

A Close Range View of **TAFT** The Taft Family

His "Personal Magnitude," His Unfailing Good Nature, His Democratic Qualities, His Industry and Devotion to Duty and His Remarkable Record as Statesman-Traveler—Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott's Tribute—A Laugh For Earth's Sad Places

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

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CHARLIE TAFT.

PERSONAL popularity counts for much in this world. Particularly does it bear weight in politics. No unpopular man ever was elected to office. Still, there are degrees of popularity, and there are men who possess the quality of likeableness far above the average of their fellows. William H. Taft is one of these. "Personal magnetism"—he has it in great abundance. An old darkey in the south was discussing Mr. Taft's chances for the presidency. He was for Taft because Taft is popular.

"What makes Mr. Taft so popular, uncle?" asked a bystander. "His personal magnitude," promptly replied Uncle Rastus.

It cannot be denied that there is much of personal magnitude about Mr. Taft, who weighs in the neighborhood of 300 pounds when he is in fighting trim. He is a big man, and he was a big boy. Somehow men of extra avoirdupois usually enjoy a greater degree of popularity than do their brethren of the shrunken shank and the lean and hungry look. Most large men are good natured and jolly. When bigness runs to frame, to head and to heart the combination is irresistible. That is the Taft sort of bigness, for the secretary of war combines with his big frame a large and active intellect and a heart of human kindness that beats for all.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott says: "It is this intensely human quality in Mr. Taft that gives him his popular sobriquet of Bill Taft. He likes men, and he likes all sorts of men except those that are dishonest or disloyal. He was the most popular governor the Filipinos have ever had. This was not wholly because he was absolutely just, was loyal to their interests, urged the earliest possible substitution of civil law for military law and offered an invincible opposition to all schemes of exploiting the islands for the benefit of unscrupulous American pioneers. He was the personal friend of the Filipinos; he believed in them, defended them, befriended them, trusted them and—dared with them. This last fact, I am inclined to think, went as far as



ROBERT TAFT.

any, perhaps as all the others combined, to make the Filipinos love him, as they certainly do, for Judge Taft is in the best sense of the term a democrat. He is as free from race and class prejudices as every description as any man I have ever known. He is as thoroughly a believer in the motto 'A man's man for a man' as that."

Those who know Mr. Taft either intimately or casually testify to his unfailing good nature, his spirit of comradeship. He is a man who likes a joke and upon occasion can crack one himself. The Taft smile is famous because of its reproduction in newspaper and magazine pictures. The Taft laugh cannot be reproduced thus, but a recent caller at the war department said after having heard the big cabinet officer laugh: "A great, deep voiced laugh—the Taft laugh, in fine—which ought to be put on a phonograph record and sent to all those sad places on this earth where folks never smile."

But Mr. Taft can be stern when sternness is required. He knows how to enforce discipline in the army or out of it. When Taft was placed in charge of the Panama canal work as secretary of war he received a delegation of steam shovel engineers who were threatening to strike for more pay. The spokesman said: "We'll strike right now if you don't agree to give us this raise."

"Do I understand you rightly, gentlemen?" inquired the secretary. "Do you mean to say that you want that raise before I have decided and that if you don't get it you'll strike?"

"Yes; that's right," replied the other, with a swagger.

"Then, gentlemen," said the secretary, "will you kindly step over to that table and write out your resignations?"

The men didn't want to resign. They reconsidered. The upshot was that

they went back to work. Taft investigated their claims and after due consideration determined not to grant them the increase until such time as all other classes of labor employed on the canal could have a proportionate raise in pay.

Though Mr. Taft's home has been in Cincinnati all his life and he still votes in the city where he was born, it is probably a fact that no man ever considered for the presidency of the United States has been such a globe trotter. Mr. Taft has been nearly everywhere. He is essentially a world citizen, having hobnobbed with kings and commons, with princes and peasants, in various countries. It is estimated by a careful statistician that in his official capacity since his appointment as chairman of the Philippine commission Mr. Taft has traveled approximately 150,000 miles, or half a dozen times around the earth. It seems as easy for him to undertake a journey halfway around the world as it is for the average person to make a hundred mile trip. And Mr. Taft always works hard right up to the last minute. When he was about to start on the journey to the Philippines which became famous as the "matchmaking trip" because the president's daughter and other young ladies found their life romances en route the secretary of war was exceedingly busy. He had much work to do in his office in the war department. A messenger notified him that it was but twenty minutes to train time.

