

How President Will Defy the Heat While Congress Haggles This Summer

Roof Garden Parties at White House, Midnight Automobile Rides, Lawn Fetes, Horseback Rides, Yachting and Golf Are Leading Recreation Features of Mr. Taft's Programme.

BY JOHN ELMFRET WATKINS.

A GAINST the semi-tropical sizzards of the national capital—whose thermometers mounted to 95 degrees even in the fore part of May—the President of these United States, indefatigable servant of one hundred million exacting masters, must fortify himself while a feud ridden Senate filibusters and haggles over unwelcome legislation, shoved at it by a hostile House of Representatives.

Although handing over a goodly sum monthly to the landlord of Paramatta, his newly leased summer cottage at Beverly, the first citizen of the realm must forego its comforts, perhaps until late summer, and be content with life as he finds it—and helps to improve it—150 miles to the southward, by the way of the old cow flies. Understrappers of the executive departments will spend their vacation in the balmy breezes of mountain and lake, forest and seashore, while the head of their establishment toils and sweats in the oven breath of a city whose asphalted streets have sometimes even been used as a griddle for frying eggs à la maître d'hôtel. Lincoln, Garfield and Cleveland fled to the cool uplands back of the federal city to escape its summer scorch, but the present Chief Magistrate will remain only a few feet above river level, in the least altitudinous section of the city of magnificent temperatures.

Inasmuch, however, as the Taft philosophy declares that no day is really too hot or too cold, unless fretting makes it so, Taft, the arch foe of worry, whose laughter wrecks Uncle Sam's stanchest chairs and who preaches the gospel that "humor is a shock absorber," may be depended upon to make the best of the sultriest sizzard that his Weather Bureau can brew out of the sluggish zephyrs from Virginia's verdant hills.

Roof garden parties, midnight automobile rides, lawn fetes, river excursions, horseback rides and golfing parties in the late afternoon will be the chief means of recreation upon the summer programme of the President, who insists upon the truth of the old saw that "all work and no play make Jack a dull boy," and who religiously devotes a part of every circuit of the clock to some means of diversion.

ROOF GARDEN DINNERS.

Al fresco dinners upon the roof garden of the west terrace, which joins the White House proper to the President's recently enlarged office annex, are an invention of Mr. Taft's, and will be enjoyed by his guests now and then on hot nights.

These open air feasts begin at 8 o'clock and the globular electric lamps, whose pillars flank the rectangular space, throw a soft, red light upon the diners, who are partly hidden by the rows of bay trees in their little tubs. For the storing of these trees alone, the White House is provided with a special greenhouse, 170 feet long. Ordinarily the globes in the terrace lamps are of dazzling yellow, and the substitution of the ruby globes was Mr. Taft's own idea.

Guests at these al fresco dinners are usually received on the semi-circular south portico overlooking the river, and after the coffee has been discussed the men guests sometimes retire to the corresponding roof garden, over the east terrace—opposite the Treasury—to smoke. Thirty-five guests have been entertained in this Oriental fashion at one time.

Almost any hot night the Washington suburbanite, lolling late upon his grassy lawn, is somewhere surprised by the passing of a monstrous, drooping shadow, within which are a half dozen apparitions and behind which snort two motorcycles bearing men in sombre garb.

"There goes Taft," observes the suburbanite, for even though the night be dark he recognizes the Presidential tour-

ing car by its rear guard—the inevitable Secret Service men who are directed to follow the Executive equipage wherever and whenever it stirs up the stagnant atmosphere. There have been published stories of the glee with which the President, from his tonneau, has viewed the discomfiture of these guards, stuck in the mud while trying to keep up with his touring car, but these are echoes of past times.

Until the return of cool weather the White House garage will hide the glossy surface of the great limousine car invariably used in winter by the first automobile loving President—or, rather, the first Executive to chance the voting farmer's displeasure by driving sans Dobbin. Through the ten miles of Rock Creek Park and back, or out over the new bridge of Lions to Chevy Chase and around home by the Tenallytown road—perhaps the Brightwood or over the Conduit road to the famed Cabin John Bridge—the great car steams, with a careful chauffeur at the wheel, one who thoroughly realizes that he holds in his hands the life of the head of state.

