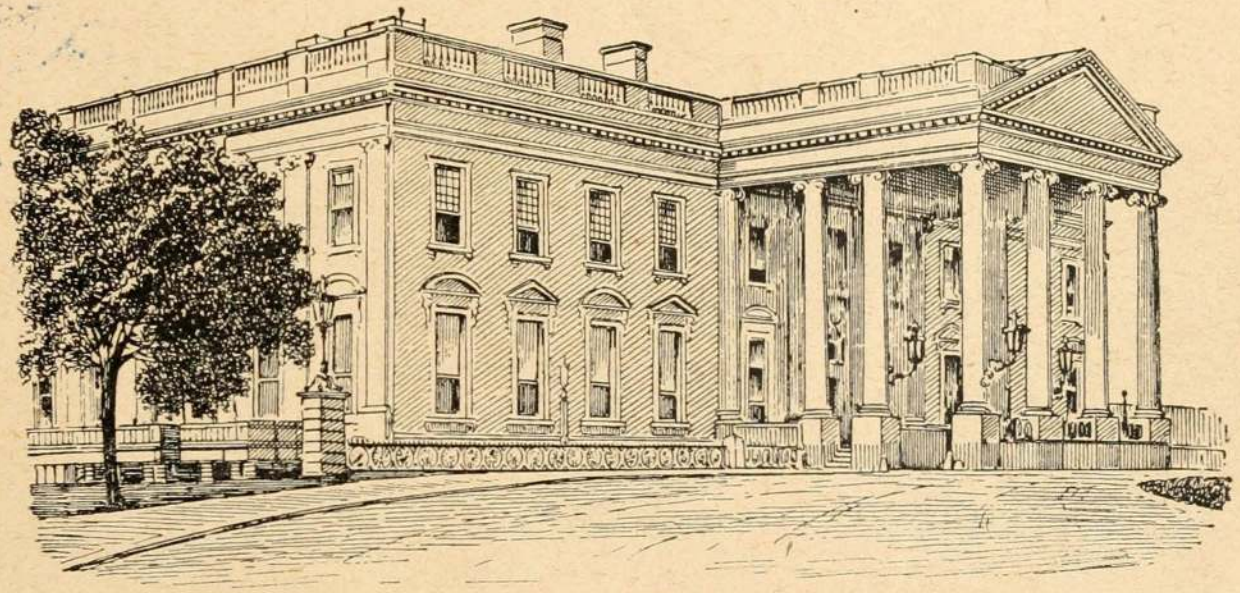
Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT VALLEY FORGE.

LIVES OF THE

PRESIDENTS

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

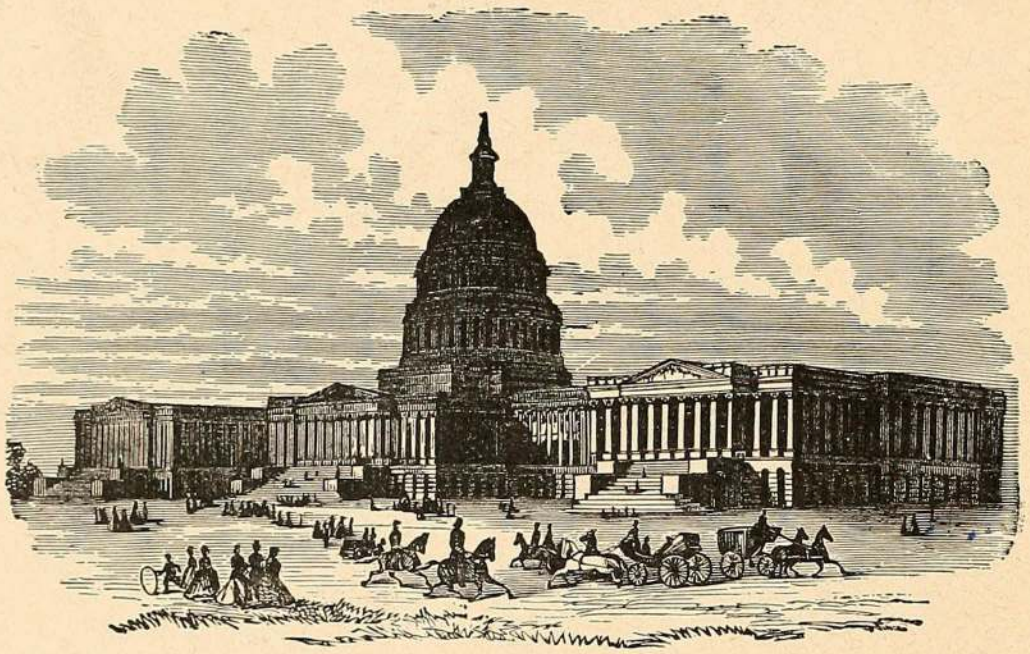


THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY

HARRIET PUTNAM

McLOUGHLIN BROTHERS
NEW YORK



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

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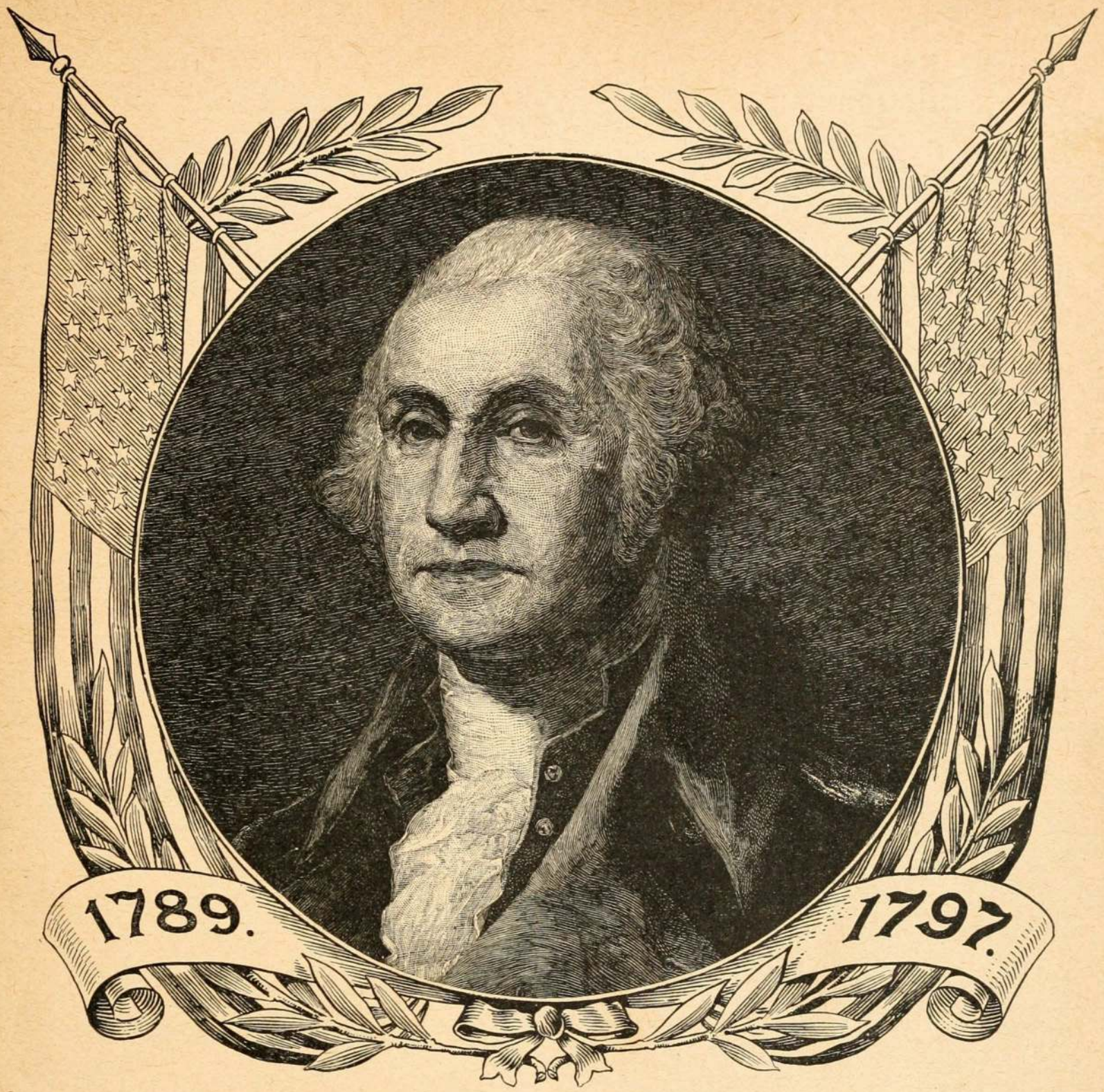


GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE King of Eng-land, "George the Third," had made hard rules and bad laws for those who had left his land and come to A-mer-i-ca.

The folks bore these as well as they could but things grew worse and worse.

At last the men said; "We will die or be free."

Then came a war. There were but few, at first, to fight

a great host. The *few* knew their cause was just and this gave them great zeal. Their trust was in God.

They met on Cam-bridge Com-mon to ask God to bless them and the *plan* they had made. God heard them, told them what to do, and sent one to lead them.

The name of that lead-er was GEORGE WASH-ING-TON.

In Virginia, Feb. 22, 1732, at Brid-ges' Creek, George Wash-ing-ton was born. His house had but four rooms. At each end, on the out side, the flue went up to the top. He was born at 10 A. M.

His folks were plain in their ways. The boy's dark blue eyes first saw such scenes as would be found in an-y farm house in the land. He saw a low room; a great, wide, brick fire-place; a well kept rug; a few chairs with straw seats; and a tall bed-stead with posts like masts, the same sort as Wash-ing-ton slept in all his life. Hung up high on the walls were prints of men who had been brave on sea and land. Back of the door a tall clock went tick, tick, and this might have been the first sound the babe heard.

The plain way in which Wash-ing-ton was bred made him like plain things all his days. His clothes were plain—spun, wove, and made at home. Out door life had a charm for him. A-mer-i-cans bless the plain old farm house where this child, who did so much for them, was born. Now all that marks its site is a slab of free-stone. The trees that grew near that house were figs, pines, and some sorts which would keep green all the year. The boy was fond of them. The fields and woods, too, held things dear to him. His young life was full of cheer. The words that he wrote in those days tell us so. Each word seems as if a boy with a bright, frank face had put it down.

The fa-ther of this home bred boy was a help to him. He taught him much from near-by life. A tale is told that one day the fa-ther made a small bed in the ground, with rich earth, and then wrote on it, with his cane, George's full name in large size. The next thing he did was to strew in some seeds and smooth it all with care. When some days had gone by, the small boy came in haste and said, "O, Pa, come here! Come here!"

"Well, my son, what is it?"

"O, it is a great sight! My own name grows green in the ground! How could it come there?"

TELLING THE TRUTH. (P. 8.)

They both went to look at the strange sight. At first the fa-ther thought to make his son think it came there by its self. Young as the boy was he knew this could not be so. A great truth was taught from this.

It told that *Chance* could not be the cause of the great things in life. *Chance* could not make the moth-er sing; *Chance* could not give sleep from which the boy would jump up strong as any young deer; *Chance* would not make the sweet light which would be there to greet him. Fish in

the ponds, fruit on the trees, cows to give milk, lambs to give wool to make clothes would not come by chance.

The boy of five kept in mind that which his fa-ther had taught him.

From the first George had a strong love of truth. He thought it mean to tell a lie. He would say true things at all times.

There was land near his home where fruit trees grew. Some trees bore well and some did not do so. Care and work would help all the trees and this the small boy's fa-ther was glad to give.

A tale is told that one tree was so choice that the fa-ther would walk to it day by day and watch it grow. Once he found a deep cut in the bark of that tree. It was cut so that fruit might not come to it for years. Then the fa-ther said, "Who has done this?"

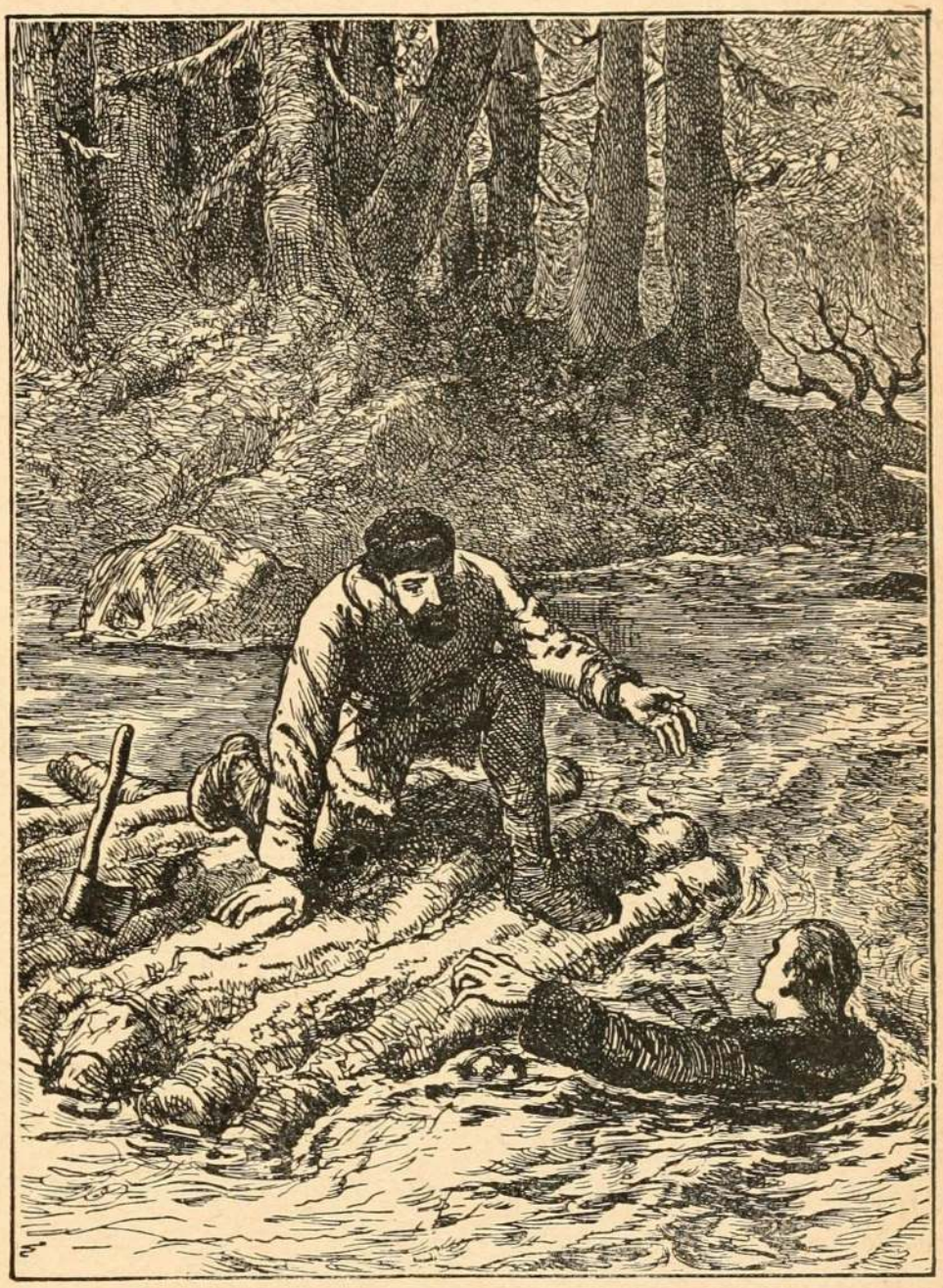
George knew quite well that he had done that thing with a small axe. He did not think it would do so much harm at the time, but when he found how sad his fa-ther felt, and saw, too, his rage at the act, he was full of pain. It is said that for one short bit of time he hung back in shame.

Then he made up his mind that the right thing to do was to speak the truth at once. So he said, "I can not tell a lie. I did it."

The tale goes on to say that the fa-ther's rage left him when he found that his boy could and would say what was true, though it brought pain with it.

The moth-er of Wash-ing-ton was one score and eight years old when her son was born. She had fine looks, a strong mind, and a kind heart. A wise man has said, "The strong are born of the strong and the good of the

good." This was true in Wash-ing-ton's case. His moth-er knew him to be a fine child and had great pride in the wise things he did. She "kept all these things in her heart."



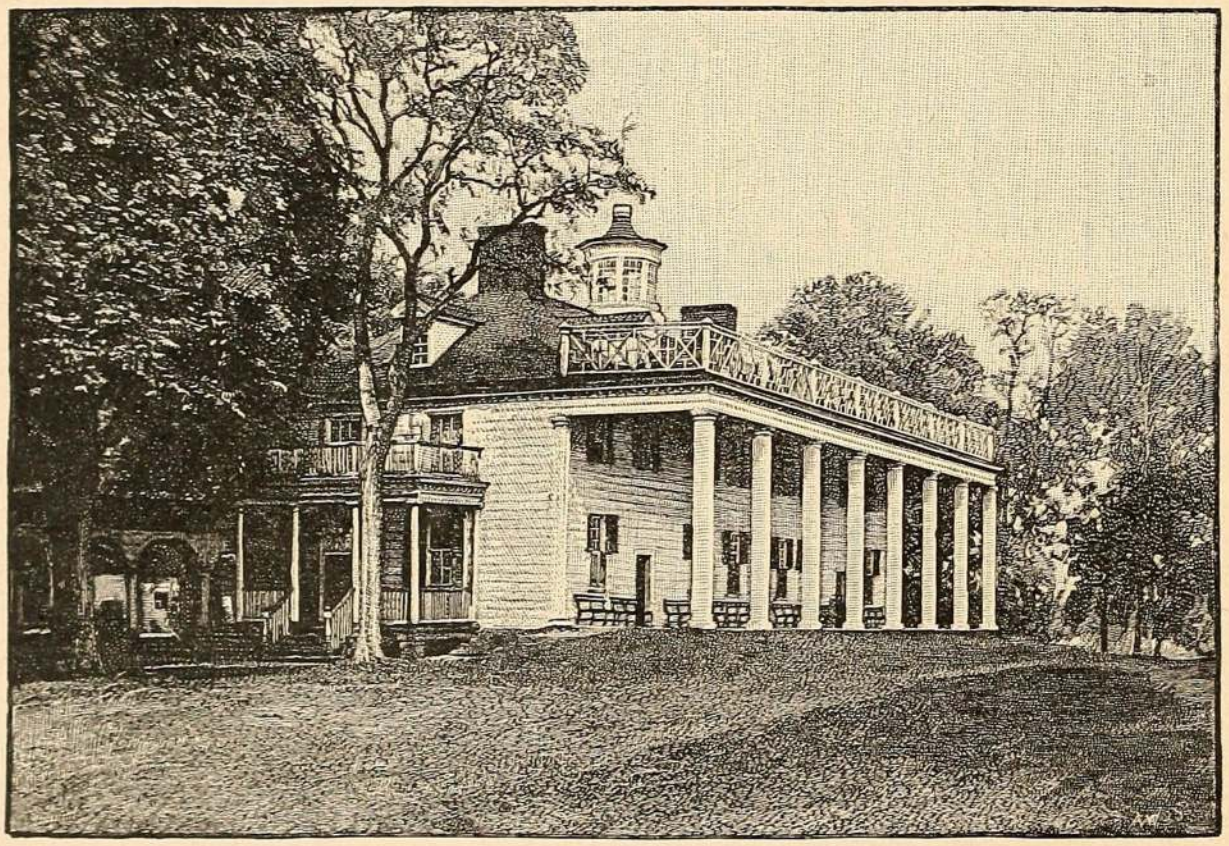
WASHINGTON'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING. (P. 10.)

From the plain farm house George went to the "field school" kept by Mr. Hob-by. Here he had to learn "a, b, abs," as was the style in those days. He rode off on his horse and was gone all day, for the school was five miles from home. He gave time and love to his books, but he was fond, too, of play and sports of all kinds. He would drill a band of small boys, march them down the road and lead them at all times. Folks large and small would like to see the brave, good child, and they said of him that when he grew up there was a high place for him in the world. It came to pass just as they said it would.

When but four years in his teens, Wash-ing-ton went to the home of the red men with chain and rule and found the length and breadth of the land. In four years more he had charge of troops sent to save his State from fierce In-di-ans

and French who would steal land. More work soon came and the young man had to start out and see if it were true that forts were to be built on the O-hi-o.

The roads were bad and the woods were dark, but Wash-ing-ton, with four men and a guide who spoke French, went through mire and swamp, till they came to the fort of which they were in search. The chief of the

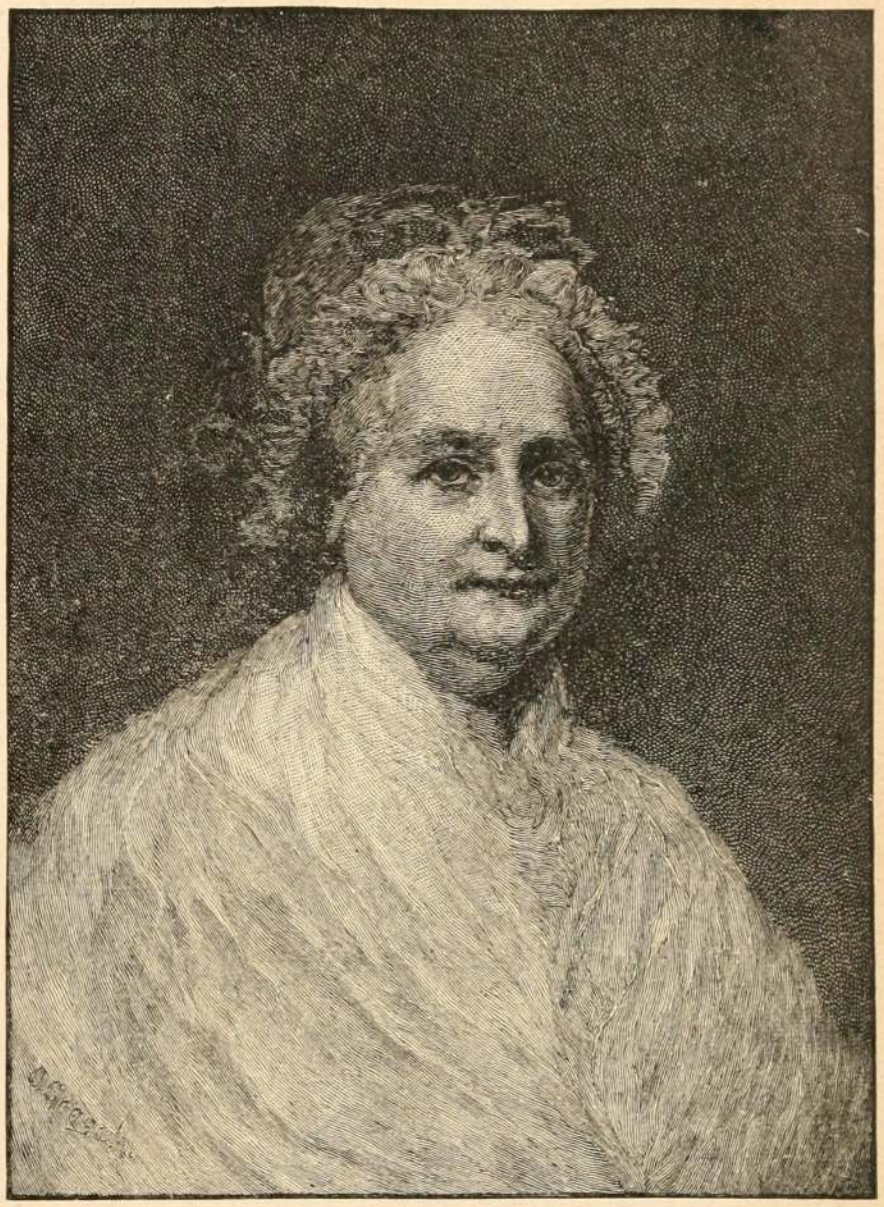


MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

French troops had a long talk but he would not give up. He sent a note back, and with this Wash-ing-ton set out for home. Snow and ice were on land and stream. There was one bad place on the way where they had to stop and make a raft so that they could cross a stream. The logs they had to use were damp, and from these Wash-ing-ton made a slip which might have been the cause of his death if the man who was with him had not drawn him out from the cold stream.

Wash-ing-ton did his work so well that at the end of five years he was at the head of the forces of his own State.

In the French wars of 1754 it was Wash-ing-ton who led at Great Mead-ows, and whose brave acts made Brad-dock's loss far less than it might have been.



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Wash-ing-ton knew what was strong and what was weak in men. He knew how to guide them and he knew how to save them. He could judge with great good sense. He had all the gifts which, in years to come, made the world call him, the "Great Com-mand-er."

In Jan-u-a-ry, 1759, Wash-ing-ton found a good wife in Mrs. Mar-tha Cus-tis, a young wid-ow, and went first to live at New Kent, and then to Mount Ver-non, where he had care of his farm. While here he kept watch of all that went on in the land for which he had so much love.

Eng-land's rule grew more and more hard to bear. The laws made by the King were not just. Each thing had a tax put on it which it was hard to pay. The King did not ask his folks in A-mer-i-ca how he could help them. His chief thought was how he could treat them as slaves and grind them down to do his will.

The "Stamp Act" was a thing which made folks mad.

Free born men did not like it. They said they would no more stand it.

One Sun-day some ships with tea on board came up the bay at Bos-ton. A man stood up in church and told all there that if they would be free, and give up the King, *that* was the time to strike the blow. Then they went to the ships and threw the tea all in the sea. Then the King sent word that no more goods should be sent to Bos-ton. This was mean, and the folks then knew that they had got to fight.

In the spring of 1775 came the first fight at Lex-ing-ton. Brave things were done and men made good work for the Cause so near their hearts. They found that they could stand their ground, though the Brit-ish troops had had years in which to learn the art of war.

The cry of "To arms! To arms!" was in the land.

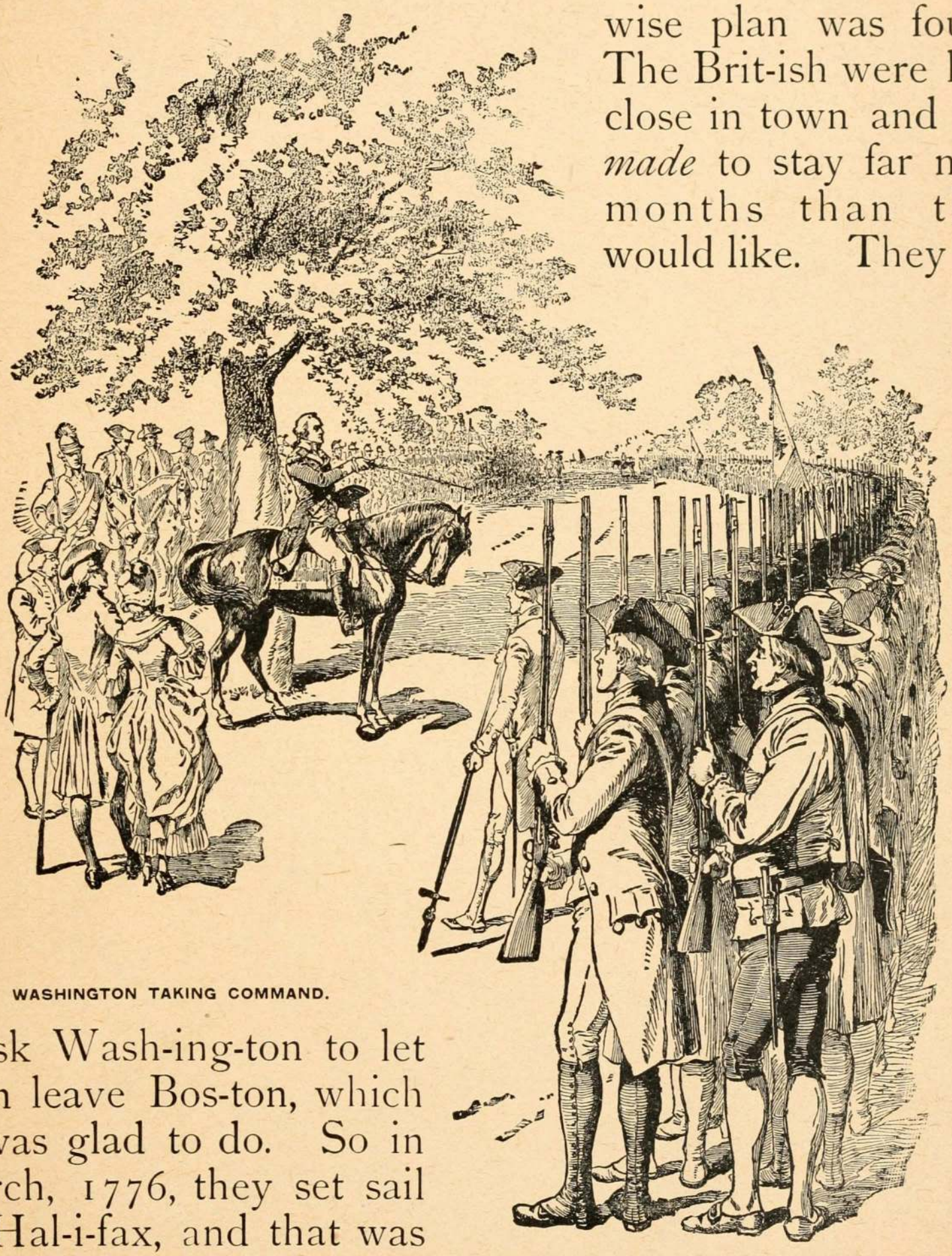
Then came the strife on Bun-ker Hill, where Pres-cott, Put-nam and more he-roes did acts and made names that will live.

While there were brave men to fight, still one to lead them must be found. At Phil-a-del-phia, May 10, 1775, wise heads chose Wash-ing-ton as chief of all the troops, for he was known to be the man for the times.

On July 3, 1775, Wash-ing-ton took com-mand of the "A-mer-i-can Ar-my." The place where he stood is still dear to all in this land. It was on the same place, "Cam-bridge Com-mon, Mass.," where those men met to pray and ask God to bless them and their plan ere they made their start to be free.

The raw troops which Wash-ing-ton found were full of fire, zeal and love for their land, but they had need of one

to train and lead them. Some folks thought it would be best to rush on the foe at once. That was not done. A wise plan was found. The Brit-ish were kept close in town and just *made* to stay far more months than they would like. They had



WASHINGTON TAKING COMMAND.

to ask Wash-ing-ton to let them leave Bos-ton, which he was glad to do. So in March, 1776, they set sail for Hal-i-fax, and that was the last of them in this part of the land.

There were three places in our land where the war then

went on. There was strife for the Hud-son, for the Del-a-ware, and for the Car-o-li-nas.

Great cheer came to Wash-ing-ton and his troops when they heard that a move had been made in Con-gress that our land should say that it "*would* be free from Eng-lish rule." This was a great act, and has the name of "The Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pen-dence." As it was made on the Fourth of Ju-ly, that day has been kept as a feast by us since that time.

Dark days came as the small band fought three times more men than they had. The Chief sent up his call to his Friend on high. He must wait, and work, and pray. Those were times "to try men's souls."

The cause was lost at Brook-lyn for want of more troops. Then the A-mer-i-cans fled to Har-lem, nine miles from New York. The Eng-lish swept up the Hud-son and took Fort Wash-ing-ton, which was a sad loss to Wash-ing-ton's ar-my.

The Brit-ish then went to New Jer-sey, at Tren-ton, and Wash-ing-ton, who now had more troops, made a plan to cross the Del-a-ware and find them when they did not know it. This was a great task, for the stream was full of ice.

The Brit-ish had to give up a large part of New Jer-sey at the close of the year, and arms and large guns fell to the A-mer-i-cans, who had great need of them.

A poor camp at Val-ley Forge, when the cold, dark days came, in the year of 1777, was the best that Wash-ing-ton could then give his men. More and more strong faith had to fill all hearts or the cause would not be won.

Just at the time when there was the most need of help

it came. France let one of her best young men, La-fay-ette, cross the sea and fight for our cause. This man stood high at home. He left all, his wife and friends, and cast his lot with ours.

A-mer-i-ca will love France to the end of time for what she did for us in our hour of need.

CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

The forts on the shores of the Hud-son were what the Eng-lish then went to fight for. They got two of them, but Wash-ing-ton was in time to save the rest.

A new and most sad thing came then to make poor Wash-ing-ton's heart bleed, and the hearts of all in the land.

A man whose name was Ben-e-dict Ar-nold, was the cause of it. The Chief had put him in charge of the fort at West Point and the places on the line that the Brit-ish

knew, and had made up their minds to get. This Ar-nold was not true to his trust. He *sold* his right to watch and guard our cause for a large sum of gold, and meant to give up all to the foe. To do this he must get word to the man at the head of the Eng-lish troops. A Brit-ish spy, by the name of An-dré, was sent, with a note, to Clin-ton. The spy was caught and had to go to the A-mer-i-can camp. He was put to death for what he had done, though Wash-ing-ton was sad that it must be so.

Ben-e-dict Ar-nold, the bad man who made the start in this mean work, set off in haste and fled for his life to a Brit-ish ship which took him to Eng-land. To the end of his days that man had no friends.

Next came a thing which made all the folks in A-mer-i-ca glad. With La-fay-ette, and a large force of French troops on land to help, and French ships of war to shut up the way so that the Eng-lish could not get out to sea, a big fight took place at York-town, in Vir-gin-i-a, which did not stop for more than ten days. Then Corn-wal-lis, the man in charge of the foe, gave up their arms to Wash-ing-ton.

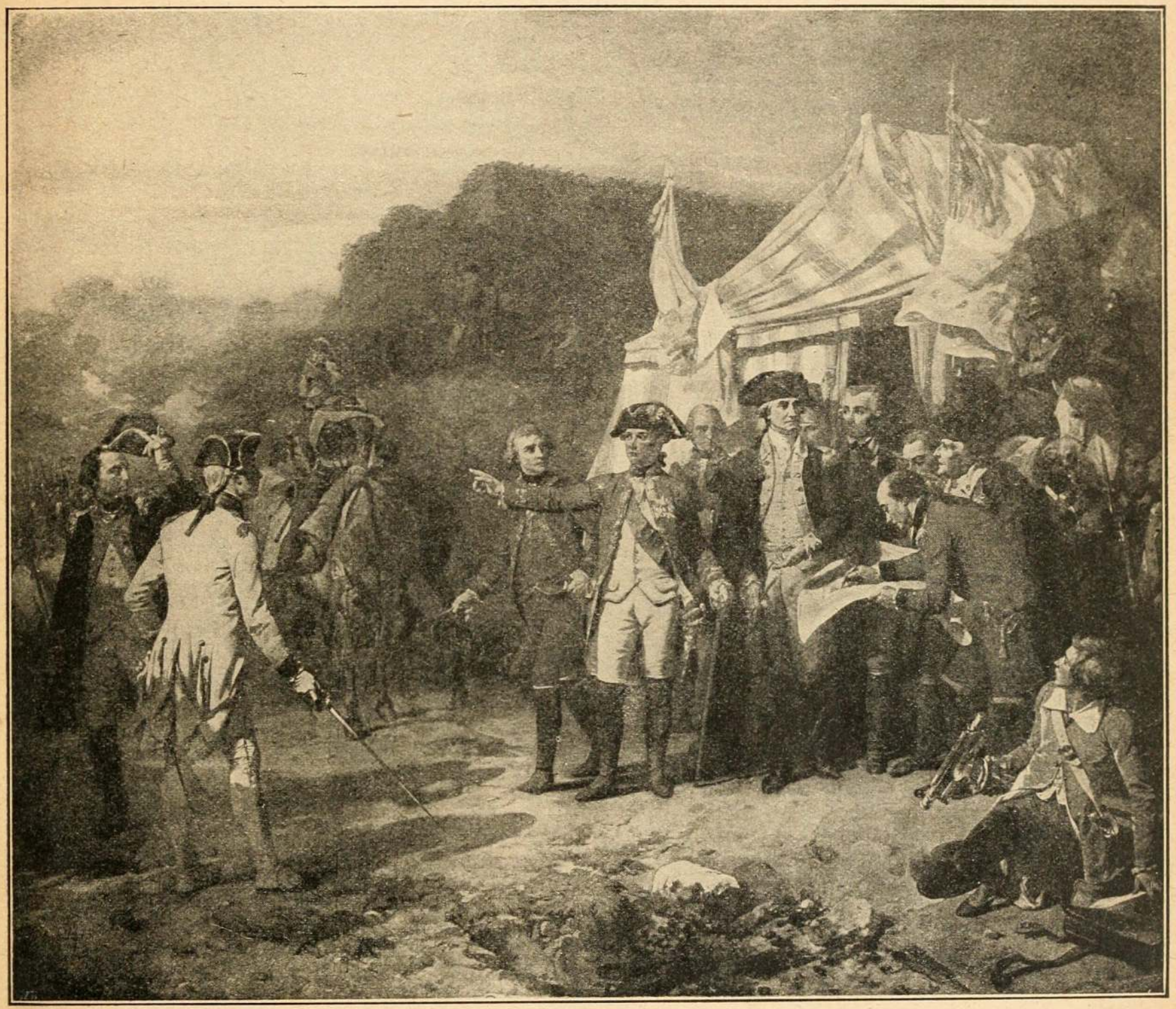
The whole land was full of ioy at the great and good news.

The war had not come to an end as soon as the folks had thought it would. It was fight, fight, inch by inch, from the time the first blood was spilt at Lex-ing-ton, in A-pril, 1775, when the men of the land "fired the shot heard round the world," till Oc-to-ber, 1781.

It took all that time for the King of Eng-land to give in. He did not *want* to do it then. This land then had a great and new name. It was a "Na-tion." In France, on the third of Sep-tem-ber, 1783, a "Trea-ty of Peace" was signed.

In less than three months from then, the Brit-ish troops left New York. We had won.

The time came, when the war was at an end, for Wash-



THE BRITISH CIVE UP AT YORKTOWN.—SIGNING THE TERMS.

ing-ton to leave his troops. It was a hard thing to do. Tears came to his eyes. He said that each man must come to him and grasp his hand.

The whole land had great pride in Wash-ing-ton and great love for him, too. But peace had come and home

and rest sent a call for him. So he went to his farm at Mount Ver-non where he had work to do.

Wash-ing-ton was made the first Pres-i-dent of the "U-ni-ted States of A-mer-i-ca," and took his place on April 30, 1789. This post he kept for two terms of four years each. He did so well that it was said of him, "He was the first in war, the first in peace, the first in the hearts of his coun-try-men."

When Wash-ing-ton was on his way to his new place, the church bells rang peals of joy in all the towns which he went through, and young folks spread buds and blooms in his path. Flags and wreaths were in sight while the air was full of cheers and bands played tunes which made all glad.

With a firm hand Wash-ing-ton stood at the helm of the Ship of State and was her guide through rough seas.

There were threats of wars here and there and spite, rage, debts, and hard things came up from time to time, but the great man at the head knew just what to do.

The A-mer-i-can flag went to far off seas. In 1790, the good ship Co-lum-bi-a, of Bos-ton, Capt. Gray in charge, took the Stars and Stripes round the world with him.

The good work and pluck of the men of the sea in the cause of A-mer-i-ca, and their wish to free her from the yoke of Eng-land, have won high praise for them. They were as true as steel for the right. With hearts of oak and arms of strength they met the foe and made them their own. The fame of the Yan-kee tars will not die while the world lasts!

Wash-ing-ton felt great pride in the sea forces, and they in turn, felt pride in him and had love for him.

All in the land had the wish that George Wash-ing-ton should serve as Pres-i-dent for a third term of four years, but the great man thought it best not to do so. In 1796 he wrote his "Fare-well Ad-dress to the A-mer-i-can Peo-ple."

The words there found move all hearts *now*, though more than five scores of years have gone by.

Wash-ing-ton gave his strength and arm to save in the dark hours ere the dawn came. Then he felt the time for rest had come to him so he went back to his home at Mount Ver-non.

One day a shock came to the whole land. The sad news went forth that a great man had gone.

Wash-ing-ton was dead.

This was in the last month of the year 1799.

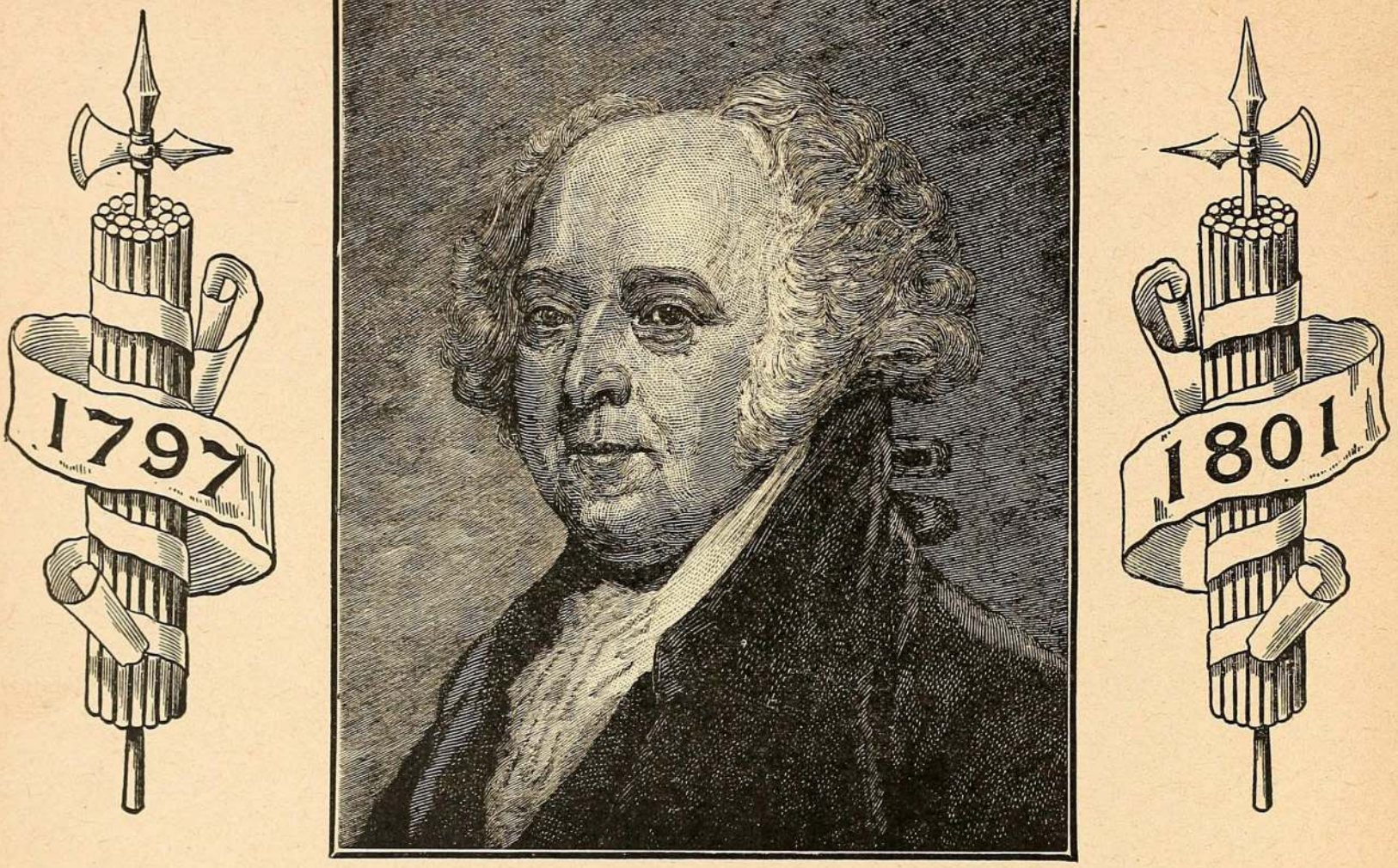
Eng-land put her flag at half-mast. France wore the black cloth of grief on her shield and staff.

A-mer-i-ca, from north to south was full of woe for the loss of the man so dear to her heart, the wise, great, good, true, just, brave, calm "Fa-ther of his country."

With brain, and arm, and heart he came
To save his peo-ple from the shame
Of Brit-ish rule.

A no-ble peo-ple, strong and brave,
He res-cued from the name of slave
To ty-rant's greed.

Like him, the Fa-ther of this land,
For Free-dom may we ev-er stand,
For God and Right.



JOHN ADAMS.

AS far back as 1629, a grant of land was made to Thom-as Ad-ams, at a place which is now Brain-tree, in Mass-a-chu-setts. This man did not go there to live but Hen-ry Ad-ams did.

A grand-son of Hen-ry, by the name of John, had a wife whose name was Boyls-ton of the near-by town of Brook-line. This pair gave the name of John to their first child.

He was born in Brain-tree in the fall of 1735. That John Ad-ams was the man who took the place of George Wash-ing-ton, as Pres-i-dent.

