

MR. CLEVELAND AT HOME.

The Former President's Quiet Life at Princeton—Happy in Classic Retirement—The Third Term Bee Apparently Does Not Disturb Him—Not a Hard Man to See.

Special Correspondence.

Princeton, N. J., June 1.—Former President Grover Cleveland has returned to his home in Princeton from the fishing trip on Lake Erie by which he wore off the fatigue resulting from his recent visit to St. Louis and his participation in the dedicatory exercises of the Louisiana Purchase exposition. While Mr. Cleveland expresses himself as highly pleased with the cordial reception given him in the west, he is not seriously disturbed by the buzzing of the third term bee which seems to agitate so many politicians. He studiously refrains from gratifying the curiosity of those who are laying awake nights wondering if he wants to be president again, but some of his closest friends assert that he prefers the classic retirement of this old university town to the strenuous life of the White House.

When several years ago Mr. Cleveland decided to take up his abode in Princeton, everybody who had not been to Princeton, the social life of a college town is ideal to one who loves refined simplicity, and Princeton is particularly fortunate in its remoteness from the maddening crowd. The ex-president's home is an unpretentious structure of colonial style, built for him about three years ago. It is known as a "plaster house," a frame building plastered inside and out. It has two floors, in both of which are very wide latticed windows. The front porch is colonnaded with two square plaster columns and four round wooden columns giving the entrance an imposing aspect. On the left side of the house is a colonnaded portico cocher. The roof, covered with bright red tiles, is a distinguishing feature which can be seen from a great distance. A driveway curves from the street through a large and well kept lawn dotted with trees.

The interior of the house is quite as simple as the exterior. Mr. Cleveland is not a hard man to see. A man in plain clothes ushers the visitor into a modest reception room furnished without ostentation and possessing the inevitable rubber plant of the country residence. Mr. Cleveland reached his 66th birthday on March 26 last, but his eye is as bright and his step as firm as when he left Washington. He is somewhat less corpulent, and the outdoor life he has lived for the past six years has given him the ruddy hue of health.

His daily life is that of the retired statesman and country gentleman combined. He seldom breakfasts later than 8 and during the forenoon attends to his correspondence, which is very heavy. Most of his letters are from admirers who want his opinion on the matters uppermost in the public mind. It is reported that the ex-president is writing his memoirs, but if he is he will probably not permit their publication within his lifetime.

After lunch Mr. Cleveland orders a surrey and drives out to his chicken farm, where he has a fine outfit for the hatching and rearing of fancy fowl. The evenings the ex-president devotes to reading and to the society of his family, to which he is deeply attached. Another evening diversion is billiards, in which Mr. Cleveland displays considerable skill.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland do not entertain largely, but they give a few dinners, and Mrs. Cleveland has a day at home on which all callers are welcome. The Clevelands are frequent guests at dinners given by the members of the Princeton faculty and other members of the college set, which includes such wealthy families as the Armours, the Bayers, Stocktons, the Taylor Pynes and the Juniors Morgans.

Ever since his coming to Princeton the ex-president has shown great interest in the university. He is now not only a member of the board of trustees, but is also professor of practical politics. This position does not tie him down to stated hours in the classroom, however, for it calls for only two lectures a year. These lectures come in the spring term and have proved highly popular, both with the undergraduates and those who are better

qualified to judge of their excellence. By the undergraduates he is not only treated with consideration, but his popularity with them is proved on every occasion on which they have an opportunity to express their good will.

Mr. Cleveland is a regular attendant at the football practice in the fall and is interested in all the university's athletic contests. He rarely misses one of the big games. He wears a Princeton button and has allowed it to become known that his son Richard will some day, if he lives, be a graduate of Old Nassau.

Since his appointment to the National Civic Federation the former president has come out of his retirement to some extent and has made notable speeches during the past few months at large public gatherings, but until recently almost the only thing which could call him from his home was a fishing excursion or a duck hunt.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans and Commodore E. C. Benedict have been the ex-president's usual companions on trips of this sort, but since the assignment of Admiral Evans to the Asiatic station Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Benedict have had to get on without his jovial companionship. Mr. Cleveland has the reputation of always hitting what he aims at when he is out after ducks even if his bag is not invariably a large one. His last fishing trip was in pursuit of the Lake Erie bass which lurk in the vicinity of Middle Bass Island, off Cleveland.

