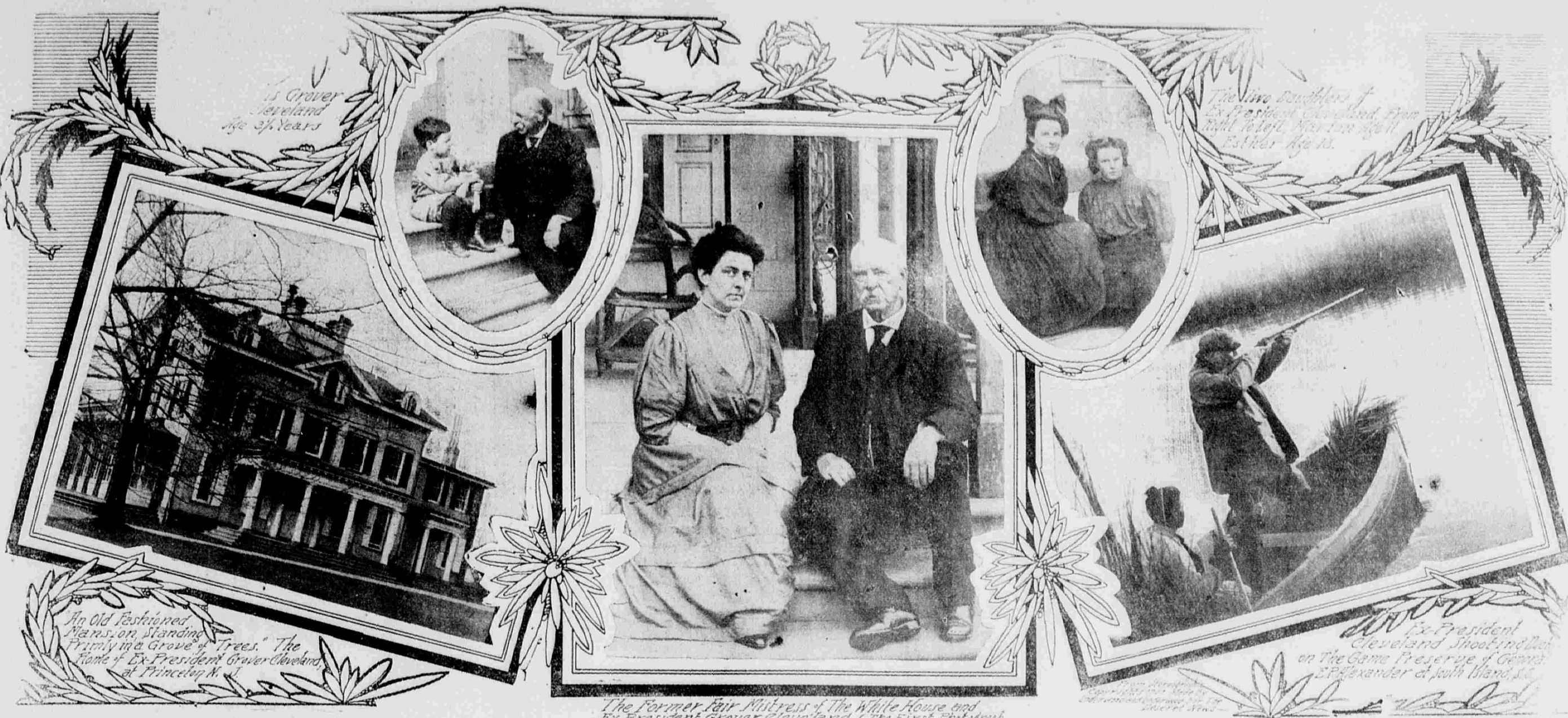


The Home Life of the Cleveland Family in Princeton.

Written for the Deseret News by Albert Edward Ullman.



TURNING up the broad driveway of "Westland," I sighted an old fashioned mansion standing primly in a grove of trees. It was a gray and fat old house, with a placid face that seemed to ignore the presence of examples of modern architecture peeping over the front hedge. About it and the grounds there was an air of simplicity that bespoke the taste of those who dwelled there. The wide porch beckoned hospitably and the sharp bark of a dog and a childish shout added a touch of life to the scene. To the right Cedar Grove, a range of hills, dark and green, stood out on the horizon, while Cherry valley made but a purple shadow below.

A plump serving maid opened the door and I was soon seated in the music room with an opportunity to take in my surroundings. Furniture and bric-a-brac and antiques of almost every kind were placed carefully about, blotting out the sharp angles of the room, yet retaining an air of plainness. The hand of child could be seen, for a dog-eared book of fairy tales rested on a carved ivory. Over the mantle was a painting of a young woman, whose beauty and charm once graced the White House.