In that part of the land, in 1647, a law was made in each town of fif-ty homes, that the young should be taught to write and read. When the town was twice as large a

school of high grade had to be set up in which Lat-in should be taught.

John Ad-ams had a fine chance to know all that the schools taught. He was fond, too, of games and sports. He could swim, skate, ride, drive, and hunt, and had much fun with his mates. Still, books were dear to him, and as soon as he could he went to Har-vard Col-lege.

When, in 1755, the day came for John Ad-ams to leave col-lege, he went to Worces-ter and taught school.

All the land then thought of war. French and Brit-ish ships-of-war were near the coasts. More for-ces came from Eng-land. A-mer-i-ca raised troops too, and with Brad-dock in charge, they went to the O-hi-o woods to drive out the French.

John Ad-ams taught his school and was well at work when the dark news came that Brad-dock was dead with half of his men. It was said, too, that it was young Ma-jor Wash-ing-ton who had saved the rest. This made the name of Wash-ing-ton sink deep in the minds of men.

John Ad-ams thought hard as to how he could help in these bad times. He knew that with him the pen would be of more strength than the sword. He could talk and write in a clear, bright way. He had a fine, strong voice, and could make a good speech, and folks were glad to hear him, for he knew much of what was good for the land.

It had been the wish of his heart that he might preach the Word of God. He would have done so if he could have taught the thoughts that were in his mind, but there were, in those days, creeds which he did not like and would not help the folks to learn, so he gave up his plan of life work and took up the law.

He went to Bos-ton, where he could make the sum on which he might live. He had all the law work he could do, for there were hard cas-es to solve. Some of these were of things which meant much for the weal or woe of this land.

John Ad-ams was in court when James O-tis made a speech which dealt with the whole theme of Eng-land and A-mer-i-ca, and the rights of each.

He and the crowds who heard these words, felt that it was a great day in their lives. It is said that the "Child of In-de-pen-dence was born then and there," and that when "three times five years had gone by that child had grown to be a man and was *free*."

In 1764 John Ad-ams found a fine wife by the name of Smith, whose fa-ther's work was to preach the Word of God. She stood high with all.

So bright a man as John Ad-ams could not fail to be known by the Brit-ish. They laid a trap for him. They sent a friend of his to him and had him say that they would give him a rich bribe if he would come to their side and serve them. A prompt, strong "No" went from Ad-ams to those who would tempt him.

In the year 1768 Brit-ish troops were sent to Bos-ton to bring fear to the folks and make them do what Eng-land said they must. These for-ces were put up in the town-house, Fan-eu-il Hall, and had tents, too, on the Com-mon.

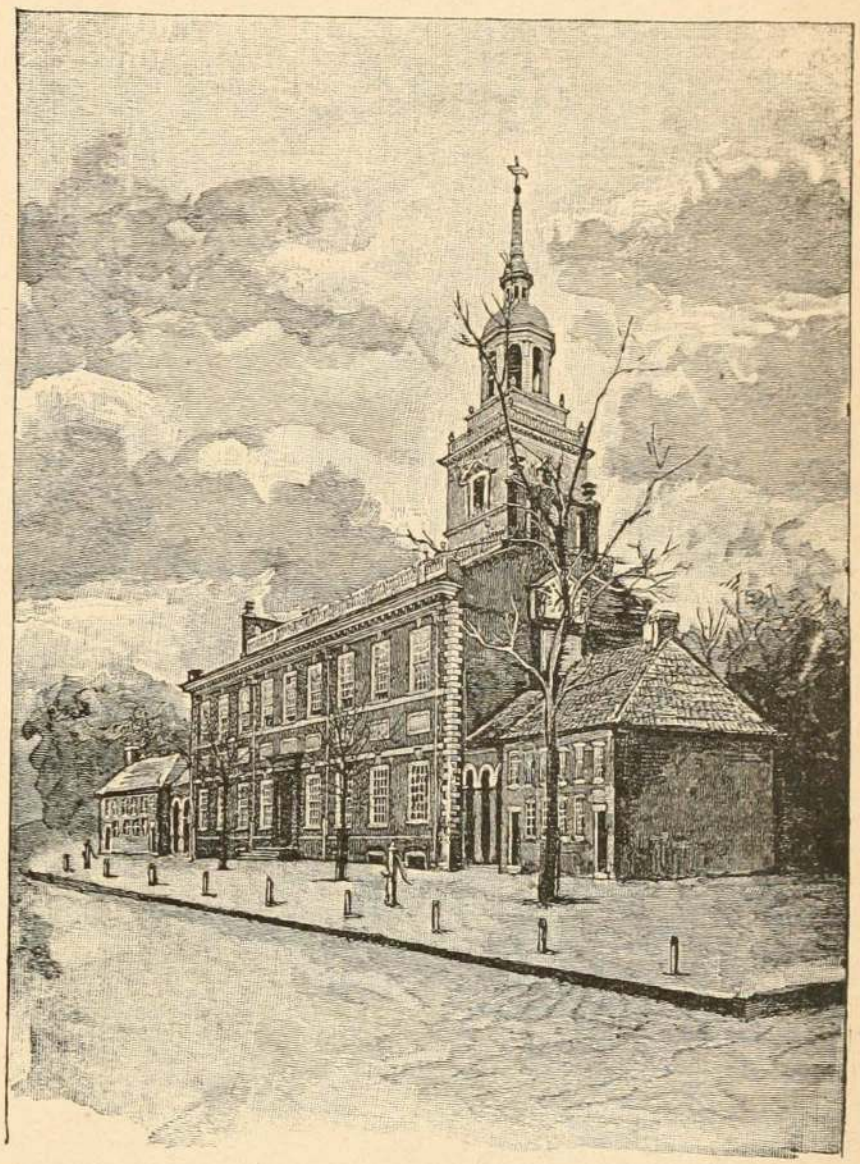
John Ad-ams felt that he must stand up for the right and for the land, and with this high aim in mind he was firm to do all things for the good of the great Cause, though he and his law work must lose by it.

There were those who said "grin and bear it" would be

a good plan. Some did so, but the time came at last when King George the Third hurt the pride of the folks far too much to bear.

A mob at Bos-ton had the fire of the Brit-ish on them in 1770, and then John Ad-ams knew well what to do. He took his stand to help the folks who were then so blind with rage that they could not judge in a cool way.

All knew that they could look to him to lead them and aid them in war time. He made law plain so that they might know what it was safe to do.



INDEPENDENCE HALL, WHERE CONGRESS SAT IN PHILADELPHIA.

Though in need of what he could earn for his wife and the young in his home, yet, when the time came for him to give up all, he was prompt to do so for the good of his land. His wife was brave and had no fear, but said he was right and that she would share in all that was to come and place her trust in God. She kept her word, and when the fight was on and troops near she gave all the aid she could.

With four more men John Ad-ams was sent from his State to Phil-a-del-phi-a, where the first Con-gress was to sit and form plans which were for the good of all. It is said that his thoughts were so clear, and his words so

strong, that folks gave in to him at once. He would write, write, and send what he had to say to the press, and all came to know that he was a man of strength in the land.

John Ad-ams was the first man to ask that Wash-ing-ton be put at the head of our troops, and he was, too, one of the first to help get up the Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pend-ence.

John Ad-ams was sent to France to ask the French to make a law so that their ports and Eng-land's ports might be free for our goods. He had hard work but what he went for he got.

Ad-ams was chief aid, or Vice-Pres-i-dent, when Wash-ing-ton was made Pres-i-dent, and was with him all the eight years he had to serve. Then, when those years of help were past, the aid, him-self, was made Pres-i-dent, in 1796, with Jef-fer-son for the next post.

Pres-i-dent Ad-ams kept all the aids that Wash-ing-ton had, though some of them did not suit him. Do what he might it was hard to please folks when the times were so bad and rules so new. There were those who rose up and said this thing should not be done and that thing should not be done, and there was much bad talk. But John Ad-ams did what his head and heart told him to do. As late as 1815 he wrote to a friend of *one* thing he had done that made him glad and he said that if it were on his tomb-stone it would suit him. These are the words;

> "Here lies John Ad-ams, who took it on him-self
> to make peace with France in the year 1800."

It was the wish of John Ad-ams to serve his land well and he did for her the best that could be done at that time. When his work as Chief came to an end, which it did in

1801, he had then done quite e-nough to make one life great.

Death took the good wife of John Ad-ams in 1818, and it was a sad loss, for she had been a great help to him for long years. But there were eight more years for him on earth, and he staid at his Quin-cy home and read and wrote much of the time. One book was most dear to him, for it held the "Ser-mon on the Mount," which he said was the best code a man could have.

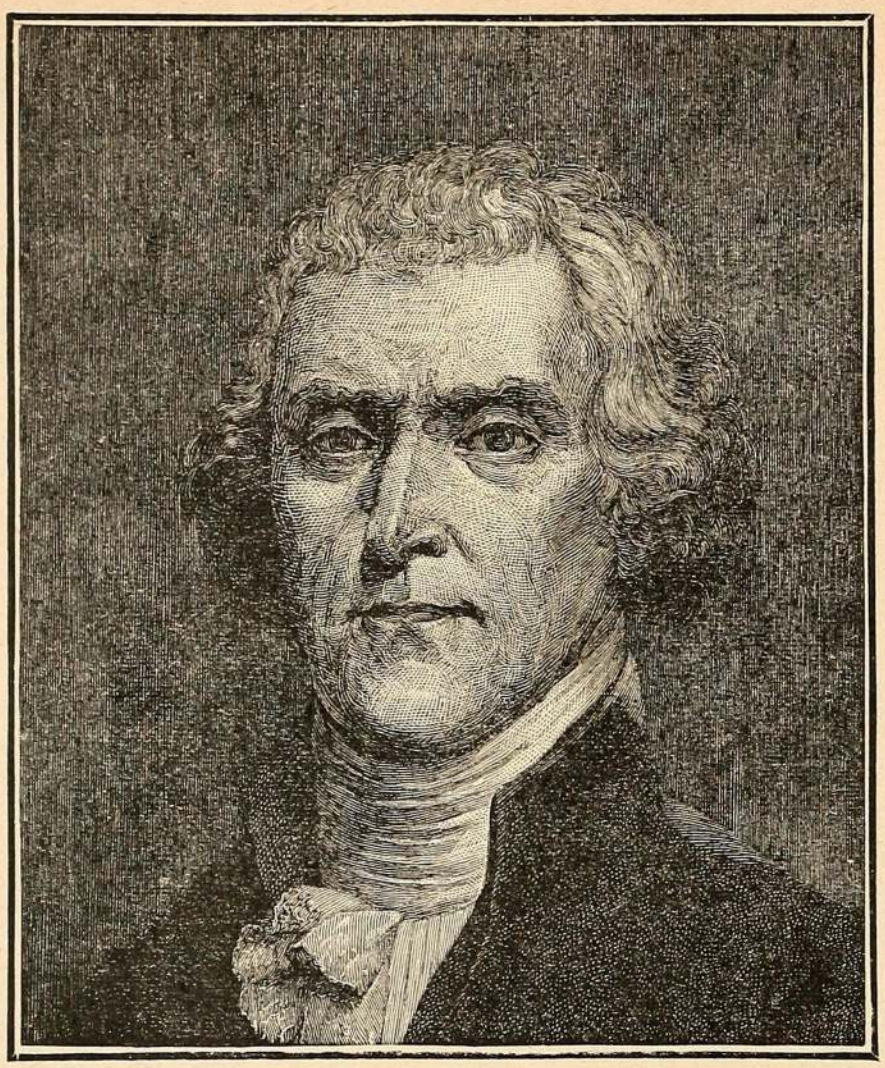
When his son, John Quin-cy Ad-ams, was made Pres-i-dent, in 1825, the heart of the a-ged fa-ther was glad. Notes of praise came to him then from far off lands. One was from La-fay-ette, and more were from men who, in times past, had not been the friends they should have been.

At last the end drew near. Five days ere he died, a man who was to speak on the Fourth of Ju-ly, went to John Ad-ams' house to ask that he might have a toast to give as from the old man's lips.

"I will give you," said Ad-ams, "In-de-pen-dence for-ev-er!"

When the Fourth came it was known that but few hours were left on earth for the man who had done so much for this land. Ere the sun had sunk in the west, John Ad-ams, at the good old age of 91, had gone to his long home.

All the land rose up to praise him then.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE third Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States was Thom-as Jef-fer-son.

He was born at Shad-well, Vir-gin-ia, in 1743. His fa-ther, Pe-ter Jef-fer-son, was a great strong man, with a fine mind, who owned a big wheat farm.

Thom-as was the third child and there were ten in all. Thom-as, like his fa-ther, had health and strength and soon could swim, run fast, ride all steeds, and swim them, too, through streams.

The woods near by were rich in large and small game. Red men could be seen from time to time.

Once the boy went to an In-di-an camp. The chief of the tribe was soon to go to Eng-land to talk to the King

for the good of those in his care. While Thom-as was there the last speech was made ere the chief left his home. The white boy could not make out the words but he saw that the red man felt what he said, and made those who heard him know what he meant they should.

From the time when the child first heard the birds sing in the woods he would try to mock them. He had a love for their sweet songs and soon could make his own. His kind fa-ther, who saw his taste, bought him a vi-o-lin and glad hours were spent with it.

Not far from the farm house at Shad-well, was a small school, and here Thom-as Jef-fer-son, who one day would write the "Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pend-ence," went, at the age of five.

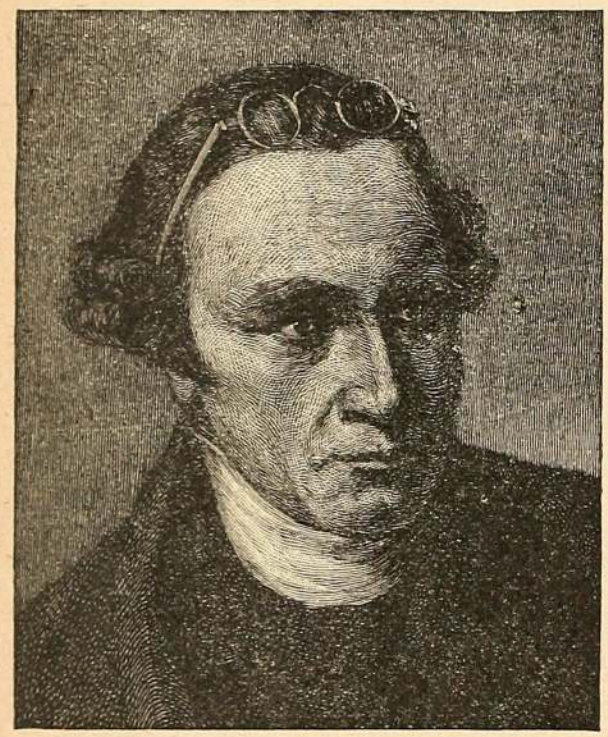
When the boy was nine years old he went to live with a wise, good man, Rev. Wm. Doug-lass, who could preach as well as teach. Here the lad took up Lat-in, Greek, and French. All were good for him, but the last he had cause to use much in those days to come when he must speak in France for the good of his own land. Though five years in this home, he oft saw his own folks, for Shad-well was near.

One day there came a sad blow at the farm-house. The good fa-ther was dead. No one thought death would come so soon to a man so strong and well. Thom-as was then half a score and four years old. The home farm was left to him. The last words of the fa-ther were that the boy should go on with his book work. So then he went nine miles off from his home to the school of Rev. James Mau-ry, who made him fit for col-lege. In two years more Thom-as Jef-fer-son took up his life at Will-iams-burg, Va.,

in Will-iam and Ma-ry Col-lege, which had then been built 68 years.

At that time, though the young man knew the wood roads and paths well, he had not seen a town or street.

Jef-fer-son kept his hor-ses near by, and at first he used to take a ride of a few miles each day, but in a while he gave such long hours to his books that all the time he thought he could spare then was just a short walk or a brisk run at night. He had a strong, tough young frame, and took good care of it. Though he grew to-bac-co on his farm, still he did not use that weed. Folks in those days, all through the land, drank too much, but Jef-fer-son said he "would not cloud his brain" in that way. He stuck to his good plan. He had made up his mind to climb high in the world, and he did it.



PATRICK HENRY.

Jef-fer-son had a five years course of law and then was at the Bar. He made hosts of friends and had large fees. He heard his friend Pat-rick Hen-ry give his great speech on the "Stamp Act." He stood in the door-way and saw the thought of A-mer-i-can In-de-pend-ence take form in the minds of men as the words came from his friend's mouth. He heard the cries of "Trea-son! Trea-son!" He heard, too, the brave re-ply; "If this be trea-son, make the most of it!"

Jef-fer-son had much to do. His law work was large. His farm took what he thought he could spare, but with all his cares his mind had a dream of a home.

He chose a site at Mon-ti-cel-lo, which means Lit-tle Moun-tain, near a great oak where his tomb was yet to be. He made his own plan for the house in 1769. He had the land made clear and one wing of the new house was up. His law books and briefs were in the old farm-house at Shad-well. While Thom-as Jef-fer-son and his moth-er had gone to make a call at the home of a friend, a slave ran to tell him that their old house had caught fire and was quite gone. The first thing Jef-fer-son said was "Did you save my books?" The black man said he had not done so but that "the *fid-dle* was safe!" They all went, then, to live in the "wing" at Mon-ti-cel-lo. To this place, in two years more, when the house had grown to a fine size, a sweet bride came.

The young pair had a cold trip. The drifts of snow grew so high that the young folks had to leave their chaise, mount the horses, and go on. At last they came to their hill road, wound up it, but it was quite late ere they got to the top. They found the house dark and all the help gone to their beds. But though the first night was dark and cold, the house was soon a bright one and all went well with the young pair.

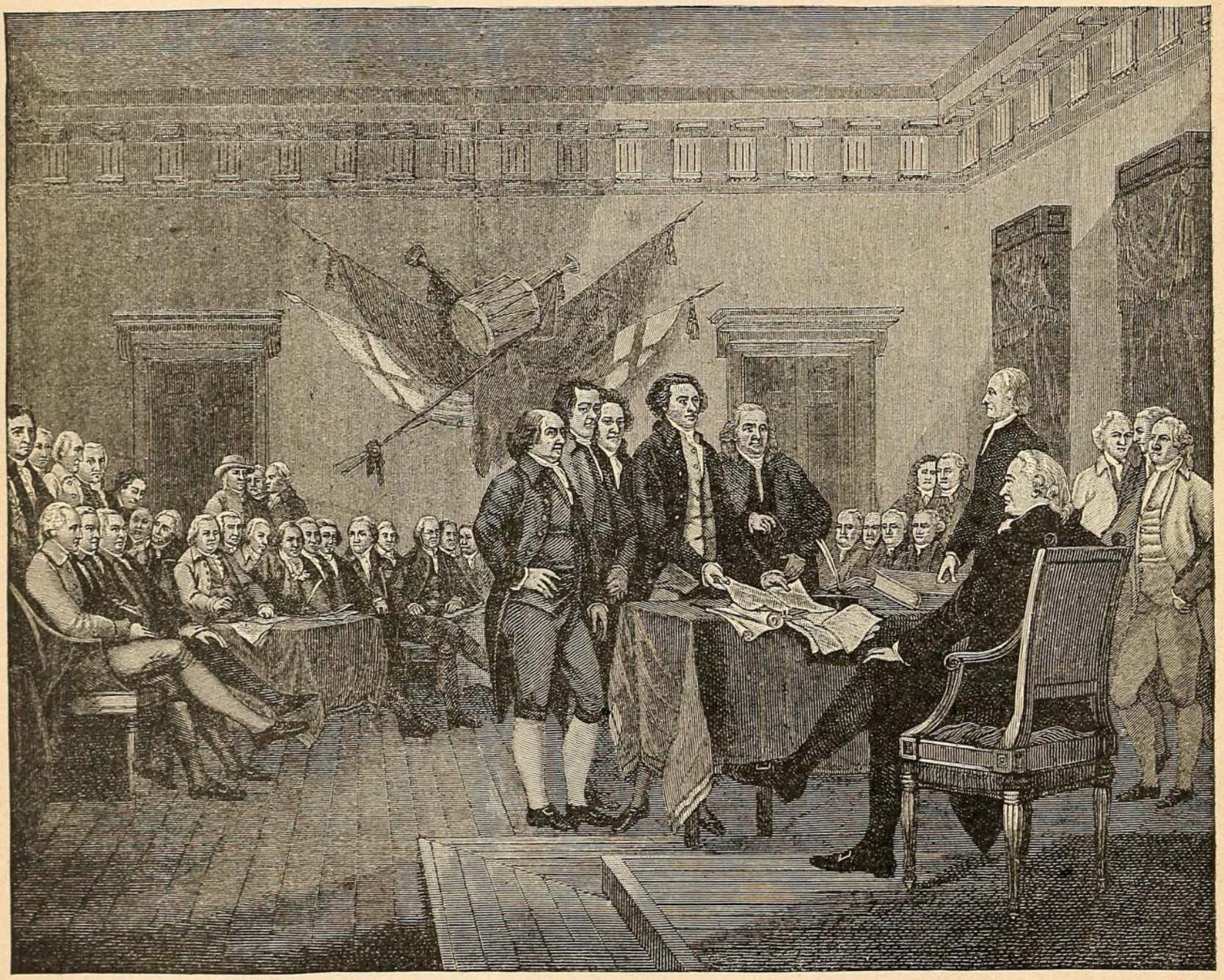
Fine trees were bought, with vines, shrubs, and plants such as could live in the cold months, and all the grounds near the house were made fair to the sight.

A score of kith and kin soon came to live with the Jef-fer-sons for the rest of their lives, and friends and guests were there so much that a whole ox and a ton of hay would go in a day.

A sweet child of their own came to bless this home the next year. The fa-ther of the young wife died then and

left a vast sum, large tracts of land, and two hun-dred bond folks, or slaves, to the young mother and child, the two Mar-thas.

Thom-as Jef-fer-son was sent to Con-gress and soon



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

came to be a great man. The "Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pen-dence" was, for the most part, his work. This sole thing would have brought fame to him if that had been all that he did for his land. Soon he had work to do for his own State, and it was his strong wish that her laws and rules should be such as would help folks in all ways. So

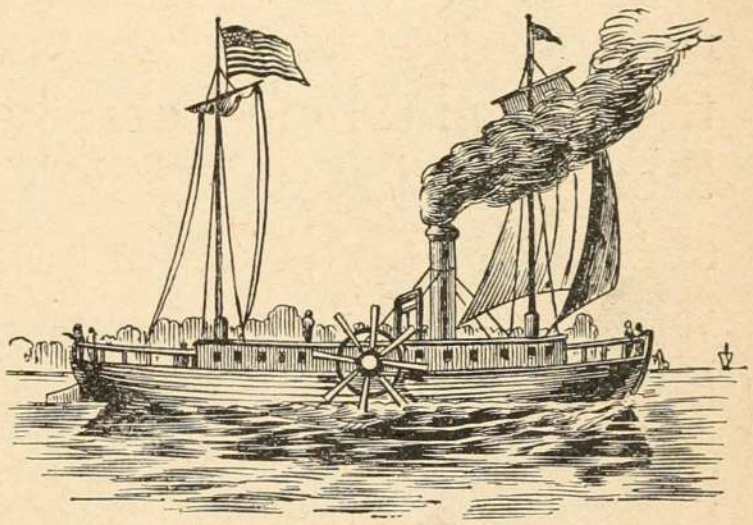
much did the men of Vir-gin-ia prize this work that they made Jef-fer-son their Gov-ern-or in 1779. Through the dark days of the war he held his post and gave great help in time of need. His hands were full of work. He had to watch the men of his State who had gone to the war. He must, too, keep back the red men, who might do harm at the edge of the State.

In 1782 the good wife of Jef-fer-son died. This worked a great change in the man. The young chil-dren then left to his charge were more and more dear, and all was done for them that could be done.

Twice Jef-fer-son was sent to France. It was his work to try to make terms of peace with Eng-land and this came at last.

Jef-fer-son was made Pres-i-dent in 1801 and had two terms, which made his work in this way end in 1809.

While Jef-fer-son was Pres-i-dent, a boat to go by steam was built by Robert Ful-ton. Fun was made of it, and it was thought not to be of much worth. Soon it was found out that a great thing had been done, and that steam would more and more come in use.



THE FIRST STEAM-BOAT.

From a boy Jef-fer-son had seen the slaves toil at their tasks hours and hours each day, and he had slaves more than a few of his own, but still he did not like sla-ver-y, and when he was head of the State he tried to do all he could to put an end to the slave trade. The first law to stop it was passed in 1807.

In 1801, Jef-fer-son sent a fleet to the Med-i-ter-ra-ne-an Sea to try to put a stop to the acts of pi-rate ships that were sent out by the Bar-ba-ry States to prey on those that sailed near their coasts. Our brave tars had man-y fights with the pi-rates, and in the end whipped them so well that the Bar-ba-ry States were glad to make peace and agree not to seize A-mer-i-can ships from that on.

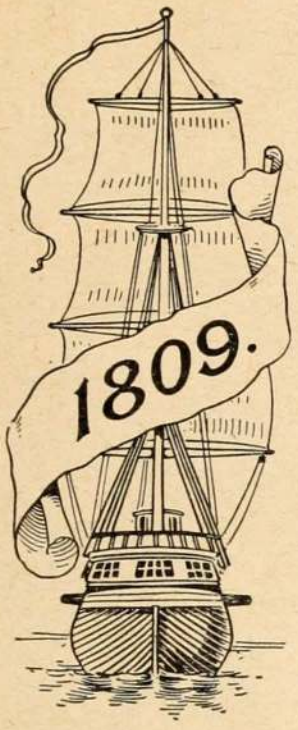
In 1803 there was a chance to buy from France a vast tract of land which lay to the south-west of the then U-ni-ted States. Jef-fer-son thought it a wise thing to do, and it was bought for $15,000,000. It made our land more than twice as great in size as it had been, and out of it twelve states have since been formed. This is known as the Lou-is-i-an-a Pur-chase, and was the thing of most weight that took place while Jef-fer-son was in the chair.

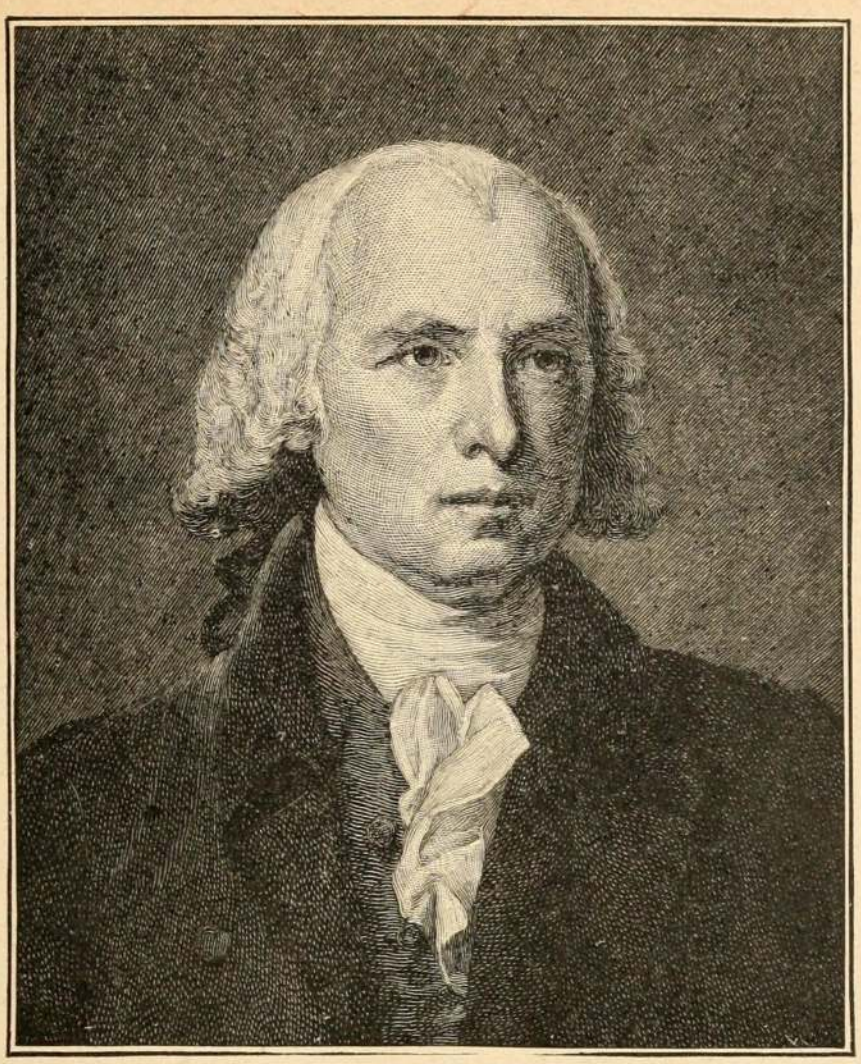
Jef-fer-son did not like pomp or show. This was seen on the day when he was made Pres-i-dent. He rode to the Cap-i-tol on horse-back, tied his horse to a post, and then went in and took the oath. All thought well of the speech he made at that time. He was a good man and did what his head and heart told him to do. He gave the best he had to his friends, and, though much wealth came to him from his wife, still, at the last, he was poor. His health held out so well that, when four scores of years old he could ride ten miles at a time.

When the day came for him to leave this world he said to one near, "Is this the Fourth?" When he found that it was, a bright look of joy came to his face and he went to his rest, that Fourth of July, 1825.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN LAWRENCE OF THE 'CHESAPEAKE.'

("DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!")





JAMES MADISON.

AT Mont-pel-ier, in 1751, James Mad-i-son was born. His folks were well-to-do plant-ers and had slaves. The boy was not brought-up to farm work for this was all done by the blacks in that part of the land at that time. James felt, from the first, that he was born to lead and he did so all his life.

The fa-ther of James Mad-i-son was a man of worth, but in his day there were no schools in all Vir-gin-ia, and he felt the loss of this to him, so he made up his mind that his own son should learn all he could and as soon as he could. The moth-er of young James was a great help to him at the start. She led him in the first steps, and the love of these two was sweet to see.

At his first school the lad had Greek, French, and two or three more tongues. Then a wise man, who could both preach and teach, Rev. Thom-as Mar-tin, went to live at the Mad-i-sons' home and be with the boy all the time. Days, months, and years, books held sway. Then young James was fit for col-lege and went to Prince-ton in 1769.

From the first, the young man had a love for hard work. He could heap toil on toil with ease, and this he did with much zeal till his health broke down.

Ere Mad-i-son went to col-lege he knew Jef-fer-son, whose home, Shad-well, was but a fair day's ride from Mont-pel-ier. Notes went from the school, back and forth, and what went on in the the world was well known. At the hour when James left home the Col-o-nies thought they would soon be States.

A tale is told of one night at col-lege when young men in black robes went out on the green and made a bon-fire. The toll of a bell was heard. From the ranks came two lads, one of whom held in his hand a news-pa-per which he shook with rage, and then threw on the flames, as he said, in a loud voice, "So die all foes to Free-dom."

The words which the lads did not like in that sheet were from some folks who would hurt the Great Cause; folks whose "knees were weak," and who were not "true-blue pa-tri-ots."

One of the boys who took part in this work was James Mad-i-son. Notes to boy friends have been kept which tell how deep were the thoughts of this lad of the work in which he was to bear a part in times to come. He was too weak to go to the field of war and fight with the troops. Words have been found which he then wrote to a friend,

who, he says, has "health, youth, fire, and zeal to bear him on the high track of life," while, he him-self was "too dull, too poor in health, to do great things or to live long." Yet that young, frail boy had a life of three score years more, and a life, too, full of all which could make a man proud. He had a keen wish, from his first years, to serve his own land and he did so, and won high praise.

Jef-fer-son was a friend and a guide to young Mad-i-son, who, though he could not go to the front, yet found a high place as a states-man. When but a score and three years old he was glad that he could join the best men of his state and help to make laws, and to do work that would form the "Bill of Rights." In this bill he said that all men are free to pray to God in the way they see fit.

Ere James Mad-i-son was a score and ten years old, he had a call to do some grand work for his State; and this sort of toil, which he was so glad to give, went on for more than two scores of years, and came to an end at the last when he left that post which was the best gift his land could make to him.

It was in 1809 that Mad-i-son was made Pres-i-dent. Then he went east, west, north, and south to see what aid he could get in case there might be a war. He well knew that Eng-land was a foe and still did mean things. One of her bad tricks was to stop our ships at sea and search them. She had no right to do this. She took men out of our ships by force and made them serve the King and his flag for which they felt hate. At last, in 1812, war broke out. Our brave tars struck out right and left, and soon had the Brit-ish ships in bad shape.

There was good luck for our cause on the sea. The

Brit-ish had scores of ships and we but twelve, none of them of large size, and some cheap gun boats. But the pluck of our sea-men is known in all lands and on all seas. In a short time five of those Eng-lish ships of war were ours.

The good old ship, *Con-sti-tu-tion*, which to this day is most dear to all hearts, was the first to win a great fight. She took hold of the *Guer-ri-ere*, which flew the red flag of Eng-land at her peak, and did not let go till there was not a spar left. Then she blew the foe up.

To make things worse, the Brit-ish got the red men, in the west, on their side, gave them arms and shot, and said they would back all the fights they could put up on the whites who had gone there to live.

Te-cum-seh, a great chief, led out his men in 1811. The Gov-ern-or of In-di-an-a Ter-ri-tory, W. H. Har-ri-son, who by and by was to be Pres-i-dent, brought his troops to meet the red foe and soon put them down. This is known as the fight of "Tip-pe-ca-noe."

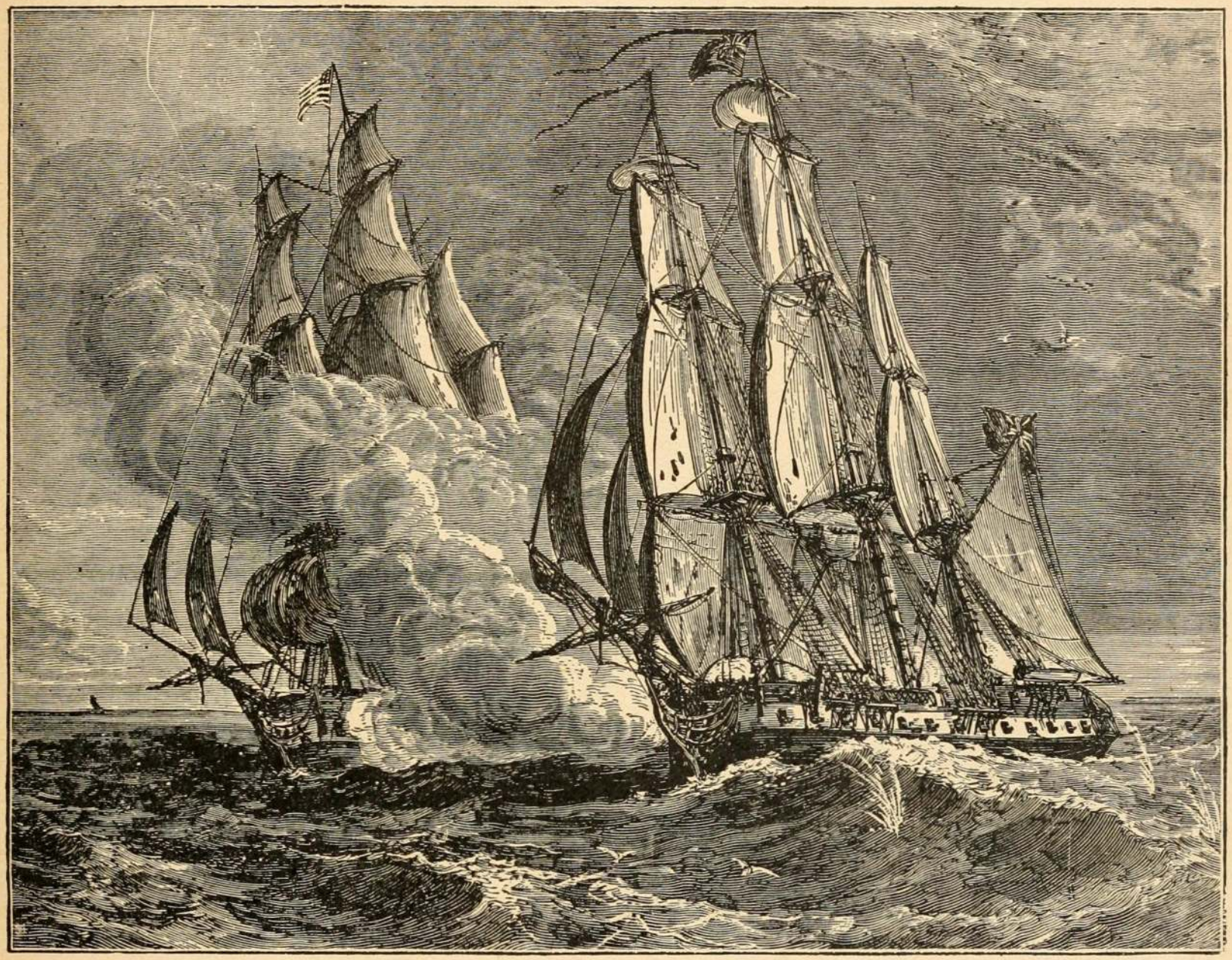
At sea, then, the *Mac-e-do-ni-an* and the *U-ni-ted States* met. The brave De-ca-tur was in charge of our ship and took the Eng-lish-man as a prize.

The ship of war, *Con-sti-tu-tion*, then caught the *Java*. The *Hor-net* caught the *Pea-cock*, put great holes in her hull, and sunk her.

Off Bos-ton there were, in 1813, two Eng-lish ships. Our *Ches-a-peake* had been some months in the bay. One of the Eng-lish ships, the *Shan-non*, sent word to Cap-tain James Law-rence, of our ship, to come out and fight, and stood close in shore to wait for him. He went to meet the foe, and *this* time, though our men were brave and fought

well, and Law-rence with his last breath said, "Don't give up the ship!" the guns of the *Shan-non*, at last, made our ship a wreck.

But in 1813 on Lake E-rie, with nine ships, Per-ry fought six Brit-ish ships that had more guns and won. In the



A FIGHT AT SEA IN 1813.

fight he went in a boat, mid shot and shell, to a new ship when his own was sunk. He wrote of the fight in these words, "We have met the foe and they are ours!"

That was glad news, but not all news was glad. The Brit-ish took Wash-ing-ton, set fire to the White House, and much of the rest of the town. Then they went to Bal-

ti-more, but had to leave with great loss. While the fight was on there, Fran-cis Scott Key wrote, on board one of the Brit-ish ships to which he had gone for some of our men, that great song, "The Star Span-gled Ban-ner."

"Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Oh, say, does the star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?"

The Brit-ish then went down to New Or-leans, but they met one there who was more than a match for them. It was Gen. Jackson. He had charge of the town. He had built up miles of breast-works so that they could not get near. His men from Ten-nes-see and Ken-tucky shot ten times as true as the Brit-ish.

Jack-son, with his stout heart, quick eye, and cool head, and with just half the troops of the foe, drove all off in half an hour's time, with the loss of but eight of his own men, while two score and five hundred of the foe lay dead on the ground. It is said that but few vic-to-ries in all time have been so great. This made up for all loss-es.

If our land had known what had been done at Ghent, Bel-gi-um, on Dec. 24, 1814, this fight might not have come. The treat-y of peace was then signed. News came slow in those days, and we had to wait to hear what, at last, gave great joy to all.

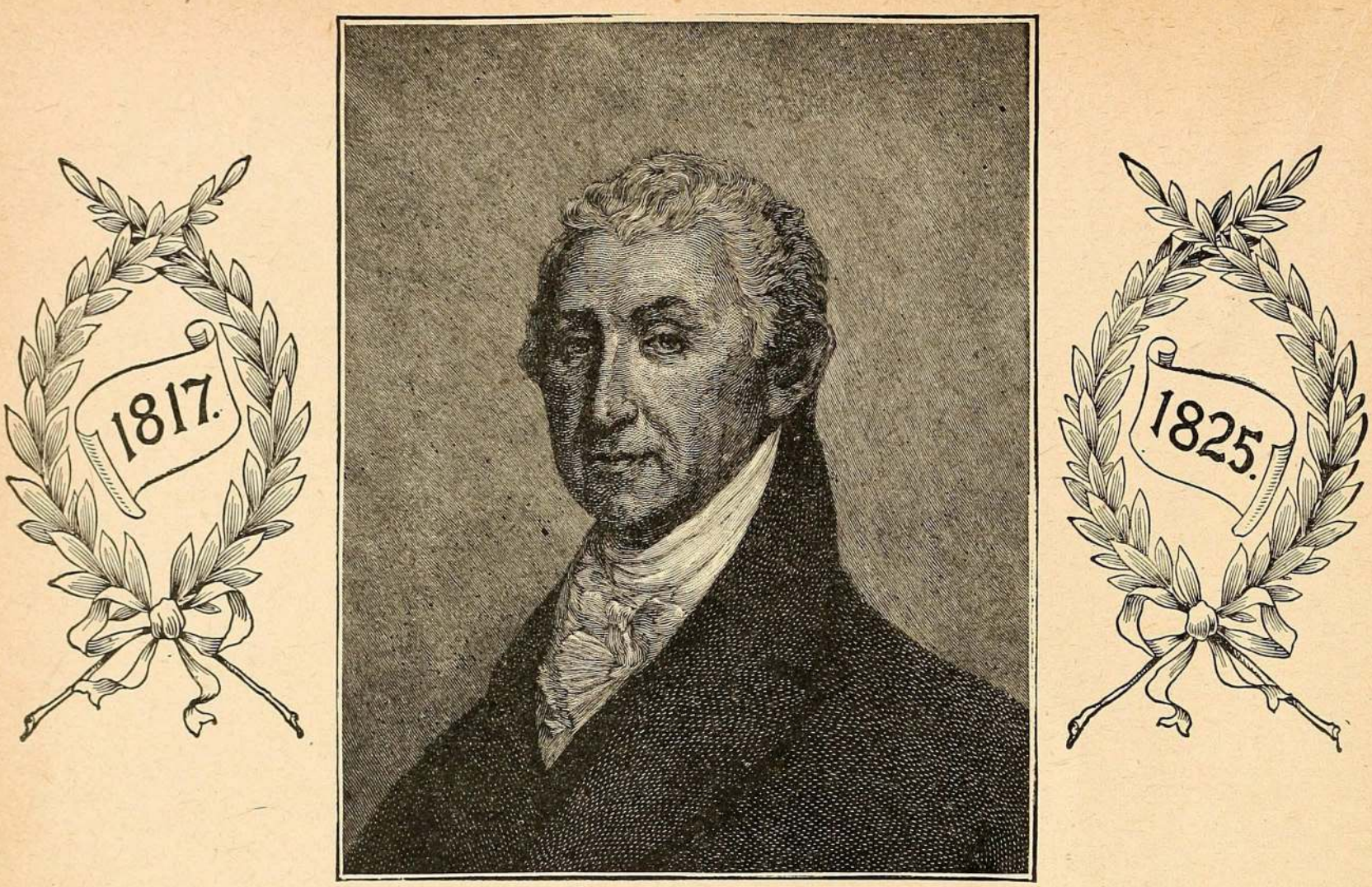
Eight years Mad-i-son was at the head of our land, and it was hard to let him go for he was of great help to us; though there were some who found fault with him, and said it was "Mr. Mad-i-son's War," and that it should not have come. But when the end came Pres-i-dent Mad-i-son's good work to heal the wounds was seen and thought well

of by all. So, when he left the chair and went to his home, the great things he had done for his land were the most in mind. It was known that he did so large and so grand a share of the work by which our Con-sti-tu-tion was made, that he has, to all time, the name of the " Fa-ther of the Con-sti-tu-tion."

A wife whom all could praise, Dol-ly Todd, Mr. Mad-i-son found in 1794. Pres-i-dent and Mrs. Wash-ing-ton were glad for their two friends to wed. For two scores and two years this pair had no cloud in their lives. Mrs. Mad-i-son died in Wash-ing-ton in 1849.

All who came to Mont-pel-ier had high praise for the wife at the head. The old moth-er of Mr. Mad-i-son would say of her, " Dol-ly is *my* moth-er now, and cares for all my wants."

The time came when James Mad-i-son him-self, as old age crept on him, had need of the bright cheer his sweet wife gave. First he kept to the house, then he took to his chair, and near the end, staid in bed, kind to all who saw him, with just the right words to say and the same clear mind. His calm, good sense was with him, and his trust in God was strong. When the time came for him to go, he was read-y, and passed to his home on high.



JAMES MONROE.

ALL who knew James Mon-roe found him warm and full of life. "There was no frost in him," said one. His forte was for brave deeds.

He came from a long line of men who fought for church and king. He was full of fire for the right and could do quick, hot work for a cause dear to him. His fa-ther was Col. Spence Mon-roe, of fine, old Vir-gin-ia stock. His large farm was on the right bank of the Po-to-mac Riv-er, up and down the shores of which, for a long ride, were the homes of a grand race of men who were fond of out door life, the fresh air, field sports, and all that made life glad. Near this place, where four Pres-i-dents had been born, the fifth, James Mon-roe, first saw light, A-pril 28, 1758.