"All right," cheerily responded Taft, continuing at work.

Five minutes later the messenger announced the flight of time.

"All right," said Taft.

When there were but ten minutes to spare a second messenger rushed in and tried to hurry up the chief personage connected with the journey.

"Train leaves in ten minutes, Mr. Secretary."

"Very well," said Mr. Secretary, still working at his desk.

About eleven minutes later the first messenger walked in and remarked:

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the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra. She believes in the higher education for both men and women, and it is her proudest boast that all her children are studious. Her daughter, Miss Helen Herron Taft, now sixteen, has elected to take a full college course and is at Bryn Mawr. The eldest son, Robert Alphonso Taft, is nineteen and is a junior at Yale. He took two entrance prizes when he entered the university. He has chosen the law as his profession. The other child is Charlie, a boy of ten, who now dreams of West Point.

"I am old fashioned enough," says Mrs. Taft, "to believe that woman is the complement of man and that what is most feminine about her is most attractive to man and therefore of the greatest utility to the world. It does not seem to me that a college course makes a girl unfit for domestic obligations."



MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT.

tions or masculine in her tastes. All women are not called on to preside over a home or to rear children, but I think that all broad minded women concede that this is the loftiest type of usefulness."

Mrs. Taft says she never has had time for fads or to cultivate eccentricities—she has been too busy. She delights in traveling and in studying foreign tongues. During her residence in Manila she studied Spanish very diligently, and also some of the Tagal dialects. As Mrs. Taft has accompanied her husband on most of his long journeys, she, like him, is an exceptionally experienced traveler. She is still a young woman, having been married but twenty-one years, and is the most youthful looking lady in the cabinet circle. Until the accession of Mrs. James R. Garfield she was, in fact, the youngest.

The home life of the Tafts is described as ideal. Miss Helen, like her mother, is bookish and intellectual. Robert, like his father, is ambitious to excel in the law. It is remembered that up to a few years ago Judge Taft's great ambition was to become a member of the supreme court. He has turned aside from two opportunities to



MISS HELEN TAFT.

reach that exalted position owing to his devotion to the duty immediately before him. He declined to quit the Philippines until he had completed the work for which he was sent to the islands.

In religious matters the Tafts are divided, but not at all inharmoniously. The secretary is a member of the Unitarian church. Mrs. Taft is an ardent Episcopalian. Miss Helen has been confirmed in her mother's church, while young Robert Taft is a parishioner of All Souls' Unitarian church in Washington along with his father. Little Charlie's religion at present has to do chiefly with forts, arsenals and guns, but that may be due to the fact that his father is secretary of war. Mrs. Taft and her daughter attend St. John's Protestant Episcopal church in Washington.

Secretary Taft is a hard and systematic worker. He is accredited with doing an enormous quantity of work every day in the war department. When he is absent from Washington he usually carries great packets of public documents along upon which to work en route. When in Washington he frequently takes public papers home so that he can work in the privacy of his study.

Mr. Taft has been considered always by his friends as a remarkably lucky man. He has not known the bitterness of defeat in any of his endeavors toward distinction. As a matter of fact, with the single exception of his election to the Ohio judgeship, all his preferments have come to him by appointment. It is a remarkable fact that when he was but thirty-two years of age his name was considered seriously for appointment to the supreme bench of the United States, and it was only his youth that caused the president to reconsider and finally name an older man.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY'S HOME IN GEORGETOWN

Historic House Where Part of "The Star Spangled Banner" Was Written.

A Fourth of July Sketch by Robert Donnell. Copyright, 1908, by C. N. Lurie.

OF the shrines to which Americans go in patriotic reverence none is more sacred than the house which was the home of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner." For some years funds have been accumulating in the hands of officials of a memorial association the purpose of which is to restore the old "Key mansion" and preserve it to posterity as one of the nation's shrines. The old dwelling stands close to the Potomac river in Washington in that part of the national capital which was called Georgetown until its consolidation with the greater city.

