

It may be hard to be happy if you have black eyes and hair, when your husband takes pleasure in calling your attention to beauties with blue eyes and golden hair, and tells you how he always admired that style of beauty, but think what a compliment he paid you in preferring you in spite of his fancy for another type of comeliness.

Jealousy, brutality and vulgarity are so strikingly offensive that all the world admits there is no chance for happiness with them, but they wreak few lives in any great measure because of these, but because it is allowed to become common-places. These who keep a touch of romance in their relations do not find wedded bliss a myth. It is well to preserve one's illusions.

Beside the loss of all penny out of the mutual life, another cause for the unhappiness in marriage that makes it seem a failure is lack of courtesy, of the consideration that is given instinctively by the sweetheart who counts it no honor to listen to her lover's stories, nor finds it difficult to laugh at them, though she bears them over and over. (Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Going the Limit.

"Some crazy 'bout money that they takes mo' pride in false teeth an' a wooden leg dan dey does in what dey was born wif free of charge."—Washington Star.

Which Reminds Us.

Somebody wants to know if we remember candle snuffers. No, but dad does. He remarks (with much wit, we think) that they were the original fire traps.

Virtue in Waters of the Ganges.

Natives of India have held for centuries that the waters of the River Ganges are blessed and healing to those who bathe therein. A scientist says: "I have discovered that the water of the Ganges and the Jumna is hostile to the growth of the cholera microbe, not only owing to the absence of food materials, but also owing to the actual presence of an anti-septic that has the power of destroying this microbe."

A Man Fearfully.

To see a beam fearfully in dangers, untainted with lusts, happy in adversity, composed in a tumult, and laughing at all those things which are generally either coveted or feared, all men must acknowledge that this can be nothing else but a beam of divinity that influences a mortal body.—Seneca.

When the Trouble Starts.

One swallow does not make a summer, but it is the first swallow that starts the trouble.—Manchester Union.

IMPORTED BREAD IN ENGLAND

In a statement presented to the British parliament it appears that in 1906 the imports of wheat and wheat flour into the United Kingdom were 78 per cent of the total supply. In Germany the imports in 1905 were 35 per cent and in France in 1906 three per cent of the total supply.

It was stated that in the United Kingdom in 1906 imported supplies were, of meat, about 47 per cent; of butter, 57 per cent, and of cheese, 61 per cent of the total consumption. For France the latest returns relate to 1932, and in that year the imports of meat were three per cent of the total supply.

In Germany in 1906, under the old tariff, the imports of meat were 11 per cent of the total consumption. The United States has a considerable exportation of all these commodities.

The imports of wheat and wheat flour into the United Kingdom in 1906 were: From British possessions, 58,462,000 bushels, valued at \$50,000,000, and from foreign countries 129,230,000 bushels, valued at \$132,000,000. The quantity of wheat grown in the United Kingdom in 1906 was 54,123,000 bushels, of which probably 55 to 90 per cent was directly used for food by the people.—Kansas City Star.