Books were soon in the hands of young Mon-roe, but he was made to grow strong, too, in all ways, and taught the best rules of life. The lad was but nine years old when his fa-ther and men of the same sort made it plain by their strong words that they did not like the Stamp Act. Both sides of James Mon-roe's house were stanch for free-dom from Brit-ish rule. Talk of this kind was the first that came to the boy's ear. His mind was full of the thoughts this must bring. Hot words of war were on all lips and it was plain that such a thing must come.

At last came the drill, drill of those who would learn arms. James gave his mind to books as much as he could, and when six-teen years old was in col-lege. He staid there but one year, went home for the hot months, and was then off to the wars.

Soon Mon-roe had a high place in the "Third Vir-gin-ia." He fought at White Plains and Har-lem Heights, and won much praise.

When Wash-ing-ton crossed the Del-a-ware and fell on the foe at Tren-ton, Mon-roe was in the fight. Most of the troops at Tren-ton were Hes-sians, from a Ger-man state whose prince for pay had sent them to fight.

There was a cry, "Now, boys! Down with the blood-y Hes-sians! We'll show 'em what they get for pes-ter-ing A-mer-i-cans. Fol-low me. For the guns! Charge!"

A lieu-ten-ant in the "Third Vir-gin-ia," young James Mon-roe, at the head of his own com-pa-ny, took up that cry, and, with a flash of his sword made a straight dash at the foe on the stone bridge.

These Hes-sians broke and fled at the end of the fierce charge. Mon-roe was struck by a ball, but flung him-self

on the bat-ter-y, his men at his heels. The man who led the foe, Rahl, with a shout to his men said, "Don't run from these reb-el dogs! Back, back with you! Fight them! Kill them! Drive them back!"

The Hes-sians did the best they could, but from hou-ses and fen-ces there was the crack, crack of Vir-gin-ia's sharp-shoot-ers. Soon Rahl fell with his death wound.

It was not long, then, ere the foe gave up, and the day was ours. This gave great hope to Wash-ing-ton and our cause.

Mon-roe then rose fast in rank. At Mon-mouth and Bran-dy-wine he was the first man to lead the way to the foe and the last to give up hope when the tide set in the wrong way. Step by step he rose to take the high posts the land had for him.

In 1790 James Mon-roe was made a Sen-a-tor and kept that post four years. Then he was sent to France to guard us in our rights there. He it was who bought for us the vast tract of land then all called Lou-is-i-a-na, which Na-po-le-on sold for a big sum, though the price was small for so large a piece.

Twice Mon-roe was sent to Eng-land and to Spain. What came in his way to do he did well. He was made Gov-ern-or of his own state, then he was first aid to Pres-i dent Mad-i-son.

On the fourth of March, 1817, James Mon-roe was sworn in as chief of our land. The time was known as the "Era of good feel-ing." Peace was on land and sea.

When Mon-roe came to the chair there was a big debt. He soon paid off the whole of it. Then trade sprang up and grew fast. Ships with loads of goods went from land

to land. Wheels in the mills made a start. Then came work for all.

There was much need of good roads to take grain and all kinds of goods from farms that were far in-land to the place of sale, and a great start was made at this time to build them. To serve the same end the E-rie Can-al was dug from Buf-fa-lo to Al-ba-ny—a great work that brought much wealth to the State of New York.

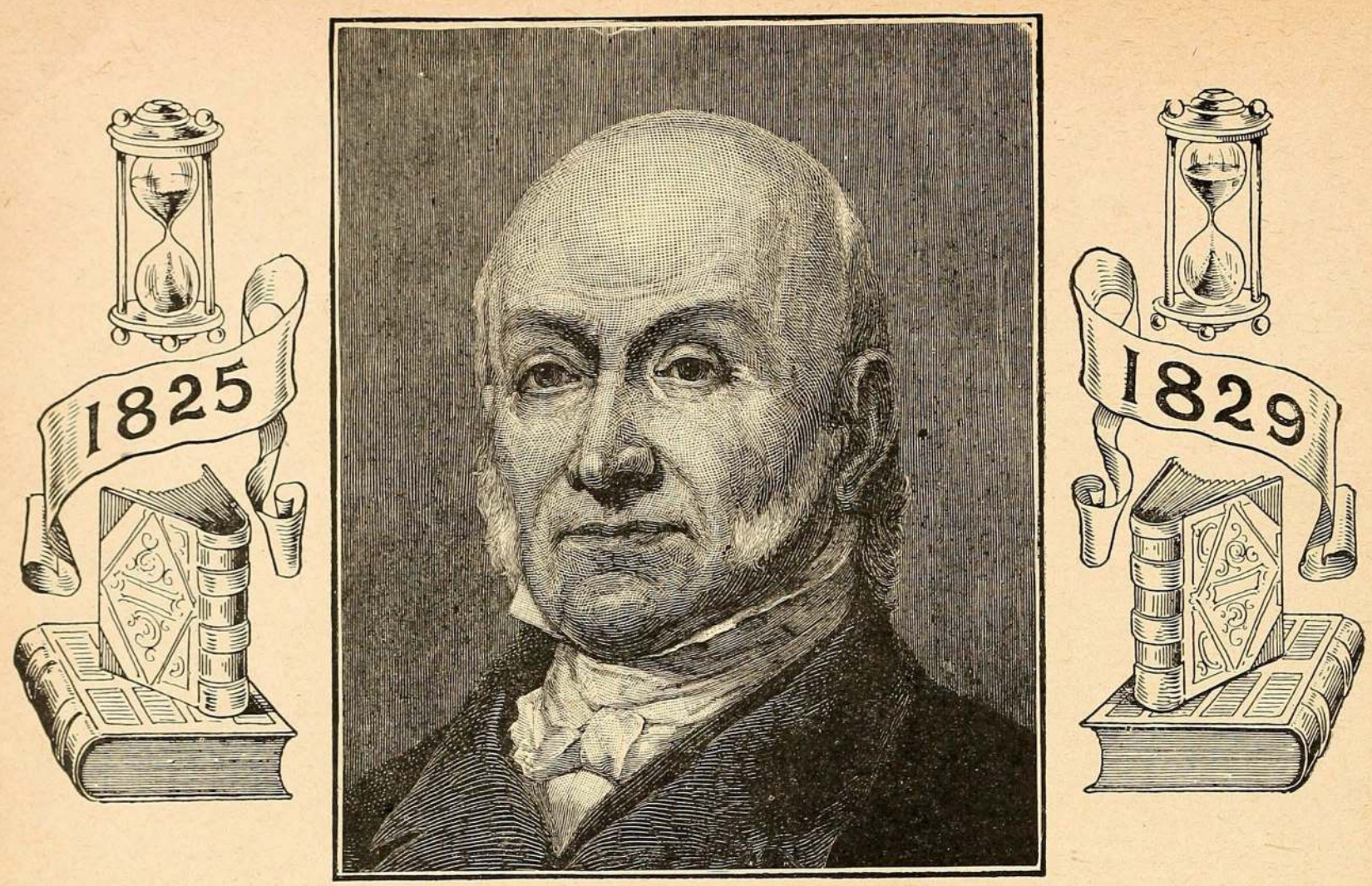
Some red men in the South made war which grew quite fierce, but Gen. Jack-son put them down.

More States were made then. Mis-sou-ri was one of them, and caused a war of words. The South wished that slaves should be held there, while the North wished that it should be a free State. Con-gress at last let it in as a slave State, but passed a law that a line should be drawn through the land, north of which slaves could not be held.

In South A-mer-i-ca folks did not want to have on them the yoke of strange lands. We then gave them help so that they soon were free.

Mon-roe then set forth the view that if the kings of Eu-rope should seek to lay once more their yoke on those who had been set free, they must first fight us. This is known as the "Mon-roe Doc-trine," and we stand by it to this day.

James Mon-roe was the last of the Pres-i-dents of the Rev-o-lu-tion. He died like Jef-fer-son and John Ad-ams, on the Fourth of Ju-ly. He had gone to New York to see his child, and there, in 1831, at four score years of age, the day came when the warm old heart cease to beat. The name he left stands high on the roll of fame, as one who gave his best for his land and fought for her in her hour of need.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

OUR sixth Pres-i-dent was John Quin-cy Ad-ams, who was born in Brain-tree, Mass., where the town of Quin-cy now stands, on Ju-ly 11, 1767.

He had a fine start, for his folks, on both sides, were wise and brave, and of the best in the land. The great John Ad-ams, who took the chair next to Wash-ing-ton, was the fa-ther of this child. Though he had deep love for his wife and son, he could not give much time to them, for his land had great need of him, and it was his work to serve it. But his good wife, with her fine mind, wise head and warm heart, was all in all to her boy and could teach him and lead him in the best things.

As was the way in those days, the schools which the

wise laws of that part of the land had made, soon found the young boy in his place, books in hand. It is said that his quick mind did not find it hard to grasp facts and hold them with a firm grip. At home he had been taught to love his own land and this he did with zeal and all things in it; trees, plants, rocks, hills, birds and beasts. The child felt *then*, in his heart, the same thoughts which came out, years af-ter, in the sweet words of our "Na-tion-al Hymn," which Rev. S. F. Smith wrote in 1808:

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and tem-pled hills;
My heart with rap-ture thrills
Like that above."

When but 7 years old, John Quin-cy Ad-ams and his moth-er took a climb up one of the high hills near their home and heard the sounds of the fight on Bun-ker Hill, and saw the flames of the ru-in of Charles-town. This made a mark on the boy, and more and more strong it grew as hours were spent on the same spot when the siege of Bos-ton took place.

When John Ad-ams went to Con-gress, at Phil-a-del-phi-a, and left his wife and child for twelve months, he said he felt that they both might meet their death in cold blood at the hands of the foe. This thought gave him great pain, but he knew he must go. When, at last, Wash-ing-ton had let the Brit-ish get out of Bos-ton, young John Quin-cy Ad-ams, not then quite nine years old, rode as post-boy back and forth, 11 miles each way, from Bos-ton to his moth-er at the farm, that she might get all the news.

In two years more, when near 11 years, John Quin-cy went to France with his fa-ther, who had been sent to help

our land. In France he went to school and had a good chance to learn more tongues than his own. He was a good, bright lad, and did well in his work. When he came back he was still the sort of boy who had gone off some years since, and his heart beat just as strong for his dear old home and all in it.

Then he was made fit for Har-vard Col-lege, and got through there in 1787. He took up law, and at the same time wrote much for the press. It was thought that Mr. Ad-ams would be of use to us in lands o'er the sea, so he was sent to stand for our rights in Hol-land. From there he went to Port-u-gal and Prus-sia. He made much good will twixt this land and those lands, and when it was done he came home and took up law once more.

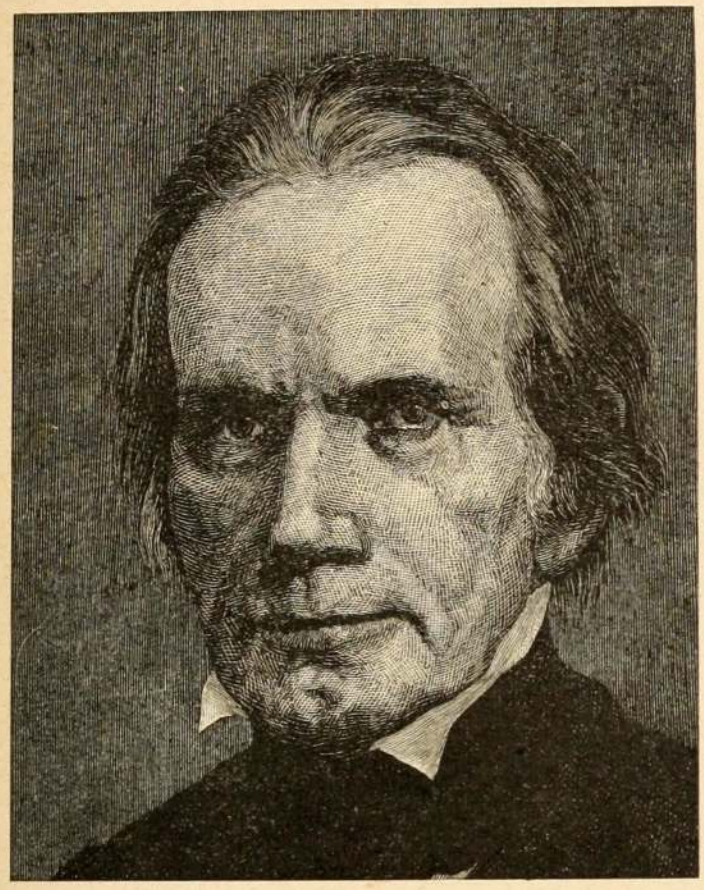
In 1797 John Quin-cy Ad-ams found a wife in Miss Lou-i-sa C. John-son, whose fa-ther was A-mer-i-can Con-sul at Lon-don.

He was sent to the Sen-ate in 1802 and did much to help the poor in the land by the stand he took on all bills put up by men who would get rich at the cost of those who could not help them-selves. There were some folks who made it hard for him in those days but he fought them all down.

In 1817 he had a call to be Sec-re-ta-ry of State and went to live in Wash-ing-ton. It was soon found that he was the right man in the right place and a great help to the new Pres-i-dent, James Mon-roe.

In 1825 John Quin-cy Ad-ams was made Pres-i-dent. Then there were more men from whom to chose, so those who had a right to vote took sides. But the man who got the place did well and his rule was one of peace.

One bright man, whose name was well known at that time, was Hen-ry Clay. He took charge of the funds. He knew how to make a good speech. He said he first made talks in an off-hand way when he was at work in woods or fields as a boy. He came from poor folks and had to work hard, but he got to be a great man.



HENRY CLAY.

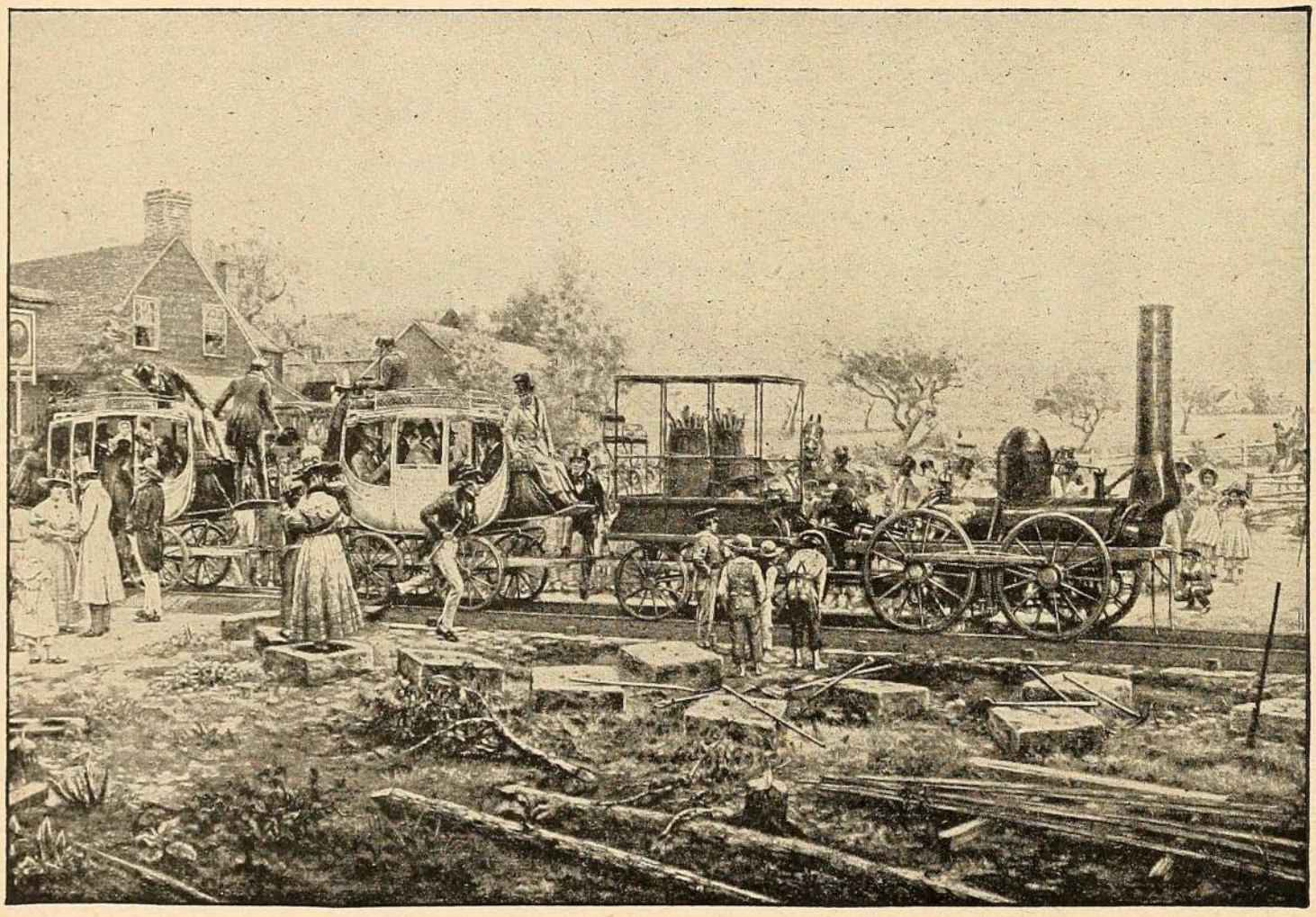
Ad-ams had scores of fine plans to bring out for the good of the land and those in it. He told how to place sums not in use; he had a scheme for weights and meas-ures; he made a start for a Na-val School; he, felt too, that there must be a Na-tion-al School of high grade, and an Ob-ser-va-to-ry, where the stars could be seen through a strong glass, and said that sums must be paid to wise men to do that kind of work.

The first rail-road in the U-ni-ted States was built in this term. It was but three miles long, and the cars were drawn by a horse. Steam was first used on an A-mer-i-can rail-road in 1829.

In those days, there was, as now, much talk of a tax to be put on goods from far lands. Some folks thought it wrong, and some thought it right. Ad-ams was for high tax and this was why he did not hold the chair for more than one term.

When he left the chair, in 1829, he went back to his old home in Quin-cy, where his fa-ther, the second Pres-i-

dent, still lived.. But in 1830, he was sent once more to Con-gress, and then, too, he did grand work for the land. Hen-ry Clay said to him, "How do you feel to be a boy once more? You'll find a lot of hard work." Adams said "I well know this; but work I shall do so long as my hands, my eyes, and my brain do not leave me."

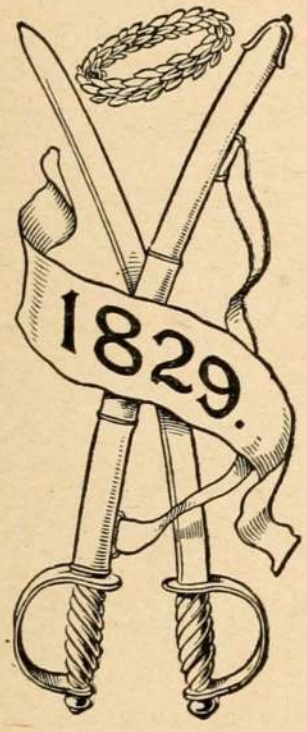


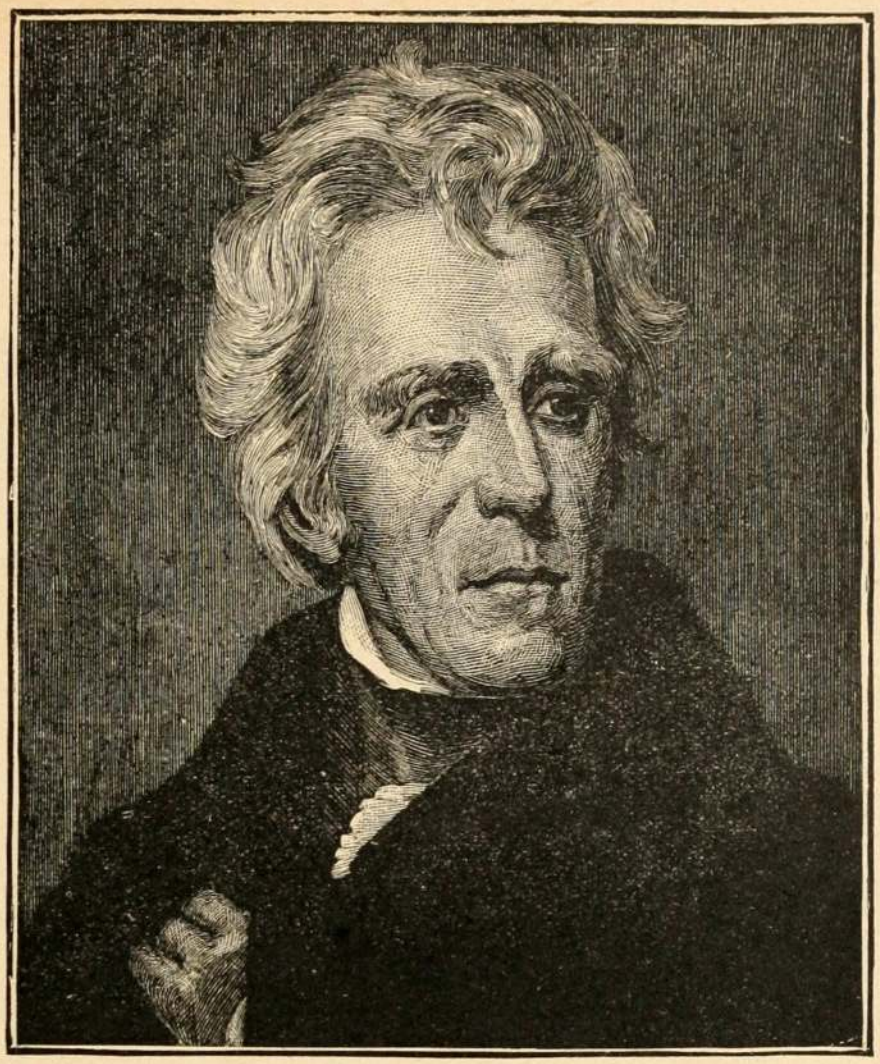
FIRST AMERICAN PASSENGER RAILROAD.

He kept his word, year by year, and was, each day, one of the "first to come and the last to go." He took a high stand and kept it in spite of all.

On Feb. 21, 1848, John Quin-cy Ad-ams, while in the "House" fell at his post. He had fought a good fight, won the day, and went home with these words on his lips; "This is the last of earth; I am content."

GENERAL JACKSON AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.





ANDREW JACKSON.

THE fa-ther of our sev-enth Pres-i-dent was a poor man who came from the north of Ire-land. His son, An-drew Jack-son, was born in North Car-o-li-na, March 15, 1767. The fa-ther died a few days ere his child saw the light.

The moth-er took her young babe from the poor log hut and went with him, in the spring of 1767, to the home of kin in South Car-o-li-na, where he might not starve.

It is said that what the boy knew of books he got from the "Old Field School," and that it was naught more than the "Three R's."

When but e-lev-en years old, hard war times came, and hordes of Brit-ish troops were in South Car-o-li-na. Food

was scarce for poor folks, and Jack-son's kin died, and the boy, An-drew, was out in the world. He was made a cap-tive and had hard luck. An Eng-lish-man, in a high post, gave cross words to the child, said he was low-bred scum and had no rights. He flung his boots at the child, told him to "clean the beast-ly red mud off of them and be quick!" The Eng-lish-man had one by him whose work it was to do this. The boy An-drew knew it and said with spunk that it "was not the place of a free A-mer-ican boy to clean Brit-ish boots!" Then the rude man sprang at the lad, told him he was a cur and spoke vile words. He struck the poor child with his sword and made a deep welt in the wrist, way to the bone. There was a cut far in-to the head, too, and the blood ran in a stream. An-drew Jack-son bore those scars to his grave. They put strength in him when his time came to meet the foe in the field. Through the Brit-ish, the boy had lost his moth-er, all his kin, and his home, and near-ly lost his own life. He felt that he would like to rid the land of such a foe.

The strong Scot-tish blood which ran in An-drew's veins gave him the sort of brain and brawn which was a great help to him and to the land of his birth. He had his way to make and he made it but there was much to bear. Once a man shot him. Then he was thrown in jail with a wound. Next, he had the small pox, and when he got up from it he did not know, for a time, what to do or where to go. But he kept a brave heart and felt that there must be *some* chance for him in this big world.

It came to his mind that it would be well to learn a trade. He thought he should like to make such things as reins, straps, and gear of all sorts for hor-ses. This work

he did for a while, then he went to the A-mer-i-can troops and took up arms. Ere he was eight-een years old he was at work on law books, and he stuck to them till he was at the Bar.

In 1796 An-drew Jack-son was sent to Con-gress from Ten-nes-see, where he had gone to live. This was in the last year of Wash-ing-ton's last term. He did so well there that the next year he was sent to the Sen-ate. Then he was made a Judge.

While in Con-gress there were times when Jack-son's hot blood was too much for him. Jef-fer-son said that when there were things An-drew Jack-son did not like, he would get up to speak and then choke with rage so that he could not say a word.

He gave up his judge-ship and bought and sold land, kept the red men off the war path, took a wife, rode up and down the land, made strong foes and strong friends. He held high rank in the Ten-nes-see troops, and when war with Great Brit-ain broke out, in 1812, he was made head of all for-ces in the south-west.

When, at last, An-drew Jack-son found that he was face to face with the Brit-ish foe in front of New Or-leans, Jan. 1815, he felt glad in his heart, and made up his mind to win or die. It has been said that "no oth-er man could have saved New Or-leans."

It was a fierce fight, but it was short, and the A-mer-i-cans won.

Tales are told of Jack-son's warm heart. There is one of a kind thing he did when the fights with the red foe were on. A dead In-di-an moth-er had her young babe in her arms. Some one said, "Why save him? His folks

are dead. His fa-ther was brave, and lost his life with his face to the foe. Let him die, too. Kill him now; it is best."

Then the head of the troops, Gen. Jack-son, broke out in a great rage. "The boy shall live!" he said. "*I'll* tend him, if no one else will. Take him to my tent."

There was not much to eat in that tent. All the men were lean for want of food. Some brown su-gar was found, and this, put with wa-ter, kept life in the babe till they could get him as far as Jack-son's home, where his kind wife was glad to keep him, raise him, and call him son. He had that good home and those to love him for seven-teen years when the call came for him to pass on to the next world.

Jack-son's work in the Creek war and at New Or-leans made all think much of him as one who could lead and do great work for a great cause. Folks meant to have him for Pres-i-dent some day, but they had to wait twelve years for it. But all the while his strength grew. At last, in 1829, An-drew Jack-son was made Pres-i-dent and kept the chair two terms, or, till 1837.

There were some in the South then who felt that there was more wealth and land for the North than was fair. There were few mills in the South and few goods. Some, said they would cut loose and set up a new band of States. They went so far as to drill for war, and a man was found to lead. His name was John C. Cal-houn.

Then Pres-i-dent Jack-son said that "our land would come to naught, if a State could go out when it chose." So he sent ships and troops and made a quick end of all that.

From the time Jack-son came to the chair the land grew

in strength and wealth more and more. Miles of rail-road were built that were a great help, and steam-boats came more in-to use.

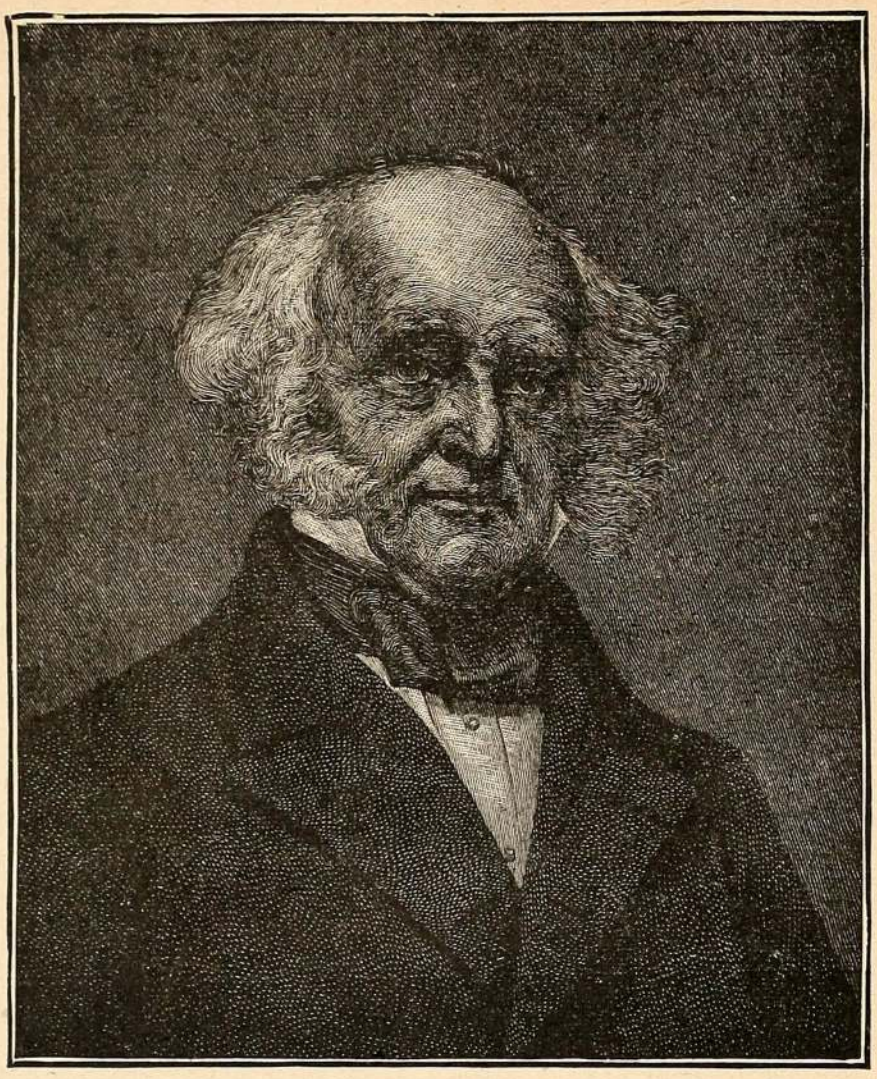
Jack-son's work was hard and he had much to do, for there was great strife as to the themes of the day, the slaves, tax-es, banks, and more. He did his best for what he thought was the good of all in the land. He made France pay sums due us, and he knew how to put an end to the ill-will of Spain and Den-mark.

When, at the end of his last term, in 1837, Pres-i-dent Jack-son made his last speech, things were in such shape that he felt most glad. He had been brave, firm, said what he thought, and had put down his foes. Best of all he had kept the land as one. He was just and true in what he did, and had the weal of his own land, at all times, close to his heart. Those who loved him gave him the name of "Old Hick-o-ry," which was thought to fit him well as he was so strong and firm.

He went back to his Ten-nes-see home and was there eight years, strong to the last in his zeal for the U-ni-ted States, for which his love was so great.

All the fame of which he could have dreamed in his youth was his at last. The poor boy from the pine woods belt and the log hut, with none to help him, came to be a he-ro in this land.

He died June 8, 1845, at the age of 78. In his last years he was at peace with all.



MARTIN VAN BUREN.

IN 1782 our eighth Pres-i-dent, Mar-tin Van Bu-ren, was born at Kin-der-hook, in New York. His folks had come from the land of the Dutch.

At school, Eng-lish and Lat-in soon made work for the lad. He did so well with them that when he was four-teen years old he read law in his own town, and soon went to New York Cit-y to do the same kind of work. 1803 found him at the Bar.

When 1807 came in, Mar-tin Van Buren took for wife one of his kin who had been a child at school with him. They went then to live at Hud-son, N. Y.

Van Bu-ren, in 1821, was sent by his State to Con-gress. In six years more he was Gov-ern-or of New York. He

was Sec-re-ta-ry of State when Jack-son was Chief, from 1829 to 1831, Vice-Pres-i-dent in 1833, and Pres-i-dent in 1837.

The first thing Pres-i-dent Van Bu-ren did was to end the war with the In-di-ans. Then, in a few months, came hard times, when the banks failed and trade was at a stand still. There was no work, and some tried to put the blame for these things on the Pres-i-dent. Van Bu-ren said that one cause of the hard times was that folks now had a wish to live too high and spend too much, in place of the plain ways of the old times.

Some of the folks in Can-a-da, late in the year of 1837, said they would set up their own laws and that we must help them. The Pres-i-dent was firm and said we should not do it. Still there were some who thought they would give their help, and quite a large force left New York and set out for Can-a-da, but they were soon put down.

It was a long pull and a hard pull for Van Bu-ren all through his term of four years. It was write, talk, act, and try to keep down the flings of those who did not like him. Van Bu-ren was a bright man, and did the best that could be done at that time. As his four years were near their end it was known that a race would come as to the one who should next have the chair. Some said "Give the post to the rich man, Van Bu-ren, of the White House." More said, "Give the chair to the poor man, Gen. Har-ri-son of the Log Cab-in." Har-ri-son had made a name in the In-di-an wars, and stood high as a he-ro in the land, and more votes came to him, so he got the post.

When near four score years old, Van Bur-en died, in 1872, at his old home at Kin-der-hook.

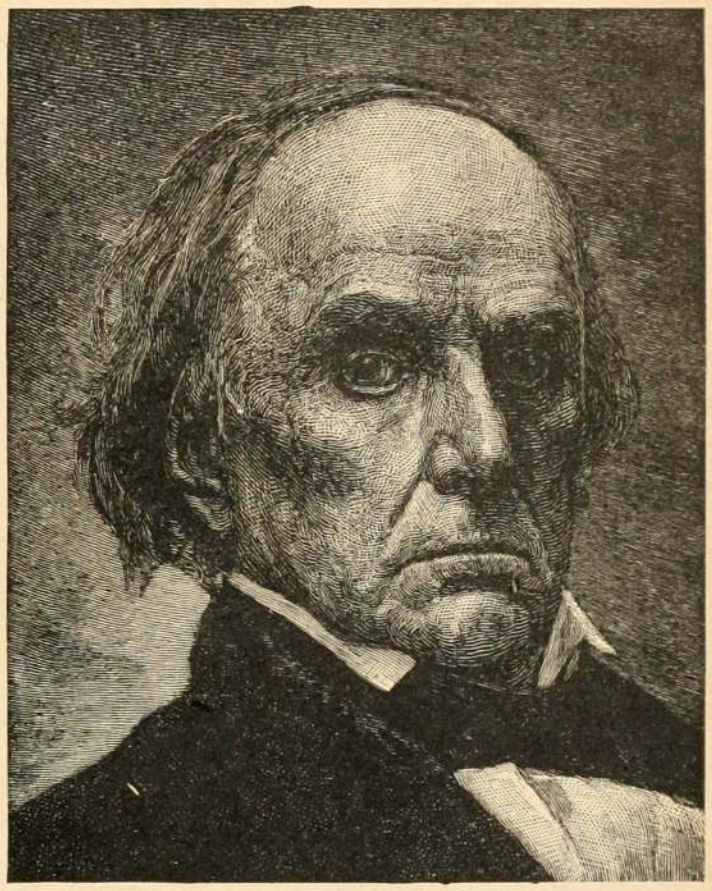
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

THE "Log Cabin man," Wil-liam Hen-ry Har-ri-son, was our next and ninth Pres-i-dent. He was the son of a good and wise man, Gov. Ben-ja-min Har-ri-son, who put his name to the "Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pend-ence."

The boy had a chance to learn much both from books and from life. When half a score and nine years old, he went with the troops to fight the red foe in the West. The brave work he did when in charge of Fort Wash-ing-ton, where Cin-cin-na-ti now stands, led folks to send him to Con-gress in a few years. In 1801 he had charge of vast tracts of land held by In-di-ans who rose in 1811. Har-ri-son put them down at Tip-pi-ca-noe. For this he won the rank of Gen-er-al, and when the war with Eng-land came,

in 1812, he fought in a way that brought his fame up to a high point.

From his farm in O-hi-o, where his home was for twelve years, he had a call to be Pres-i-dent. Some tried to put him down, slur him, and say he had to live in a log-cab-in with naught to drink but hard ci-der. His friends took up the cry, and soon small log huts sprang up all o'er the land, and hard ci-der came to be much in use just then.

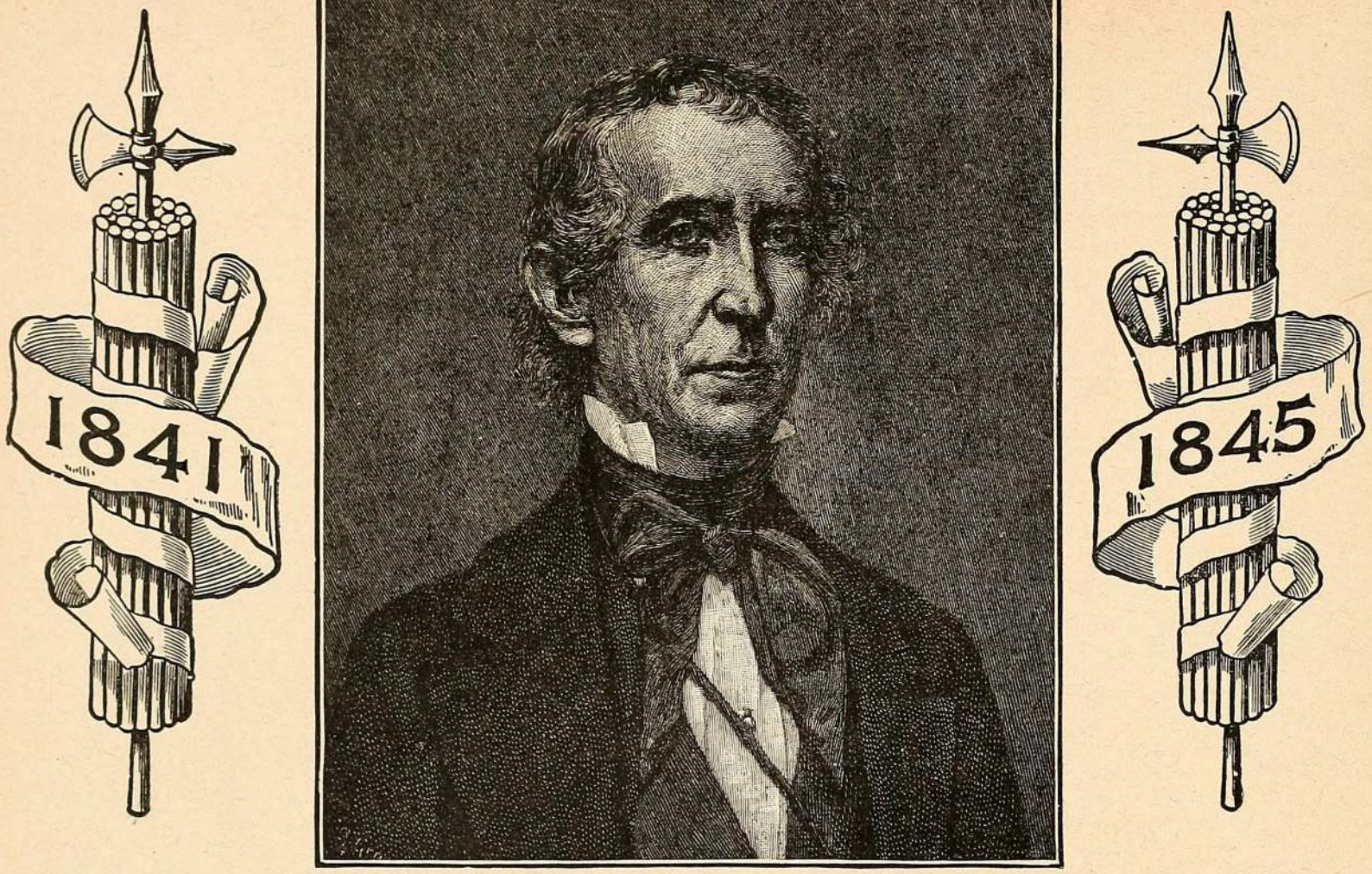


DANIEL WEBSTER.

In 1841 Gen. Har-ri-son was made Chief with great pomp. There was much joy in the land and folks had hopes that all would go well. Some of the best of men went to help him. His Sec-re-ta-ry of State was Dan-iel Web-ster, whose name stands with that of Hen-ry Clay at the top of the list of the great men of those days.

Har-ri-son was 68 years of age when he took the chair. Few of our Pres-i-dents were so old. His life had been much on the field, in fights, and on the rough lands in the West. The hard strain of his new post, and the change from his home life made him ill just when he had need of his best health and strength. In just one month from the day he took his seat, the good man who had been tried and found as true as steel was dead.

Grief was in all hearts. A fear came, too, lest new and strange hands might wreck the Ship of State.



JOHN TYLER.

THE Ty-lers, of Vir-gin-ia, from the first, would cut free from Eng-land if she could not be made to do what was right for the folks in this land. One of them had held a post which the King gave. The son of that man, when quite young, was in a place in his own State where he could hear and know what it was best to do then for the good of all. He could hear Har-ri-son, Pen-dle-ton, Ran-dolph, and Col. Wash-ing-ton. The hot words of Pat-rick Hen-ry, too, were in his ears.

While the war of the Rev-o-lu-tion went on, and when it was at an end, this man, the first John Ty-ler, had good pla-ces in which to work for our land in his own State. His wife, Ma-ry Arm-i-stead, with all her kin, too, was on

the same side. Mr. Ty-ler's work was law. He was not rich, for fees were small in those days. He had some ground and a home at Charles Cit-y. Here, in March, 1790, his son, John, who, in due time, was to be Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States, was born.

Life in that home was most glad for the small boy. He knew naught of the war which was then in the land. He was but six years old when Wash-ing-ton gave his "Fare-well Ad-dress." Book work went on at home for the lad and all else came at the right time.

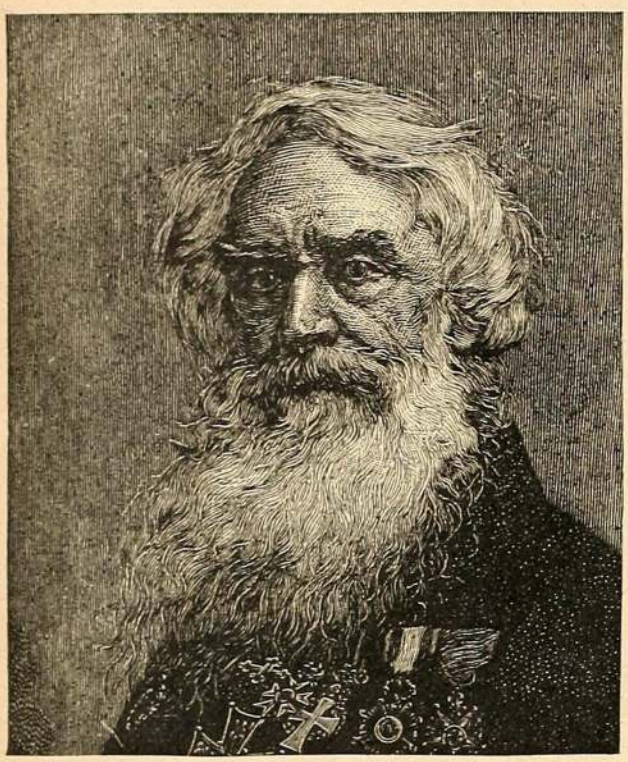
From the first it was clear that the child would go on in his fa-ther's steps. He grew fond of books, kept at work, and soon was fit for Will-iam and Mar-y Col-lege, where he staid till his course came to an end in 1806. Then he read law with his fa-ther. He had nice ways, wit, was kind, and made friends.

In 1808 young Ty-ler's fa-ther came to be Gov-er-nor of his own State. This was a help to the son who found a high post ere he was a score and one years old. Five years at this work made the young man feel that there were steps that he might take were it not that there were scores and scores of men with more years and more right to fame than he had, but, in spite of all this, in 1816, he had a call to serve his State, and, in time to come, was Gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-ia.

In 1840 folks who took the side which went by the name of Whig gave their vote for John Ty-ler for Vice-Pres-i-dent when Har-ri-son was to be Pres-i-dent. But Har-ri-son was dead in a month's time, and the Vice-Pres-i-dent Ty-ler took the chair as Pres-i-dent.

He had not been long in his seat when the Mor-mons

got up a strife in the State of Mis-sou-ri, where they took a large tract of land, but the folks who were there did not want them so troops were sent to drive them out. They did the same thing in Il-li-nois, but were sent off to the wilds of the far West.