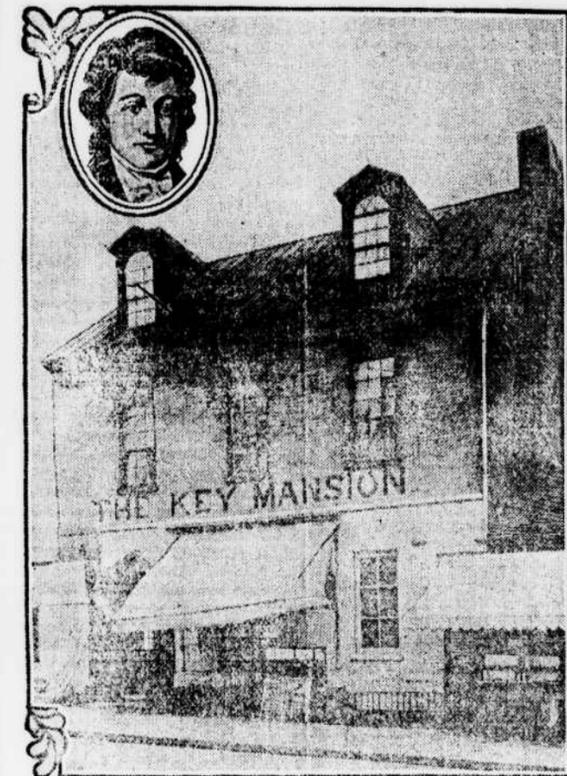
Francis Scott Key lived many years in this quaint old house. It is quite probable that within its walls or in the little annex adjoining, which he occupied as a law office, he wrote a part of his famous song. For many years the popular supposition has been that the poem was written while Key was aboard a British vessel of war in Chesapeake bay. The statement that

other articles of trade not commonly regarded as poetic. In the lower front room a cobbler's shop has been installed.

The outer walls are two feet thick. Even the inside partitions carry a width of eighteen inches of brick. In the days when that old house was really a mansion in comparison with the average dwelling of the period families of means built houses to stay built. It is said that there is enough brick in the big chimneys and fireplaces of the Key mansion to construct the walls of an ordinary brick house of the present day. There is still an aspect of old time elegance in the old house despite its outward shabbiness.

Washington antiquarians will point out to the visiting pilgrim the lower window at the front of the house, to the right, through which young Francis Scott Key, Jr., son of the songster, climbed with his fair girl cousin when the devoted pair ran away to be married.

The eloping pair had a large family



THE OLD KEY MANSION, GEORGETOWN.

he was a prisoner of war at the time has been published far and wide. Both these impressions are erroneous. The wording of the poem itself proves that the latter part of it was written at least some months after the event which evoked the glorious national lyric. Furthermore, the third stanza contains conclusive internal evidence that a good lawyer, such as Mr. Key is reputed to have been, did not write that part of the poem, at any rate, while he was in the enemy's custody.

During the conflict known in our history as the war of 1812, the year in which it began, the British ascended the Potomac, occupied the city of Washington, burned the national capitol, destroyed most wantonly many of our priceless documents and public treasures and then retreated down to salt water. That was in the summer of 1814. On their way back to their ships the enemy captured and carried away Dr. William Beans, a prominent citizen of the town of Marlboro, Md. Dr. Beans was held a prisoner on board one of the English vessels in Chesapeake bay.

Near the end of August a citizen of Upper Marlboro, William West, called at the office of Lawyer Key and engaged the attorney to use his efforts for the release of Dr. Beans. Key was a young man of thirty-five, with a lucrative practice and some little local reputation as a writer of verses. It was proposed that Key obtain the sanction of the American government to go out aboard the flagship of the British commander under a flag of truce and intercede for the imprisoned doctor. The lawyer obtained the necessary authority and started on his mission. He got aboard the ship at a critical time. The British were preparing to bombard Fort Mifflin. Key succeeded in securing the release of Dr. Beans, but both he and the doctor were held aboard one of the vessels until the bombardment was over lest they reveal the British plans.

Key watched the bombardment with his highly interesting vantage point—And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through the night that the flag was still there.