The four Cleveland children form no important part of the Cleveland ménage. They are democratic in the extreme. Everybody knows them. The tradesmen of the village who deal in wares dear to the hearts of children are personally acquainted with them, and each Princeton undergraduate has constituted himself a knight in their defense. So far as their clothes are concerned, the ex-president's children might belong to the household of any respectable mechanic. Their plain woolen frocks and comfortable coats with sailor collar and round sailor hats, trimmed except for a narrow band of ribbon, are within the reach of the humble purse. Equally unostentatious are their accessories. They have a nurse and a governess, but they walk unattended very often, and their attendants never wear any sign of liver.

Baby Ruth, who ruled Washington society in her infancy, is now a robust girl of 12 and is rapidly growing into the image of her beautiful mother. Like her mother, she has dark hair and eyes. She has also the carriage and bearing of the ex-first lady of the land. She is very active and fond of outdoor sports. Esther is a dainty haired child, resembling her father more than her mother. She has the distinction of being the only child of a president born after 1825 and is rapidly growing into the image of her mother. She is a dainty haired child, resembling her father more than her mother. She has the distinction of being the only child of a president born after 1825 and is rapidly growing into the image of her mother.

Marion, the third daughter, was born at Buzzard's Bay in 1895. She has darker hair than Esther, though she is not a brunette. She is an affectionate and affable child and is very friendly with strangers. Richard, the son and heir, was born at Princeton six years ago. He was promptly adopted by the students and christened "Grover Junior," by which name he is known among them today. He is a sturdy little chap. He wears Russian blouse linen suits and has his hair cut straight across the back. And his father are great chums.

Both Richard and Esther go to a private school in the village, but the two younger children learn their lessons at home. Mrs. Cleveland's life is as quiet and contented as that of her distinguished husband. The years have changed her but slightly. She has taken an active interest in the Village Improvement society and is now a member of the executive board of the Town club, an organization which originated in the desire of certain undergraduates to give to young men and women advantages they could not otherwise obtain. She is greatly liked by the students, and many of them are to be found at the Cleveland residence on her at home days.

WANT TO SAVE THE OLD SHIP

Pennsylvania Congressman Seeks to Have the Niagara Preserved—Perry's Famous Naval Battle on Lake Erie Recalled.

The efforts of Hon. Arthur L. Bates, representative in congress from the Twenty-sixth district of Pennsylvania, to have the government appropriate \$10,000 for raising the hull and erecting over it a building which will be free to the public. The city of Erie is the place designated for the safekeeping of the precious relic, and the chamber of commerce of that place has offered to accept it in trust for the people of the nation. It was on the deck of this famous Niagara that Commodore Perry, then but 27 years of age, stood when receiving the surrender of the British fleet Sept. 10, 1813, and as the nineteenth anniversary of the memorable battle of the Erie.

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WANT MAYOR MULVHILL OUSTED.



The official head of Mayor Mulvihill, Bridgeport, Connecticut's stoker mayor, is in jeopardy. From a common stoker Mulvihill was made mayor of the big city. When the recent labor trouble affected the whole town, the stoker mayor's sympathies were naturally with the class he sprang from. His critics say that he allowed those sympathies to sway him from that calm impartiality which should go with his public office. Now they are clamoring for his head and at the same time avowing that it does not do to take public officers from the laboring class.



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variety of the memorable event in American history is to be the occasion of a monster demonstration in the city of Erie next September. Congressman Bates has been speculatively anxious to secure the funds necessary for raising the old hulk.

It was to the Niagara that Commodore O. H. Perry made his flight from the wrecked Lawrence, and from her decks he won the victory in one of the most brilliant battles of the world. What was left of the fleet of three brigs, five schooners and one sloop was ordered by the navy department to be sold and removed in 1815, but the Niagara was never taken away.

Along the shores of Lake Erie, whose name has been immortalized by one of the most gloriously brave battles ever fought, Perry says, the 19th of September was grown in the breasts of the people, and is more and more observed by the people on the shores of Lake Erie.

At that time Philadelphia took a day and a night to relieve, various cities voted the volunteer testimonial awards, and business forest its duties to light bonfires and to make speeches. The accounts of this battle have been many and interesting, both popular and technical, controversialists have sought to belittle the glory of this battle, to criticize its line of advance.