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

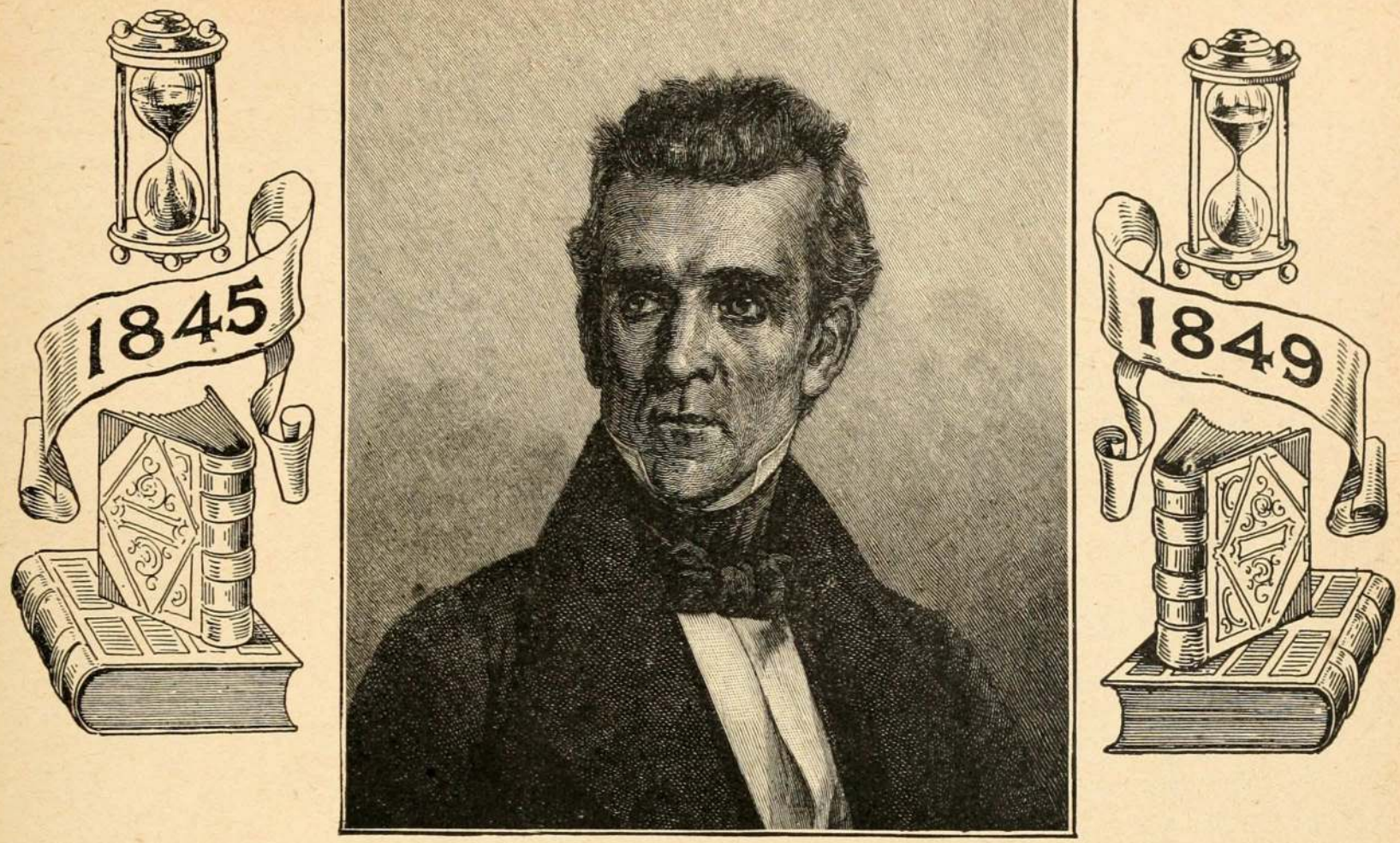
Things were not at peace with the Pres-i-dent and those who put him in the chair. The men who gave him their votes had a strong wish to pass some bills which John Ty-ler did not like. Hence there was strife most of the time.

War broke out in Tex-as. The Tex-as men fought those of Mex-i-co and won. Then they made known that it was their wish to join our Un-ion, and they came in as a State in 1845.

Ty-ler did his best to keep the chair for one more term but it was not to be so. Polk was to have the place.

A great thing was found out at this time by Sam-u-el F. B. Morse. It was that folks could talk by means of a wire, to those a long way off. In 1844 the first line was set up from Bal-ti-more to Wash-ing-ton, and on this was sent the news that Polk would have the chair when Ty-ler left it.

In 1861 John Ty-ler was one of the "Con-fed-er-ate Con-gress." He was 72 years old then, and had not the strength to bear all that came in those sad days. Death came to him the next year.



JAMES KNOX POLK.

FOR years and years, and long ere we fought to be free, I-rish folk came to this land. An-drew Jack-son's kin were of this race and so were James Pol-lock's. They found it was good for them to be here and not in their old home. When the time came to try to get free from the yoke of Eng-land, they were right glad to help.

The real name, Pol-lock, soon came to be Polk. The Polks took up land on the west edge of North Car-o-lina. In 1795, in the farm house of Sam-u-el Polk, a son was born who came to have the name of James Knox Polk, to be Gov-ern-or of his own State, and Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States in years to come.

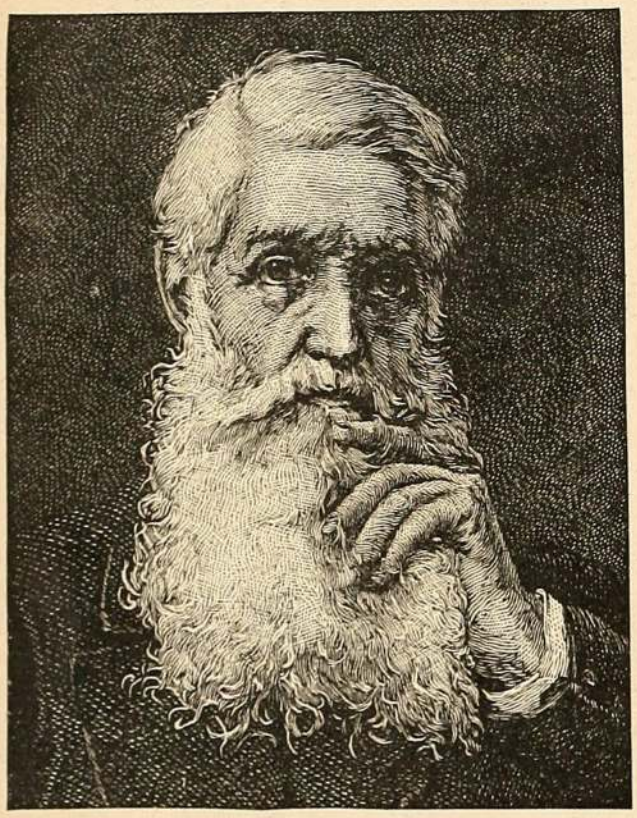
The child was not strong, but bright. As years came to

him he felt he must be more than a back-woods man, so he bent his mind to find a way to learn what books could teach him.

There was so small a chance to rise in that place that scores of folks went West and found homes near Nash-ville. Duck Riv-er was where Sam-u-el Polk made a stop, and built a log house in 1806.

The young boy, James, could not do much hard work, but he could ride and drive and so was of use on the long trips which had to be made from time to time to get food.

The life of which the boy would have been glad, was, he felt then, far off. His kin said that he "was not cut out to hunt, fight, or till the land," so his fa-ther found a chance for him to work in a store. The boy had to beg his fa-ther to let him take up books. So one Fall, when the crops were good, and the youth thir-teen years old, he was sent to live with Rev. Dr. Hen-der-son, who taught him, and, in time, made him fit for the U-ni-ver-si-ty of North Car-o-li-na. All were proud of the boy who had got so far on, and they felt sure that the sums put out on him were not lost.



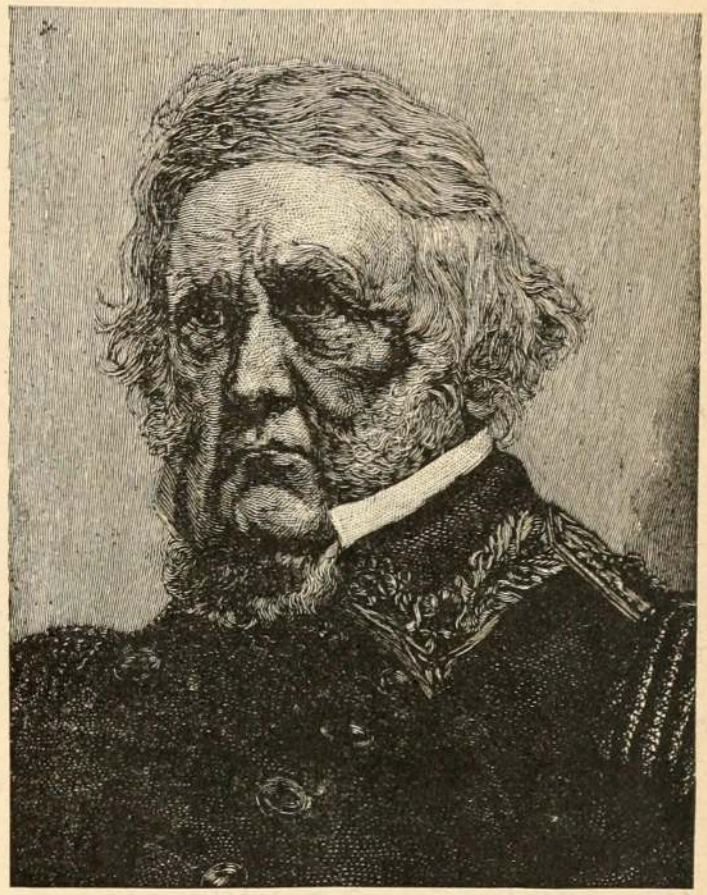
GEORGE BANCROFT.

In 1820 Polk was at the Bar. Here he had such luck as falls to the lot of few. He was sent to Con-gress, for ten years, and was made head of his own State in 1839. He knew how to treat folks well though they might not be of the same mind as he was.

Polk came to be Pres-i-dent in 1845, though it was

thought, at one time, that Hen-ry Clay would have the chair. All knew Polk to be wise, and sure to speak the truth as he knew it. When he made up his mind, naught could turn him.

One of the men he chose to help him was James Bu-chan-an, who was to be Pres-i-dent in half a score and two years. George Ban-croft, who wrote books of great worth, was there too. At that time, and long ere that date, the talk was of the slaves and what to do as to the claim to hold them in the new parts of the land.



GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

War with Mex-i-co came on. Troops were sent there. With them was a young man whose name was to be much known in years to come. This was U. S. Grant. In this war, which came to an end in 1848, two men won great fame, Zach-a-ry Tay-lor and Win-field Scott. When peace was made, the U-ni-ted States, in the course of five years, paid a big sum for New Mex-ic-o and Up-per Cal-i-for-nia.

It has been said that though Polk could not rank with the high states-men who had come ere his day, yet when he held the chair great things came which shed a bright light on his term.

Large tracts of new lands came then to be ours. Gold was found in Cal-i-for-ni-a. Things which came, some folks thought, were like Jef-fer-son's day dreams.

It seems that some men who were at work on a mill-race in Cal-i-for-ni-a, dug out a trench and found bits in the rocks and sand which were bright as gold. They kept all they found and it was soon known to be gold. The news spread and hosts were wild to go there where they could pick up big sums right out of the dirt. Great flocks of men got there as soon as they could. It was a wild, mad race, and not a few found naught but a chance to leave their bones in that ground.

A great State soon grew up where but cloth tents had been, and, in years to come, her fruits, grains, wines, wool, oil, and woods were sent to all lands.

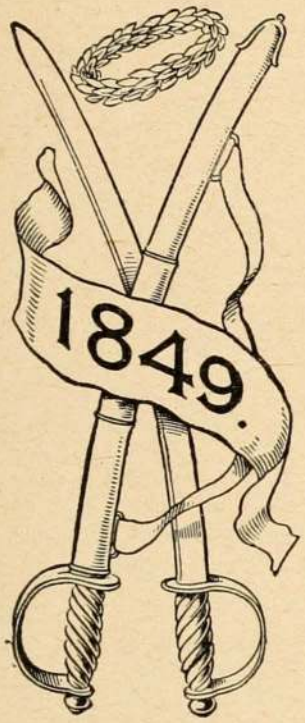
While Polk was Chief the Un-ion took in three new States, in two of which no slaves could be kept.

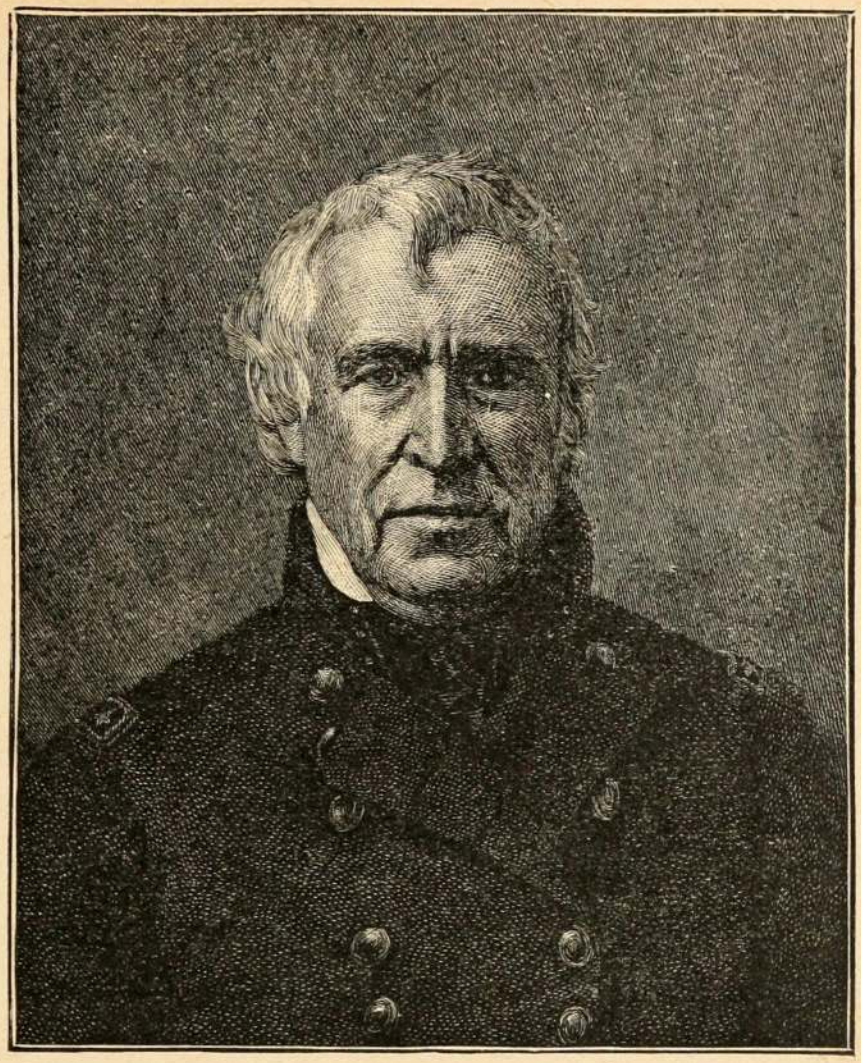
There were brave and good men at work at that time who were for "Free Soil." This meant that in our lands which were not yet States no one should, in all time, be held a slave. This brought on no end of talk and much ill will.

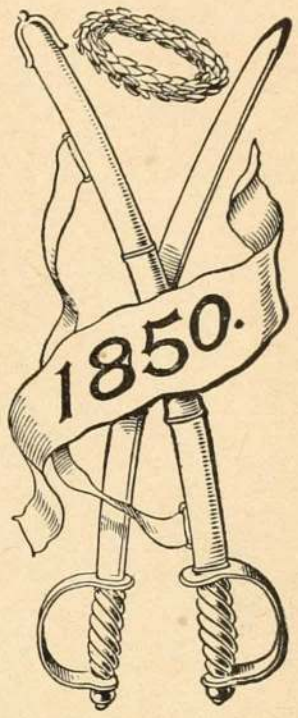
Polk did the best he could, and his wife, who came of well-to-do folks in Ten-nes-see, was a great help to him. All knew her to be one who was just and true. Mrs. Polk had a great love for her church, was kind to the poor, was well read, plain in dress, could speak with great ease, and all through her life naught that was ill could be said of her.

Pres-i-dent Polk, had said, from the first, that he did not wish to keep the chair more than the first four years. At the end, then, of the first term, he went to his home at Nash-ville, where he died in 1849, at the age of 54. The good wife was 88 at the time of her death in 1891.

GENERAL TAYLOR AT THE BATTLE OF MONTEREY.







ZACHARY TAYLOR.

OUR twelfth Pres-i-dent, Zach-a-ry Tay-lor, was born in Vir-gin-ia in 1784. His fa-ther had a high place in the "Con-ti-nen-tal Ar-my," and fought by the side of Wash-ing-ton.

When of age, Zach-a-ry took up arms to fight the foe. He rose high in the ranks, and won so much praise that he was soon in charge of the troops.

When the war with Mex-i-co came on, this same man won the great fights at Pa-lo Al-to and Mon-te-rey. Folks thought him one of the first in the land. Streets were one blaze of light when he came home, flags blew in the breeze and cheers rent the air as he and his horse went by. Tales of Tay-lor's deeds went through the land. It was told that

in the midst of one of his fights with the Mex-i-cans the balls came close to the place where he stood with some of his staff. To duck the head when the balls went by was what all, save the Gen-er-al, did. "Don't dodge! Brave men should not dodge!" said the great man. At last a ball came close to the old man's nose, and it made him start back. His men had a good laugh at this. Tay-lor felt a flush of shame on his face, but a smile came, and he said, "I fear you will have to dodge the balls. Dodge—but don't run."

The grand work that Tay-lor had done all through his life for the good of his own land led folks to make him Pres-i-dent in 1848. With him, in the next place, was Mil-lard Fill-more of New York.

Tay-lor was of the side which went by the name of Whig. He gave posts as the worth of the men led him to give them. He was a true, sound man, a "down-right man" as one who could well judge of him said.

As a Pres-i-dent his heart was true, his zeal for his own land, great. He had strong, good sense to guide him in his new field, and if he could have been in the chair long he would have put a stamp of his own on work for the good of all.

A good wife, who came from Ma-ry-land stock, and boys and girls of his own, who were, at times, with him in camp, made a good sort of home life for the Gen-er-al when on the field. His wife was a great help with the sick and those who had had wounds at the camp. At Tam-pa Bay, and more places her work was well known. But when Gen. Tay-lor took the chair his wife did not care for the gay life of the White House, but gave her place to her

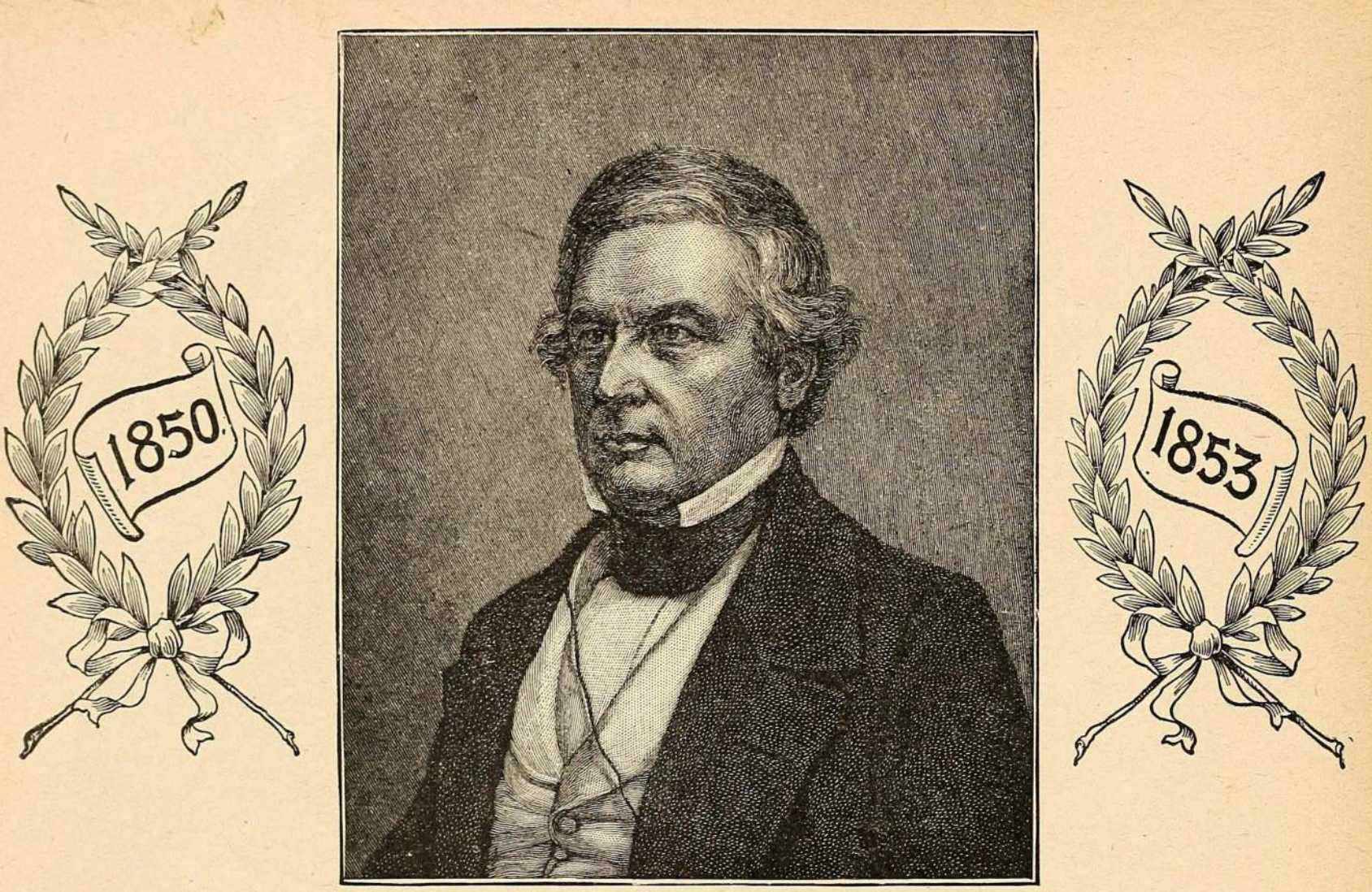
young daugh-ter, Miss Bet-ty, who had great charms, and made hosts of friends. One child, Sa-rah Knox, was, in time, the wife of Jef-fer-son Da-vis.

Pres-i-dent Tay-lor was 65 years old when he took the chair. He had great trust in those near him. Still, as one who from his first years had been where his work was to watch the state of the times, he held his ear to the ground and heard the tramp, tramp of the sad, sad march of men which was to come. His views, though he held slaves, were, that, come what might, the Un-ion *must be kept.*

Pres-i-dent Tay-lor held his post but six-teen months. His death was a great loss. No man could have had more love for the Un-ion, and, he, of all men, would have been the one who could so have steered the Ship of State that she might long have kept off the shoals and sands on which she struck.

Tay-lor died at Wash-ing-ton, July 9 ,1850. There was woe then through the whole land, for a great man gone, gone, too, just at the time when his help was our keen need.

Tay-lor had one son, Rich-ard, born in 1826. This boy had all that schools in this land and oth-ers could give him. Then he went to his fa-ther's camp and saw great fights in the war with Mex-i-co. He took land in the South and had slaves to raise cane. This was his home till 1860, when the war broke out twixt the North and South. Then Tay-lor found men to make up troops, led them to the field to fight, and rose fast till he held a high post. At the close of the war, all his funds and land were gone. He died in New York in 1879.



MILLARD FILLMORE.

MIL-LARD Fill-more, the next to take the chair, was born in New York in 1800. His great grand-fa-ther was born in New Eng-land more than 200 years ago.

A few years ere the boy, Mil-lard, who was to take the place of Zach-a-ry Tay-lor, was born, his fa-ther went, with his young wife, Phe-be Mil-lard, to the west part of New York. The fa-ther had a high name for worth, and it is said that his creed was "do right."

The Fill-more house was in the midst of a dense tract of woods. The next house was four miles off. There was no school. The two books in the new house were the Word of God and a book of hymns.

The lad, Mil-lard, had to go to work as soon as he could.

As his fa-ther had no chance or means to buy books for him it was thought best that he should learn a trade. When he was a strong youth of half a score and four years old he made a start to learn to card wool and dress cloth. To do this he was bound out to work for a man with whom he staid five years. That man was harsh to all who were there, but most so to young Fill-more. One day this bad man, who was not just, tried to beat his good bound boy, but the youth, through his woods work, was strong, so he took an axe in his hand and told the bad man that if he did so it would cost him his life. The man then thought it would be best not to try to thrash this brave lad.

When young Fill-more left that work he put up some bread, dry deer meat, and his few clothes, and set out on foot for his fa-ther's house, which was more than five scores of miles off. What he went through at that time made a deep mark on him. It staid by him all his life, and kept him kind to all, but most so to the weak and those with none to help them.

In course of time Fill-more had found out a way to take up law. Soon he was at the Bar. He won his first case. He was not quick, but slow and sure.

Fill-more was sent to Con-gress in 1832, and was there six years. He held some fine posts, and did so well in all of them that he was put in as Vice Pres-i-dent. Then, when the Pres-i-dent died, Fill-more took his place.

The theme of the slaves still kept to the front. Fill-more thought it would be well to send them out of this land. He thought they would be well off in Africa. They would not then be bought and sold. There they could have their homes and lands, and be free.

Mr. Fill-more did what he could to save his land from the woes of a home war, so that we might have peace and joy, in lieu of that which came,—great loss of life and large debts.

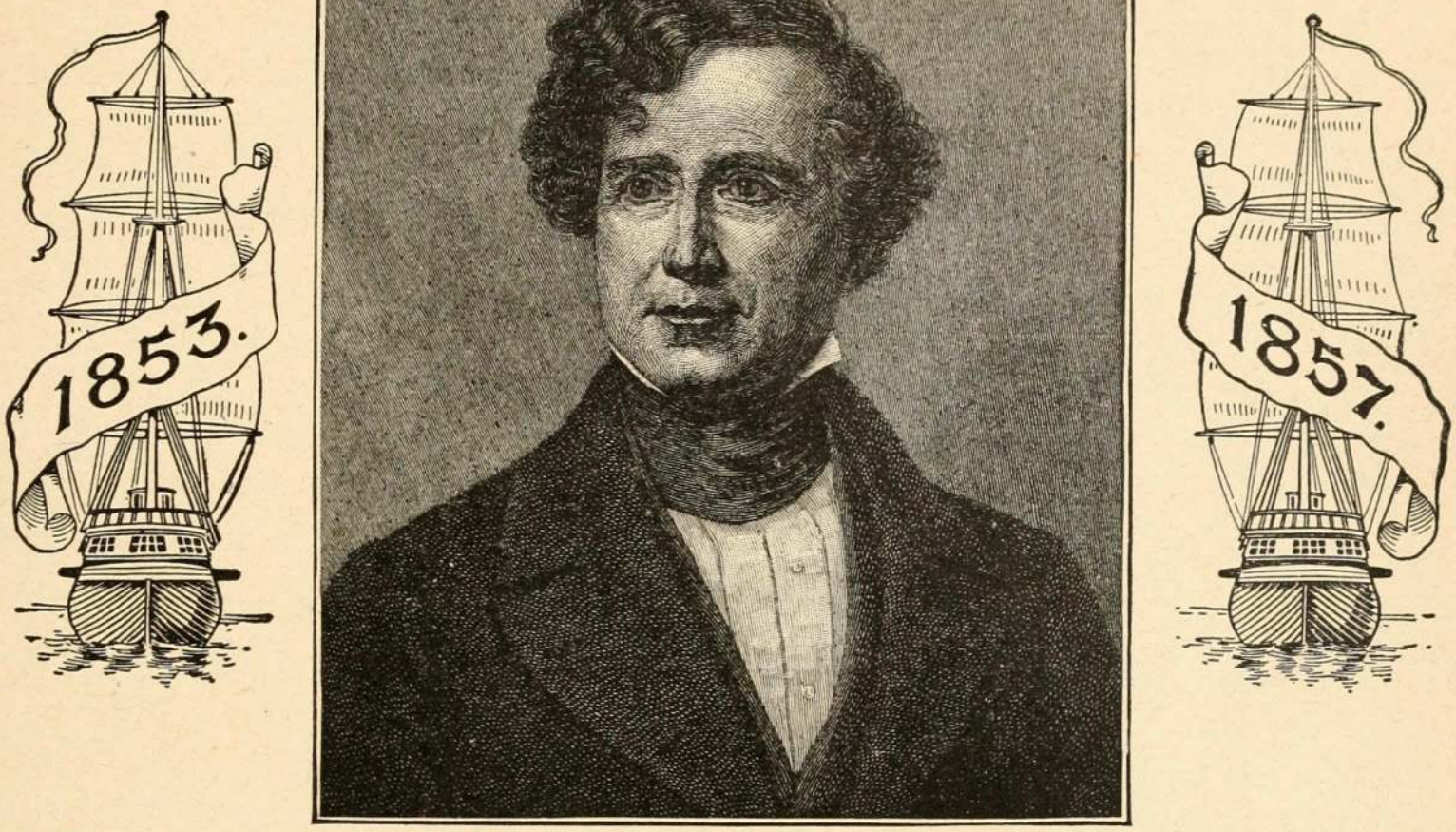
While he was Pres-i-dent there was a band of rough men from our land whose wish it was to try to get Cu-ba in their hands. Fill-more soon put a stop to that. Spain then got hold of some of them and shot them.

When the chief's term was up, all who had been in close touch with him while he held the chair wrote to him that they were one with him in all that he had done. They said, too, that they knew he had skill, tact, and good faith; that he was fair and square at all times, and had great zeal for the weal of his own land and all in it.

Mr. Fill-more, aft-er he left the chair, had his home in Buf-fa-lo for more than twen-ty years. All there had pride in him and gave him high praise. His heart was in all good work. In the war with the South he lent his aid in all ways to the cause of the North, and for the help of those in need. He made the start in schemes for the good of those in his midst, and to this day there are those in his town who rise up and bless his name.

Fill-more, like Lin-coln, rose from a poor home. It was hard work. He kept his hands clean, his heart pure, and his head cool. It has been said that he was a sound Christian and did not know it.

It was but a brief time that ex-Pres-i-dent Fill-more was ill. His death came March 8, 1874.



FRANKLIN PIERCE.

THE next man to take the chair was Frank-lin Pierce, who was sworn in as Pres-i-dent in 1853. He was born in Hills-bor-ough, New Hamp-shire in 1804. His fa-ther, Ben-ja-min Pierce, on the day of the fight at Lex-ing-ton, took his first step to join the troops. He staid and fought with them till the Rev-o-lu-tion-a-ry War came to an end. He rose high and was, in time, a Gen-er-al.

When the boy Frank-lin was quite young his fa-ther saw in him a love for books. This he made sure should have all the help he could give. He did not stint the sums spent for this cause, but sent his son to the best schools. In 1820 the lad went to Bow-doin Col-lege, at Bruns-wick, Maine. When his time was out he stood third in his class.

He then took up law, at Ports-mouth. In 1827 he was at the Bar and went to work at the law in his home town. At first he did not do so well as he thought he should. But he did not give up. He said he felt quite sure that he could hold his own in the court house in a way that would please both him and his friends. This came true. He was known as a man of brains. While quite young he had high posts in his state and held them some years.

In 1833 Mr. Pierce went to Con-gress In 1842 he gave up his seat in the Senate with the thought that he would keep to his law work and have his own folks with him at Con-cord, N. H. Hosts of posts were held out to him but to all he said "No," and that naught could take him from home save a war. Though shut up in his own town, still, he did not lose touch with what went on in the land. When the talk came of Tex-as and if it were best or not to add that part to our states, he said it was his strong wish to join Tex-as with us, free if she would be, but slave if she would have it so. Pierce led his side with great skill at all times and held his own.

War came in Mex-i-co in 1846, and Pierce joined the troops. Then it was drill, drill and read up on that sort of work. At first he took a low post, but he soon went up till he was the head of the 9th. Pres-i-dent Polk made him a Gen-er-al the next year. Then he set sail from New-port, in the bark *Kep-ler* with his troops, and in a month's time was in Ver-a Cruz. At last they took up the march to join Gen. Scott who was at Pu-eb-la. There were hard times down there and hard fights. Pierce's horse fell with him and died, while the ri-der was hurt,but with pluck kept at his work till the foe gave up. Pierce was brave and

won praise for what he did. When our side won, and the war was at an end, Pierce had made new friends who were of much use to him in years to come. His own state made him a gift of a fine sword when he got home from the South.

Frank-lin Pierce was made Pres-i-dent and took his seat March 4, 1853.

At that time there still was strife as to slaves when each new state came in. When Kan-sas and Ne-bras-ka were to be made ter-ri-to-ries, Con-gress made a law which it was thought would clinch the point. It said that they might be free or slave just as the folks there might vote.

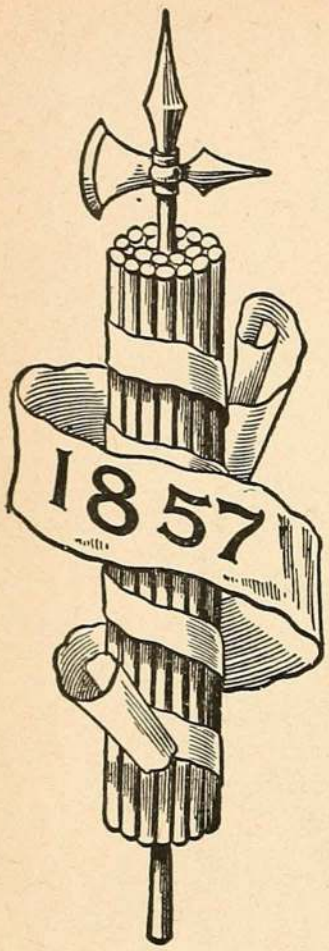
On the day the votes were cast in the new land much blood was shed from the fights and broils. To burn a town was a small thing. It was thought the war there might spread through the land.

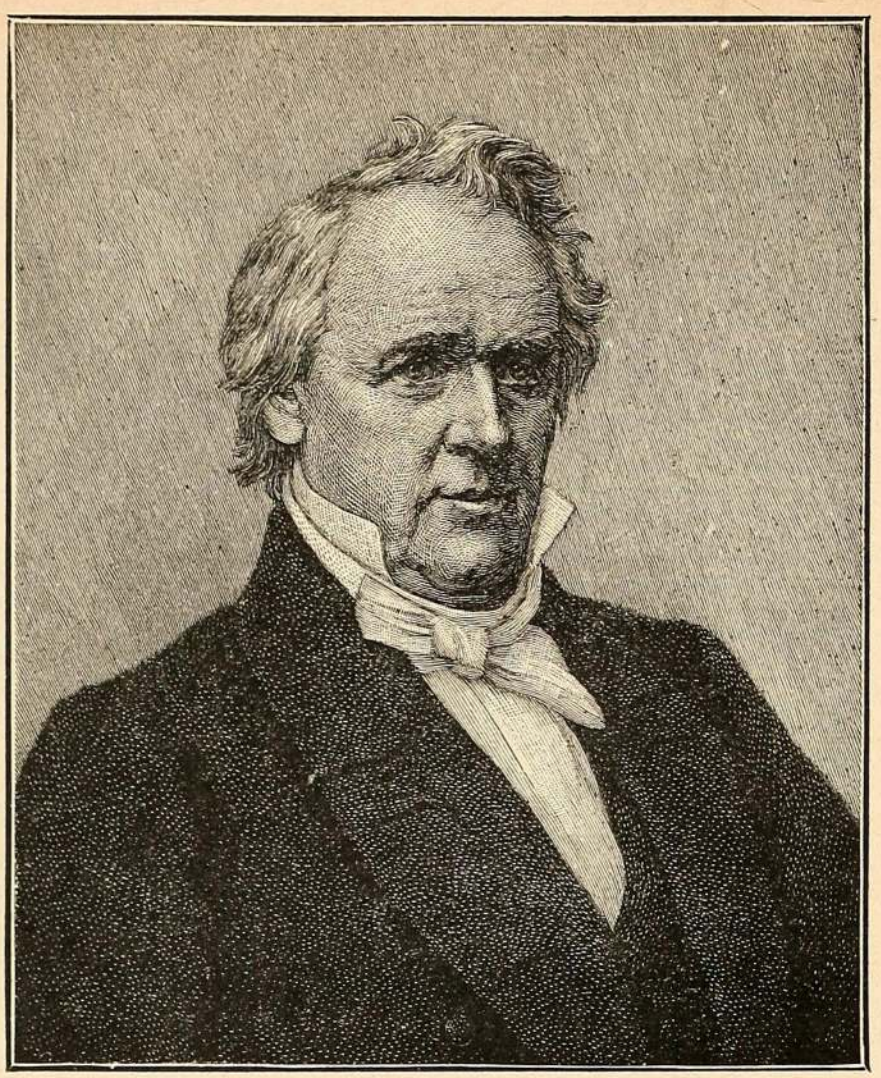
Pres-i-dent Pierce sent strong words to Con-gress on this theme in 1856; and said that if there was not a change in the state of things out there, troops would be sent to stop them.

Kan-sas at last was free and then peace came there, but it was not till the *next* Pres-i-dent was near the end of his term.

Ere the great war came Pierce did his best to keep the peace, at times in ways in which he may have been at fault. He was a man who had no greed for self. He was true to his land and did what he thought was for its good. His kith and kin had done the same, and their views on this theme were as his own.

Frank-lin Pierce died in Con-cord, N. H. 1869.





JAMES BUCHANAN.

THERE had been half a score and four Pres-i-dents ere James Bu-chan-an came in. His name put one more on the list.

It was in the Spring of 1791, in a wild gorge near one end of the Blue Ridge, at Sto-ny Bat-ter, Penn-syl-va-ni-a, that a son was born to one James Bu-chan-an, a man from the north of Ire-land. He had come to A-mer-i-ca, a poor man, in 1783. His first work was to stake a claim. Soon he built a rude log house where high hills would be on all sides, and a clear stream would flow near his door. When the first James had been five years in that place, and felt that he could care for a wife, he found a good one to share his lot. Her name was Speer and her folks had land near

by. When a boy was born to this pair the name of James came first to the moth-er's lips.

Young James was eight years in that home. The next home of the Bu-chan-ans was at Mer-cers-burg, in the same state. Here the boy went to school, soon took up Greek and work which made him fit for col-lege when but four-teen years old. He went through his four years course with ease and came out at the end in 1809. The days of his youth were those of the youth of our land, and young Bu-chan-an was prompt to give his aid when and where it would do the most good. So in three years from the time he made his start in life he threw down his law books and went to the front, where there was need of strong arms and stout hearts to meet the new blow that Eng-land struck at us in the war of 1812.

While a young man Bu-chan-an was the choice of his state to help make her laws. Then he was sent to Wash-ing-ton and held his place there for ten years.

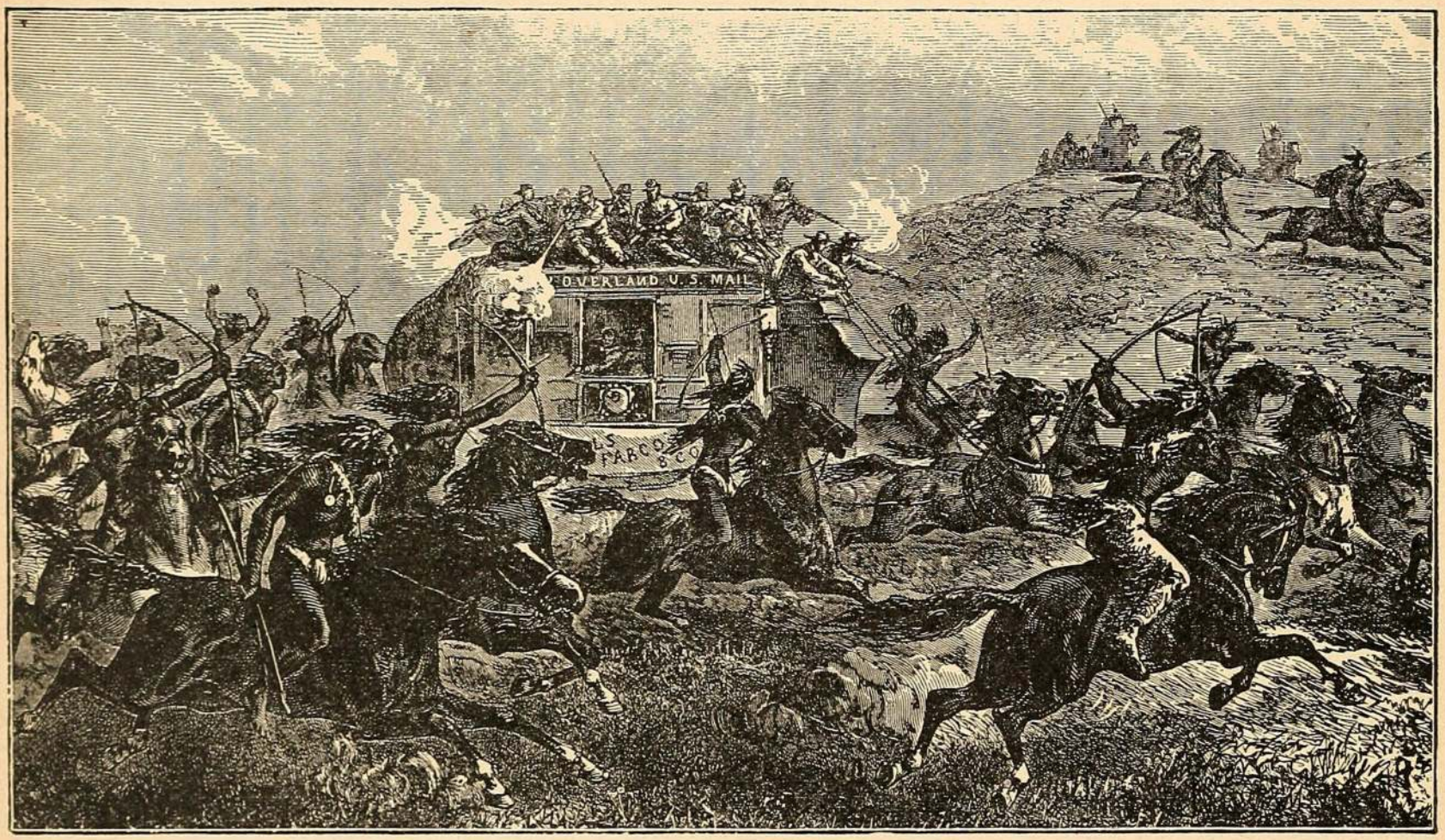
Pres-i-dent Jack-son sent him to Rus-sia to look out for our rights there. When he came back a place was found for him in the Sen-ate.

James Bu-chan-an was made Pres-i-dent in 1857. When he first took the chair the slave theme was once more in the law courts.

A black man, whose name was Dred Scott, thought he ought to be free, for his owner had tak-en him to a part of the land where the law of 1820 had said there should be no slaves. When the case came up the court said that those who held slaves had a right to take them through the land with them. Thus the law of 1820 was swept out with one blow, and the folks at the North did not like it.

There were fights in U-tah, for the Mor-mons would not live by our rules and sought to cast off our yoke, but the Pres-i-dent sent troops out to force them to stop their tricks and lay down their arms, which they did.

The great Pa-cif-ic Rail-way made a start when Bu-chan-an held the reins. The sole way to cross the plains and the Rock-y Mts. had been by mail coach, which was slow



TAKING THE U. S. MAIL ACROSS THE PLAINS IN THE '50S.

and not safe from In-di-an raids. Large sums and great skill were what did the work, which was not brought to an end till 1869.

While Bu-chan-an was in the chair, in 1859, a great feat took place. The first wire was laid through the sea. Words were then sent from our land to those in the Old World.

A man by the name of John Brown made up his mind

that he would try to do work which would put an end to sla-ver-y, which he thought was a great crime in this land. He had sons to help him. All of them would lay down their lives if they could set the slaves free. There were a few more men to work with them and these all went to Har-per's Fer-ry and held a fort for two days. They took all the arms they found in the fort. It was their hope to give these to the slaves in the South so that they might rise and fight to be free.

The laws of this land had been set at naught by John Brown, so troops were sent to seize him. There was a hard fight. The sons were shot down, but the brave old man kept up the fire till he fell with six wounds. He was tried and hung.

