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**Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents**

By JAMES MORGAN

**A SECOND-HAND PRESIDENT**

- 1800—Jan. 7, Millard Fillmore, born in Cayuga county, New York.
- 1829-31—Member of New York assembly.
- 1833-35, 1837-43 Member of congress.
- 1848—Elected vice president.
- 1850—July 9, sworn in as thirteenth president, aged fifty. Sent Commodore Perry to Japan.
- 1852—Defeated for nomination.
- 1856—Nominated for president by Knownothings and Whigs, and defeated.
- 1874—March 8, died at Buffalo, aged seventy-four.

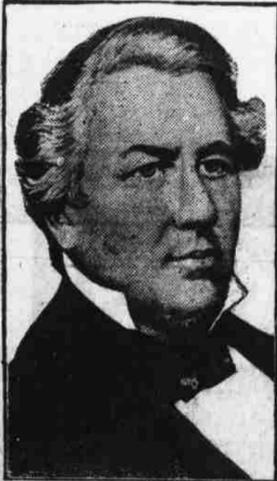
MILLARD FILLMORE, the second vice president to be promoted by death, was the most commonplace president even in a twenty-year period when the presidency remained at low-water mark. Tall and with magisterial front, but cold and hollow, he looked the part which he played—the dummy of northern trimmers in politics and of southern traffickers in slaves.

A fable of the day hit off the truth. The new president must have a carriage, and "Old Edward" Moran, a White House attendant in many administrations, took him to see a handsome outfit, whose owner was leaving Washington and would sell it at a bargain.

"This is all very well, Edward," Fillmore mused, according to the popular yarn; "but how would it do for the president of the United States to ride around in a second-hand carriage?"

"But, sure," argued "Old Edward," "Your Excellency is only a second-hand president!"

In Fillmore we have another fron-



Millard Fillmore.

tier president. For western New York was an outpost when he was born there of New England parents. After receiving about the same kind of schooling as our other log-cabin presidents, he was bound out to learn the trade of wool carder.

The one enduring act of the Fillmore administration was taken when it sent Commodore Perry to knock at the long-closed gate of Japan, and, with the gift of a toy railroad and a toy telegraph, to tempt the Japanese to come out of their hermit seclusion. The rest is politics.

As American men struggled to rise from the bottom in the more primitive days of the country, their women often failed to keep up with them. By the time half of Fillmore's predecessors gained the presidency, their wives were either dead, worn out or lagging behind.

Mrs. Fillmore, finding herself without strength or ambition to reign with her husband, her place was taken by a daughter. This girl of eighteen, Miss Mary Abigail, was enough of a new woman to have insisted on fitting herself by a course in a normal school to earn an independent living. Being obligated to teach a certain length of time after graduating, she went on teaching school even after her father became vice president. She kept at it until her mother summoned her to reside over the White House, where she promptly induced congress to install a library, the mansion having been until then a bookless desert.

A month after the end of her husband's term Mrs. Fillmore was dead. Next Miss Mary died of cholera, and then, after a tour of Europe, the pathetic loneliness of a retired president was relieved by a marriage with a wealthy widow.

Fillmore had tried to avert this retirement by an unsuccessful effort to be nominated to succeed himself. Four years afterward he attempted to break the retirement and return to the presidency. Although he had both the Knownothing and Whig nominations, he ran third in the election. He lived on in his Buffalo home until the very year when another Buffalonian, Grover Cleveland, started for the White House by way of the shrewdly of Erie county.

**The Plotter.**

The ostrich covered up his head in a conspicuous spot. "Do not disturb me, please," he said; "I'm hatching out a plot."

**Informative.**

She was much interested in prison reform and was visiting a large prison one day. "Don't any of your friends come to see you on visiting days?" she asked of a big, burly ruffian. "No'm," responded the ex-burglar; "they're all here wit' me."—Everybody's Magazine.

**A Bad Precedent.**

"Why do you want a divorce from your husband?" asked a friend of the family. "Because he isn't the man I thought he was when I married him," sobbed the young wife. "My dear child, a general application of that principle would break up nearly every home in the country."

**Economies.**

"How's the little old silver going now?" "Fine," replied Mr. Chuggins. "Run it every day?" "No. We have to alternate. One day we buy milk and the next we buy gasoline. We can't afford both on the same day."

**Reputation to Maintain.**

"Can't you set a date for the payment of this bill?" asked the collector. "I could, if it weren't for one thing," answered the debtor. "What is that?" "I want to maintain my reputation for veracity."

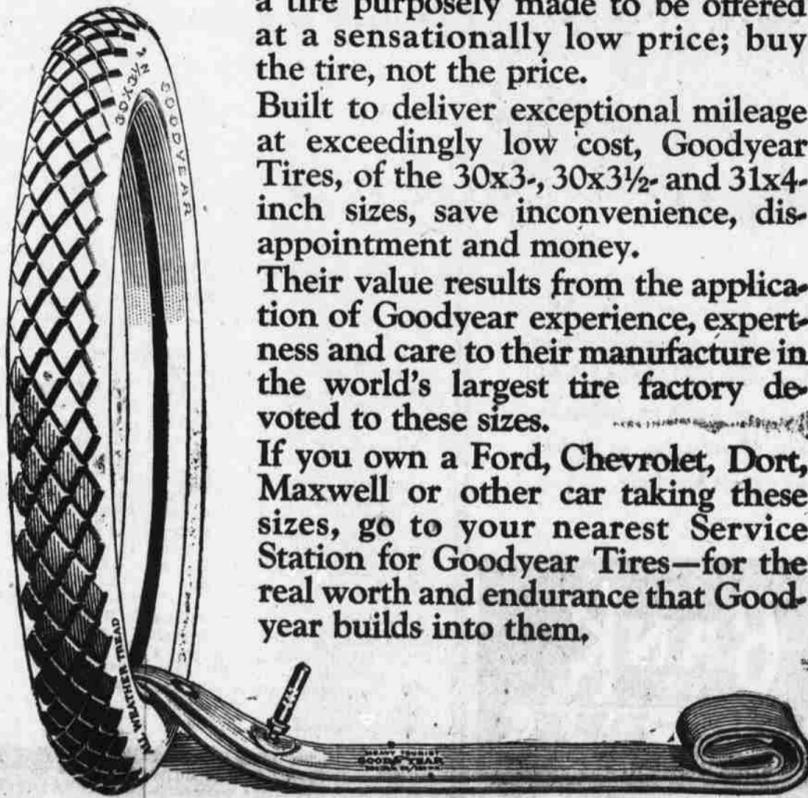
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