Only once has the Presidential automobile figured in an unhappy accident. Last summer, at Beverly, the President's

wealthy and exclusive Chevy Chase Club, which is now erecting a handsome new clubhouse—a massive structure built of stone, is the favorite playground of the President, and when he is out on the links there is strict enforcement of the rule that no "gallery" shall follow him from hole to hole.

Mr. Taft's usual golfing costume consists of dark gray outing trousers, a gray flannel shirt, worn without a tie, and a cap of the same general color. This May he presented a handsome silver cup, which was played for in tournament and won by Champion Travis, one of his favorite golfing companions.

Another "President's cup," purchased by Mr. Taft, is a handsome silver trophy which will be competed for late in the summer by the fleet of sailing yachts at Beverly, and the President will personally award it to the victor.

The President's head chauffeur receives a salary of \$160 a month, and has an assistant, who works at a lower wage. Between them they care for three cars, the black limousine and dark green, pleasant weather steamer, each of which bears the official coat-of-arms of the United States upon each door; also Mrs. Taft's little electric buggy, which is her own personal property. The two official cars were purchased out of an appropriation of \$12,000 made by Congress in lieu of the usual allowance for horses and carriages.

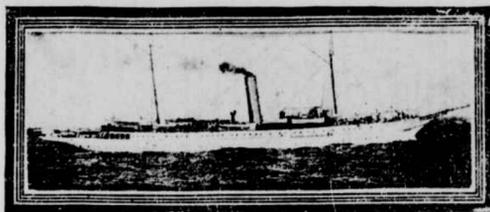
The most frequent afternoon trip of the Presidential touring car is made to the

pleasures of the head of the nation, and in common with his predecessors, he has a State Department.



THE TAFT FAMILY IN TOURING CAR.

always at his disposal the little Sylph, a relic of the Spanish war auxiliary navy, which he uses for daylight and moonlight sails up and down the Potomac, and the larger Mayflower, former private yacht of Ogden Goelet, built at Clyde for \$800,000, sold to our navy during the brush with the dons, and refitted during the Roosevelt regime as the Presidential yacht. By virtue of their rank as commander in chief, Presidents are entitled to these naval vessels, just as they are to orderlies to attend their riding horses and military surgeons to give them medical attention. But all eatables and refreshments used by the Presidential party while aboard these craft they pay for privately, unless distinguished foreign guests are being officially entertained aboard, in which case the hospitality is paid for out of the "neutrality



THE MAYFLOWER, FOR LONG OCEAN TRIPS.

Already These Means of Forgetting the Ascent of the Mercury Have Been Put in Use by the Chief Executive, Who Believes Firmly That Some Diversion Is Needed in a Life of Toil.

While the Sylph will probably remain at the Washington navy yard all summer, the more commodious Mayflower will doubtless be at the President's command while he is at Beverly. The President's quarters are aft on the main deck, and include six staterooms for the use of his family and friends.

Mr. Taft's stateroom, furnished during the Roosevelt administration, has white enameled woodwork, decorated with gold, and the walls are panelled with silk.

the Blue Room, where on state occasions the Chief Magistrate receives his official guests. This porch commands a view of Potomac Park, the Washington Monument, the Potomac and the Virginia hills, and is a safe retreat from the trying gaze of the curious, who would not hesitate to reach up and clip the Presidential shoestrings for souvenirs did the tenant of the Executive Mansion dare to sit out upon his north portico.

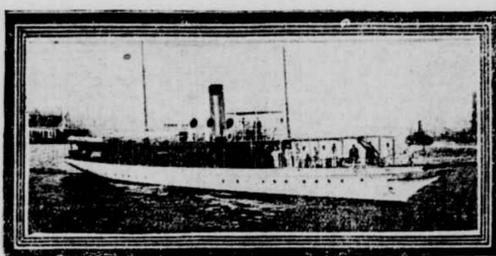
Sometimes President Taft goes out to the new ball park to see the Nationals play the visiting teams. He makes it a rule to attend the opening game and toss out the first ball to be pitched. At these and all other entertainments he is invariably accompanied by his companion and military aid, Major Archibald Butt, who takes an unusual interest in the game when his boyhood friend and fellow townsman, "Ty" Cobb, is playing with the visitors.