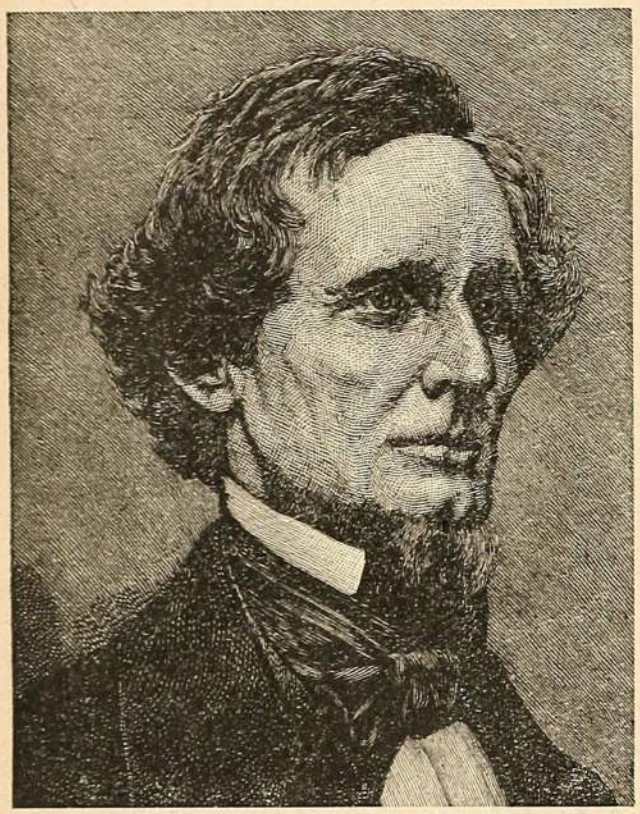
In 1858 Min-ne-so-ta came in as one more state. Or-e-gon came the next year, 1859, and Kan-sas in 1861.

At first it was thought that coal could be found in but two or three states, but in the new states there were great beds of it, as much coal, it is said as there was in all the rest of the world. Gold, too, was found in more states than Cal-i-for-ni-a:—it was seen in Col-o-ra-do in 1858, and in more parts of the Rock-y Mts. Mines were soon brought to light in Ne-va-da which were rich in sil-ver. Wells were sunk in Penn-syl-va-ni-a and vast beds from which oil sprung made a new and large source of wealth. Our land had means in hand for all her needs.

It was Pres-i-dent Bu-chan-an's good luck to be in the chair when these new things of worth came in. But there were, too, themes then on hand which were to bring much that was sad all through the land.

The South said it had a right to keep slaves. The man

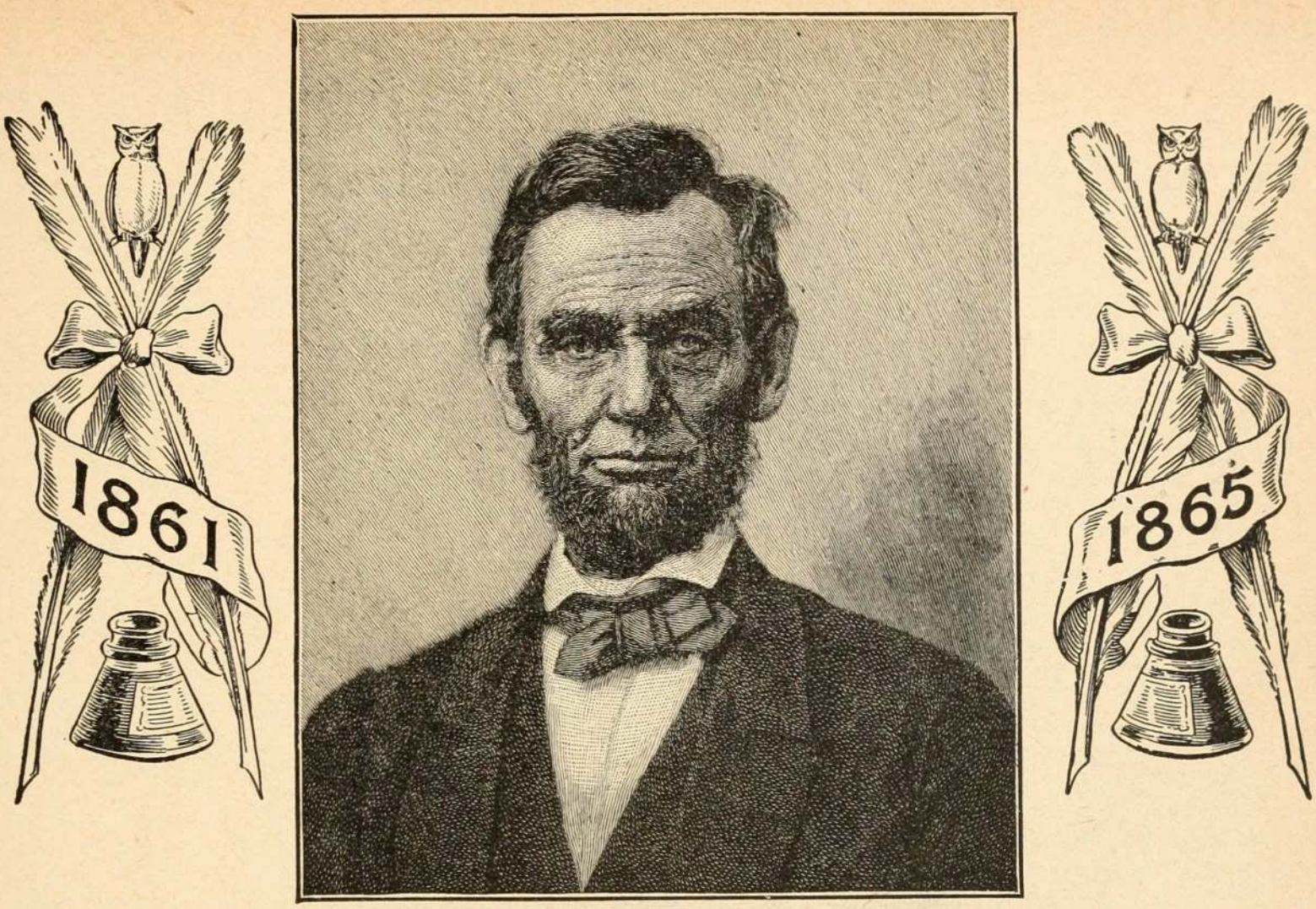
at the North knew not how to deal with this. Bu-chan-an did not know what it was best to do. He saw the fires of war start up. When the time to choose a new Pres-i-dent came, the South said that if the choice fell on Lin-coln they would leave the Un-ion, as they thought he would side too much with the slaves. The vote was for Lin-coln, so they put their threat in force.



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

South Car-o-lin-a was the first to lead. In 1860 she said from that time she would not bear the laws of the Un-ion but would make some of her own. Six more states cut loose and set up as free from the laws which bound them to the North. In streets in towns of the South were heard bells and shouts of joy. These states chose Jef-fer-son Da-vis to be their head.

The North thought all the states in this land should be as one, and that those which had gone off should be made to come back. This brought a great strife and such was the way things stood when Bu-chan-an's term was out. He then went to his home at Wheat-land and met his death in 1868.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

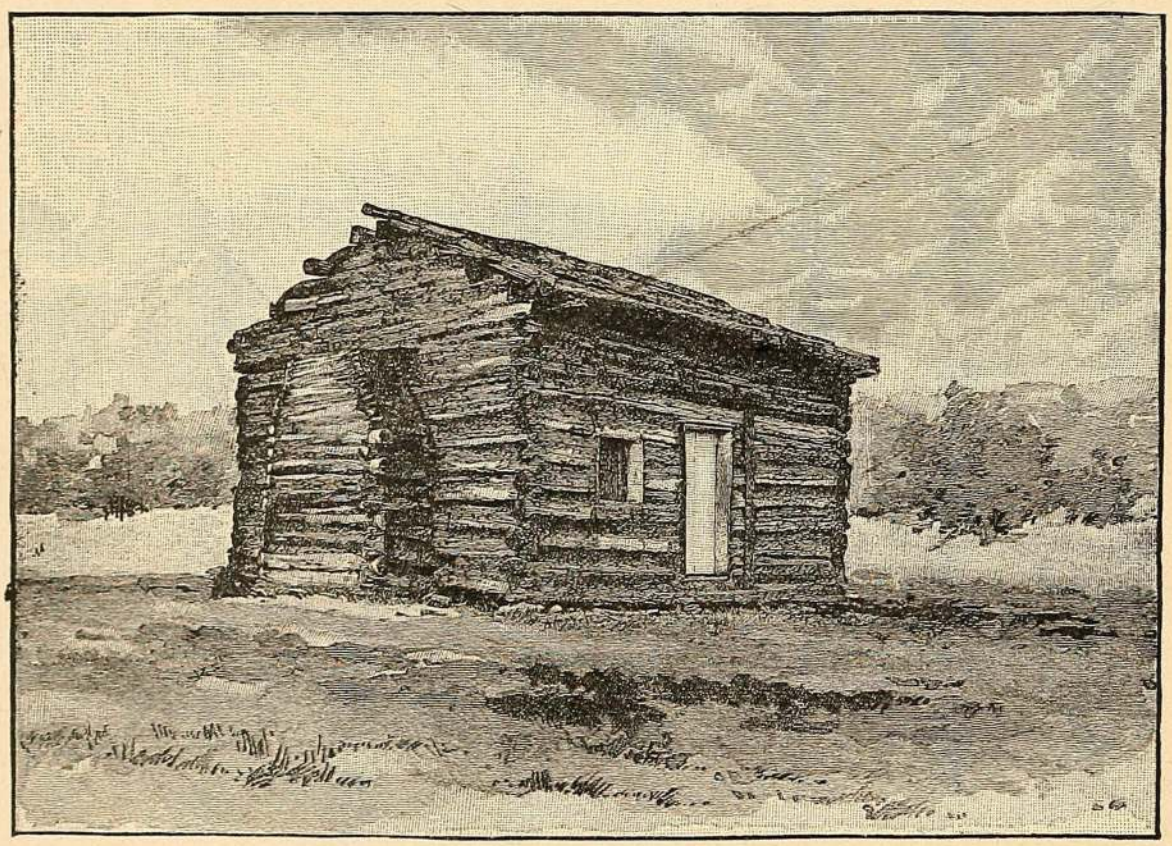
IN 1638 the first Lin-coln came to this land from Eng-land and made a home at Hing-ham, Mas-sa-chu-setts. The son of this man was the great-great-grand-fa-ther of A-bra-ham Lin-coln, the 16th Pres-i-dent of the U-nit-ed States, who was born in Ken-tuck-y, Feb. 12, 1809.

Though the first of this name had thrift and lands which came down to each in turn, by the time Thom-as, the fa-ther of our Pres-i-dent, was born there was naught left but strength, health, and a good name. Nan-cy Hanks, the young bride of Thom-as, was born in Vir-gin-ia, and went to her new home in a poor log hut in 1806. The first child of this pair was a girl, Sa-rah; the next was A-bra-ham. The brave young wife did all she could to help in that poor

place. She knew how to use a gun, and would go out and bring down a deer or a bear, and dress and cook it for her own to eat. Then she made clothes, shoes, and head-gear from the skins of beasts.

It was hard work, toil, toil, all the time for this sweet kind moth-er, whose heart was so large and love so great for her dear ones.

In a new log house not far off the life went on for a short



LOG CABIN IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN.

time, and then the fa-ther, Thom-as, who was more fond of change than of work, said it would be best to "pull up stakes" and move on to the West, where they would find rich soil and more game.

A frail craft was built and their goods put on it. Then Thom-as went off, but soon got on the snags, and much of his stuff was lost; but he went on his way with what was left, while those at home did the best they could. The poor home had but one bed tick, in which were mere corn husks; on this one bed all slept. There was one i-ron pot

to cook food in. There was a book which the moth-er well knew. It was the Word of God. She read it and taught them all to read from it.

In the cool days of the fall, Thom-as came home. He said he had found a great land, and that they must start for it at once, to get there ere the hard cold days came. So with a cart and a "four yoke," and all the rest of their poor goods, they took up their line of march to the far off land of In-di-an-a. At night they slept on the ground on beds made of leaves and pine twigs. Their food was game which their guns brought down. From time to time they had to ford or swim streams. No rain fell on them while on their way. They led a free, wild life in the woods for weeks. When at last they came to the banks of one stream and could look from there off to the land where they were to live, they saw naught but trees, as far as the eye could look, both down stream and up stream. There was no sound save that of the birds and small game.

On a knoll on which the grass grew thick, in the heart of dense woods, they made their camp of three sides and put a roof on it of split slabs. Through the cold months they hung up a screen of pelts or skins of beasts to serve as a door. A fire-place of sticks and clay was on one side.

The young lad was then in his eighth year, tall for his age and clad in a home spun garb or part skins of beasts. The cap was made of the skin of a coon with the tail on. While young, the boy knew the use of the axe, the maul, and the wedge, and with these he found out how to split rails from the logs drawn out of the woods. He knew the trees and shrubs by their leaves and bark and he found out what ones were good to heal wounds and stop pain. So

life went on from day to day till, when "Abe" was ten years old, the dear moth-er, to whom he gave so much love, went to her home on high. The boy thought his heart would break then. He staid by her grave and all the days were dark to him. It was a great grief to the child that the good man of God who spoke in the old home was not there to say some words at that time. Then it was that the boy wrote his first let-ter. The last year of his life in the old place a man had come there who taught both Sa-rah and Abraham and a few more near by. Now the pen could be of use. That poor note was sent to ask the good Par-son El-kin to come and pray at his moth-er's grave. The kind man heard the call, and went five scores of miles to say those words.

Books were what the lad thought he must get. They were scarce in that land. One must go miles to find one. There came a chance one day. A man, far off, had Weems' Life of Wash-ing-ton. The boy got the loan of it, and, full of joy, took it home in his shirt. The words found in that book made a stamp on young Lin-coln. It made him think and feel that he, too, *might* be of use in this world some day if he were brave and sought to do right at all times.

As Lin-coln grew up he found work on a flat-boat to trade skins down South. He was glad to go and see the world. This was in 1828. It was then that he first saw a man flog a slave in chains. It was a sight to make him ill, and one which staid by him.

The raft work was so well done that a chance soon came for the young man to take charge of a mill and store in the town of New Sa-lem. Here a name for truth was won. All could trust the bright youth. The smart tales he told

made folks laugh. Good books were found at that time and they were read with joy.

When the Black Hawk war broke out, Lin-coln was quick to meet the call for men, and found all he could and went with them. The charge of these was put in his hands so he took them to the seat of war.

Rob-ert An-der-son, who in years to come was to hold sway at Fort Sum-ter when the first gun of the civ-il war was heard, met young Lin-coln and his small force. He led them to Col. Zach-a-ry Tay-lor, who went by the pet name of old "Rough and Read-y," and whose war boys and friends thought so much of him that they made him Pres-i-dent in 1848.

The Black Hawk war was short and the boys made a start for home. When Lin-coln was back at his work, the man for whom he kept the store found that he must give up, so the young clerk was out of a job. At that time a man of sense was to be put in a high place. Some friends thought Lin-coln would do well in it. At first he thought it strange that they should want him, but he said they might try to place him there if they would. He lost, by a few votes, but two years from that time he ran once more and got it. But in the mean while Lin-coln must find work for each day's needs. There came a chance to set up a store with a man. They kept it for a while, but it did not make much, and they had to fail. Lin-coln paid all the debts. He would not let folks lose.

Law books then came in the young man's way. A friend, miles off, was glad to lend them. Lin-coln chose queer spots in which to read these books. Some days he would sit down on a wood pile for this work. He would, too, lie

in the shade of a big tree, or, at night, sit by a bright fire in some smith's shop. But in each place it was read, read, work, work, to get hold of all the hard things these books taught.

The next work which would earn sums was that done with chain and rule. Lin-coln knew how to tell the length and breadth of the land with these tools. It is said that he took a grape vine for a chain, and with it he could tell folks just what they would like to know. The price paid for this work was a great help.

In 1833, An-drew Jack-son, the Pres-i-dent, who was a strong friend of young Lin-coln, made him Post-mas-ter of New Sa-lem, his home town. The work was not hard, for folks did not write much in those days. The mail all went in the good man's hat, and he took it to the right homes on his way to work with chain and rule.

Chan-ces came for good deeds. All through his life this man was glad to do kind things. Poor folks went to him for help. He could set them right. The law was a good thing to know, and, as that work went on, the young man found that he was more and more glad to know it, and he was soon at the Bar.

Lin-coln knew how to talk. It was a great gift and one of his strong points. From a child, he would please his friends in this way when they said "Speech! Speech!"

As time went on men saw that Lin-coln had great, good sense, and felt that he could win a cause and help them, so they sent him where he could plan laws that would be good for all. It was in 1846 that he took his seat in Con-gress. From the first he gave his voice and vote to help the slave.

When Mr. Lin-coln's term in Con-gress came to an end

he went back to Spring-field, where he had made a home, and took up his law work once more. There was a great deal to do, for folks had trust in him though they could not pay him much. Fees might be small, but *they* were not the best thing in the world. The *best* was to wish to do what was right and just to all men.

At last the time came when men met to plan for a good, true, wise man for the chief seat in the land. A-bra-ham Lin-coln's name came up. The poor boy from the back woods was the one folks said they must have. They made him tell what he thought of things then. Some of the words he said are these; "I know there is a God, and that he hates in-jus-tice and sla-ver-y; I see the storm com-ing, and I know that His hand is in it. If he has a place and work for me—and I think he has—I be-lieve I am read-y. *I* am noth-ing, but truth is ev-er-y-thing. I know I am right, be-cause I know lib-er-ty is right. God teach-es it."

There were three more men whose names were brought up for the same post that Lin-coln's was, but he had the most votes. There were hard thoughts, at first, in some places, but, as time went on, it was found, that though there were dark days, the ver-y best had been done for the whole land.

The time came for Lin-coln to leave Spring-field and start for Wash-ing-ton. He made his last speech at home, and told how sad it made him to leave. He said

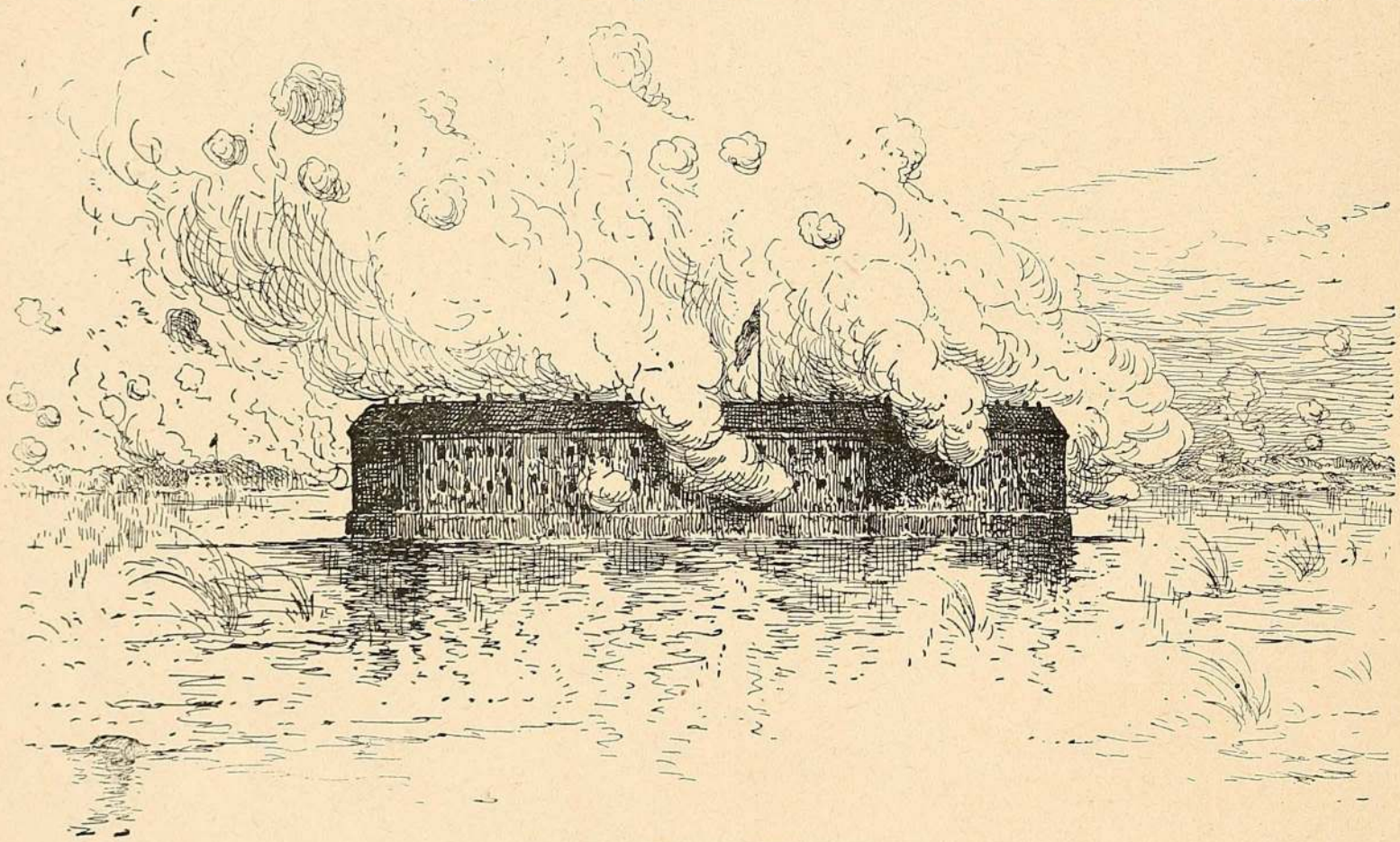
"To you, dear friends, I owe all that I have, all that I am. To-day I leave you."

Lin-coln felt that the task that he would meet, as head of the land, was a hard one, more so than that which fell to the first great Chief, George Wash-ing-ton. But he knew

that God would be with him and give him strength to do his work.

So the boy from the log house in the woods went on his way to the White House.

Lin-coln would have been glad to have kept peace with both North and South, and when he made his first speech in Wash-ing-ton he told folks so. But there were those who would not keep the peace. War came, a long, sad

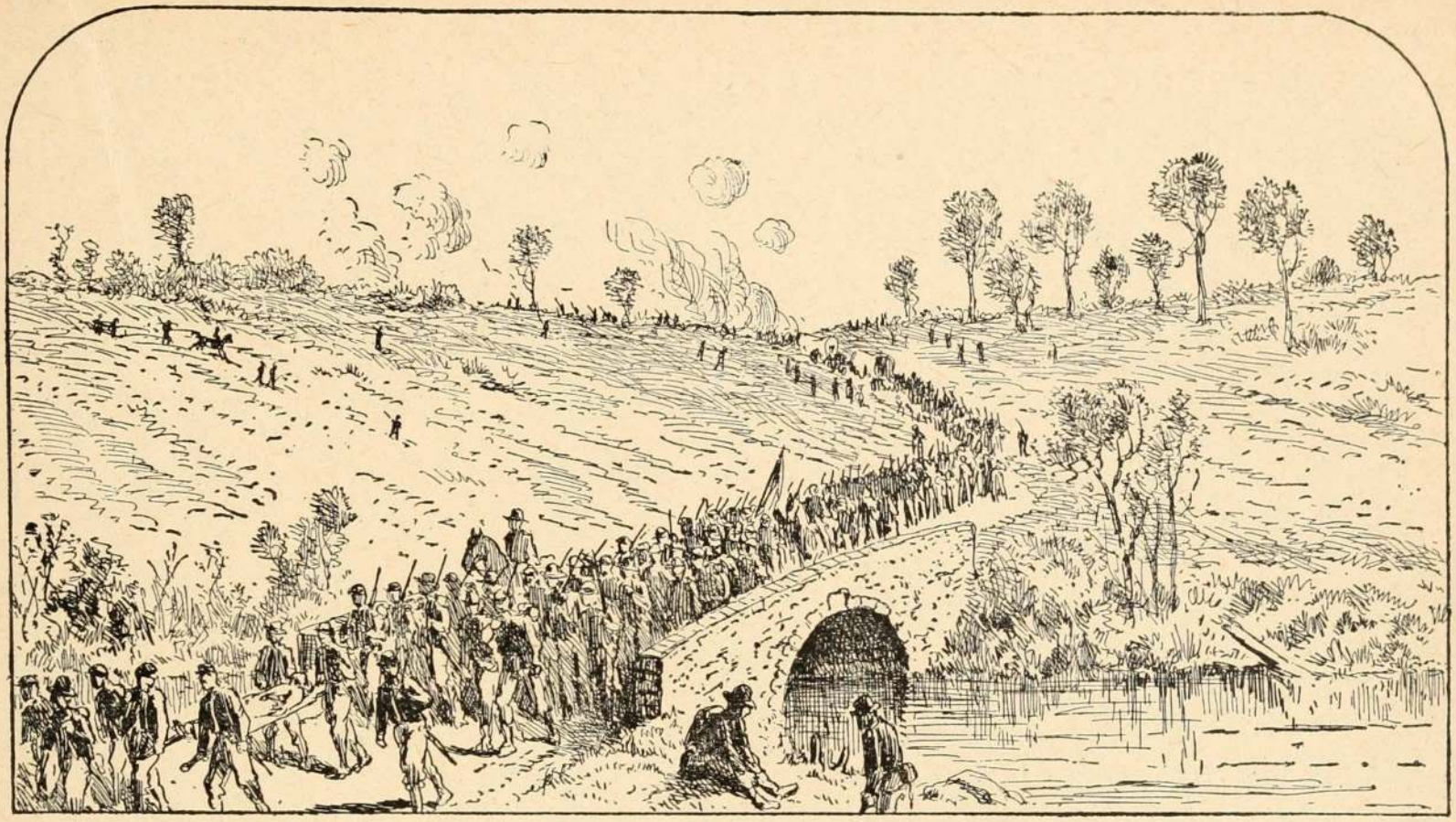


FORT SUMTER UNDER FIRE.

war of four years. Pres-i-dent Lin-coln did all he could to have peace, but six states had left the Un-ion ere he came to be chief.

One Spring day a bomb shell fell on Fort Sumter. The South sprang to arms. The great heart of the North grew hot with shame and rage. Homes, trades, and dear ones were left and the men of the North were soon on their way to meet the foe.

At Bull Run, where the first great fight took place, the



RETREAT OF UNION TROOPS AT BULL RUN.

North thought they would win, but they did not do so. They found out that it was not a play war, and that they must have more men to help them, so Pres-i-dent Lin-coln sent out a call that brought a great host to the field.

At the South the slaves thought that the Yan-kees were down there to make them free, so they did all they could to help them, but they kept still till the time came for them to take their place in the field.

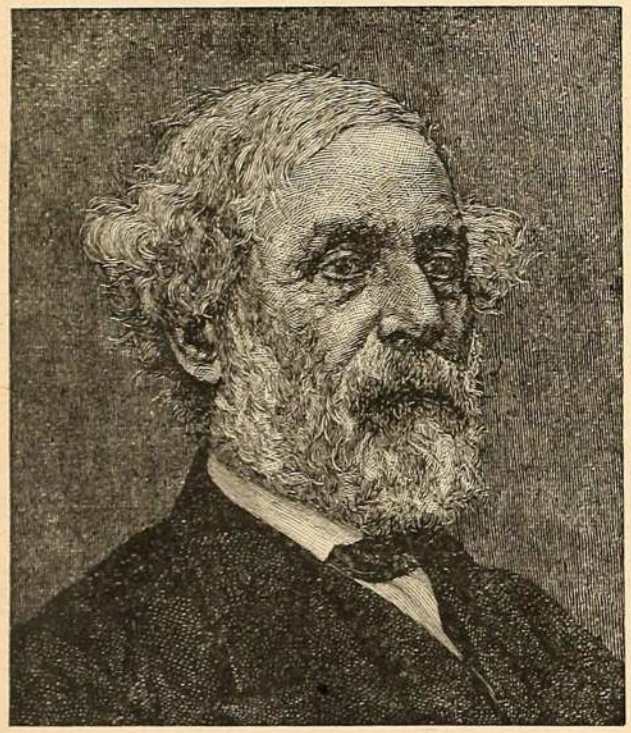
Lin-coln said that his prime aim was to save the land and not to fight to free the slaves. These are his words: "If I could save the Un-ion, though I did not free a slave, I would do it. If I must let them go free to save it, I would do it. Still, in my own heart, it is my wish that all men, in all lands, should be free."

All through 1861 there were fights big and small, most of which were won by the South. In 1862 war took a start in the West, with the great U. S. Grant at the head

of the troops. The North won some hard fights. The South had bad times but its folks bore up with brave hearts. They could not get goods, and crops were poor, still they won on the field more than once.

It would seem that a flash of luck came to them when, with Gen-er-al Lee at the head, troops from the South went o'er the Po-to-mac to Ma-ry-land. Harm might then come to Wash-ing-ton. It was a dark time for the cause of the North.

One day in the fall of the year 1862, the Pres-i-dent had the men who were his help in time of need sit still while he read strong words to them. He told them that from the first day of the year 1863 the black race should be free.



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

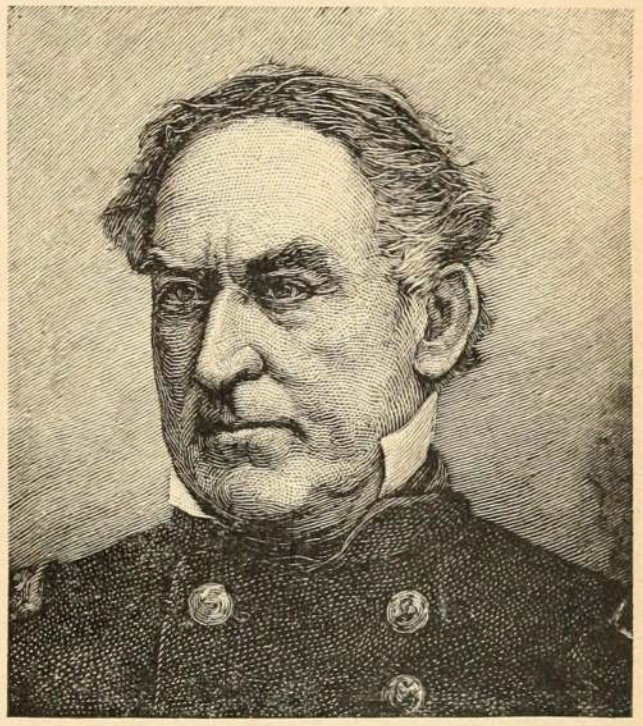
As the South had not quit war when that day came Lin-coln said that in all the States of the South that were still at war all the slaves were free. Two years from then all the slaves in the land were made free. Hosts of black men took their place with Un-ion troops in ships, at forts, on the field, or where there was need for them. They were brave and did good work.

In June, 1863, the troops of the South in charge of Gen. Lee came once more o'er the Po-to-mac, but on the first three days of Ju-ly, the troops of the North drove them back in the great fight at Get-tys-burg

This good news spread North on "In-de-pen-dence Day," and at the same time came word that on that same

Fourth of July Vicks-burg gave up to Gen. Grant, and the whole Mis-sis-sip-pi River was free!

Ad-mi-ral Far-ra-gut's fleet from the North had gone past the forts at the mouth of that riv-er, and up to New Or-leans in the Spring of 1862. This same man went to Mo-bile Bay with a large fleet in Au-gust, 1864. Two strong forts were there to keep foes off. In a short time he took both forts and went up to Mo-bile.



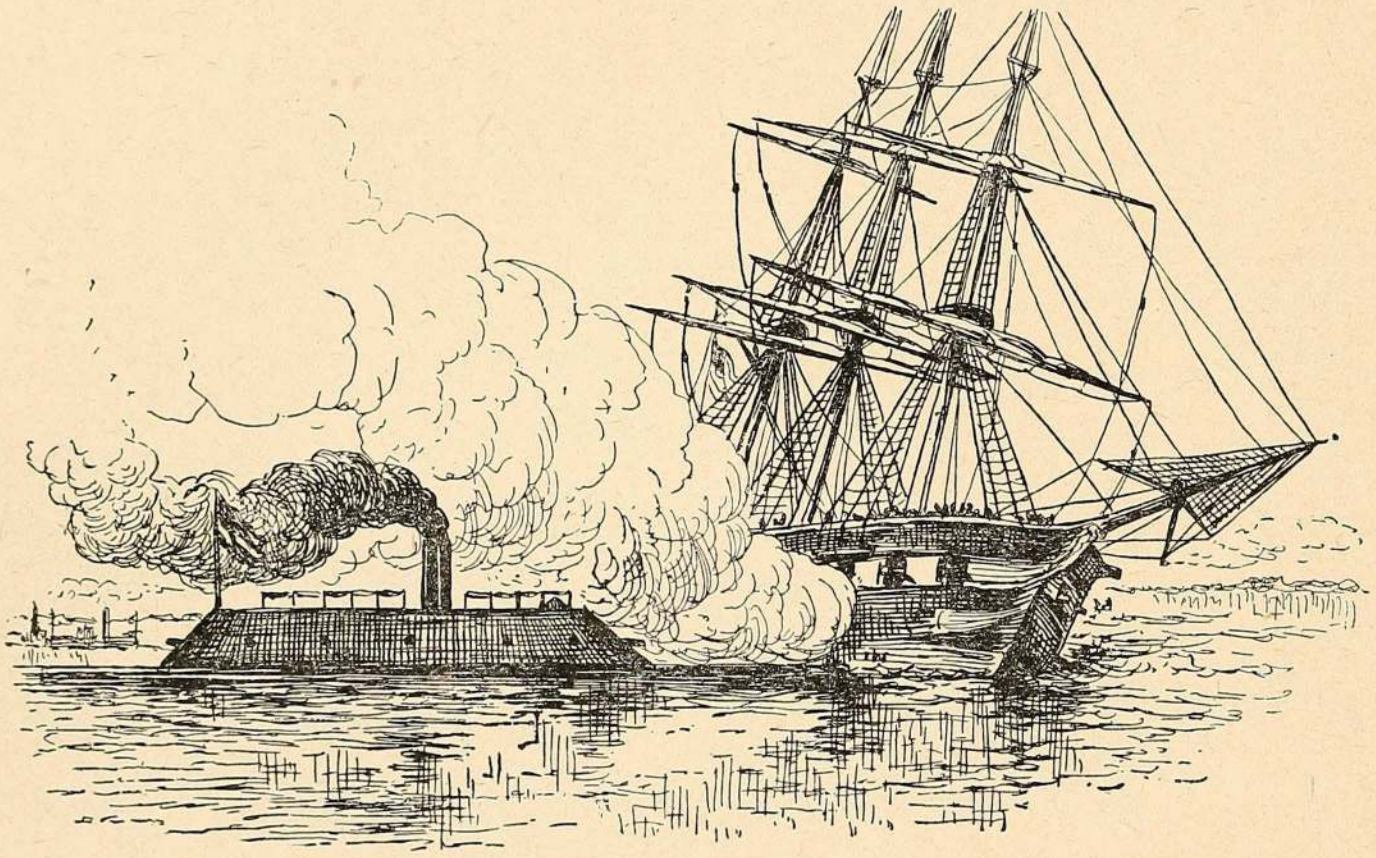
ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

The North met with great loss in 1864 from gun boats built in Eng-land to cruise the seas and seize all ships that bore the stars and stripes. The trade of the North was much hurt by these boats. One that did the most harm was the Al-a-ba-ma. Her bad deeds were brought to a stop by the U-ni-ted States man-of-war Kear-sarge which found her off the coast of France, and in an hour's hard fight sent her down to rise no more. The Al-a-ba-ma was built in Eng-land for the South.

On the At-lan-tic coasts Un-ion ships of war kept off the crafts of all sorts from the posts of the South. Those in the ports were made to stay there. The men of the sea did great work for the Un-ion cause. One flag o'er all the land and sea was their wish.

Our glo-ri-ous flag of stripes and stars
O'er all the land and sea,
One Standard may it ev-er be,
The ban-ner of the free!

The war brought forth a new style of boat, a small, queer craft that did a great work for ships of wood of the North, in Hamp-ton Roads. She drove back from them the great war ship Mer-ri-mac which the South had clad in i-ron. This new craft was the Mon-i-tor. She was sharp at both ends, was set low so that shot did not harm her, and on her



THE MERRIMAC SINKING WOODEN SHIPS IN HAMPTON ROADS.

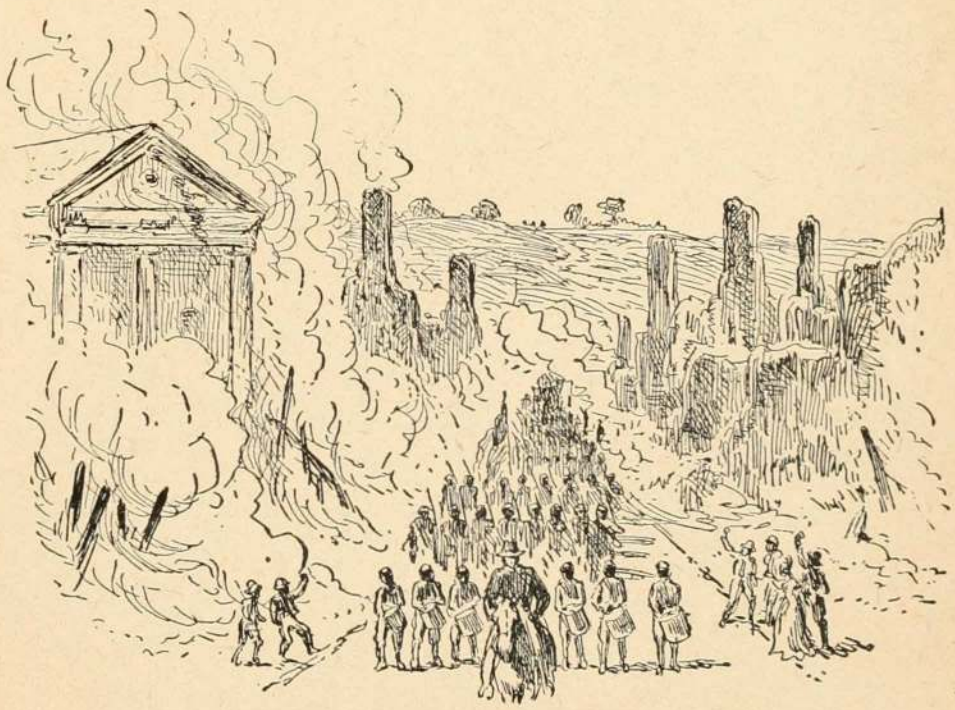
deck was a round house with big guns in it. The men on board could make this house with its guns turn which way they chose. Most war ships since then have been built with such a house.

When Lin-coln had put Grant in charge of all the men of the North in arms, and saw that he could "fight it out" to the end and knew "no such word as fail," one would think that the Pres-i-dent might rest, but he did not do so. It was his way to think and act, and not leave the work to some one else. He would talk with wise men but his own mind would lead.

The high post Lin-coln held did not make him proud. He was true to what was best in the world. He sought wise and great men to learn of them. His heart and hand went out to all in need. His form was tall and gaunt. His strong, plain face bore deep lines of thought. A clear light would come to his dark eyes, at times, with some bright thought. A glad smile would break when some dear friend drew near. He stood by those who did well. He was kind, too, to those who did ill. It was his wish to use all right men and all right means that would serve the cause he had in charge. None had a doubt of him, and in the end he was found to be right. One wrote:

"How hum-ble, yet how hope-ful he could be,
How in good for-tune and in ill the same;
Nor bit-ter in suc-cess, nor boast-ful he,
Thirst-y for gold, nor fev-er-ish for fame."

When the fourth of March, 1865, came, once more A-bra-ham Lin-coln was made Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States. What he said then will not die. As in times past, in the West, 'twas said of one of his speeches then, so it was said at this time, "The world can't beat it!"



UNION TROOPS MARCHING INTO RICHMOND.

It would seem as if such a man as Lin-coln was one whom we could not spare. But God knew best. The end of the war

came. Lin-coln stood in the streets of Rich-mond. He heard the cries and thanks from those who once were bought and sold like beasts. The men of the North had brought the war to a close.

Lin-coln's heart was full of love for those who had to give up. He thought much of how to make both sides friends once more. But soon a dread crime made all the land dark. In the midst of joy a great shock came.

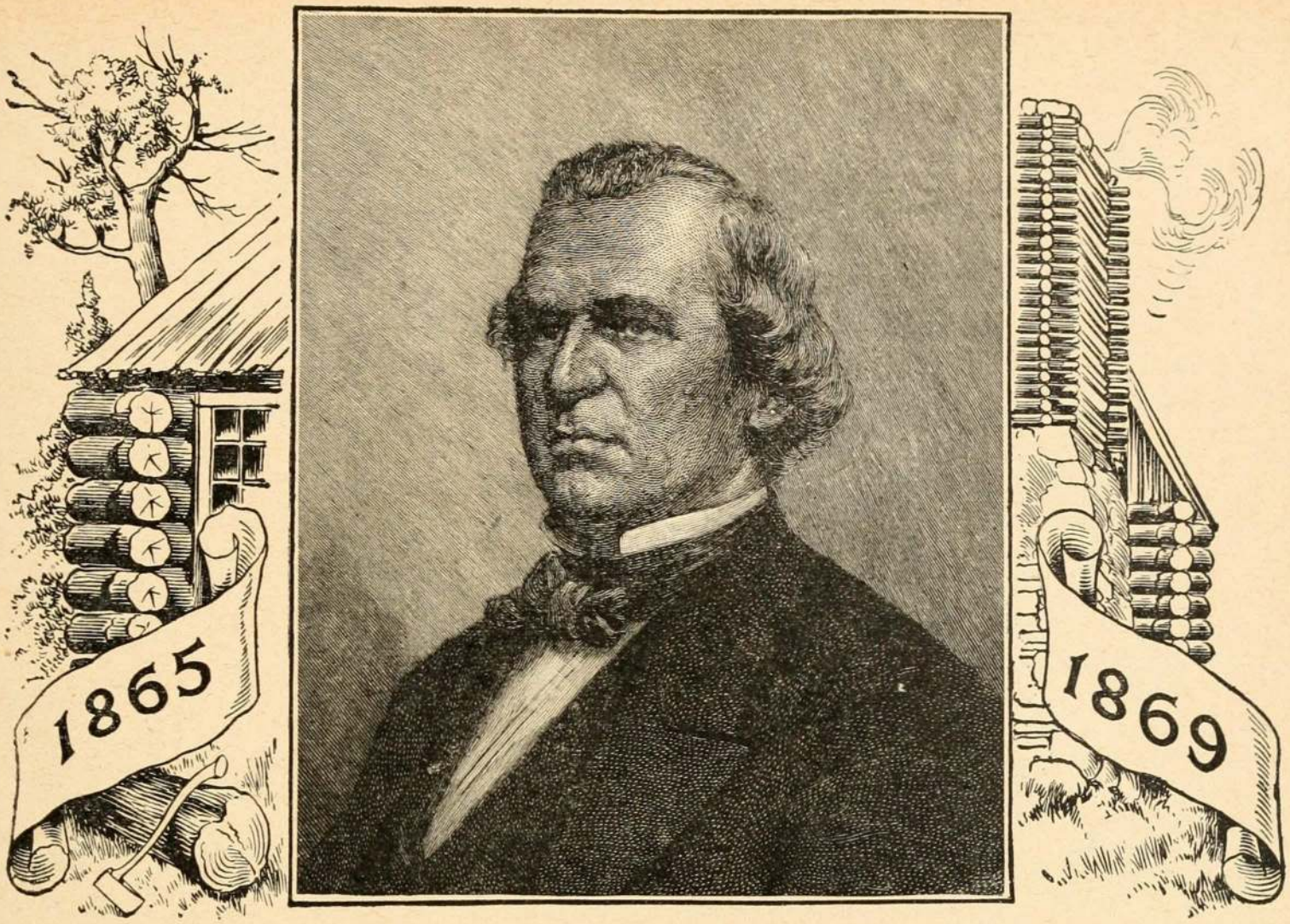
Pres-i-dent Lin-coln, with his mind at ease, his heart full of love and peace, with thoughts of how he could best heal the wounds of war, had gone to a play with his wife and two young friends, for it was the wish of men that he should be seen.

A bad man, to whom Lin-coln had done no ill, shot down the great and good Pres-i-dent, and in a few hours the end came.

Grief was deep in the land. Men wept as they heard the sad news. Flags were at half mast. Each house had a badge of woe.

"The old world and the new, from sea to sea,
Ut-ter one voice of sym-pa-thy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its tri-umph came."

Through all these years the name of A-bra-ham Lincoln has been held dear. No man has found the way to the hearts of all as he did. He had a sound mind, a true, warm heart, and a firm trust in God. His name stands with that of George Wash-ing-ton on the bright roll of fame.



ANDREW JOHNSON.

THE same morn that Pres-i-dent Lin-coln died, An-drew John-son took the chair.

John-son was born in a small log house, in Ra-leigh, N. C., 1808. His folks were poor. The fa-ther died when the boy was four years old. At the age of ten, An-drew was put out for a term of years to work for a man who made clothes, and to learn that trade. He found a small book in the shop with A B C's in it. The men at work there told him what they were and taught him to read.