EX-PRESIDENT APPEARS.

The next moment there was a firm tread in the reception hall and Grover Cleveland, ex-president, stood before me. His hand shook with him and vigorous as that of a man of 40, and his voice quiet and steady as he invited me into the library.

There, seated in a comfortable chair before his desk, I had a good chance to measure the man. His ruddy face hinted at outdoor life. He was much lighter than when I saw him last, now weighing but 120 pounds. His hair was marked with gray and the light blue eyes lacked hardly in luster and twinkled with an amused glance as he observed the close scrutiny of his visitor. Decidedly, this grand old man was 70 years young.

LOOKS LIKE A SQUIRE.

At first glance one would take him for a well-to-do country squire. He was garbed in a square-cut, frock suit of dark worsted, relieved by a red tie. As he noticed one foot over the other he crossed the shoes over the broad, common sense carpet, raising his eyes to the lion-like head, with the strong face and its massive features, the first impression was lost and you knew that the man you were a fan who had accomplished great things in the whirl of life.

There was no sign of the mental deterioration that usually comes with advancing years. His conversation was easy and natural, displaying a quick mental grasp of his subjects. His opinions, delivered after careful thought, showed that he retained that same determination of will, which marked him as no man's man when he presided over the destinies of the nation.

NO FALSE DIGNITY.

There was no false dignity about him, no unconscious posing, no reserve. Only a man, free of manner and democratic to the backbone, satisfied with his work in the past, striving to do more, and leading a life of simple retirement that spreads a shadow of quiet dignity and peace over his declining years. And then you are seized with wonder and marvel at the mystery that has permitted him to retain these youthful attributes that are part of the years that have fled. Like a flash the explanation came. I was standing in the reception hall with him after leaving the library. There was a patter of romping feet behind us, a cry intended to represent the noise of some furious wild beast snoring our ear drums, and then Francis Grover Cleveland, aged three and a half, seized his father about the knees and gave every evidence of an eager desire to devour him.

BOY AND BEAR.

The change had come. There was a relaxation of the stern lines of the face and a youthful light in his eyes as he laughed heartily and asked: "What is it, my boy?" "I'm going to kill a bear," answered the youngest of the family in a terribly impressive tone. "Please come and help me," he added, turning to the visitor.

With my assistance he soon had the stuffed bear throttled and buried deeply in a mound of sofa cushions, while his elder stood by deeply amused at my impression into the mock-fear of bear-killing. Now the mind of Francis changed.

"Let's cook him an' eat him," he cried. "Yes, let's," I replied. "Here's a piece, no! Don't eat it that way," he remonstrated. "You got the hair in your mouth."

And then an explosion of laughter

told us that when one is round in girth and past his majority some time, the eating of toy bears appears ludicrous.

Losing his playmate, Francis Grover Cleveland threw himself on the floor and gave a correct impersonation of a tiger in his native lair, much to his own edification. He is well-built, blue eyed, handsome boy, greatly favoring his mother.

"I know there is something for a good boy," said the father, addressing him, "but it is not for tigers." Francis was all attention now. Then his face lighted up.

"Your mother will have to hide things better," remarked the defeated parent bitterly. "Francis," called a girlish voice, and Esther, a tall athletic girl of 13, much resembling her father ran in to lead him out into new pastimes of playland.

MRS. CLEVELAND.

There was a rustle of skirts and Mrs. Cleveland descended the broad stairway. She was dressed in a plain skirt and a Peter Pan waist that set off her matronly figure well. She was still the beautiful woman that presided over the executive mansion. Her form was a little more rounded, the look that comes with motherhood was in her face, but it simply added to her magnetic presence. Her eyes, a strange mixture of blue and violet and light gray, beamed out from under a great crown of black hair, simply arranged. Her voice was low and musical, but firm, and that same gracious manner that had impressed ambassadors, diplomats and statesmen was still her own. The years had dealt kindly with her likewise, and one would hardly think her a day more than 30.

LITTLE MAID MARION.

Following closely behind her was Marion, a miniature of her mother, her hair being lighter, who has but passed her eleventh birthday. The announcement of a caller for the ex-president caused him to leave us and we wandered out and took a seat on the small porch of the right wing of the house. Francis and Esther had joined their mother, and the two girls and boy she made a pleasing picture of contented motherhood. The manner of the children in addressing her showed that she did not govern them by any iron rule, but was regarded rather as one of them who knew all their childish pleasures and troubles and could act well as an adviser.