Perry, when a delicate lad of 18, determined to join his father's ship, the General Green, and this he did as midshipman in 1808. He served in the war with Tripoli, the training school that made us many his officers for 1812. As soon as the war with England became a certainty he began to fight, and the very day the war came for him to choose the best men from his flotilla at Newport and to start for Sackett Harbor he was on the march across the frozen wilderness.

The soul that knew no daunt set him at once to building his fleet at Erie in a part without protection on the shores of the lake controlled by the enemy's squadron. Only a few of the ship carpenters went on shore to find nothing but broken rods. He had nothing at hand but the forest waiting for the ax, and timbers went into the sides of the big Niagara, now rotting in the lake that were felled, hewn and laid in one day. When Chauncey needed Perry at Fort George he set out on foot at once and arrived at his camp in the very nick of time, upon the battle's eve. No wonder that, when he walked into the flagship's cabin, his boots were soaked and his face was mud. Commodore Chauncey grasped his hand and said: "No person on earth could do more."

He helped to win the battle, pulling about in an open boat, pointing the guns himself, encouraging the sailors, and by going on shore to help them fort.

And standing upon the deck of the flagship Niagara he wrote to his mother in England the letter that message which goes ringing down our history.

"Dear General: We have met the enemy and they are ours—two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop. Yours with great esteem and respect."

The patriotic Pittsburgher should therefore be pardoned if he is proud of the part his forefathers had in equipping one of the most gallant fleets that ever met an enemy. The fighting of the fleet was made in the big rope walk of John and Boyle Irwin, which stood at the Point. Captain John Irwin, an army officer, built the works about 1840. The first rope walk west of the Allegheny mountains. Commodore Perry contracted for the equipment of the fleet from the Irwin family. It seems providential that the Allegheny river continued at a good level about stage 12 and that the river was conveyed to Erie without much difficulty. Had the river receded as low as usual the fleet could not have been right there for the glorious victory which followed.

The Irwin rope walk was removed to Allegheny just west of the common soon after the war of 1812 and was operated until 1855, when it was demolished. Several times it was rebuilt, but the Irwin was the largest rope walk west of the Allegheny mountains, and eight years ago was as good as new. In these rope walks men wove the strands of cordage as they were made from the rough waters of the lake. Erie was not a dark and dreary place, hence the peculiar name. It may be mentioned that some of the Irwin descendants now live at Sewickley.

At the time the intrepid naval officer went out to meet his adversary on the rough waters of the lake, Erie was not even a name. Presque Isle it was called then. The lake shore was virgin wilderness and from the huge oak timber cut from the forest Perry built his little fleet, chafing all the time at the delay and seeking a hawk and not being able to strike it. But his work was not interrupted, it progressed as speedily as the energetic and ambitious young officer could force it. When completed in August, 1813, the vessels moved slowly over the bay for they were much heavier than the British ships. Perry's flotilla was to co-operate with General William Henry Harrison's forces.