In 1824, when e-lev-en years old, John-son went to the next state, South Car-o-li-na, where he found work at his trade. Two years thence he was once more in Ra-leigh. From there, with his kin, he set out, in a cart with two

wheels, drawn by a small, blind horse, for Green-ville, Tenn. Here, in a brief time, he wed a bright, young girl who taught him to write, and who read to him each day while he sat at work.

The sway in Ten-nes-see in those days was in the hands of men who held large tracts of land. John-son made up his mind to head a clan of poor folks who thought they would like a share in the rule of their own state. These soon got a small post for him, and in a few years gave him the chief place in Green-ville. He knew how to talk and could make a good speech.

In 1843 John-son was sent to Con-gress. He is said to have been proud of his low birth and thought folks should do much for him as he had come up so well. Still, in most things he was thought to have sense and knew how to serve his friends with zeal.

Though John-son did not think it wrong to hold slaves yet he did not like the men who held them. All through his life the class thought was in his mind. When the war broke out, he said he should stand by the Un-ion, come what might. In speech he said hard things and told what he would do to those who went out of the Un-ion, if he had the chance. For words of this sort he was set on by mobs, but he drove them all back by arms.

In March, 1862, Pres-i-dent Lin-coln gave John-son a high place in Ten-nes-see. His rule there was strict, and he made hosts of foes.

When March 4, 1865, came Pres-i-dent Lin-coln took the oath once more as chief. On the same day An-drew John-son took *his* oath as Vice Pres-i-dent. At that time he spoke in such a way that he made not a few strong foes.

When the war was at an end, in May, 1865, the men who had fought were paid off and sent home. They went back to their own work and took it up in a prompt way, with the thought to help them that they had done their best for the Land of the Stars and Stripes.

John-son's aims came to be far from those which most men thought he held when he was put in the chair. He tried to bring the states of the South back on a plan of his own. Con-gress did not like his plan, and, in spite of him, made laws which it thought would make it safe to let those states come back. By the end of John-son's term 7 states had come in with those laws.

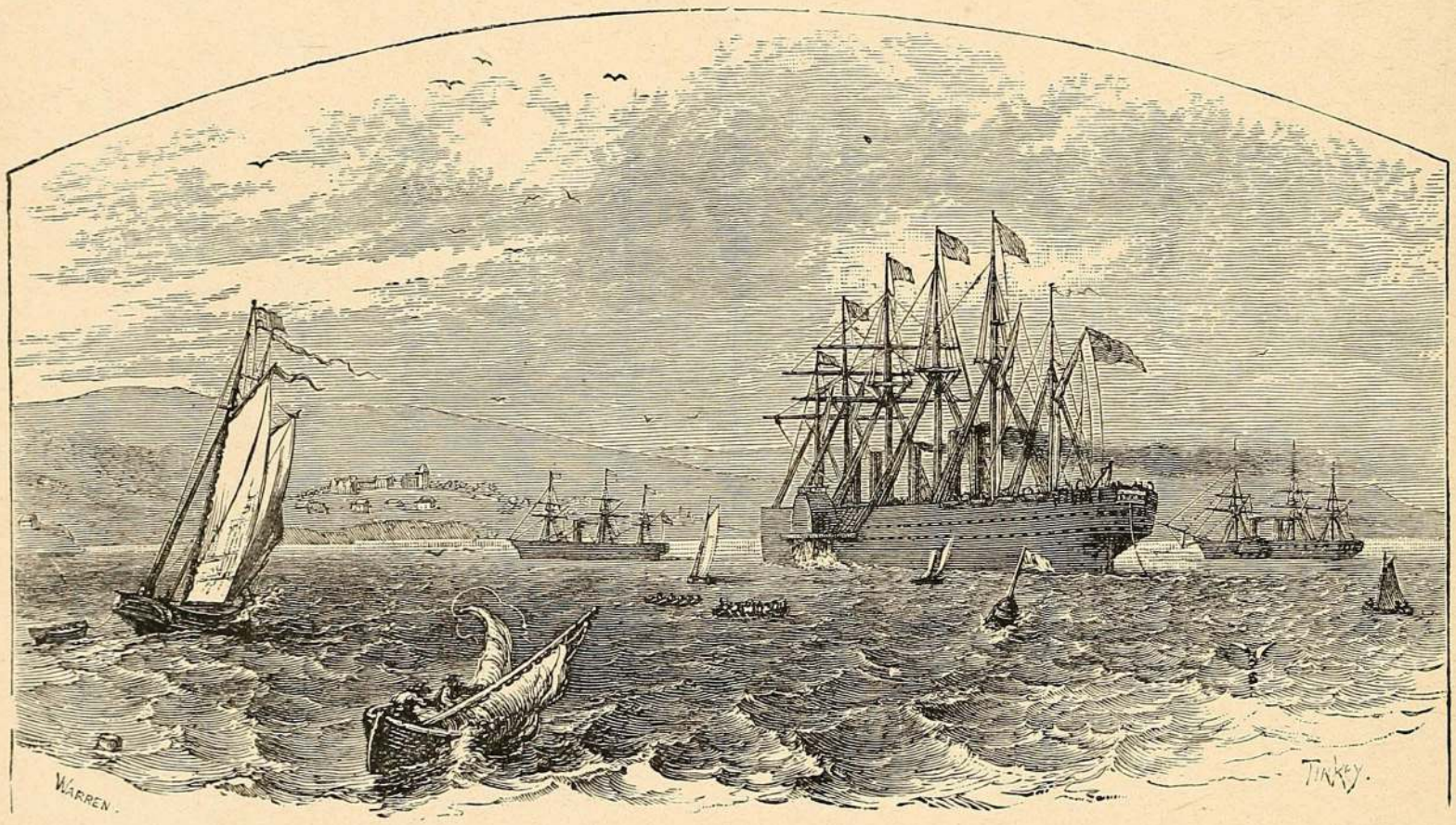
John-son did much harm, and said words that were not wise, so that there was fear on the part of some that he would bring the whole land to shame. A move was made to take him from his post. A change of one vote in the Sen-ate would have put him out of the chair.

His self will and rash speech were the prime cause of all this strife. He did not care for the blacks, and he did not see that his plan would put the South in the hands of men of the caste he did not like. Con-gress said that all men both black and white must have the same rights, and the plan of Con-gress won at last, though at the end of John-son's term four of the states that had gone out of the Un-ion were still out. But these four came back in 1870.

At the end of our war the French troops held Mex-i-co. The Un-i-ted States made a strong move to have them leave, and at last France said it would be done. The man at the head, Max-i-mil-i-an, we said might stay if that were the wish of the Mex-i-cans. When the French troops left, in 1867, this head man would not go with them, so the

Mex-i-cans caught him and shot him. The U-ni-ted States sent a plea to them to spare him, but they would not do it. His wife, Car-lot-ta, then lost her mind through grief.

In 1866 the At-lan-tic Tel-e-graph Line, a rope of wires 'neath the sea, was laid. This great work had been tried



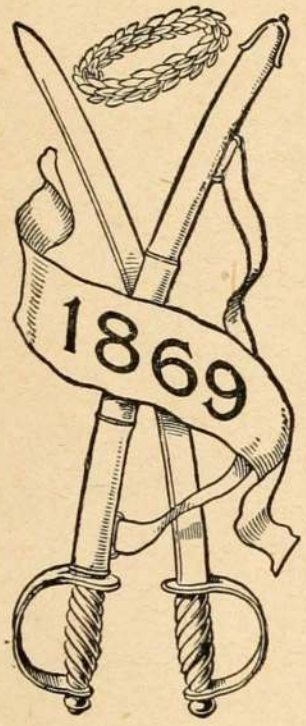
LAYING THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

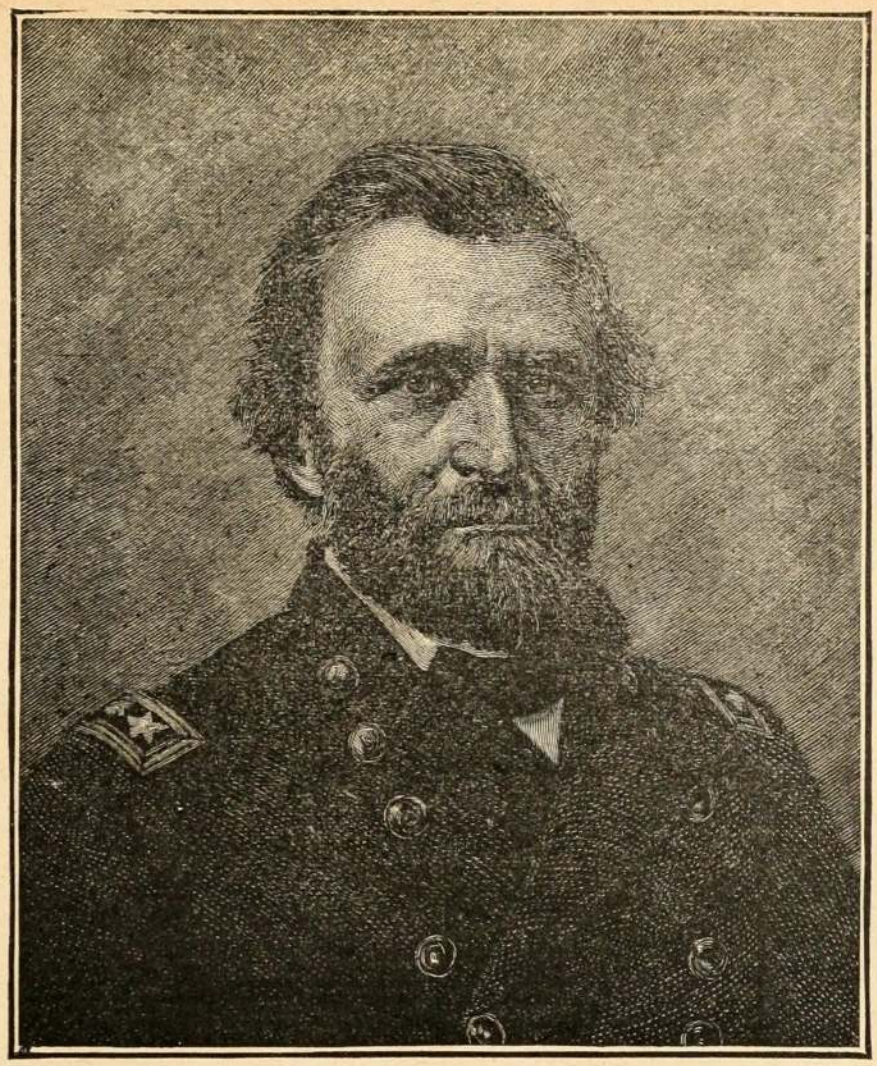
in times past, but things went wrong and the wires broke. Since that time more wires have been put down. The way to do it is so well known now that word will not cease thus to pass from land to land.

In 1867 we bought A-las-ka from Rus-sia for what men thought a large sum, but since then they have found A-las-ka to be a land rich in gold, and that the price was small.

When John-son's term was out he went back to Ten-nes-see. That state sent him to the Sen-ate in 1875, but he died that same year.

GENERAL LEE SIGNING THE TERMS OF PEACE DRAWN UP BY GENERAL GRANT.





ULYSSES S. GRANT.

U-LYS-SES Grant was born in a small house at Point Pleas-ant on the north bank of the O-hi-o Riv-er, a score and five miles east from Cin-cin-na-ti. Back of that house rose high hills where grew ash and oak trees. In front a stream ran past and boats went up and down all the time.

In 1820, right at that spot where much tan bark could be found, there was a place to cure hides. The young man in charge of it was Jes-se Grant. He was large and strong, and found all the work he could do at that trade. He was of New Eng-land stock.

In 1821, Jes-se Grant wed a nice girl of fine looks and good blood near Phil-a-del-phi-a. Her name was Han-nah

Simp-son. In 1822 the first son was born. The next year Jes-se Grant set up tan works of his own at George-town, and did well.

At first the young pair did not know what to name the babe. At last the fa-ther, who had queer plans, said that a lot of names should be put in a hat, which one might shake, and then draw out for chance. The moth-er's fa-ther wrote on a slip the name of "Hi-ram." His wife, who had just read Fe-ne-lon's "Te-lem-a-chus," and had been proud of the U-lys-ses in it, wrote *that* word on a slip. When the first two slips were drawn out the names of Hi-ram and U-lys-ses came to light, so the child took the two names.

From the first the boy was the pride of his fa-ther's heart and he built his hopes on him. The child was well and strong. At eight the boy drove the team which went round and round to break the bark for the mill. It was his work, too, to break, with a maul, long strips of bark. He did not like this work as well as he did to drive the team from the woods when it brought in the logs, so, as soon as he could, he found out a way to earn sums to pay boys to do this work for him. He drove loads or folks back and forth to near-by towns and so could earn to pay boys who did his work at home.

The fa-ther thought this child was born for great things, so he sent him to a fine school that cost him a good deal. In the hours at home the same work went on with the teams and the bark, but some time was left for fun with the boy friends, and U-lys-ses went off to the woods to get grapes and nuts and paw-paws, and to swim in the streams in warm months, and skate and coast on the cold days.

When half a score and five years old, U-lys-ses was sent to Mays-ville, Ken-tuck-y, not far off, to a school of high grade. The man who taught him, then, was col-lege bred and made a strong mark on the lad. Notes kept at that time state that "H. U. Grant ranks high in all class-es; de-port-ment the best."

At a club in that town young Grant took part in talk on themes of the day and most times was on the side that won. He was but one year at this school and then went home to work in the old way. One day his fa-ther said:

"U-lys-ses you'll have to go to the beam-room and help me to-day."

That place was one the boy did not like. He had been kept out of it up to this time. There he must scrape and stretch hides, the smell of which made him sick.

Then U-lys-ses told his fa-ther that he would work for him till he was of age, but that he did not like the hide trade and did not want to take it for his own. The good fa-ther at once said:

"My son, I don't want you to work at it *now*, if you don't like it, and don't mean to stick to it. What do you think you would like?"

"I could farm, or trade down the stream, or learn from books."

Times were "close" just then, and to send the boy to a pay school more was not to be thought of. Jes-se Grant kept this in mind and said: "How would you like to go to West Point?"

"First-rate" said U-lys-ses.

Jes-se Grant had in his veins the blood of kin who fought in the wars of our land, and he felt that West Point

would be just the place for his son, so in 1839 a chance came and H. U. Grant, as he then wrote his name, set out for West Point. The man who got the post for him wrote "U. S.", with the moth-er's name of Simp-son in mind, and so the name was left U. S., though the young ca-det told of the slip.

Young Grant got a good name while at West Point, and made strong friends who were his till the day of his death. He was just and true and did right at all times. He did not talk much but he was fond of good fun. He did not swear, and did not like low jokes, but kept a pure mind and a clear head.

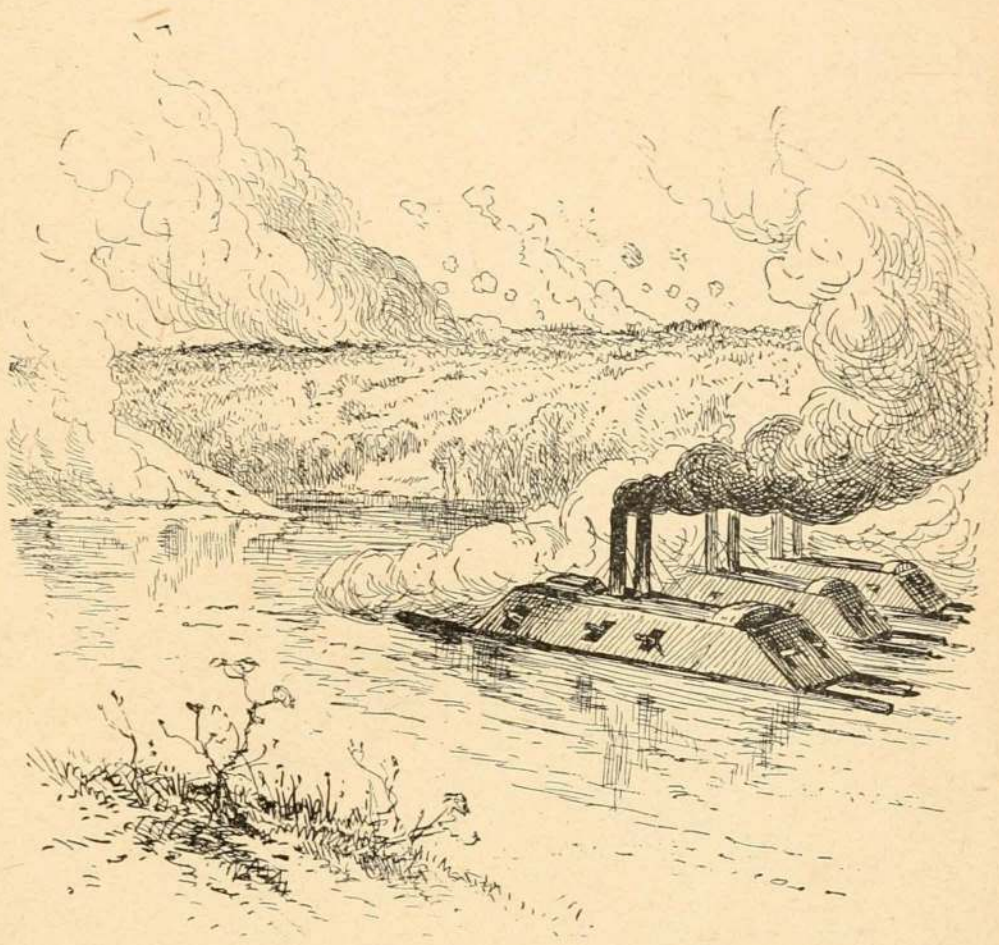
At the end of his four years course at West Point, Grant was sent to Tex-as to join Gen. Z. Tay-lor, in 1843, and drive out the Mex-i-cans. He took part in fights at Pa-lo Al-to, Re-sa-ca, Mon-te-rey, the siege of Ve-ra Cruz, and more. At Mo-li-na del Rey he was so brave that he was made lieu-ten-ant, and at Cha-pul-te-pec he was made cap-tain. The fights went on till they took the cit-y of Mex-i-co by storm in 1847.

The next year Grant wed Miss Ju-lia Dent, who came, as did the wife of Jes-se Grant, from folks of means and worth. In 1854 U. S. Grant left the troops and went to live with his wife and babes near St. Lou-is. Much hard work came to them then, and hard times as well.

When Sum-ter had been fired on, Grant took up arms once more, got men to join the ranks, and gave much time to drill them. At the end of five weeks Capt. Grant was made Col-o-nel Grant, and sent off, at the head of the "Twenty First Il-li-nois," to the seat of war.

Ma-jor Gen. Fre-mont had charge of all the troops in

the far West at that time. He sent Grant to Cai-ro, at the mouth of the O-hi-o. His first work was to block all roads and streams so that arms and food could not get through the lines to aid the foe. Most of the men with Grant had been brought up on farms and knew not the art of war, though they were good shots. He did fine work at that post and won praise.



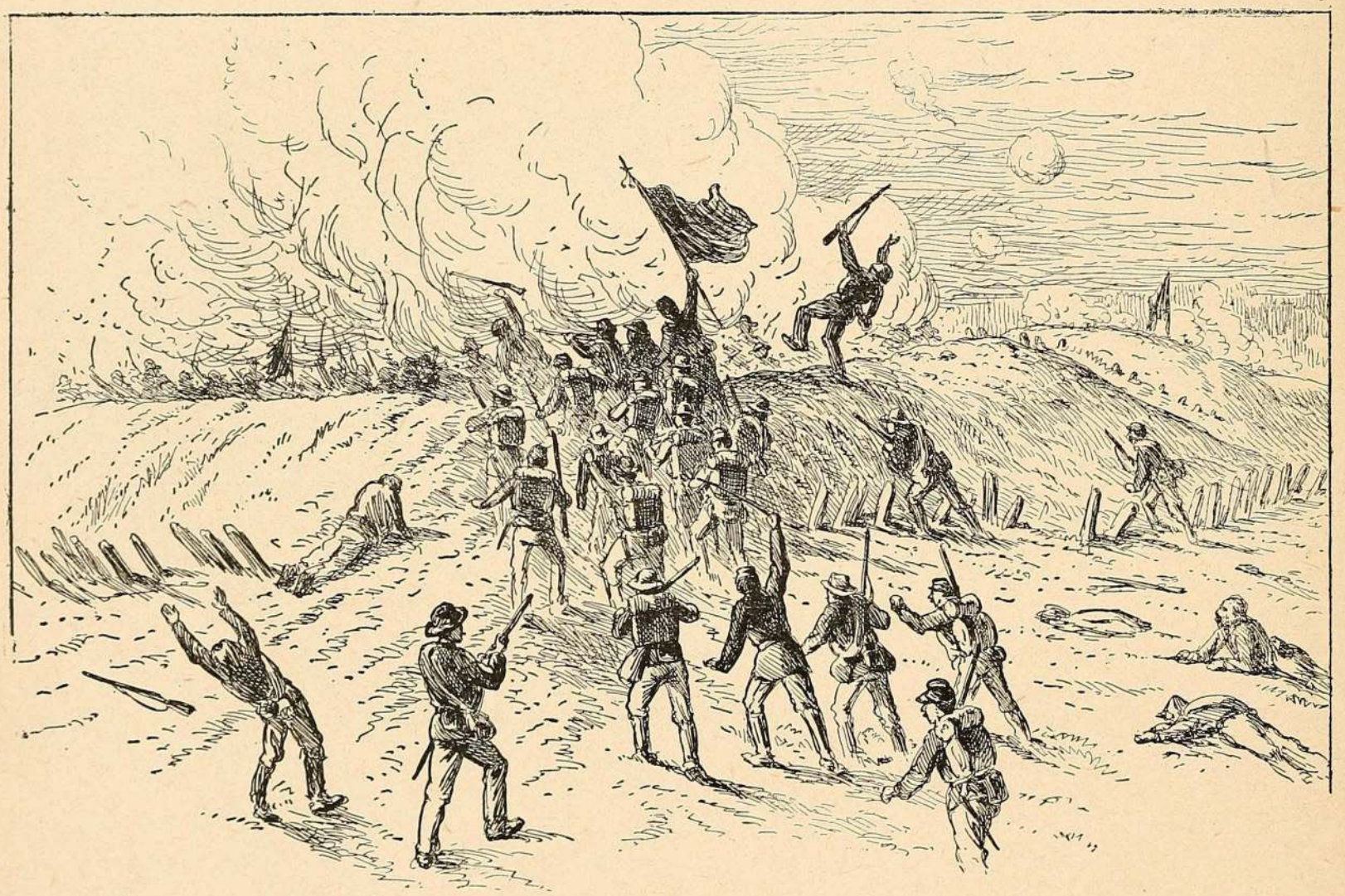
GUNBOATS ON THE TENNESSEE.

From Cai-ro Grant went up the Ten-nes-see Ri-ver to Fort Hen-ry. Ere he got there a fleet of gun-boats, in charge of Com. Foote, took the fort, though a large part of the foe had left the fort by land and were then at Fort Don-el-son. Grant's troops went there and with hard work took it, Feb. 16, 1862.

This broke up the whole line of the foe and put it far back in Ten-nes-see. Boats of the North could now sail up three great streams. From Co-lum-bus and some points in Ken-tuck-y, the troops of the South went back for fear their posts would be cut off by Un-ion troops on their march.

More men were then sent on steam boats up the Ten-nes-see to join Grant's force. They made camp at Pitts-burgh Land-ing on the west side of the stream in the south

part of the state. Bu-ell's troops went down the east side of the same stream to join them there. Ere Bu-ell could reach Grant, the men of the South, in charge of John-ston, burst from the woods on the Un-ion troops and drove them to, and down, the high banks to the stream. Here our gun-boats drove the foe back by a great fire of shells.



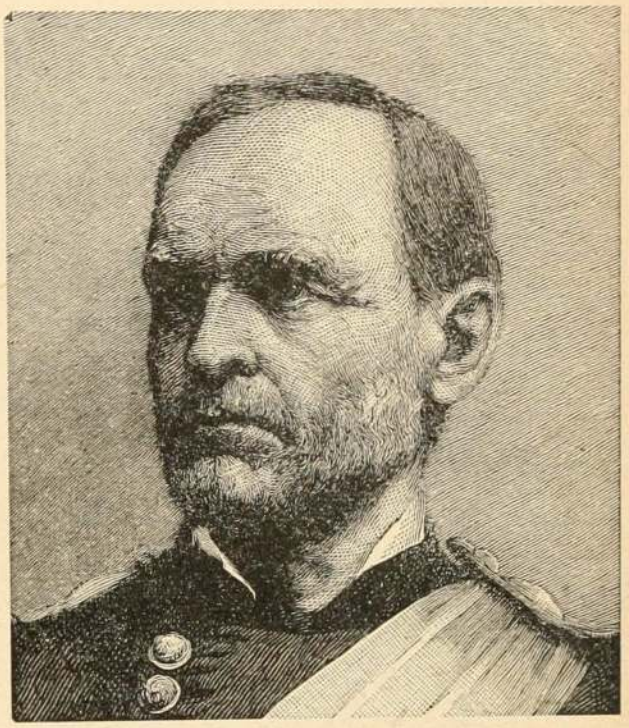
UNION TROOPS CHARGING AT VICKSBURG.

This gave the Un-ion force time to take post in good form once more. Ere night fell some of Bu-ell's fresh troops come up to Grant. Gen. John-ston, who led the foe, was killed. The next morn the Un-ion troops drove the force of the South off the field. This great fight took the name of Shi-loh from a log church near which the worst work was done.

All through 1862 the strife went on. The South held

its own with a firm grip, but the Un-ion men, too, had great pluck and zeal. Some fights the North would win, and then the South had its turn.

In 1863 the beats of Grant's drums were heard near Vicks-burg on the Mis-sis-sip-pi. To this town he laid close siege for six weeks and, at last, took it, on Ju-ly 4, 1863. This gave much joy to the North and U. S. Grant come to be known as one of the best Un-ion Gen-er-als. He then took charge of all the troops of the West which were east of the Mis-sis-sip-pi, and drew men from all of them, as well as from the Ar-my of the Po-to-mac. Sher-man, too, in whom he had great trust he brought with him.



GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

Then Grant made up his mind to storm two high hills held by the foe. Look-out Moun-tain and Mis-sion-a-ry Ridge gave way to his zeal and were won by the Un-ion troops.

The year 1863 was one of great gain to the cause of the U-nit-ed States in the West. A fine new set of Gen-er-als, Grant, Sher-man, Sher-i-dan, and more, held sway.

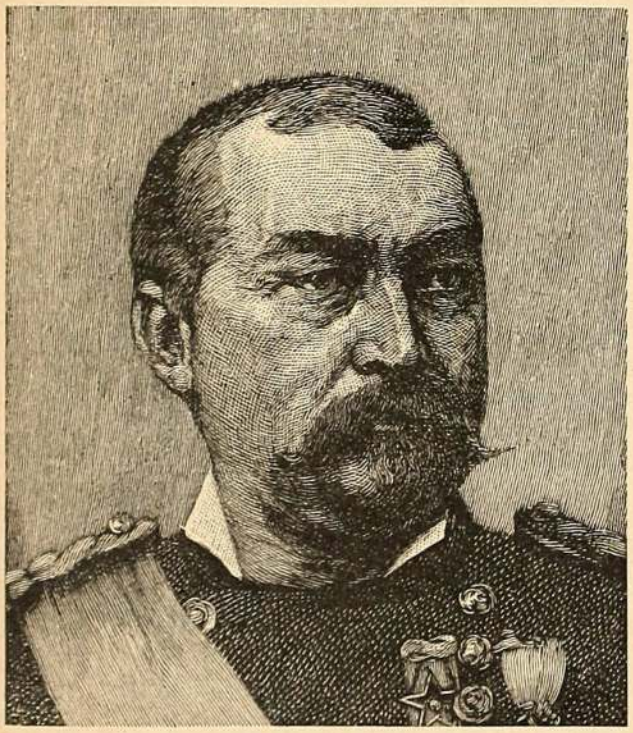
In the East less had been done, for the great Lee, head of the force of the South, was more than a match for the men who fought him. But at Get-tys-burgh Lee's ar-my met such ill luck that it was not quite up to what it had been ere this, so he tried no more to come north of the Po-to-mac.

In that Ju-ly, 1863, the course of the war took a turn, and the cause of the South grew weak from then on. In

that month the North won at Vicks-burg, Port Hud-son and Get-tys-burg. The next month Lin-coln had a day of thanks set for the North, while the South, on *its* part, set a day to pray and fast.

Grant had done so well that, in 1864, he was made Lieu-ten-ant Gen-er-al and all the force of the U-ni-ted States, 500,000 men, was put in his charge. He had been at the head of the "Ar-my of the Ten-nes-see," the "Ar-my of the Mis-sis-sip-pi," the "Ar-my of the Cum-ber-land," and now he took charge of the "Ar-my of the Po-to-mac."

With him to Vir-gin-ia Grant brought Sher-i-dan who was a great help and did bold deeds. One of these was that ride in the Shen-an-do-ah Val-ley when he made a rout of the foe af-ter they drove back the Un-ion troops while Sher-i-dan was off at Win-ches-ter. The tale is told by T. B. Read in "Sher-i-dan's Ride."



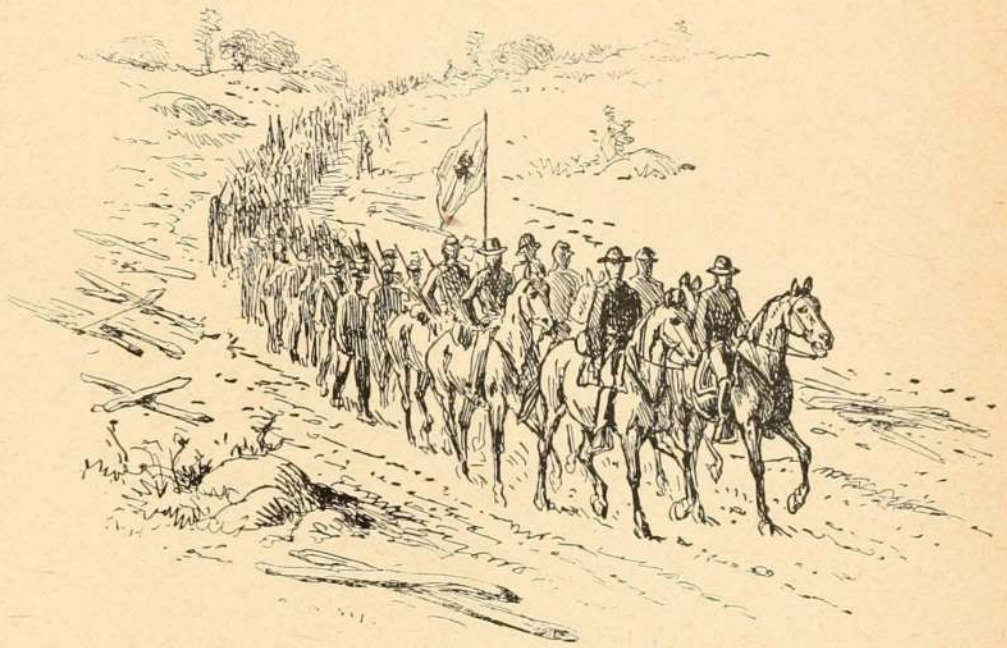
GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

Grant had felt that he must go to Vir-gin-ia and meet Rob-ert E. Lee who still had a large force there. He made his plans, and the cry of "On to Rich-mond!" rang through the North.

Lee was a great chief and a brave man. He did grand work for the cause of the South. Long and fierce was the strife twixt the two ar-mies. At last a white flag was seen. Lee sent it. It was his wish to know what terms could be made. Grant wrote back:

"Let the South lay down their arms. This will save life and bring the war at once to an end."

On A-pril 9, 1865, Lee signed the terms of peace which Grant had drawn up. In May the last of the foe in the South and West had laid down their arms and war was at an end. More than four long years it had gone on, and vast hosts of brave men on both sides had gone to their death.



GOING HOME.

But Peace had come at last! The dear old flag would now float o'er both North and South, We were one great Na-tion once more!

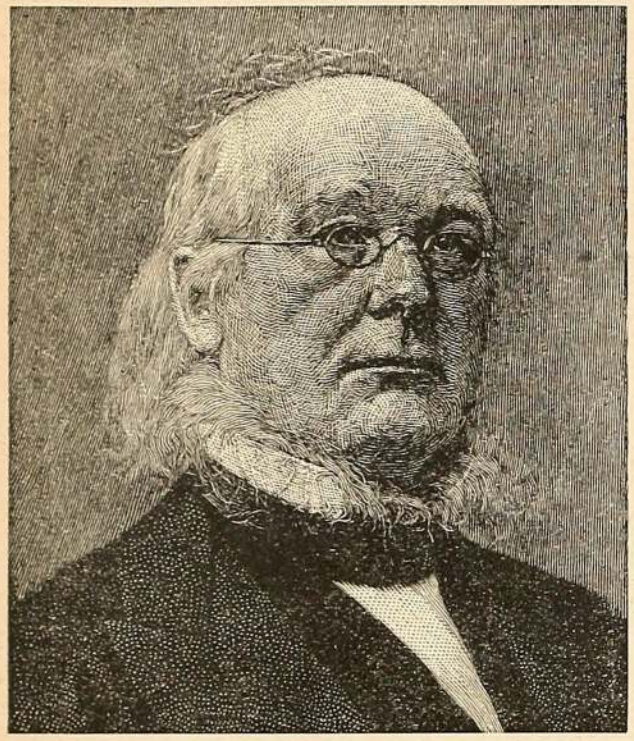
It was but five days from the time that peace came when Lin-coln was shot. An-drew John-son had to take his place, but when his term was out Gen. Grant was made chief of the land.

When Grant took the chair he gave his old place at arms to Gen. Sher-man, who had done great work for the Un-ion cause. The march which Sher-man had made through Geor-gi-a, as well as scores more of great deeds, gave him a high name.

In 1869 the Pa-cif-ic Rail-road was done. The next year the "Al-a-ba-ma Claims" came up, and Great Brit-ain had to pay the U-ni-ted States a vast sum for what she did in the war with the South.

New words were put with the "Con-sti-tu-tion." They were that all men should have the right to vote and no race or hue should be kept out, though they might have been slaves ere the war. This was the "15th A-mend-ment."

Next year, 1871, a set of whites, the "Ku Klux Klan," who rode by night, in masks, to kill and maim the blacks, and the whites, too, who did not suit them, were out in force. Pres-i-dent Grant saw that strong laws were to stop make their work.



HORACE GREELEY.

Rings were made at that time to cheat the gov-ern-ment with all sorts of schemes, and Grant's task to put all things straight was not one of ease. Some men of his own side found fault, and wished to change some of the laws. One of them was a man of note, Hor-ace Gree-ley. He was the head of a great pa-per in New York, *The Trib-une*. When the time came to choose a new Pres-i-dent, in 1872, Gree-ley was put up to run a-gainst Grant. Grant won by a large vote, and Gree-ley was so cast down by the loss of the race that his mind grew weak and he soon died.

In 1876 there was a grand show at Phil-a-del-phi-a to keep the day on which the States were made free from Eng-land in 1776. All lands sent their best, and all trades of the world had a place there. The States felt proud at that time and glad that the Na-tion was *one*, at peace, and that so great a chief as Gen. U. S. Grant was in the chair.

When the last term was up, Pres-i-dent Grant set out on a tour round the world. If he had been a king more could not have been done for him. He made stanch friends in all lands, and brought home hosts of fine gifts.

Soon Gen. Grant made a home in New York and took up bank work to earn for his dear ones. A cheat got his wealth from him, and the sad news came that he had lost all, was ill, and must soon die. He was brave and calm, and though in great pain, wrote up to a few days of his death that he might make a book of the wars in which he had part, so that his own might have the means to live and and not come to want.

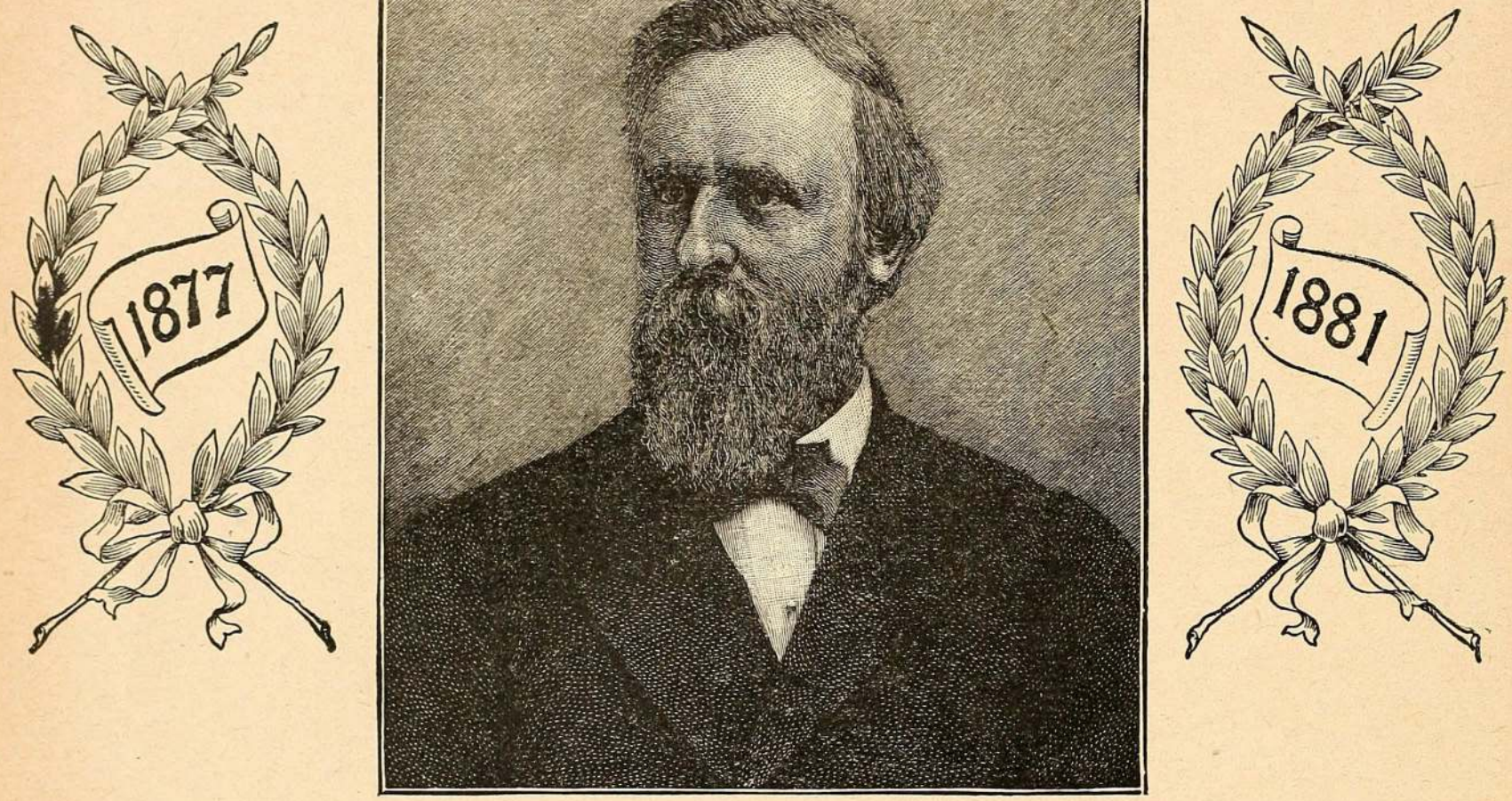
Gen. Grant went to his rest Ju-ly 23, 1885, at Mount MacGreg-or, near Sar-a-to-ga, in the state of New York, where he had gone so that he might pass in peace from earth.

When the news went through the land of the death of this great man, grief was felt by rich and poor. Black weeds of woe hung in the streets, while flags were seen at half mast.

Men who had once been foes took part in the march to the tomb. All sought then to show their pride in the man whose thought had been to "do right and fear not." There was the beat of drums, the boom of guns, and the tramp, tramp of the men of arms.

On the south wall of the grand tomb at Riv-er-side Park, on the Hud-son, New York Cit-y, there are seen the words which speak to all hearts:

"LET US HAVE PEACE."



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

IN 1860, a Scotch-man, whose name was George Hayes, left his own land and came o'er the sea to Con-nect-i-cut where he made a home and was, in time, well off.

One of the grand-sons of this George Hayes held the rank of Cap-tain through the War of In-de-pen-dence. His great-grand-son, too, Ruth-er-ford, born Ju-ly 29th, 1756, took up arms to free the land from Eng-land.

This Ruth-er-ford Hayes, in 1779, wed Chlo-e Smith, and the fourth child of this pair took his fa-ther's name, Ruth-er-ford. He too was a Cap-tain in the state troops. In 1813 he wed So-phi-a Bir-chard.

Tales were told then of the great wealth to be won in the new lands of the West. Ruth-er-ford Hayes had

much thrift, and had made large sums in his own state. He thought it well to see these new lands where he might make more, so he set off on horse back, made a long trip, saw much to please him, and at last paid a large sum for a large tract in O-hi-o.

To this place his wife and two babes, and the wife's broth-er, Sar-dis Bir-chard, went in 1817. A fine brick house was built at the new place in 1822. That same year a son, Ruth-er-ford Bir-chard, was born. The fa-ther died then, and left his dear ones, by the aid of funds and lands, to go on in ease.

The child, Rud-dy, was a bright, good boy. His moth-er taught him to read and spell. At five he went to school and did well with books, though he had great love for all the world out of doors. He had, from the start, a host of boy friends who would call for him to join them in all the sports they knew.

Greek and Lat-in were soon the boy's work and at the age of e-lev-en he was in Ken-yon Col-lege. He won first prizes and held high rank. When his four years course was at an end he took up law at Co-lum-bus, O-hi-o. The next year he went to the Law School of Har-vard U-ni-ver-si-ty. In 1845 he was at the bar and in the courts of O-hi-o. In 1850 he was at work at law in Cin-cin-na-ti. In 1852 he wed a bright, sweet young girl, child of Dr. James Webb. All had pride in Lu-cy Hayes, and she did much good in her life.

Hayes gave his vote for A-bra-ham Lin-coln. When the war broke out he was made Ma-jor of the 23rd O-hi-o, and set out for West Vir-gin-i-a. In the fall of the year 1861 he rose to the rank of lieu-ten-ant co-lon-el. The

next year he led a charge at South Mount-ain and got a bad wound in his left arm. Then he went up once more in rank. He did good work when he kept back the raid of Mor-gan's men and made them give up.

In the first fight at Win-ches-ter, Vir-gin-ia, Ju-ly 24, 1864, Col. Hayes did brave deeds which gave great help to the cause of the North. The rank of Ma-jor Gen-er-al came to him for his war work in the Shen-an-do-ah Val-ley. Grant speaks of Hayes in the book he wrote of his own life, and gives him high praise. While still in the field, O-hi-o chose Hayes to send to Con-gress, where he staid from 1865 to 1867. For three terms he held the chief post at the head of his own state.

In 1877 Ruth-er-ford Bir-chard Hayes was made Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States. It was thought, by some, that there was a fraud in the count of votes at this time, and that Sam-u-el J. Til-den, who had held the chief seat at the head of New York State, and would have made a good Pres-i-dent, had won, but at last Hayes was put in.

Hayes held the chair from 1877 to 1881. It was a time more calm and still than had been known in the land since 1860. The war was at an end and the hate and ill will which it made grew less each day.

In 1877 the Nez Perce In-di-ans were told to go to a place which they did not like. War broke out. Pres-i-dent Hayes sent Gen. How-ard out to the far West to stop it. How-ard was brave and firm and, at last, put the red men to rout.

That same year, in 1877, there were rail-road strikes in the warm months. Men would not work for the low sums which those at the head would like to give them. Trains

had to stop. For two weeks this state of things kept all in fear. Scores of men met their death at this time and there was great loss in more ways than one.

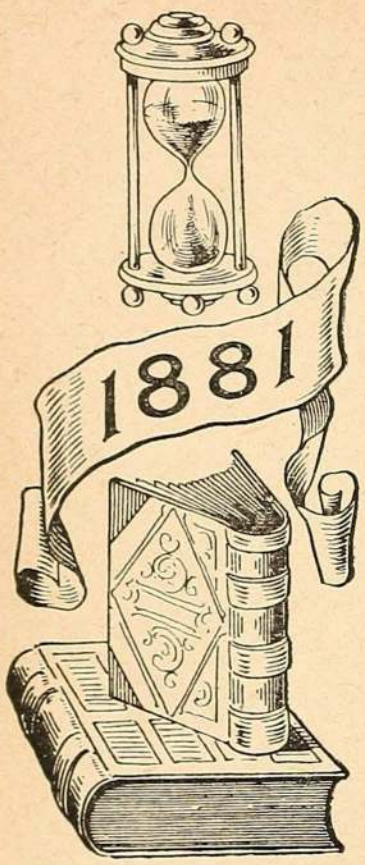
Then in 1878 the yel-low fe-ver fell on the states of the South. It was at its worst in Mem-phis and New Or-leans. The loss by death was so great that all who could do so left, for a while, that part of the land. Help of all sorts was sent to the South in that hour of their need.