This lack of any air of dictation or rule seems to attach itself to all of the household. There is no such word as "must" in the vocabulary of the home. It requires six servants to take care of the house and children and all of them follow their own inclination as to duties and work. The mistress of the house permits them to arrange these things among themselves and she is fairly dizzied by them. The servants are a smiling, healthy lot. There is no stiffness about them, no tip-toeing, no talking in whispers. They are natural and very much at home and enjoy life quite as much as anyone at Westland.

OVER THE GROUNDS.

More callers making the presence of

FIFTH REASON TREE TEA

There are two kinds of packages—protected and unprotected. TREE TEA packages are lined with purified paper. TREE TEA is protected tea.

PROTECTED TEA

IMPORTED BY M. J. BRANDENSTEIN & CO. SAN FRANCISCO

Mrs. Cleveland necessary in the sitting room, I wandered about the grounds in search of "Dick," or rather, Richard Polson Cleveland, whom I had not met yet. Vague reports had it that he had escaped the house on roller skates to search out kindred spirits similarly equipped. Tiring of my quest for him in the walks without I walked back of the house, where the barns and gardeners' house stand some distance in the rear. As I turned by a great tree I heard a wheezy, but friendly, bark at my heel, and looking down, beheld the faithful "Brownie," companion of his master on rabbit hunts for twelve years past. As I scratched his fat back, while he wriggled in friendly regard, I was jostled by "Rickey," the ex-president's black and white hunter—it wanted its share of caresses. One or the other of them is generally carried by Mr. Cleveland on his hunting or fishing expeditions.

A NIMRODIC BIRTHDAY.

Only the week before the ex-president returned from a duck hunt on the Alexander preserves in South Carolina. He spent his seventeenth birthday as a Nimrod, and friends who witnessed his performance, declare that he has lost none of his aim or ability to fill his bag.

With the dogs following I encountered "Sam" Young, gardener and caretaker. Sam insisted at once on showing me the stable and three horses, two of them, gray, being the carriage team. The Cleverlands have no automobiles. There is no more devoted admirer of the ex-president than this same Sam. From his lips I gathered that Mr. Cleveland was not a person easily seen and that when at home he keeps close to his study, writing. One's wealth or prominence made no impression on "the sage of Princeton," if he was occupied. Sam interrupted him on one occasion with the information that a laboring man wanted to see him.

"What does he want?" asked Mr. Cleveland. "I don't know," answered the gardener. Then the master walked into the hall and shaking hands with his embarrassed caller, said: "Well, sir, what do you want?" "Mr. Cleveland, I voted for you for

president twice and haven't ever seen you once."

"Very well, here I am, take a good look," he replied with a chuckle.

POSTS AND PRESIDENT.

On another occasion the ex-president, accompanied by his caretaker, visited an old farmer to negotiate for some fence posts. The old man, taking a liking to his visitor, was free in slapping him on the back and telling him years gathered at the village store years before. When the deal was consummated he turned to his new friend and asked: Where shall I send the posts?

"Grover Cleveland's," was the answer. Then a light dawned on the old fellow and he gasped:

"Grover Cleveland! Well, I be darned I'd never take you for a president. This democracy on the part of the owner of 'Westland' leads to many amusing adventures. Ever since, in Princeton halls him as 'Grover,' as he goes about, but they have proper respect for his privacy and his home is rarely invaded.

Only a few days before my visit an old peddler struck the place and was leaving with pack on back by the rear way when he encountered Mr. Cleveland, who seeing him about to drop his bundle in order to lower the gate, said:

"Hold on, my friend. I will open it for you."

The peddler waited and then walking back he said to the man:

"Now put it up again so the cows will stay in."

"RUNAWAY DICK."

Francis now joined me in a toy automobile and leaving the gardener, I walked to the front of the house. While the ex-president is hard to see, Mrs. Cleveland is not, and she was busy welcoming callers and bidding good-byes. A light-haired boy came speeding up the walk on a bicycle at this instant and from his features I recognized him as the runaway Dick.

"Don't leave for a while," he shouted. "The college boys are going to present father with a birthday loving cup. It will be great fun."

PRINCETON LOVING CUP.

Then I sat down on the porch to wait

the coming event. From afar I heard the booming of brass drums and the sound of chanting voices. It grew nearer and I knew that five or six hundred voices were singing college songs and in a great volume of sound two freshmen beating drums, turned up the driveway followed by all the undergraduates of Princeton university. Children and servants were at the upper windows now and the great crowd of boys stood in front of the house cheering for that man whom Princeton next to the nation, claims for its very own.