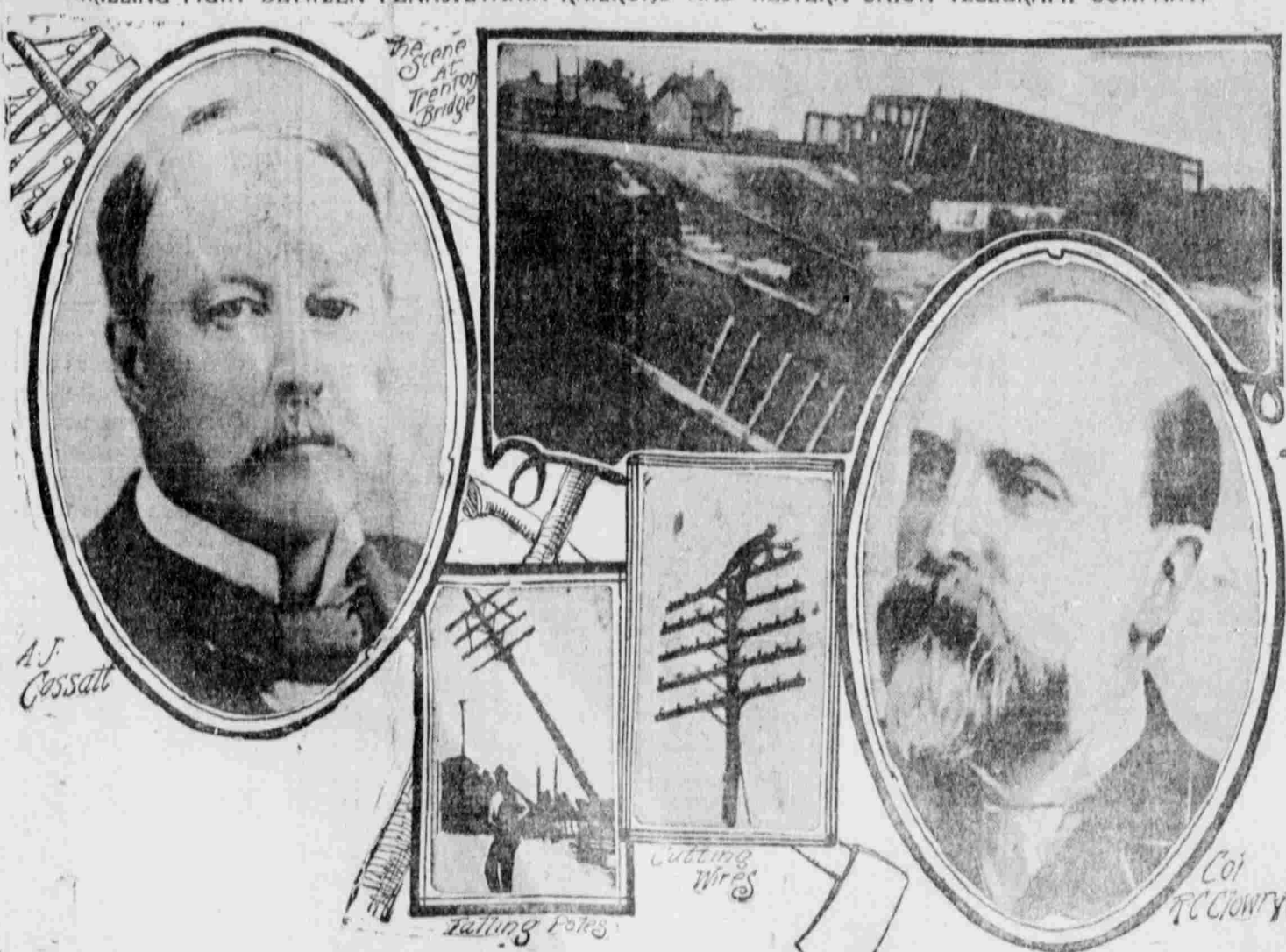
The fleets were about equally matched in officers and men. There were six British vessels to the Americans' nine, but the armament of the former was much heavier and the guns could carry much farther. Barclay had 30 long guns to Perry's 15, so that the American flagship, the Lawrence, which was the target for the terrible fire, was literally shot to pieces, her guns dismantled and decks drenched in blood. Perry, nothing dismayed, left the fiercely burning hulk, crossing in a small open boat to the Niagara, the next largest vessel of his fleet, and there amid tremendous cheering hoisted his emblem as commander.

With his new flagship Perry pierced the enemy's line, and followed by smaller vessels, closed in at close quarters. This had been his unalterable intention from the first.

Ladies and Children Invited.

All ladies and children who cannot stand the shocking strain of lavative syringes, cathartics, etc., are invited to try the famous Little Early Risers. They are different from all other pills. They do not purge the system, even a double dose will not grip, weaken or sicken. Many people call them the Easy Pill. W. H. Howitt, Houston, Tex., says nothing better can be used for constipation, sick headache, etc. Rob Moore, Lafayette, Ind., says all others grip and sicken, while Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers do their work well and easy. Sold by all druggists.

THRILLING FIGHT BETWEEN PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.



Battles between the big guns of the financial world are generally confined to the arena of the stock exchanges or the law courts, but a war to the death now raging between a giant railroad and a big telegraph company has a more thrilling setting. The whole country is intensely interested in the exciting fight between the Pennsylvania railroad and the Western Union Telegraph company. The railroad may be said to have scored first blood by cutting down several of the lines of wires belonging to the telegraph company, thereby causing a serious crippling of the Western Union's business facilities. President Cleary, of the Western Union, now declares that it is his turn to act and his lawyers are busily preparing a case for heavy damages against the railroad.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' FREE BOOK CHANCE!