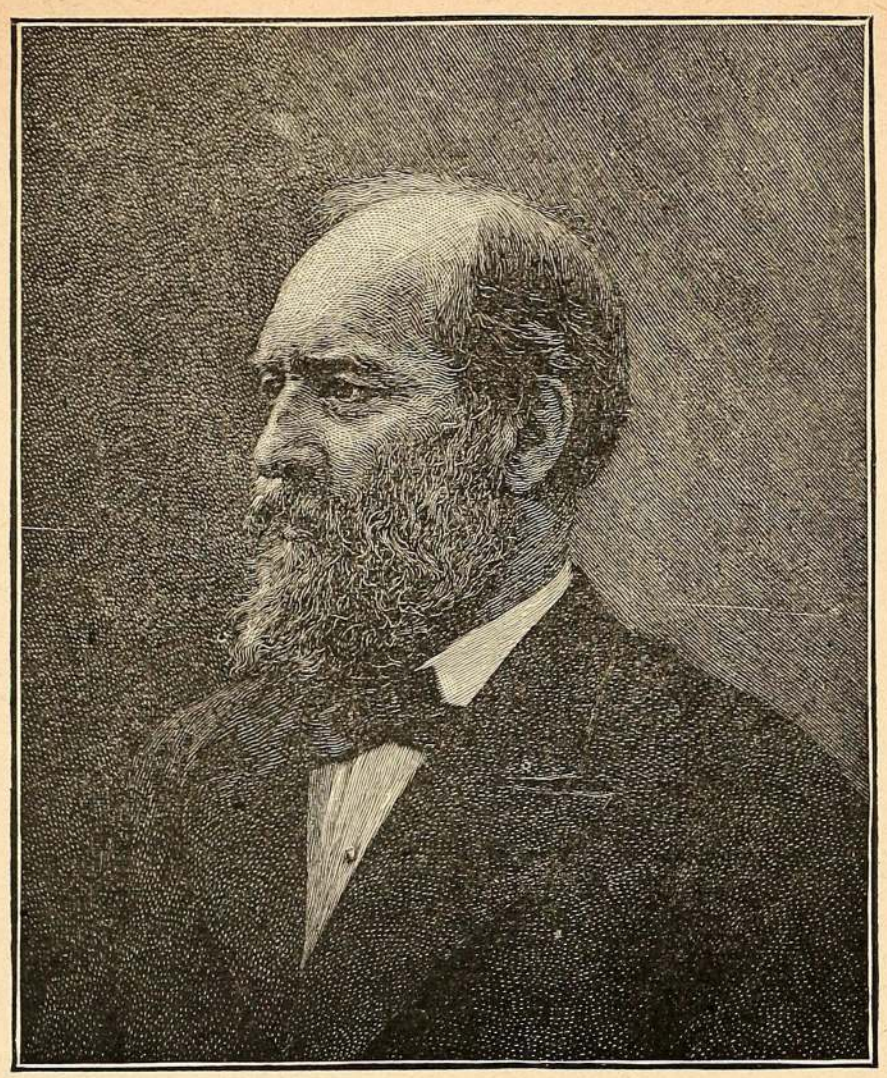
The coin bill made much talk at that time. It was thought that if hard coin were once more in the place of bank notes it would be a great help. This work went on till a plan was made that would suit most.

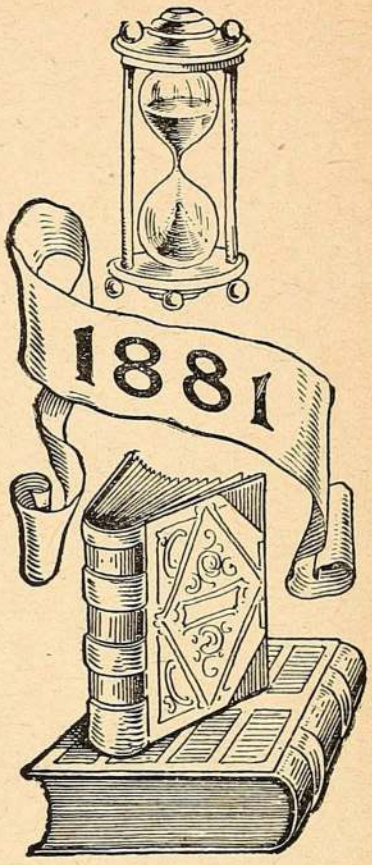
In the states on the West coast there were hordes of Chi-nese. They could live for far less than white men could, and so would work for less sums. White men had to bid low, and this was the cause of strife. In 1880 a rule was made that the Chi-nese should stay in their own land for a while.

When his term was out the ex-Pres-i-dent went to his home at Fre-mont, O-hi-o. He took a large share in not a few plans which gave great help to those in jails, and to those in schools both of low and high grade.

For eight years there was a glad home life with one of the best of wives, and their own boys and girls close to them. Then the good wife went to her home on high. Four years more of life was left, and then, when but a short time ill, Ruth-er-ford B. Hayes met his death, Jan. 17, 1893.







JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

MEN who bore the Sax-on name of Gar-field fought with Crom-well in Eng-land. The first Gar-field who came to this land was Ed-ward, who made a home at Wa-ter-town, Mass. There were sev-en Gar-fields who fought in the In-di-an wars, and five of them won high posts.

When the war for A-mer-i-can In-de-pen-dence broke out, one of these Gar-fields, A-bra-ham by name, stood gun in hand, at Con-cord Bridge, at sun rise on the morn of A-pril 19, 1775. His broth-er Sol-o-mon, a score and ten miles off, was on his way to the same spot ere noon, as soon as he heard the news that the long fight to be free from the yoke of Eng-land had made a start at Lex-ing-ton.

Some years on, Sol-o-mon took up land near what is now Wor-ces-tor, cut down trees, and built a log house. He wed a fine, bright, young girl by the name of Hill. A son, strong, and with good looks, was born to this pair, and then the fa-ther died. The brave, young moth-er did all she could for her child. When the young man, who took the name of A-bram, was but half a score and nine years old he met E-li-za Bal-lou whom he wed.

When the war of 1812, 'twixt the U-ni-ted States and Great Brit-ain, broke out, E-li-za's broth-er, James, took a post with the troops. When his term was out, in 1814, he knew much of the wilds of O-hi-o. From that tract the A-mer-i-can rifle men drove out Te-cum-seh and his chiefs, and Proc-tor and his red coats. Then young James Bal-lou got his moth-er and more kin to go out to O-hi-o. So the young pair, James and E-li-za Gar-field, took up their new home in that state. A son came to bless their home in 1831. He was the last born of sev-er-al A-mer-i-can boys who made their way from log huts to the White House. Ere the babe, James A-bram Gar-field, was two years old, a great fire broke out in the woods near his home. His fa-ther fought it to save his crop of wheat and when, at last, he put it down, though he was so strong and his frame so large, still a chill came on him and he died. This sad loss was a great blow, but the young wife took up the farm work where it had been left, and sold off part of the land to pay for the rest on which there was a debt. Her own sheep gave wool for clothes, and food came in the fields near her home.

James had been taught to read and write by his moth-er. She, too, could tell him tales of the good and great man of

the land, and what they had done in life. He was fond of books from the start. He went to work when quite young to earn for his moth-er. He knew the use of tools and soon got on so well that he had the means to buy books and fit for Hi-ram Col-lege, where he went in 1851. As his sums did not last out, he paid his way by care for the fires; he rang the bell, too, swept the floor, and did all the work he could find to help on the good cause. In 1854 he was fit for Will-iams Col-lege, which was then in charge of Dr. Mark Hop-kins. At that time he could preach and thus earn sums so that he might stay to the end of his course.

In 1858 Gar-field wed Miss Ru-dolph whom he had known a long time. He was then put in charge of Hi-ram Col-lege and did well there. His state sent him to the Sen-ate but still he kept his school work.

When the first fire of the Sum-ter gun was heard in the land and the Pres-i-dent made his call for men, Gar-field left his books, made a speech at Hi-ram, and in two scores and eight hours troops were made up, Gar-field put at their head, and, in De-cem-ber 1861, the 42nd O-hi-o set out for Ken-tuck-y.

All Gar-field's work was of the best and he went up from post to post. He was made Chief of Staff of the "Ar-my of the Cumberland" and rose to the rank of Ma-jor-Gen-er-al. He was in Con-gress from 1863 to 1881. He was made U-ni-ted States Sen-a-tor in 1881, and that same year was the choice of the land for the Pres-i-dent's chair.

The Gar-fields gave up their plain home in Wash-ing-ton, and with their five young folks went to the White

House. Pres-i-dent Hayes drove with Gar-field on the day of days, when he was to take his seat. Both these men had fine looks and had come from the same state.

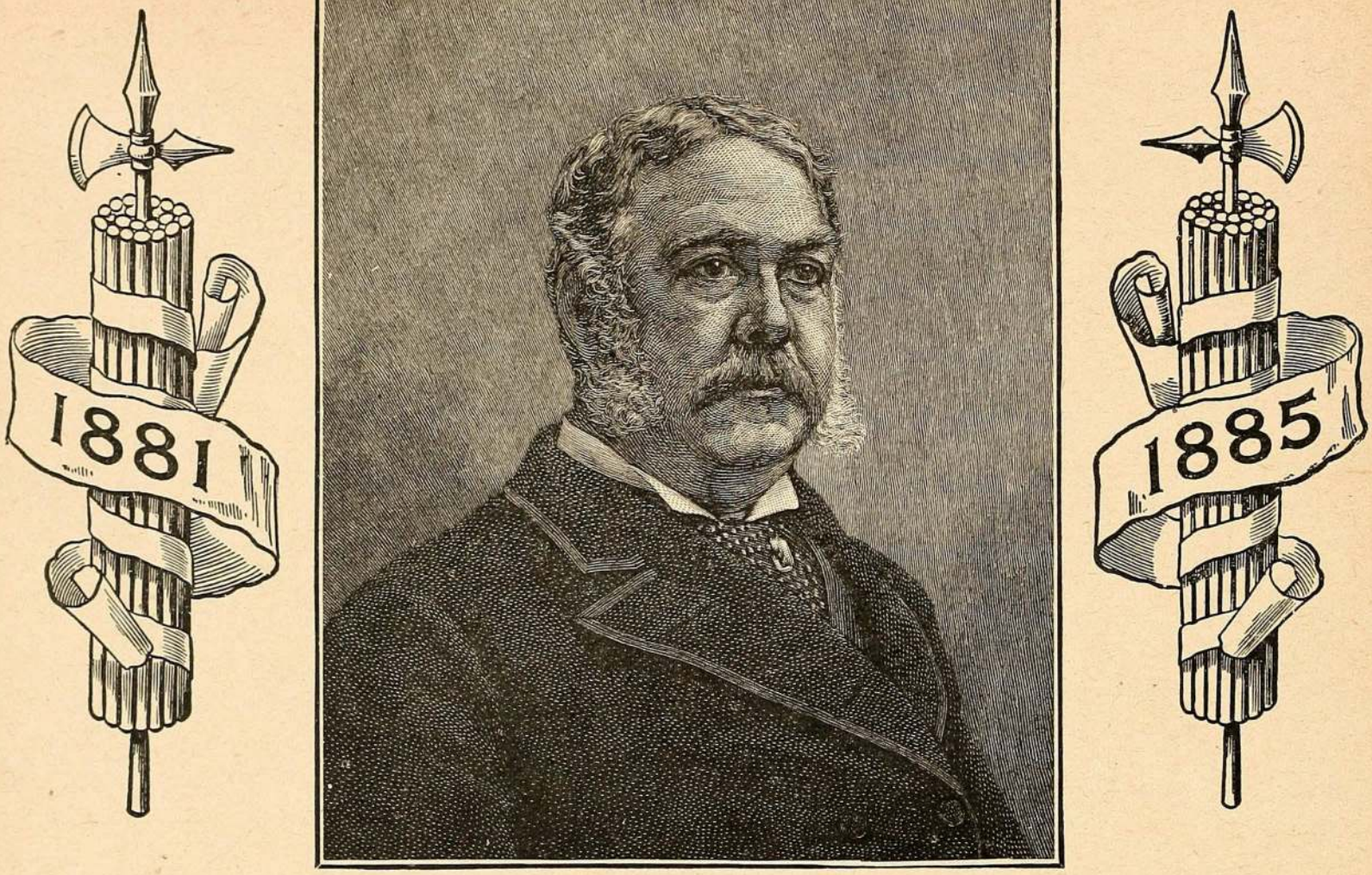
Vir-gin-ia had been said to be the "Moth-er of Pres-i-dents," but for the third time, now, the chair had been held by a man born and bred in O-hi-o. Each of these men had been in the Ar-my through the Civ-il War, and had won name and fame on hard fought fields.

Gar-field made a fine speech when his hour came. He told of all it was his wish to do for the good of the land. The men he chose for high posts were some of the best. One of these was James G. Blaine. Then there was Thom-as L. James, who was at the head of the Post Of-fice work. All were stanch and true.

In four months from the day Gar-field was made Pres-i-dent, while he and Mr. Blaine were just to start off on a short trip, and went arm in arm through the main room of the de-pot at Wash-ing-ton, the sound of a shot rang out on the air. One more of these came and then the Pres-i-dent sank to the floor. The first ball had done no harm but the next was a wound to death. For long weeks the Pres-i-dent had to bear great pain as he lay on his bed in the White House. All hearts were sad.

With the hope that the sea air would do him good he went to El-be-ron, New Jer-sey, and there drew his last breath, Sept. 19, 1881.

In lands o'er the sea as well as in this, hearts went out in grief to those the good Pres-i-dent had left. His name stands high on the scroll of fame.



CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.

AN-TRIM, Ire-land, was the home of Will-iam Ar-thur, who took up book work when quite young, and went to Bel-fast Col-lege. Law was his first choice, but at last he made up his mind to preach. He came to this land and found his first church charge in the state of New York. Here, too, he wed a young girl by the name of Stone. Their next home was at Fair-field, Ver-mont. Here, in 1830, was born a son, Ches-ter Al-an Ar-thur. In a short time the Ar-thurs went back to New York, this time to Green-wich, where firm friends were made who were theirs through life. Some of these friends were on the side of the slave and did not want the blacks bought and sold. So, from his youth, Ches-ter heard words which sank deep in

his heart and bore fruit in years to come. He was fond of books, and did so well with them that when not quite fif-teen years old he went to Un-ion Col-lege and took high rank at once. He went through all the course there in three years. Then he taught school so that he could earn sums to help him take up law. In 1854 he was at the bar, and made a start of his own with an old friend in New York.

Ar-thur won a suit in New York, in 1856, which gave the blacks the right to ride in street cars with the whites.

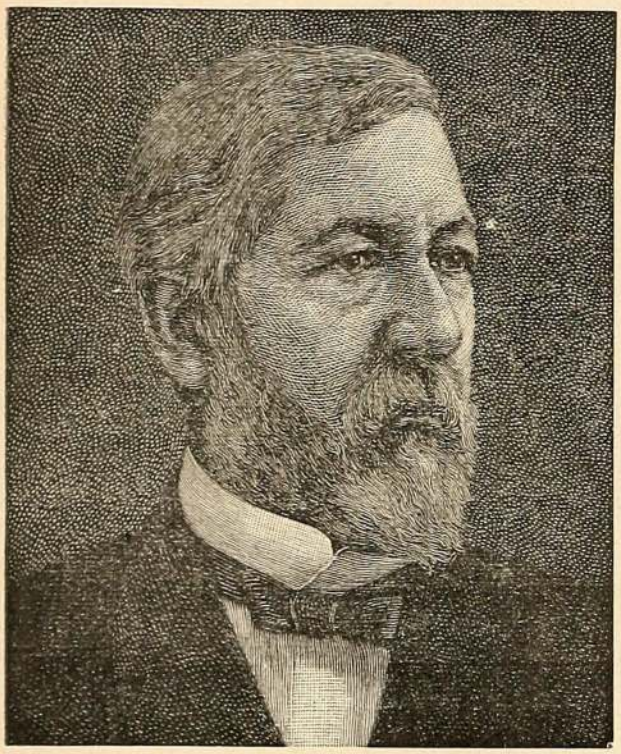
It was soon plain that there would be need of men of arms once more in the land, and to Ches-ter A. Ar-thur came the trust of the state troops. He took up this work with zeal and when the call for men came, from Pres-i-dent Lin-coln, the New York troops were in trim to start, though, in spite of all this, the Mas-sa-chu-setts 6th was the first on the field. Ar-thur then went up from post to post and was of great help to the Un-ion Cause.

In 1881 Gen. Ar-thur was made Vice-Pres-i-dent of this land, and Pres-i-dent on the death of Gar-field.

While Pres-i-dent Ar-thur was in the chair there came, at York-town, a glad day to show that 100 years had gone by since Corn-wal-lis, the head of the Brit-ish troops, had held out the white flag as a sign that he and his force would give in to the A-mer-i-cans and the French who were with them.

Good times now came, crops were large, and mines rich. The blacks did far more work now that they were free than they had done when they were slaves. All things went on so well that At-lan-ta gave a fine show that all might see the great gain the South had made since 1865.

The work to pay off the debt had gone on so fast that the debt was now but half as large as at the end of the war. It was then found that the whole sum could not be paid off so fast as it had been thought it might be. The theme of Free Trade came up and there was much talk pro and con.



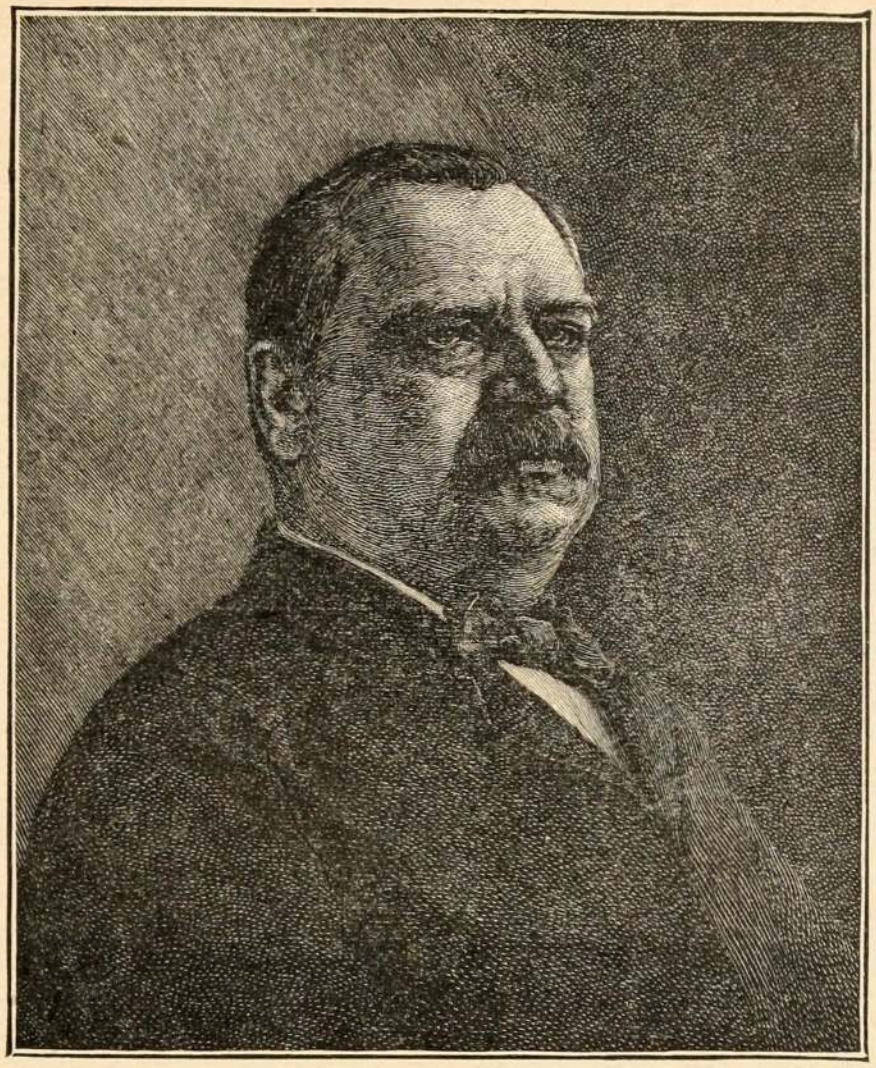
JAMES G. BLAINE.

It was said that a ring of men had made use of some of our mails to cheat the Gov-ern-ment. This went by the name of the great Star Route Case. It came to a close in 1884 and the men were let off.

As his term came near its end it was thought that Gen. Ar-thur's name might come up once more, but the great James G. Blaine, who for more than a score of years had held a high place in the rule of the land, was the choice of that side. By some split his chance was lost, and for the first time since 1857 a Dem-o-crat took the chair.

Gen. Ar-thur went back to his law work in New York. It was thought that there were long years for him to work and still be of use in the world. But it was not so to be. His life task came to an end Nov. 18, 1886.

Men who had been with Pres-i-dent Ar-thur in Wash-ing-ton, and more who thought much of him, came to the last rites, and stood with bare heads by the side of the bier. There were Pres-i-dent Cleve-land, Chief Jus-tice Waite, Gen. Sher-man, Gen. Sher-i-dan, Ex-Pres-i-dent Hayes, James G. Blaine, and a long list of great men.



GROVER CLEVELAND.

FIRST TERM.

GRO-VER CLEVE-LAND was born in New Jer-sey, March 18, 1837.

The first Cleve-land in A-mer-i-ca came from Suf-folk, Eng-land, in 1635, and made a home at Wo-burn, Mass. Rich-ard, the fa-ther of Gro-ver, got through his work at Yale in 1824, and made it his life task to preach the Word of God. In 1829 Rich-ard Cleve-land wed An-ne Neal, whose fa-ther was of I-rish birth. When Gro-ver was four years old he went with his par-ents to live in Fay-ette-ville near Syr-a-cuse, N. Y. There the boy went to school for nine years. Next he was clerk in a store, and in a short time his folks went to a new home in On-ei-da Coun-ty, where Gro-ver had more school days.

The fa-ther soon fell ill and died. Young Gro-ver felt then that he must set forth and earn bread for his dear ones. He found work in the "Home for the Blind," in New York Cit-y. While there he made up his mind to learn law, and went to one of his kin in Buf-fa-lo who found him a place where he could do this. At the same time he gave his help on a book at which his uncle, Lew-is F. Al-len, was at work. This was the "A-mer-i-can Herd Book," and the $60. which came to him as pay he sent to his moth-er. Soon he got a place with a law firm and read "Black-stone."

In 1859 Gro-ver Cleve-land was at the bar, though he staid three years more with the same firm and had sums from his work there with which he could help his kin. Two of his broth-ers went to the war and it was Gro-ver's wish to help bear arms for the good of his land, but he was the sole son from whom aid could come and he felt that it would not be right to leave those who had need of him. Still he did what he could and found one who would loan him funds by which he could send a man to do what he would like to have done. It was years ere he could pay back the loan, but he did it, at last.

As time went on Cleve-land came to be known as a man who knew the law well. He had charge of more than one great case, and won fame.

In 1881 he had a high post in Buf-fa-lo. Men of all sides gave him their vote. In 1883 he had one more high post, that of head of his state. His means were still small, and he kept to his plain ways and did not run in debt. He did hard work at all times for the good of the poor as well as for the rich. There were times when he would sit

up all night to find out just what it was best to do in some case. He was just and true and made his way step by step.

In 1885 Gro-ver Cleve-land was made Pres-i-dent. From the time of Wash-ing-ton it had been a rule for the Pres-i-dent, as he took the oath, to kneel and kiss the Word of God, a large Bi-ble, which lay on a stand near by. Gro-ver Cleve-land made a change in this, for it was his wish to kiss a small Bi-ble which had been his moth-er's and had been kept with him since he was a small boy. The speech which he made at this time was one all were glad to hear.

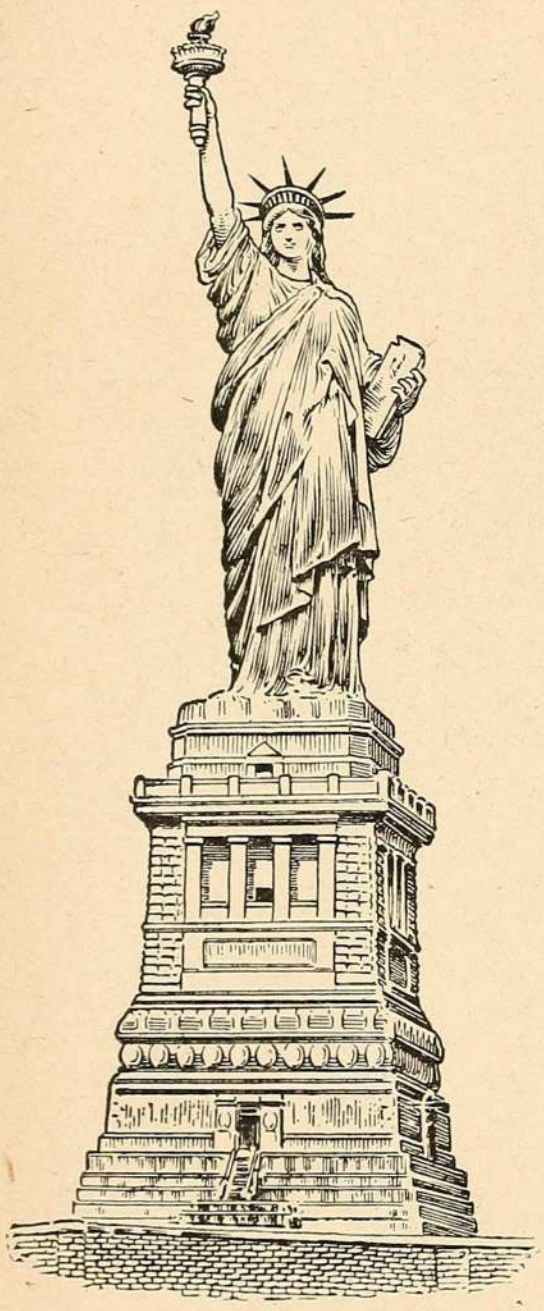
As Pres-i-dent Cleve-land drove back from the Cap-i-tol to the White House, through the long lines of troops and friends, the crowd was glad to see his calm, plain way. Pride and vain thoughts were far from him.

Miss Rose Cleve-land, the Pres-i-dent's sis-ter, was the "La-dy of the White House," and made scores of friends and was a great help to her broth-er.

One day the Pres-i-dent took a friend through the White House. In the room where the chief slept, near his bed, the friend saw a quaint sign or crest. It set forth "Life, Du-ty, and Death." These words, too, were seen on the shield; "As thy days are, so shall thy strength be." "If I *have* a coat of arms it is *that*," said Mr. Cleve-land. "I chose it years a-go, and keep it by me."

The first bill for Pres-i-dent Cleve-land to sign was one to which he was glad to put his name. It seems that the last Act of the Con-gress which came to an end at noon of March 4, 1884, had been to pass a bill to place Gen. U. S. Grant on the "Re-tired List of the Ar-my." The

bill was passed in time for Pres-i-dent Ar-thur to sign it, but through good will for Mr. Cleve-land he left the hon-or to him. This bill gave aid to the great man then in his old age, poor, and in debt; ill, though hard at work to earn bread for those dear to him.



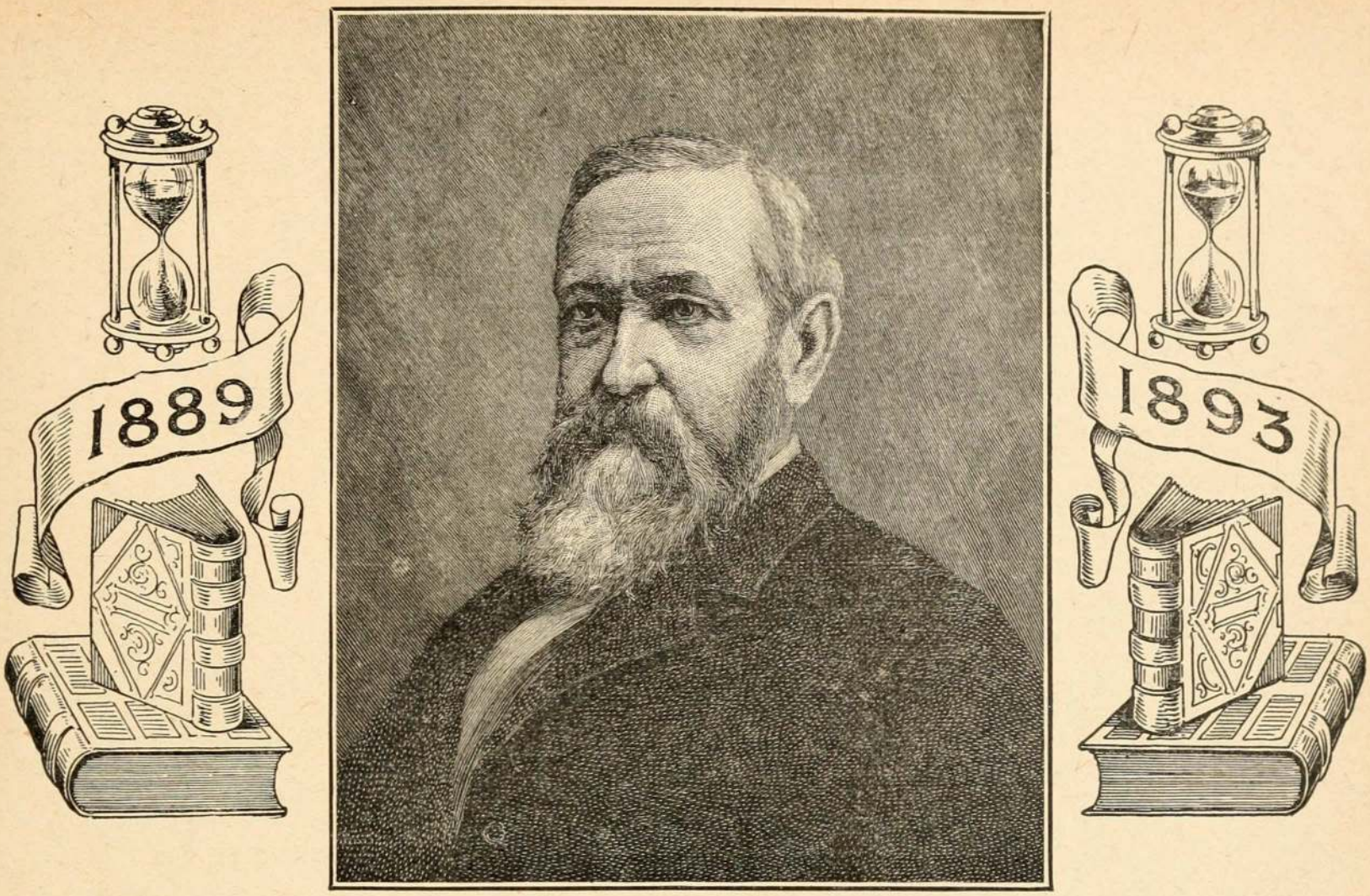
BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY.

Cleve-land's old plan of hard work stood him in good stead in his new post. Hordes of men made a rush for posts which paid large sums. When they did not get these they found fault, but the Pres-i-dent was firm, and kept at his toil, while the whole land was at peace and things went well.

In 1886 the great Bar-thol-di stat-ue was set up in New York Bay. It was a gift from France, and shows Lib-er-ty with a torch in her hand, as if to give light with its rays to all the world.

On June 2, 1886, Pres-i-dent Cleve-land was wed to a sweet young girl, Miss Fran-ces Fol-som. This took place at the White House, and was the first wed-ding of a Pres-i-dent in that house. O'er all the land was good will and kind thoughts for the young pair. The bride won all hearts.

When Cleve-land's first term was out, the friends of James G. Blaine of Maine would have been glad to have made him the next chief, but Ben-ja-min Har-ri-son took the chair, March 4, 1889.



BENJAMIN HARRISON.

BEN-JA-MIN HAR-RI-SON was the third son of John Scott Har-ri-son and grand son of Will-iam Hen-ry Har-ri-son, the ninth Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States. His kin in this land came down in a straight line from John Rolfe who wed Poc-a-hon-tas, child of the red chief Pow-hat-an, at James-town, Vir-gin-ia, A-pril, 1614.

Ben-ja-min Har-ri-son's great grand-fa-ther was one of the men sent to the Con-gress which made the "Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pen-dence." The Har-ri-sons had large tracts of land on the banks of the O-hi-o. As a young boy Ben-ja-min did work on his fa-ther's farm. Each year the crops were sent in flat boats to New Or-leans, and fa-ther and son, and men to help the work, went with them.

At first the lad, Ben-ja-min was sent to a log house school. Here he was made fit for Bel-mont col-lege. Two years more saw him at Mi-a-mi U-ni-ver-si-ty, Ox-ford. At this place he met Miss Scott, who, in time, came to be his wife.

Har-ri-son took up law but ere he came to the bar he was wed to the girl of his choice when he was but a score of years old.

From the first it was plain that he had the gift of speech and a fine voice. These were a great help to him as he made his way in the world. Those for whom he did law work could count on him at all times to do his best. In 1855 he was one of a strong law firm and work came in fast. He had all sorts of cases and won name and fame in In-di-an-a, where he had made his home. He did not care how hard his work was, for by it he could earn sums to pay for the neat house where he and his young wife had gone to live.

When the war broke out Ben-ja-min Har-ri-son gave his help to raise men for the "70th In-di-an-a." At first he had a low post with these troops, but he went up so fast that he was soon at their head. He did brave work in all the fights and staid to the end of the war, when he was Brig-a-dier Gen-er-al. His men thought much of him, and, as he was quite small, gave him the pet name of "Lit-tle Ben."

When he got home from the war, Gen. Har-ri-son took up his law work once more. Soon his state sent him to the Sen-ate, and there he was known as one who was not for "Free Trade." He took high rank as a man who could make a good speech, and he found scores of friends. As

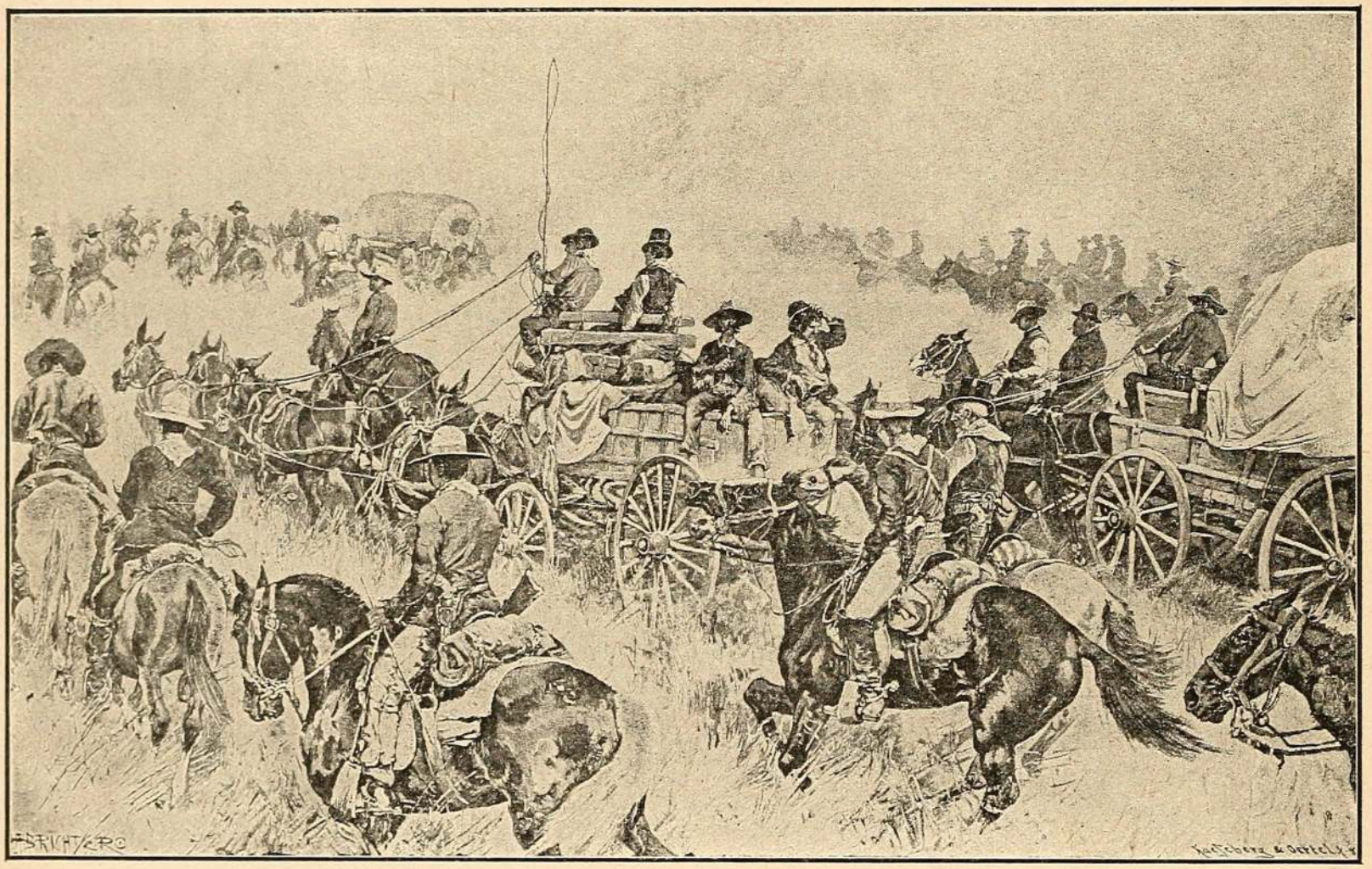
one who had fought all through the war he knew of how much use the "pen-sion" would be to men who had lost health and strength on the field and of its worth to the kin of these men, and he said so when in the Sen-ate. It was his wish too that there might be more ships of war, and the na-vy might be made strong, as the lands o'er the seas had made theirs strong.

In 1889 Ben-ja-min Har-ri-son was made Pres-i-dent and sworn in, March 4 of that year. James G. Blaine held a high place near his chief, and so did John Wan-a-mak-er.

The last two days of A-pril, '89 it was thought fit to keep in a way that would mark the great changes that had been made in the land in the 100 years which had gone by since George Wash-ing-ton was the first chief. In New York City the "Wash-ing-ton Cen-ten-ni-al" was held. Pres-i-dent Har-ri-son and his friends went to the place where Gen-er-al Wash-ing-ton took his oath to serve as Pres-i-dent. Har-ri-son spoke there in his fine, strong voice, and said words which brought out cheers from those who heard him.

The streets were full of troops and long trains of men took up the march, past hou-ses and stores where flags and wreaths were seen. Young school girls in white spread flow-ers in the path of the Pres-i-dent, as had been done in Wash-ing-ton's time. Fire works at night were sent off at points through the town, and large sums were spent for floats on which men were seen at work at trades. Long lines of men from lands o'er the seas, who had come here to make their homes and help in all our good work, were on the march, side by side, in the garb of the Swiss, the French, the Ger-man, and more.

A large tract of land, known as Ok-la-ho-ma, had been bought from the In-di-ans but had not yet been made free to white men. A time was set, A-pril 22, 1889, at noon, when men could go in and take the land. No one was to be let in till then, and those who were first there to make claims to farms and lots were to get them. This caused a



RUSH OF THE BOOMERS INTO OKLAHOMA.

vast crowd of "boom-ers," as they were called, to line up at the bounds of Ok-la-ho-ma, and when the hour was up, there was a great cloud of dust, and a wild rush of hoofs, wheels, and feet. By the time night fell, towns had been laid out, and a start made to build them. In no part of the land up to this time had so swift a growth been seen.

In De-cem-ber, 1889, the "McKin-ley Tar-iff Bill" was made a law. The "Behr-ing Sea Trea-ty" was made a law, too, in Har-ri-son's time. This put a stop to the

work done by scores of ships from all lands which were wont to go to the sea and isles near A-las-ka to kill seals.

The men of the North, once the "Boys in Blue," had a strong friend in the Pres-i-dent, and the new "Pen-sion Bill" went through. This had Con-gress pay more sums each month of their lives to those who had been hurt in the war.

In 1891 two great men of this land went to their last home; these were Ad-mi-ral Por-ter, and Gen-er-al Sher-man who made that "March to the Sea."

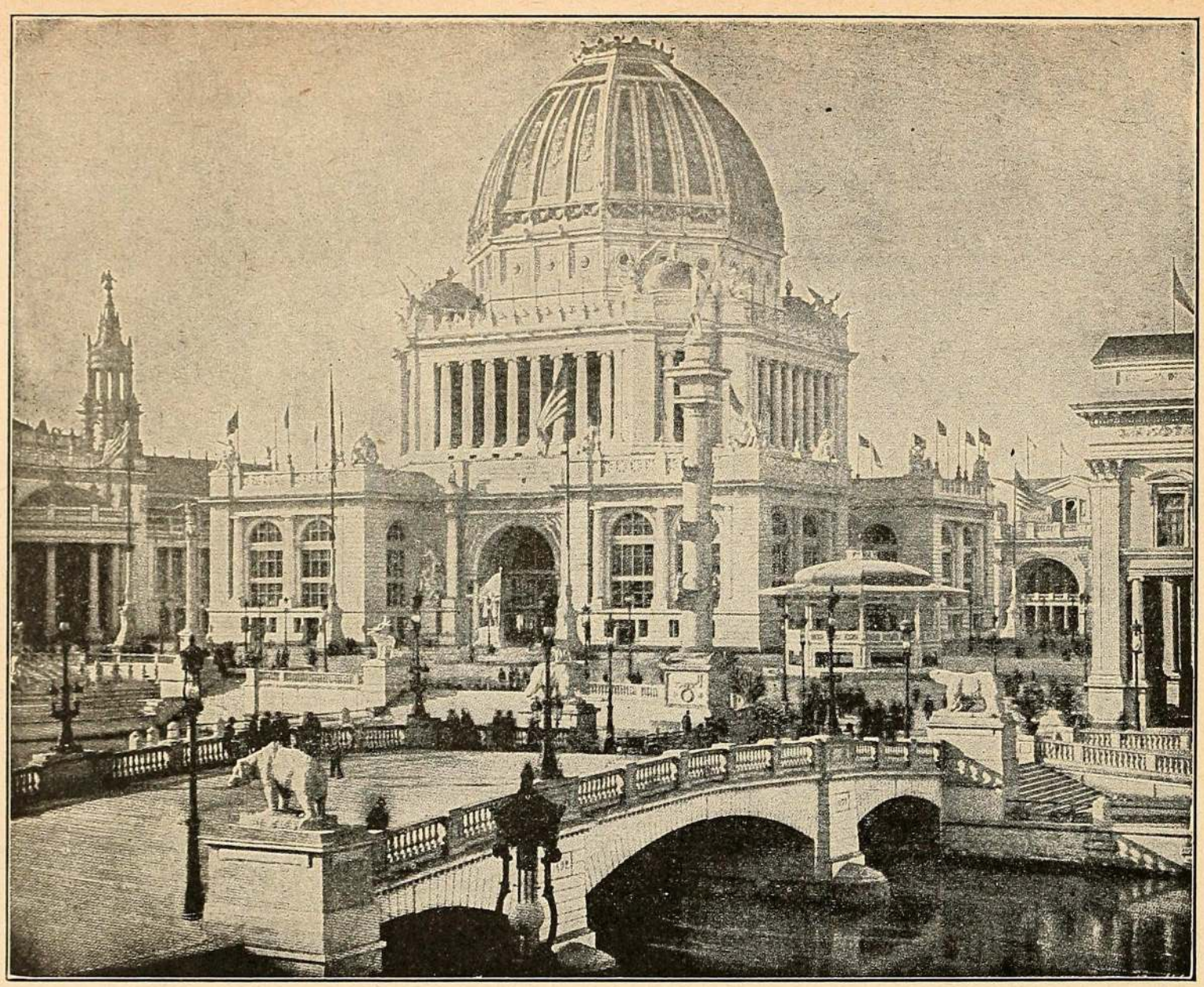
In 1892 four hun-dred years had gone by since Chris-to-pher Co-lum-bus first saw A-mer-i-ca. A great show of all the work of the world was held at Chi-ca-go. Pres-i-dent Har-ri-son went there for the start, and made a fine speech.

When his term was out Gen. Har-ri-son went to his home in In-di-an-ap-o-lis and took up law work. Two chil-dren were left him but both had homes of their own.

The good wife of Gen. Har-ri-son had died in 1892. In the spring of 1896, he wed his first wife's niece, Ma-ry L. Dim-mock.

In 1897 "This Coun-try of Ours," was brought out, a book on which the ex-Chief had spent much time and thought.