A pass engraved upon a solid plate of silver will admit the President and his party to a box at any game which he desires to witness at Boston during his summer trip to Beverly.

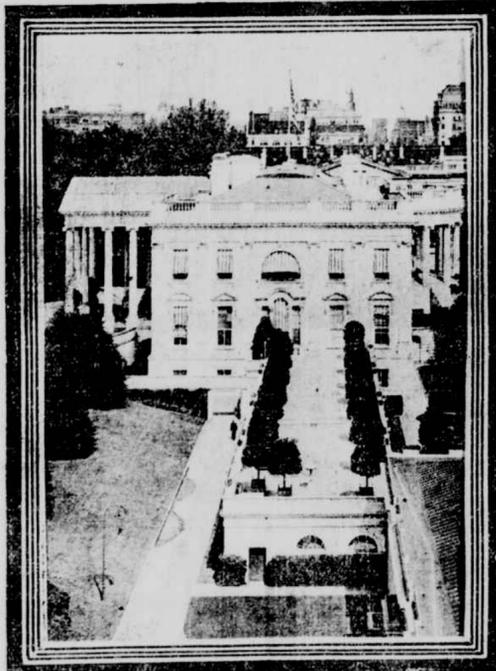
A horseback ride is now and then enjoyed by the President and Major Butt after a hard day's work, for, despite the



MR. TAFT ON THE CHEVY CHASE LINKS.



THE SYLPH, FOR SHORT MOONLIGHT EXCURSIONS.



THE PRESIDENT'S ROOF GARDEN, WHERE AL FRESCO DINNERS ARE SERVED.



MR. TAFT AT THE BASEBALL PARK.

The billows rock the Chief Executive to sleep in a brass bedstead, and when he and his family rise they may take their morning dips in any of four bathtubs, each cut from a solid block of white marble.

The smoking room, never put to full use by Taft or Roosevelt—neither of whom uses the weed—occupies the after portion of the spar deck, and is a cozy lounging space with inlaid floor, cane chairs and cane sofas.

When the Presidential party eat aboard they sit at a table surrounded by Louis XIV appointments, in white and gold. The light falls upon them through mahogany rimmed skylights, and their figures are reflected by a large gold framed mirror which stretches its oval above the carved mantel of Italian marble. The food which they eat has been stored in a modern refrigerating plant, near which is a wine room for use on state occasions. After the repast, which the President—always a good sailor—enjoys with the same relish bestowed upon his meals ashore, he adjourns his party to a reception room, finished in the same white and gold and adjoining a library, whose shelves of fleamish oak are well stocked with books of the kind that help one to forget the heat of the city left behind.

Lawn parties have become a summer hobby of the Tafts, and through April and May of this year three were given. These take place on the large semi-elliptical rear lawn originally intended for the Presidential front yard by the designers of Washington, who seem to have set both Capitol and White House back end foremost. With its great fountain, its rolling knolls and historic shade trees—some planted by distinguished guests of the nation—this little park is an ideal spot for these entertainments and is a peaceful picture for the Presidential family to rest their eyes upon in the evenings spent at home upon their private balcony opening southward from

fact that he does not own a carriage which can be drawn by these animals, Mr. Taft believes in the truth of the old adage that "the best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse." On these jaunts the President customarily rides his big brown pointed bay horse Sterret, which stands sixteen hands high and which weighs 1,270 pounds.

Although fond of angling, the President has not been noted for indulgence in this sport since his inauguration. In former days one of his favorite haunts was the Bass Islands, off Sandusky, Ohio, where he plied the rod and reel.

As a pedestrian the Chief Magistrate is no laggard, as proved when, with John Hays Hammond and Major Butt, he some time ago took a four mile "breather" before Sunday dinner. For these trips the automobile takes him to the outskirts of the city, where he alights, and orders the car either to follow him or meet him at a given point.

Sea bathing is a favorite summer diversion, in whose enjoyment the President will be rather handicapped this summer, after his removal to Beverly. The large shore cottage on Burgess Point which he occupied the last two summers had a private bathing beach within its own immediate domain, but its owner having decided to move it in sections and ferry it across Salem Bay to Marblehead, Mr. Taft has had to look elsewhere this summer, and Paramatta, the cottage which he has just leased, is a mile back from the ocean, although crowning a high hill overlooking that majestic expanse of water. So the President will have to go far from home if he concludes to breast the billows.