All boys and girls into whose homes the Saturday News comes, are invited to try their hands at this puzzle. For the first three correct answers received through the mail (none others considered) THE DESERET NEWS BOOK STORE will give a free story book, a standard work, neatly printed and well bound. The names of the three winners, with the solution of the puzzle, will be printed in the following issue of the Saturday News. Cut out the picture, mark plainly the location of the various objects you find, and address it to the

DESERET NEWS BOOK STORE, PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

Many answers were received but none found the entire 12 figures. Last week's winners were Joseph Busath, 431 west Third South, 12 correct; Spencer Beck, Spanish Fork, Utah, P. O. Box 14, 12 correct; Ella Van Dam, 223 First Ave., Waterloo, 12 correct.

SOLUTION OF THE PUZZLE OF THE GNOME'S DAUGHTER.

By using the right side of the picture as base, one of the Gnomes can be found at the extreme left and near the bottom, a second near the upper left corner, formed in the shadow of the Cat, the King toward the right on a line between the Rabbit and the upper right corner, and the Evil Witch on the extreme right, near the top. By using the upper part of the picture as base, the Mother can be found on the left, between the trunk of the tree and the side of the picture, and the Father in the upper left corner at the base of the tree, another of the wicked Gnomes just back of the White Rabbit, the Good Fairy in the lower left corner near the tip of the Rabbit's ear, a fourth Gnome in the lower part of the picture between the trunks of two trees, and the Prince in the lower right corner. By using the left side of the picture as base the fifth Gnome can be found in the lower part of the picture, near a large stone on the bank of the stream, still another Gnome in the lower center on the edge of the stream, and the last of the Gnomes on the extreme right, about half way up.

THE HUNCHBACK'S DREAM.

Find the Fairy, Beautiful Boy and Gypsies of the Hunchback's Dream—Twelve in All.



Once upon a time there was a poor little hunchback dwarf who was so homely that folks couldn't help staring at him. This made him so very miserable that he came to avoid people as much as possible and seek the companionship of trees, flowers and all the beautiful things of nature, and in time they became a great comfort to him. He would lie for hours amid the beautiful wild flowers, tall grasses and ferns, and bemoan the fate that had made him such a cripple. One day, while sitting under a great sycamore tree on the edge of the forest, listening to the song of the beautiful birds overhead and the chirp of the insects round about

him, the refreshing spicy breezes from the woods caused him to sink into a gentle slumber, and he dreamt that a lovely fairy came and changed him into a beautiful boy, and oh! how he rejoiced to be rid of that terrible hump on his back and be so beautiful. He saw himself playing with other children in front of his home. The people passing still stared at him, but it was an account of his wonderful beauty, and he enjoyed it so very much that he was really getting vain, and there is no telling what the fate that had made him such a cripple. One day, while sitting under a great sycamore tree on the edge of the forest, listening to the song of the beautiful birds overhead and the chirp of the insects round about

suddenly he was seized, blindfolded and carried away, and when his eyes were uncovered he found himself a captive among a band of gypsies in a strange land. They had stolen him on account of his great beauty, and sad, sad, indeed, was his lot to bear. By and by, his home, parents, playmates and all the scenes of the past faded from his memory, and he became as the gypsies in all their evil ways. He was dishonest, untruthful, lazy and dissipated, and going from bad to worse. Then the change of life began to tell on him, and his health failing, he soon lost that which made him valuable in the eyes of the gypsies—his beauty—and they, not caring to be burdened with him any

longer, left him alone in a gloomy forest to die. The sensation was so terrible to him that he awoke. Lying there, thinking of his horrible dream, he felt that even a poor hunchback dwarf has something to be thankful for, and he began to see that beauty, which is so much coveted in this world, may prove as great an affliction as deformity, and from that time forth he knew a peace which he had never known before, for his dream had taught him that true happiness lies, not in the possession of beauty, but of a contented heart.

The moral of this fable is, "In hunting for diamonds, don't destroy a gold mine."