The ex-president was on the porch listening to the presentation speech and when it was finished he took the massive loving cup in his hands. The eyes showed that he was touched by this evidence of their youthful regard and the under lip quivered as he started to voice his appreciation. As he went on he recovered his voice and you marvelled again at this man of 70 past who could speak as well out-of-doors as when he first mounted the hustings.

SANG "OLD NASSAU."

When he had ended cheers were given for him and Mrs. Cleveland and

with hats swinging aloft, the students sang "Old Nassau," as he stood on the lower step shaking one after another, the hands of more than 500 young admirers. It showed that there was much to engage one's thought in that part of his address in which he said that he had remained young in a large degree from the fact that he associated so much with youth and had so much evidence of it about him.

The last sound of the departing students dying away he lighted a cigar and seeing me preparing to take my leave he approached to bid good-bye. "I will not shake hands with you," I said. "You must be tired out with that by now." "Not at all," he answered smilingly, as he grasped my hand. "I shake hands freely and naturally, so I never tire."

His grip was as firm and steady as when he first greeted me early in the day. And in this manner our only living ex-president lives his simple life. With the exception of his outing trips he rarely goes anywhere. For a few months in summer he lives on his New

Hampshire farm. He has not been to his Buzzard's Bay place for two years. Surrounded by wife and children and friends young and old, he is passing his life in content and peace until that day when Grover Cleveland will pass into the memory of his people and the history of his country.

PIRATING FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR.

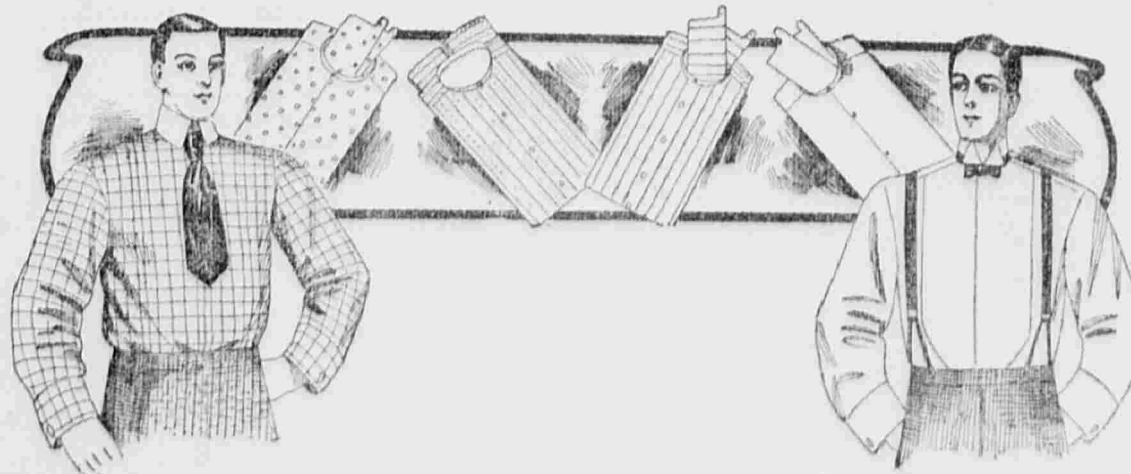
Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the genuine. These worthless imitations have similar sounding names. Beware of them. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar is in a yellow package. Ask for it and refuse any substitute. It is the best remedy for coughs and colds. For sale by F. J. Hill Drug Co.

JUNE WEDDINGS.

See our new line of announcements and invitations before ordering. THE DESERET NEWS.

Extremely Unusual Values IN SEASONABLE HABERDASHERY

Our showing of seasonable Haberdashery includes new and approved ideas in Men's wear, styles and materials to suit every taste—radical or conservative. We are fast gaining a reputation for selling ONLY HIGHEST QUALITY GOODS AT POPULAR PRICES. Nothing cheap, shoddy or even ordinarily good finds a place in this store—every article must be of proven quality and value, and the price must be satisfactory. We will protect ourselves by protecting our customers.



The weather suggests summer wearables. The values we offer make it advisable to purchase at this store. Our variety is large, our stock is bright and new and the prices are attractive. It's a pleasure to answer questions concerning styles and fashions in clothes, and our salesmen are fully posted on "what's what" in men's attire.

ASK FOR ENSIGN \$3 HATS.

Doultou Madsen Owen & Co. 111-113 "WHERE THE CLOTHES FIT" Main Street

ASK FOR ENSIGN \$3 HATS.

KNAPTON, CURTIS & HANGER CO.

WALL PAPER AND PAINTS. 217 SO. STATE ST. PHOT. 33.

WALL PAPER SALE!

Largest Stock and Lowest Prices. Special sale this month. Remnants and small lots, 10c to 15c bolt.

Rivers Bros 140 Main Street.