However, there is compensation in all things, and the President's in this instance will be the fact that his new summer home is nearly a mile nearer to his favorite Beverly haunt, the Myopia golf links, than was his former cottage.

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Oconostota, Chief of Seven Vanished Clans, Is Senator Owen

His Ancestors Were Kings Among Pristine Americans and He Hopes To Be President of the Republic.

By James B. Morrow.

THE Indian name of Robert Latham Owen, Senator in Congress from Oklahoma, is Oconostota. By right of blood he is the head chief of the seven vanishing clans of the Cherokees.

Without any serious attempt at the miracle of heart searching, it may be observed to some persons that Oconostota, hereditary prince of his lost tribe, hopes some day to be President of the United States. His ancestors, through his talented and extraordinary mother, were minor kings of America. By his own gifts of speech and by the peculiarities of his own thinking, he has become an active leader of Democratic radicals and a rhetorical and agitational understudy of William J. Bryan.

As McKinley specialized with protection, Reed with parliamentary rules, Blaine with respectability and Bryan with free silver, so Owen specializes with the people. Every speech of Oconostota, whether it be pitched to the tariff, the Postoffice or cost of living, burns with expressions of love for the electorate as a whole.

While in Washington Senator Owen lives at a fashionable apartment house. On the table of his library, which is hung with red draperies and contains a painting of Psyche by his mother, are all the muck-making periodicals of the day and also a handy collection of other "progressive" literature.

Three concurrent movements among "progressives" are now in operation. A number of magazine editors and writers, assisted by doctors, professional farmers, single taxers and miscellaneous reformers, are running a "nonpartisan progressive federation" and are calling for "freedom to buy" and declaring that "the people are against the special interests." The second movement is diligently at work among Republicans and is headed by Jonathan Borne, the Senator from Oregon. Democratic "progressives" at the same time are being organized by a committee of thirty-four members, with Senator Owen as chairman. Chamberlain, of Oregon, and Newlands, of Nevada, also Senators, are assist-



ROBERT L. OWEN. Cherokee Indian, United States Senator. (Copyright, by Harris & Ewing.)

ing him. Eighteen members of the House of Representatives are on the committee, as are Charles W. Bryan, the "peerless leader's" brother, and Richard L. Metcalf, editor of "The Commoner."

The Owen movement is officially called the Democratic Federation. Its purpose is to restore the "people's rule." While it is especially busy with organized farmers and organized wage earners, any Democrat is eligible to enjoy all the privileges and suffer all the penalties of the combination. The three movements are similar in purpose. Each is laboring to establish the initiative, or legislation at the ballot box referendum, or the veto of laws enacted by legislatures, and the recall, or the ousting from office of any man who betrays the people to the special interests or is otherwise faithless to the commonwealth.

Tabulating his reformatory conclusions into a string of sixteen items, Senator Owen demands a secret ballot; the restriction of direct primaries; the election of United States Senators by the people; the printing of pamphlets at public expense, giving a history of the men running for office and explanations of their personal platforms; the instruction by the voters of the President of the United States, of the members of Congress, of governors and of the delegates to national conventions; the initiative, of course, also the referendum and the recall, and several other incidental measures restoring to the people the "rule" that has been taken from them by big business and nefarious interests. Furthermore, Senator Owen would begin next year "to question by mail" all the Democrats who hope to be nominated and elected to serve in the United States Senate or the House of Representatives. He would interrogate them and pledge them, and then have the federation elect them if it can.

The plight of the people, as Senator Owen pictures it, is very bad. Their government—local, state and national—has been usurped by strong and predatory hands. "Organized monopoly," he says, "controls the retail prices of beef, mutton, pork and every other kind of meat. Organized monopoly fixes the selling prices of bread, pies, cakes, candies and preserves; of canned vegetables and fruits, of china and glassware, and the pantry shelves, and of furniture, carpets, draperies and rugs; of coats, dresses, hats and shoes; of lumber, iron, steel, bricks, plaster, marble, stone, tile, slate and cement; of pans, pots and kettles on the range; of milk, butter and cheese. Organized monopoly," he exclaimed in finishing his picture of woe, "control everything needed by man, from

He Sees This Country "In an Awful Plight" and Offers His Democratic Federation as a Sure Panacea.

the cradle which receives the baby and the toys with which the child plays, to the casket and the ceremonies of the grave."