Gen. Har-ri-son died March 13, 1901.



THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR —ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

GROVER CLEVELAND.

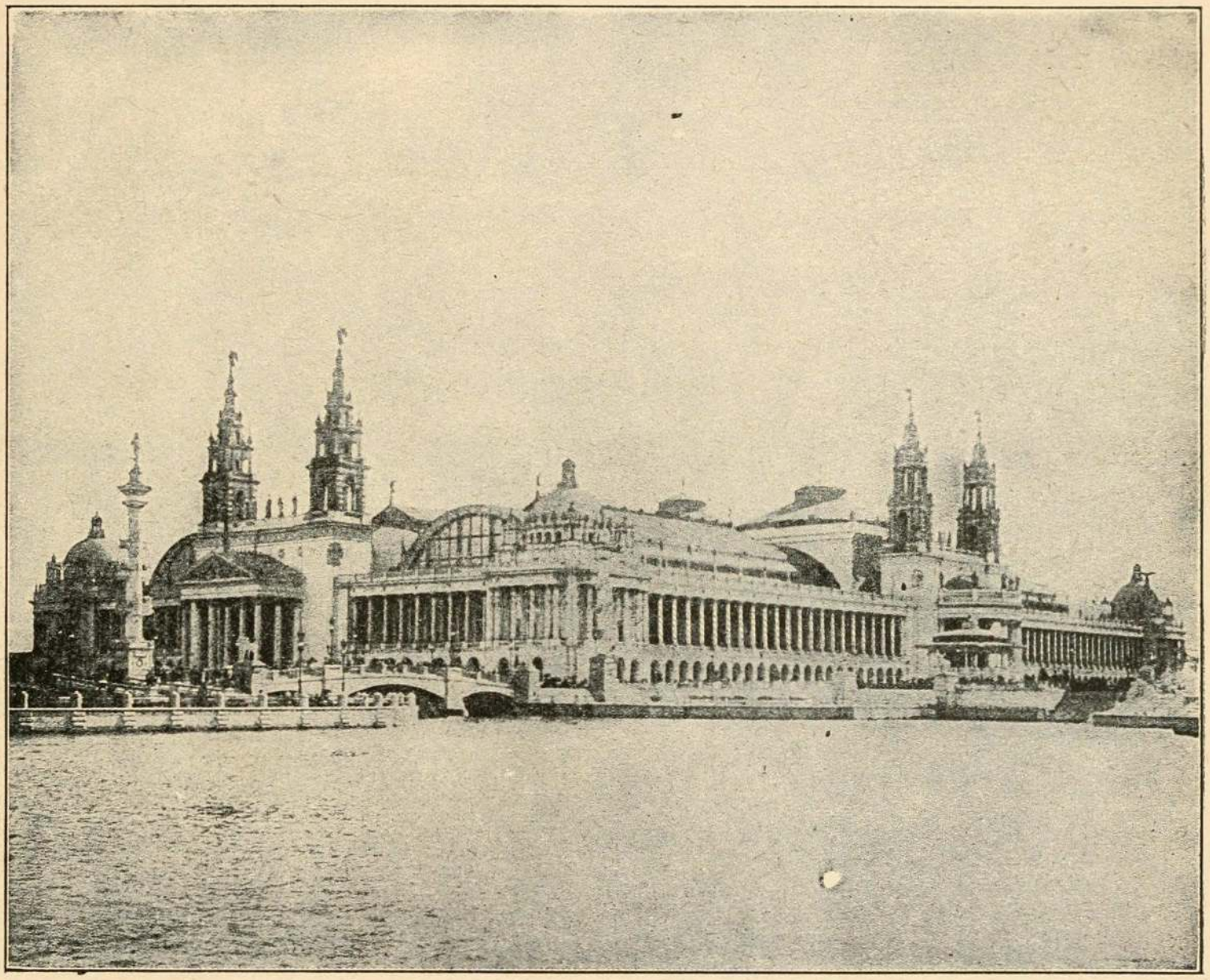
SECOND TERM.—1893 TO 1897.

ONCE more there was a loud call for Cleve-land, and from 1893 to 1897 he held the chair.

The great Fair at Chi-ca-go at that time had a claim on the thoughts of all through the land, and vast throngs went there. Lake Mich-i-gan had boats of all sorts, some of them most strange craft from lands o'er the sea. There were white buildings for miles and miles, full of choice things from all parts of the world. At night bright lights shone out and made a scene of great charm.

Queer beasts came from the far East, and some of them

could do the tricks which those in charge told them to do. Li-ons rode on horse back and could jump ropes. Boys and girls found that they might have rides on backs of cam-els, and this they did each day of the Fair. They

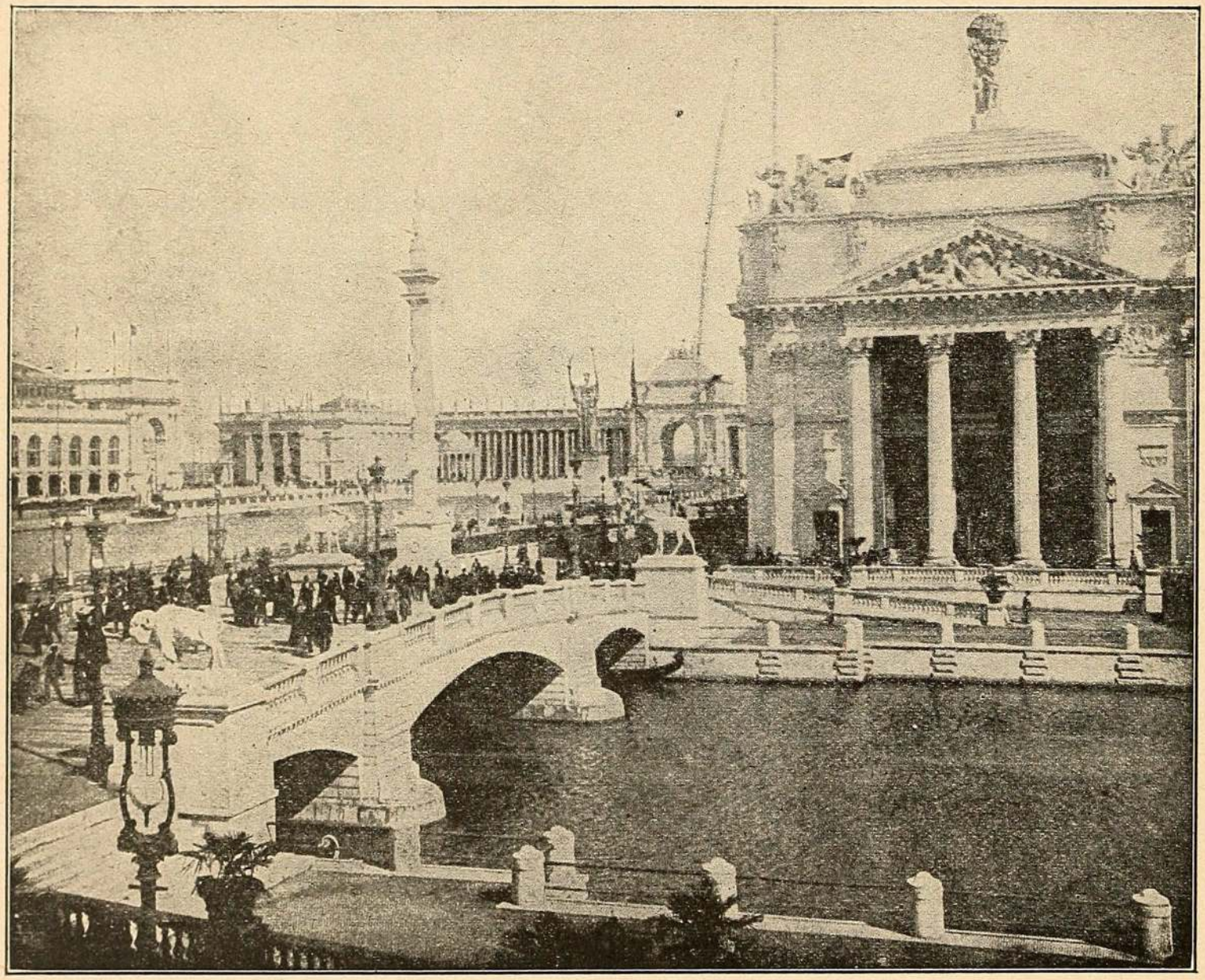


THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR.—MACHINERY BUILDING.

went, too, where men made goods of all sorts in shops. They saw Turks, Greeks, Chi-nese, In-di-ans, cow-boys, folks from all climes, who spoke all tongues, did fine work, and sold choice goods.

Pres-i-dent Cleve-land was at the Fair and made a speech in the spring of 1893, when the time came to let folks in.

In the warm months of 1893 "hard times" came. Goods went down to a low price, and scores of shops had to close, while hosts of men were thrown out of work. There were strikes in coal mines, and on one great coal



THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR.—GRAND BASIN AND COURT OF HONOR.

rail-road. This brought grief to those who had to toil with their hands.

Soon all sides came to see that "hon-est money" was best, and that all that took the place of gold should be of the same worth as gold.

At At-lan-ta, Geor-gi-a, in 1895, there was a fine show, and it was good to see there proofs of what the South had

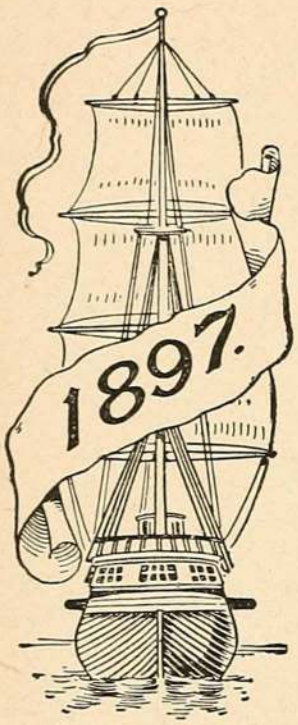
done since the war. Cot-ton was made up in scores of forms; coal and i-ron from mines near by told of wealth. The work of those who were once slaves was shown at this Fair. The states of the South gave large sums to train these blacks in schools, and it was plain to see that some of them had made good use of their chance.

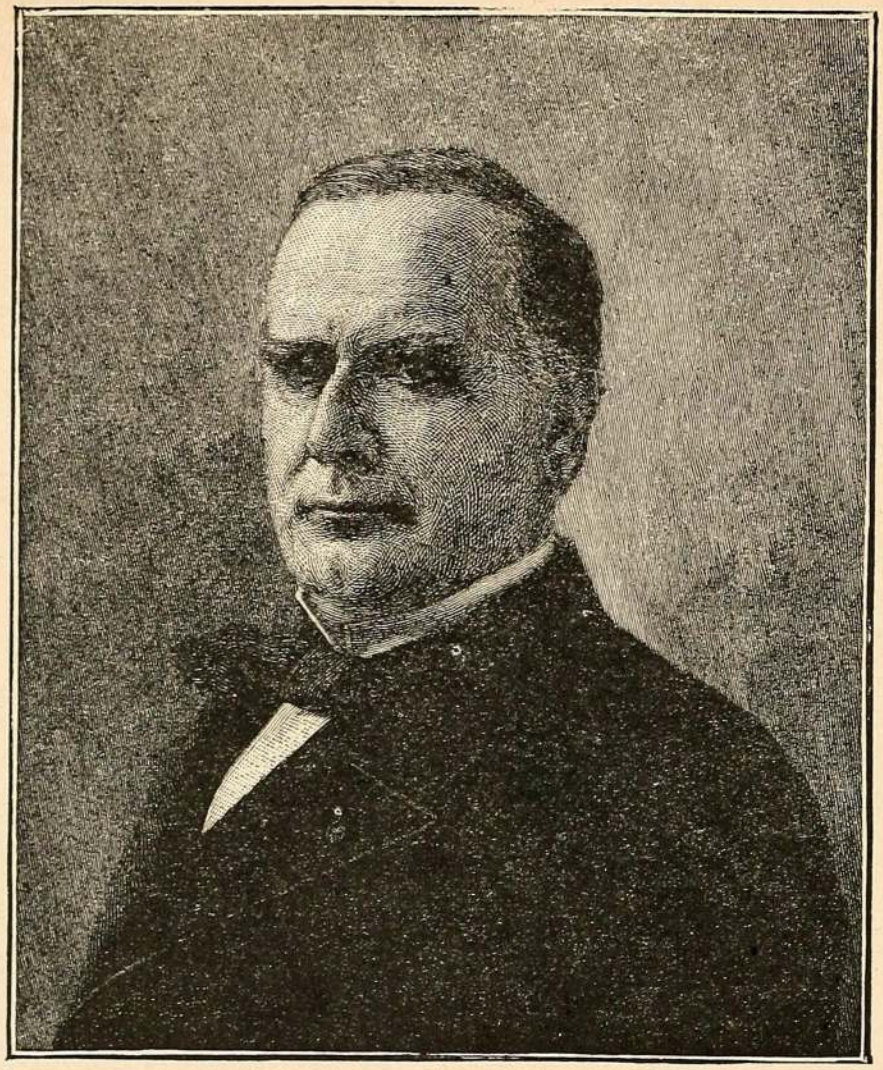
In 1896, U-tah came to join the Un-ion and there are now 45 States. In the last ten years there has been great growth in the "New West." Miles and miles of rail-roads now run through there. Grain farms yield food on a big scale. Mines of gold, sil-ver, and cop-per give great wealth. Tons of beef, pork, and mut-ton are sent from the rich grass of the West to all parts of the earth.

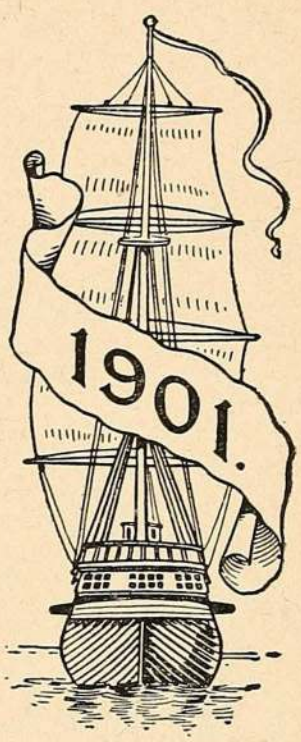
Gro-ver Cleve-land has been a man of clear, brave, strong thought and speech both while in and while out of the chair. He was the sole man to be put up for chief three times right off, and that, too, by men who did not all think as he did. When his last term was out, though some who were his friends at first did not stand by him, still, through the land, there was high praise of him.

Cleve-land was the first Pres-i-dent to be wed in the White House, and was, too, the first who had a child born there. No "First La-dy in the Land," save Dol-ly Mad-i-son, had been so young as his wife.

One of the last acts of Mr. Cleve-land while Pres-i-dent was to speak at the U-ni-ver-si-ty at Prince-ton. The old town had so much charm for him that, with his own, he has made his home there since he left the chair.







WILLIAM McKINLEY.

A CLEAR trace of the McKin-leys comes all the way down from 1547 in which year they were known in Scot-land. The first of them in this land made a home at York, Penn-syl-va-ni-a, where his son Da-vid, great grand fa-ther of the Pres-i-dent was born in 1755. This Da-vid took part in the "War of In-de-pen-dence." His son James went to O-hi-o in 1809 when Will-iam, fa-ther of the Pres-i-dent was not quite two years old. This Will-iam grew up in the West and found a wife in Nan-cy All-i-son, of Scotch-Dutch stock, that came to A-mer-i-ca with Will-iam Penn. The grand fa-ther of this wife was a stern man who thought we must be free come what might. He took part in the Rev-o-lu-tion.

The sev-enth child of Will-iam and Nan-cy McKin-ley was born Jan. 29, 1843, at Niles, O-hi-o. He, too, had the name of Will-iam, and, in time came to be the 25th man who was Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States.

The lad, Will-iam, went to the free schools of Niles till he was nine years old, then his folks took him to a new home at Po-land, in the same state, where he found a school of high grade, and staid there a few years. When quite young he took the vows of the Meth-o-dist church and kept them all his life. He taught school as a youth, and was, too, a clerk in the Po-land Post Of-fice.

When the war broke out, in 1861, young McKin-ley, still in his teens, gave up his work and went with the troops, in the "23d O-hi-o," to the seat of war. He was one of the rank and file at first, but was brave, rose fast, and when the war was at an end, came out "Bre-vet Ma-jor." He fought for the old flag with great zeal. He felt that he must do this though he did not love war. All tales which are told of his days on the field go to show the worth of the man and what a help he was to the cause of right.

When peace came, Ma-jor McKin-ley went to Can-ton and took up law. In 1869 he wed Miss I-da Sax-ton of the same town. In 1877 the bright young man-at-law was sent to Con-gress. He thought much on what was best for the land, and when he spoke on a theme he did so in a way to show that he meant what he said. In 1891 he was Gov-ern-or of O-hi-o.

Free Trade McKin-ley did not like. He felt that it would be best to keep cheap goods out of our land and so he made a bill which bore his name and it came to be a law.

On March 4, 1898, Pres-i-dent McKin-ley took his seat as head of the land. The next year, 1898, came the war with Spain.

Cu-ba, an isle near the U-ni-ted States, felt that she must be free from Spain whose yoke had been a hard one for years and years. The Cu-bans had been kept down and large sums ground out of them and sent to Spain while there was great need of funds right in their own isle.

The U-ni-ted States thought it a shame for poor Cu-ba to have so hard a time, and some said we ought to make Spain let Cu-ba go free. There was much talk back and forth.

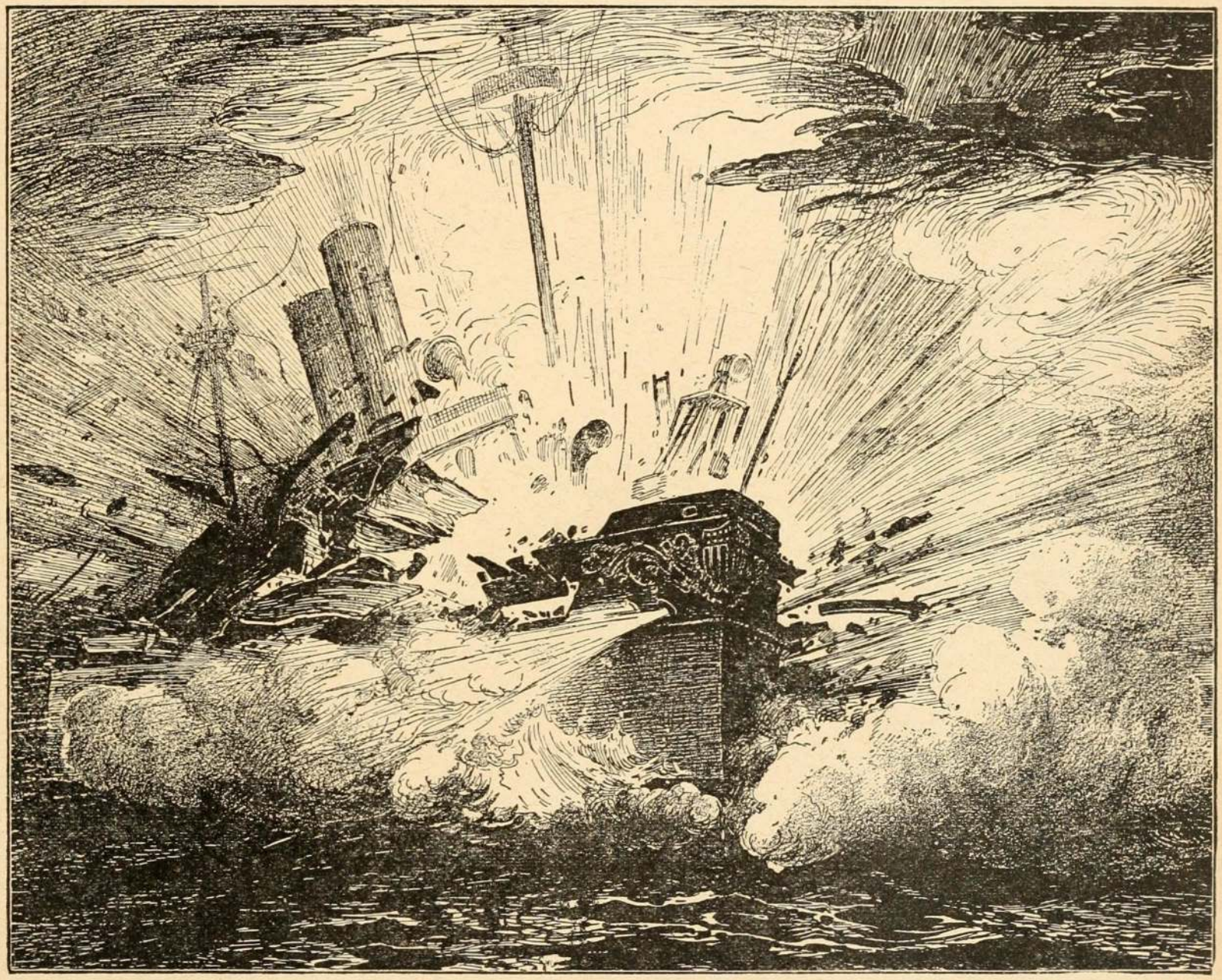
Just then a shock came. One of our fine ships of war, the *Maine*, which had been sent to Ha-va-na as a guard to A-mer-i-cans who were there, was blown up in the night of Feb. 15, 1898. Of the men on board, 259 lost their lives.

To be sure that the ship was not blown up by chance, men were sent to find out, and all went to show that it had been done from the out-side.

"This means war!" was heard on all sides. The Pres-i-dent then made it plain that this land was in no shape to wage war on e'en such a na-tion as Spain was. Then a great sum was put in the Chief's hands. Our whole land stood as one in this. The trust in Will-iam McKin-ley was such that the whole North, South, East and West said, "He knows what to do." "We will do what he asks us to."

The Pres-i-dent made a call for troops. They came at his word. Soon it was march, drill, and train for the work they had to do.

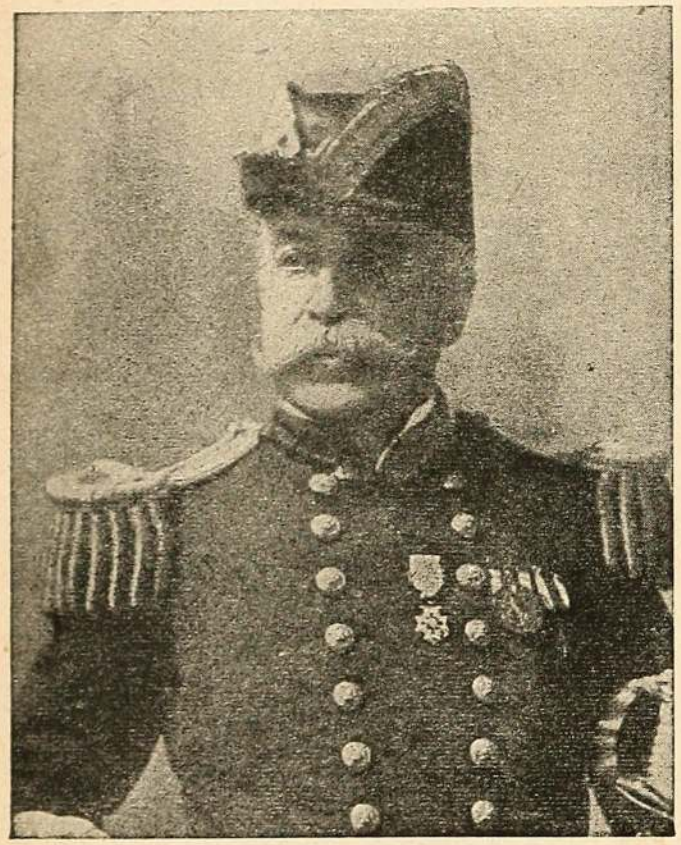
Strange it was that the first great fight was miles and miles off both from the U-ni-ted States and Cu-ba. In Chi-na, at Hong Kong, was an A-mer-i-can fleet in charge of Com- mo-dore George Dew-ey who had fought in the Civ-il War and was a man of quick thought and deed.



DESTRUCTION OF THE "MAINE."

He got word that a fleet of Spain was at Ma-ni-la, the chief town of the Phil-ip-pine Isles. He went there and reached the mouth of the Bay of Ma-ni-la late on the night of A-pril 30, 1898. He got by the forts and at dawn next day found that fleet of Spain for which he had been sent.

Soon the ships in both fleets went to work. Guns were brought to bear, and the forts gave all the help they could for Spain. Dew-ey kept his ships on the move so that they were not good marks for shots, while they could, at the same time fire at the foe. This went on for two hours, when the day was won. All the ships of that fleet of Spain were burnt or sunk. On the A-mer-i-can side not a man met death and not a ship was hurt! This was high praise for Dew-ey and the Stars and Stripes.



ADMIRAL DEWEY.

To lose her fleet was a big blow to Spain, but there was more woe in store for her. While our troops were made fit for war with all speed, the North At-lan-tic Squad-ron, with Com-mo-dore Samp-son at its head, was sent south to shut up Ha-van-a and near by ports.

Ships and troops were sent to San-ti-a-go, in Cu-ba, May and June. The last of May our ships found out that a fleet of Spain was in San-ti-a-go Bay. They kept it shut up there more than a month. That it might not come out, Hob-son and his brave men sunk a large coal ship in its way. But on Ju-ly 3, the ships of Spain got out and tried to steam off down the coast. They could not do it. Our fleet sank or drove all of them on shore.

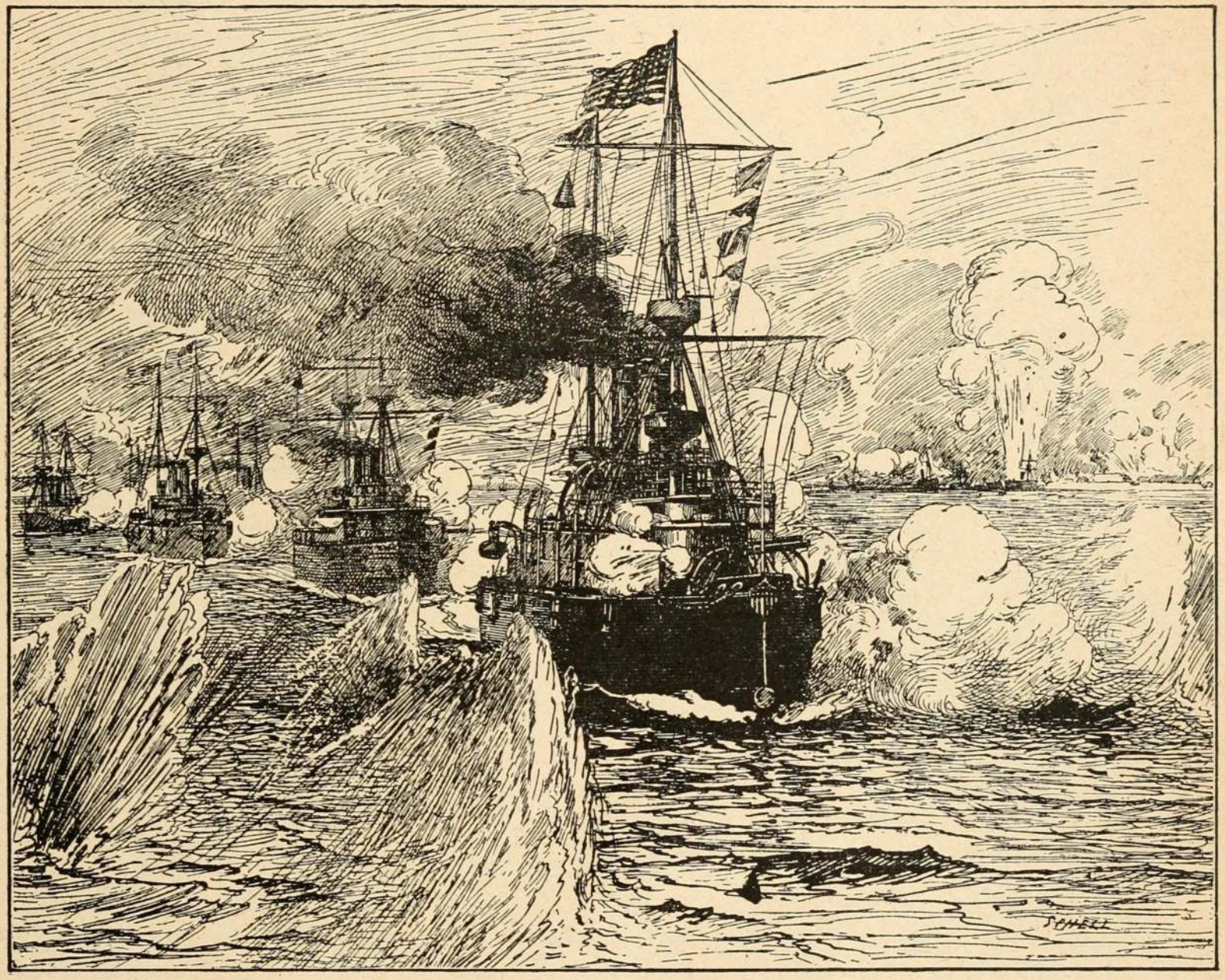
Late in June a force of troops fought the foe on land, took their forts, and drew near the old town. At last, with some aid from our fleet, San-ti-ag-o was won, and our troops sent up the Stars and Stripes in the town on Ju-ly 17.

CHARGE OF AMERICAN TROOPS AT SAN JUAN HILL, JULY 1, 1898.

Then Gen. Miles went to Por-to Ri-co with troops and soon that isle of Spain was in our hands.

Spain and the U-ni-ted States then said they would cease to fight.

Five men from each side met at Par-is, and by the terms

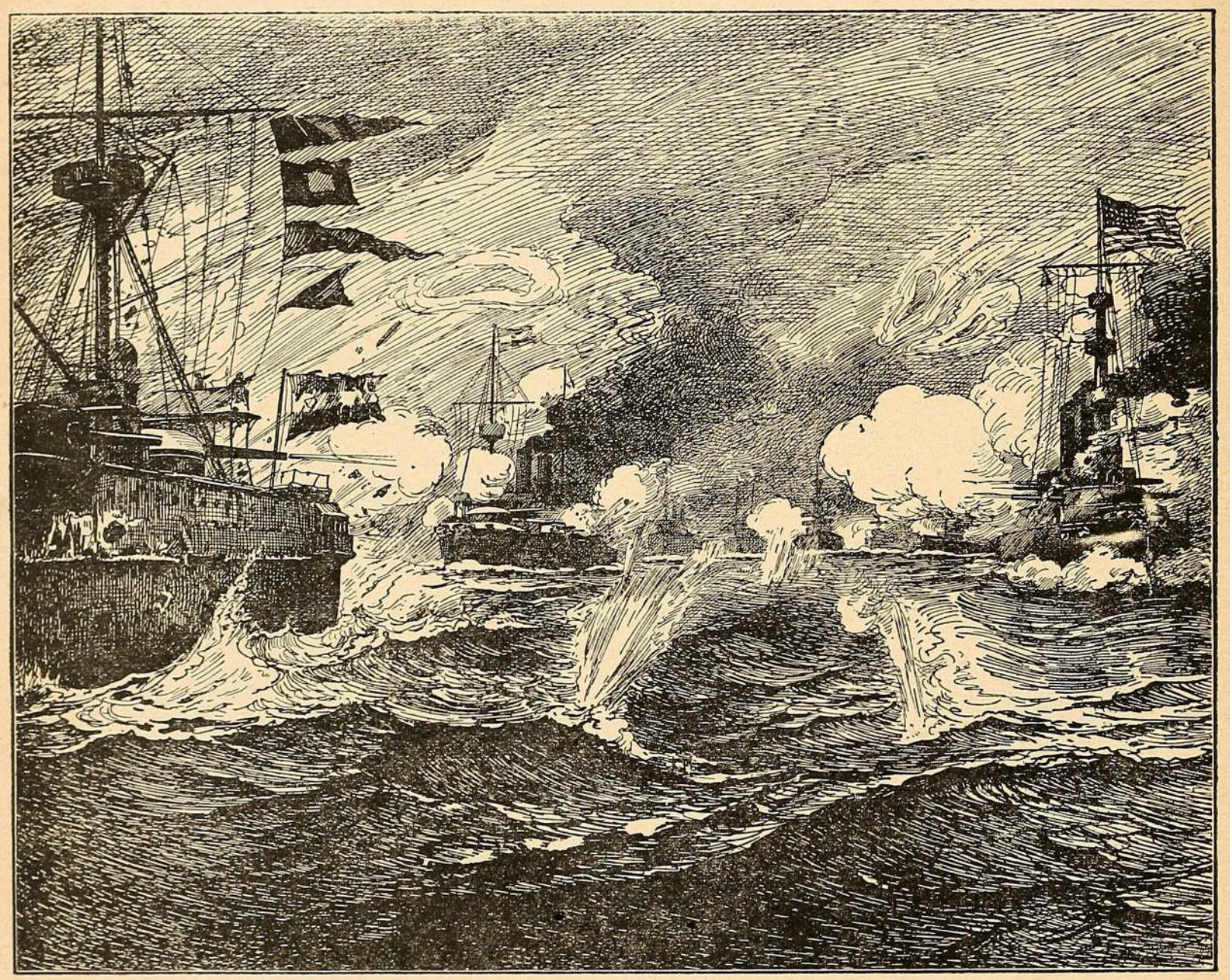


THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY

of peace which they made Spain let Cu-ba go free. The U-ni-ted States got Por-to Ri-co, Guam, the large isle in the La-drones, and all the Phil-ip-pine Isles.

Pres-i-dent McKin-ley saw that there was much to be done in the Phil-ip-pines. He sent wise men to Ma-ni-la to find out just what it was best to do for the good of all

in those far off isles. But there were some in the Phil-ip-pines who did not wish to yield to these kind plans, and, led by one A-gui-nal-do, they made plots and a long war. The U-ni-ted States had to send a big force to put them down.



THE BATTLE WITH THE SPANISH FLEET AT SANTIAGO.

In the spring of 1900, A-mer-i-can troops had to be sent to Chi-na to help save folks of our own land who might be hurt in the "Box-ers' Up-rise." Pres-i-dent Mc-Kin-ley had his own good sense and did the right thing. While some lands would have bro-ken up Chi-na, Mc-Kin-ley said: "No, this must not be done. While we

must make Chi-na do her du-ty, we must help her as well to hold her own."

On March 4, 1901, once more Pres-i-dent McKin-ley, for whom all the world now had praise, took the oath, held the chair, and went on with his work.

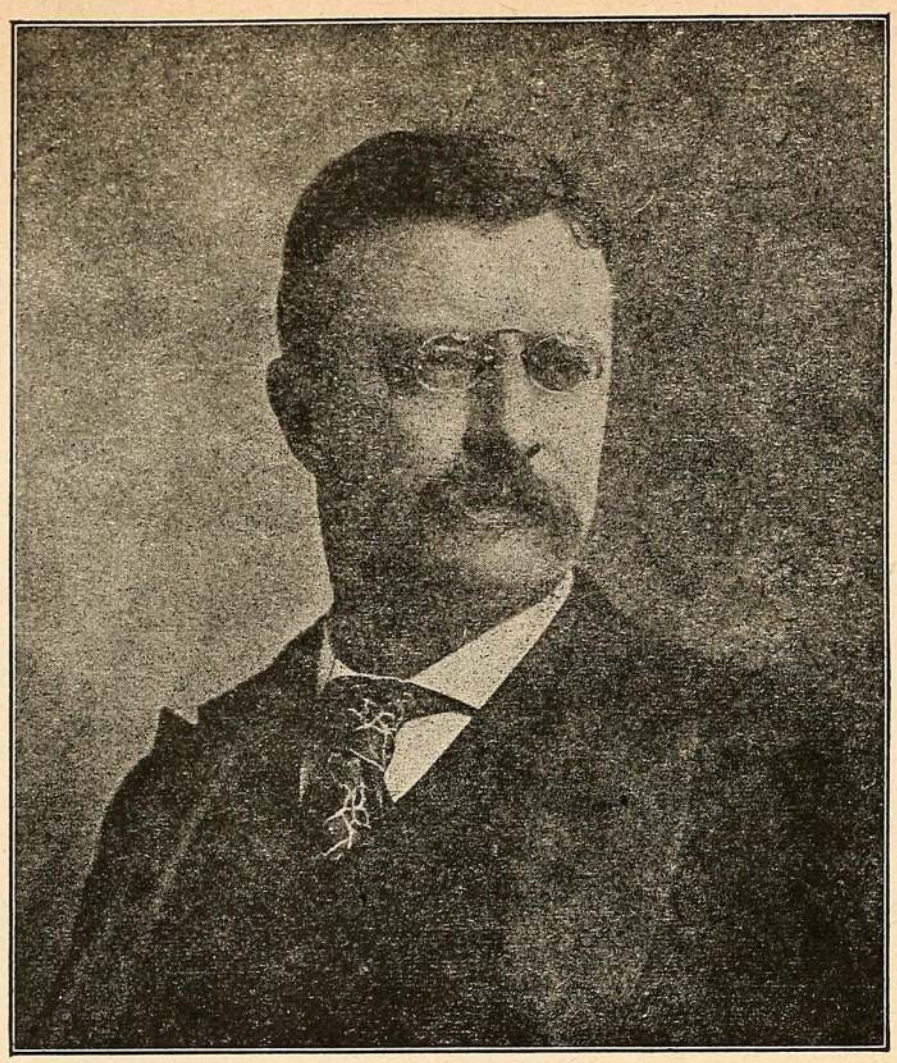
On Sept. 5, 1901, Pres-i-dent and Mrs. McKin-ley went to the Pan-A-mer-i-can Fair at Buf-fa-lo. Crowds came to take the hand of the great and good chief. While he stood, with a bright smile on his face and kind words on his lips for both poor and rich, a bad man shot him. At first it was thought the Pres-i-dent would live, and all that skill could do was done for him, but in a week's time it was known that all hope was gone. He knew that his end was near, said fare-well to his wife and friends, then, in a faint voice, gave a few words of the hymn, "Near-er my God, to Thee." Once more words came from his lips, "Good-by all, good-by. It is God's way. His will be done, not ours."

Ere the dawn of the morn of Sept. 14 came, the pure, great soul of Will-iam McKin-ley had gone to the "Home of the Blest."

News of this death brought a deep grief to the whole land.

When the time came for the sad rites at the last place of rest, the whole Na-tion stood still to weep and pray. All trains, boats, bells, wires, cars, came to a stop, and a deep pall of gloom was o'er the land.

From o'er the seas came words which told how much the dead chief was thought of, and how well it was known that in him who had gone to his rest the world had lost a great, wise, true, and just man.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE first Roose-velt in this land was Claas Mar-ten-sen Van Roose-velt, who came here from Hol-land, with his wife, in 1651.

The Roose-velts who came down from this pair took part in all the wars of the land, from the In-di-an times down to the late war with Spain. They were known as men of worth and stood for all that was best in the land. They were at the head of banks, rail-roads, steam-boat lines, homes for the poor and sick, the "News Boys' Lodg-ing House," "Young Men's Chris-tian As-so-ci-a-tion," "Chil-dren's Aid So-ci-e-ty," "Un-ion League Club,"" Aid for Fam-i-lies of Un-ion Sol-diers," and had a hand in most of the good work in A-mer-i-ca. A street in New York

Cit-y bears the name of Roose-velt and runs through what was once the old home-stead.

The-o-dore Roose-velt, who came to be Pres-i-dent when McKin-ley was shot, was born in New York, Oct. 27, 1858. Young The-o-dore, as a child was frail but he was brought up by health laws and so from year to year grew strong. He soon could run, ride, swim, and tramp. He was fond, too, of books and made good use of them. When quite young he went with his fa-ther to Eu-rope. In 1875 he was in Har-vard Col-lege.

He stood well there in class and in games, and came out in 1880, fit for the work he was to do in the world. In 1881 he made his first trip to the Great West. It was his wish to see some of the rude life there ere it should pass by. He was just in time for the last big buf-fa-lo hunt in which the Sioux and whites took part.

At a score and three years of age Mr. Roose-velt took up law with his un-cle Rob-ert B. Roose-velt. He then, too, gave much thought to the lives of men who had done good work in the world and he read much of wars, their cause, and how best to plan them. He wrote at this time his "Na-val War of 1812," and books which could rouse young men to brave deeds. He took part in all that would be a help to his state, for he saw that it had need of good work. He soon knew what men he could trust and whom he must fight. A high post came to him and he did so well in it that in a year's time he was known all through the land as a strong force for the right and for those who could not help them-selves.

Out door life was dear to Mr. Roose-velt. He had, too, a great love for the Far West, and so, while in his

third term in the "N. Y. State As-sem-bly," he bought a ranch in North Da-ko-ta where there were all sorts of big game. Books went out there with him. Tales of wild beasts, words of Burns, the poet of the soil, Poe and his weird themes, and not a few more. He found joy in ranch life and wrote "Hunt-ing Trips of a Ranch-man," "Ranch Life and the Hunt-ing Trail," "The Wil-der-ness Hunters," and more books, which are known on both sides of the At-lan-tic and have brought him much fame.

Pres-i-dent McKin-ley sent for The-o-dore Roose-velt to come to Wash-ing-ton in 1897 and be "As-sist-ant Sec-re-ta-ry of the Na-vy." Mr. Roose-velt took the post and at once made it his task to learn just what there was to do. He saw that there was a great lack of ships. He knew, in case of war, the U-ni-ted States could not hold her own with a foe o'er the sea. He did his best to make the new war ships fit for work as soon as they could be, and he had old ships put in good shape. He saw the war with Spain on its way a year ere it broke out. All the year of 1897 the "As-sist-ant Sec-re-ta-ry" was hard at work. He chose the men who were to come to the fore on the ships in that war with Spain.

When war was at hand, Mr. Roose-velt could not rest in such a post. "There is more for me to do," he said. "I must go and fight." He was told to stay at Wash-ing-ton, and that he was the man for the place, and if he left he would spoil his chance. Words like these could not stop him. He felt that he had a call to the field and that he could be of use there. He gave up his post, was sworn in as "Lieut. Col. of U. S. Vol-un-teers." Men came to join him from all parts: cow-boys from the plains of the West,

men from schools and col-le-ges, from the po-lice force of New York, from high posts in life, and all were strong, fit for the hard work they had to do, and were true "Rough Ri-ders." They were of great aid as part of the force of Gen. Shaf-ter which took the forts near San-ti-a-go. When they came home in mid-Au-gust they and their colon-el were the pride and joy of the land.

While Roose-velt was still in Cu-ba there rose a boom to make him Gov-ern-or of New York. When but a few weeks back from the war, Mr. De-pew brought up his name in a fine speech which told how true and brave a man he was, and what help it would be to have such a man at the head of the state of New York.

While still Gov-ern-or of New York, Roose-velt was put up to be Vice-Pres-i-dent when the votes were to be cast for McKin-ley as Pres-i-dent one more term. Each won the place by a large vote.

When they had been at their posts but two days more than six months, a scamp shot Pres-i-dent McKin-ley. Eight days went by, and then McKin-ley died, and all the land was in grief.

Roose-velt came at once from the North Woods, and, by the law, though sad at heart, was sworn in as chief in McKin-ley's place, on Sept. 14, 1901.

Since Pres-i-dent Roose-velt came to the chair, Cu-ba has come to her own, has been made free to plan her own ways.

When the end of the war with Spain came, Cu-ba was not at once in its own charge. Well nigh four years it was in the hands of the U-ni-ted States, and much good was done there by our men in the way of plans for the

health of the towns and for good schools. At last, on May 20, 1902, Cu-ba made Es-tra-da Palma its Pres-i-dent, and put men of its own choice in posts to help keep Free Cu-ba sound and strong.

Pres-i-dent Roose-velt will help on, as fast as he can, the plan to cut a great way for ships from the At-lan-tic to the Pa-ci-fic which will give a straight line by sea from our east coast to the west coast of both North and South A-mer-i-ca.

By Ju-ly 14, 1902, peace was on so firm ground in the Phil-ip-pines that Pres-i-dent Roose-velt saw that it was safe to bring the rule of our troops there to an end. So on that day he put those isles in charge of men who do not bear arms, but hold posts like the posts of those who rule in our own land. Much, too, has been done in the Phil-ip-pines for health and for schools.

The home life of Pres-i-dent Roose-velt at Oy-ster Bay, Long Is-land, is full of glad life. Mrs. Roose-velt is there, and Alice, E-thel, "Tedd-y," Jr., Ker-mit, Ar-chie, Quin-tin, and scores of pets. Friends come from far and near, and, in the warm months, life goes on in a way to please all. The cool months of the year find the Roose-velts at the White House, Wash-ing-ton, where the Pres-i-dent gives his time and thought to all the needs of the land.

Through all the life of The-o-dore Roose-velt naught has been found but good. His aims are high. He stands, talks, and works for what seems to him to be for the best good of this land.

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