Then the poet-lawyer returned to the home which nearly a century later patriotic Americans propose to rescue from the low estate into which it has fallen with the advance of the Capital City. The little law office annex has been used as an Italian fruit and peanut vendor's stand, while the end walls of the residence itself have been profaned with large, lurid and ludicrous letters advertising cheap groceries and

of children, whose descendants live in Washington and other cities. Francis Scott Key Smith, a grandson, is secretary of the Memorial association which is to restore the "mansion."

The Fourth of July For the World Republic.

By J. A. EDGERTON.



VOICE from the future is calling. The world to deliver estates. A light on the present is falling. From some fuller splendor shall radiate. A light like the glory superna. O'er God's golden stairway that straggled. When Jacob, with glimpses eternal, In Bethlehem dreamed.

A promise is heard in the nations, A prophecy thrills through the earth. That freedom brings new generations. Of equals and helpers to birth; That each in the service of others, By science and wisdom's increase, Shall learn what it means to be brothers Through ages of peace.

On all shall a new day be risen, With justice the sunshine thereof. And man shall go forth from his prison. Made free by the angel of Love. The glow from these dawns unsholden. Of happier eras to be. Falls most with its radiance golden. My country, on thee.

By thee Freedom's word was first spoken. Thy hand wrote the gospel of man. Until every shackle is broken. Thy place shall be yet in the van. Go on till in union are blended. All nations and isles of the sea. Thy mission shall never be ended. Till all men are free.

The day of thy glad jubilation, Of time and of Liberty's birth, Shall yet be observed by the nations. Till heaven shall come on the earth. Till all men with luminous faces Shall send up the reverent cry. 'Tis Liberty's day for all races— The Fourth of July!

'TIS LIBERTY'S DAY.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

You can make a man of any boy if you give him time and plenty to eat.

Some pessimistic writer would have us believe that this glorious country of ours is the home of the knave and the land of the guy.

Marriage is a voluntary association for the suppression of flirtation.

Small harm comes to people calling you names if you fail to respond to the same.



If you keep smiling all the time you will get the other fellow boiling after awhile.

A painfully administered snub that isn't effective is exasperating to the last degree—to the unsuccessful snubber.

Good deeds are valuable assets and certainly a great comfort in hard times.

It sometimes looks as if the idler a rich man the less pernicious he is.

It is easy enough to find a cheap hat that's suitable—for somebody else.

Critics are people who know how a thing should be done.

All beauty doctors practice a skin game.

Art Versus Nature.

I saw her floating down the street, Things are not what they seem. A vision of delight— A fellow with but half an eye. Could see she was all right— And every move suggested youth. And loveliness and grace, Although from where I viewed the queen I could not see her face.

Upon a bunch of nut brown hair Quite daintily there sat. In dignified but roughish pose A stylish summer hat. Her waist was trim, but not too small. Her feet well shod and neat. And from my point of view the lass Seemed good enough to eat.

Alas, one cannot always tell! Things are not what they seem. I would have sworn her face must be A bright and radiant dream. I fell dead when she turned around— Her features were so coarse. So like a hatchet in their form. They would have scared a horse.

We hear of beauty unadorned. But where would it be at. Without the dress designer's touch, Without the stylish hat? Yes, nature is a kind old soul And tries to do her part. But how she would fall down at times If not backed up by art!

Strictly Modern.

"Wonderful are the improvements in every line. Women used to curl their hair, for instance, by hand, and now they do it with a machine." "A machine?" "Yes, indeed." "Must be a switch engine."

For Good Encusars.



When the baseball gets in action, Say, would it be a crime To get a bunch of grandmas To die from time to time?

The Modern Way.

"If I had money, would you marry me?" "Of course." "Then?" "Spend the money." "After which?" "Sue for divorce and more money."

She's Bound to Have It.

No use to say you're busted flat Or lose your pocketbook. For wife's going to have a hat If she gets the cook. You say that you're about to fall. Some one has robbed your till. She'll buy it at a credit sale And send around the bill.

Qualified.

"My son positively cannot understand grammar." "Cheer up. He may make a success as a popular song writer."

That's Why.

"Women never use any reason." "And they don't have to." "Why?" "Because."

The Horrible Example.

This slaughter of the forests To lumber barons gorge Came after the example First set by little George. When with his hatchet he made free With daddy's favorite cherry tree.