Still, Owen himself is a capitalist and the owner of five thousand acres of land. As a lawyer among the Indians he received three fees aggregating \$30,000. He organized a national bank in the town of Muskogee, where he lives. He is an Episcopalian, a 32d degree Mason, a doctor of law and literature and a Master of Arts. When he lectures in Boston or New York reporters describe him as being a young man, although he was born in February, 1831. He is tall, athletic and erect. His hair is black, his eyes are dark and his skin is a modified red and brown. The elder Owen, a Virginian and a civil engineer, had blond hair and a thick, blond beard. Physically, therefore, Senator Owen is a Cherokee. He dresses in the best of clothing and rides to the Senate in an automobile.

There are three Indians in Congress—Carter, the Senator from Kansas; Curtis, a member of the House of Representatives from Oklahoma, and Owen. Curtis is a Kaw. In part, and looks like a modern Indian, being small featured, round and compact. Carter is seven-sixteenths Chickasaw and Cherokee and nine-sixteenths Scotch-Irish, so he says. But Owen, less of an Indian than the rest—reserved, except when making a speech, slender, alert and graceful on his feet; big jawed and large mouthed; a handsome man, in fact—could instantly fit into a war party if he had a bow and arrow, some paint, a headpiece of feathers and a horse.

"Is the disappearance of the American Indian one of the tragedies of history?" I asked him.

"No," he immediately replied, "it is a pleasant domestic comedy. He marries a white woman, and is happy for the rest of his life." Thus speaking, he looked and smiled at his wife.

The inspiration for his political ideas came to Senator Owen probably from two sources—Thomas Jefferson and the Cherokees themselves. "Our system of society and government," Governor D. W. Bushyhead wrote in his Thanksgiving proclamation to

the Cherokee Nation in 1836, "will not allow of excessive individual wealth nor its sure attendant—excessive poverty—for which let us give special thanks and hold fast to that which is good."

The Cherokees, through Senator Owen, or Oconostota, their hereditary chief, and his democratic federation, have been transmitted and introduced into current events.

The mother of Senator Owen was educated at mission schools in Indian Territory and at academies in Arkansas and Indiana, and became a teacher of music at Jonesboro, Tenn., having her own piano. She met Robert Latham Owen in Jonesboro and they were married. At that time he was engaged in surveying a route for the East Tennessee & Virginia Railroad, now known as the Norfolk & Western. Senator Owen grew up in Lynchburg, on the banks of the James River. Speaking of his boyhood, he said:

"My grandfather, Dr. Owen, practiced medicine in Virginia for sixty years. He was beloved by all who knew him, being a clean man, bodily and mentally. He never talked scandal and never listened to it. My uncle gave me spending money, which was a bad practice and distressed my mother, who believed that every cent I spent should be earned by some task at school or at home. When my father died—he was then president of the railroad he had helped to survey—his estate was in great confusion.

My mother surrendered her dower, saying that the debts of a husband were the honorable debts of his wife. She taught music and supported her two sons. With her help and by means of scholarships, my brother and myself got through college. William O. Owen, my brother, studied medicine and entered the army as a surgeon. I read law, and, accompanied by my mother, who was a member of the Cherokee Nation, emigrated to Oklahoma, where both of us taught school and where I practiced law and edited "The Indian Chief," a weekly newspaper. Later I was made Indian agent of the Five Civilized Tribes. When Oklahoma was admitted to the Union I became a candidate for Senator and won the nomination at a statewide primary, receiving a plurality of about 9,000 votes."

"Who," I asked, "was the greatest of all the Cherokees?"

"Oh, Sequoyah, or George Guess, as he was called in English," Senator Owen answered. "He was a half-breed and the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. Born in 1753, he died in Northern Mexico in 1842. He had owned a small farm in Georgia and was known as a silversmith of unusual taste and ability. When he was fifty-six years old, he invented a syllabic alphabet in eighty-five characters, each character representing a sound. The alphabet is said

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