

HE GUIDES the NATION'S ARMY

THIS is a sketch of Newton D. Baker, President Wilson's new Secretary of War, formerly Mayor of Cleveland.



Secretary Baker

NEWTON D. BAKER, I had been told by a man well acquainted with him, "is the kind of thoroughly good citizen we all approve of highly—and fall to imitate! He has lofty ideals. He has high principles. He is utterly sincere. He is simple and unaffected both in thought and life. He has a clear, well-disciplined mind. He has an extraordinary command of concise and effective speech. Without being in the least effusive, he is a good mixer. You will find him full of charm. Out in Cleveland he lived in a modest frame house with his wife and three children, smoked fake tobacco in a 25-cent pipe, drove his own Ford, and for amusement read Greek and Latin books on the street cars." Thus runs an article by Rowland Thomas in the New York World.

"It is interesting to notice," my informant added, "that he is the second of Tom Johnson's disciples to be lifted into prominence by President Wilson. Brand Whitlock is the other. It is hardly exaggeration to say that Brand Whitlock, in Belgium, has proved himself a great man. Will Baker be as successful in the war department? Frankly, much as I like him personally, I am wondering whether he will measure up to the job. What he has done he has done well. But—he has never been tested out in really big affairs. Has he the capacity for them? You know a 38-caliber revolver may be a perfect weapon—as a revolver—but fall lamentably if pressed into service as a seacoast gun! Is Newton D. Baker big enough to be secretary of war at a time like this? That's what I'm asking myself. That's what the country is asking itself, I think."

Naturally those remarks ran through my head as I talked with the new secretary of war last week. I saw him twice, once in his modest bedroom at the University club, where he is living for the present as a bachelor "because the children are in school in Cleveland and we don't want to break into their year." The second time he was in his office in the war department, the office to which one penetrates through that dread antechamber where hang the portraits of all the previous incumbents of the office.

On both occasions I got the same impression of the physical man. Nature, in molding his body, did a neat job. He is a markedly small man, but in proportion all the way through. His littleness carries no suggestion of the dwarfish. His head is large, but not enough so to make him look top-heavy. His hands and feet are of moderate size, well formed and muscular. He has a chest big enough to breathe in, a waist which carries no adipose luggage. His skin is swarthy, his hair black and straight. A pair of hazel eyes full of life, but comprehensive rather than keen; the wide mouth of an orator or actor, mobile yet firm of lip; the brow of a scholar; a face in general in which the perpendicular lines of strength are accentuated, a manner at once dignified and friendly, a bearing which I should call attentive rather than alert—these are the characteristics of the outward man.

His mentality is not so easily characterized. I shall have to try to bring it out for you in a series of rather detached glimpses, as he himself revealed it to me in the course of our conversation.

Our talk ranged over many topics. We had, for instance, been speaking of the extraordinary amount of reading of standard English authors he had done before he was twenty years old, and I asked him whether the familiarity of his mother tongue thus acquired had not been an important element in his various successes. He said: "I think that is true. Ability to express myself effectively in speech has been of great value to me."

This led to a brief sketch of his personal history. Mr. Baker was born in 1871 in Martinsburg, W. Va., a community of 8,000 persons, wherein his father was the leading physician. He was the second of four sons. At the age of twenty in 1891, he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts from Johns Hopkins university, having completed the four years course in three years. Followed a year of graduate work in Roman law, comparative jurisprudence and economics and then his law course, which he took at Washington and Lee university, completing the two years' work in one year. "That compression," he told me, "was done for family reasons. Money was not plentiful in a country doctor's family, and there were other sons to educate." After his graduation in 1893 Mr. Baker hung out his shingle in Martinsburg to indicate that he was "willing to practice law," as he puts it, and remained in that receptive condition until 1896, the last year of the Cleveland administration, when Postmaster General Wilson called him to Washington to be his private secretary. "I divided my two cases between the other members of the local bar," he told me, "and went."

In 1899 Mr. Baker was invited to come to Cleveland, O., as a partner with Foran & McTigue, one of the city's leading firms of trial lawyers. He went there, met Tom Johnson and was magnetized; by that association was drawn into local politics and had fourteen years of active campaigning there, serving four terms as city solicitor under Mayor Johnson and two terms as mayor after his chief was deposed. He declined to run for a third term, and had just resumed his law practice at the beginning of this year when he was called to Washington.

Returning to our topic, I asked him to what other qualities besides his ability as a speaker he felt indebted for what he had accomplished. He pondered that and said:

"Looking at myself impersonally, I am inclined to think I have a very patient mind. I mean by that a mind which moves slowly, which plods forward instead of dashing or leaping. There is nothing brilliant about it. A brilliant mind, it strikes me, is like a thoroughbred horse, good for a race but afterward needing to be stable for a day or two. My mind is like a plow horse. It cannot spurt, but it can go on turning furrow after furrow. That lets me get through a lot of work."

"By a patient mind," he went on, "I also mean a mind which does not leap to attitudes and decisions, but feels its way. And a mind which does not get its back up easily. Opposition does not make my mind bristle. A difference of opinion is not a personal thing with me."

"And I think," he said, his dark eyes twinkling and his wide lips quivering with fun, "it has been a very decided advantage to me to be so little and to look so young. I really mean that," he hastened to add and cited two instances in illustration. One was his argument before the Supreme court of the United States in the Cleveland traction cases, an argument which attracted the flattering favorable comment of the learned justices. The other was a speech which was one of the outstanding features of the Baltimore convention which nominated President Wilson.

"Neither of those," he commented, "could by any stretching of words be called a great speech. The natural fair-mindedness of men was what pulled me through in both cases. I looked so handicapped that my hearers said instinctively, 'Give the boy a chance!'"

Such cool, almost academic self-analysis led me to ask him how life struck him, so to speak—what ambitions it stirred in him. "I'd like to practice law," he said. "That is my own ambition. There is no office or position that I care for. But I'd like to practice and practice and practice law."

Further talk along that line developed the rather interesting fact that the new secretary of war is one of those men who seem to have been moved forward by the urgings and propulsion of their own friends instead of fighting forward of their own accord in response to an inner impulse. Postmaster General Wilson, all but dragged him from his briefness in Martinsburg to get his first taste of cabinet ways and duties and responsibilities. Martin Foran dragged him to Cleveland to become a trial lawyer. Tom Johnson dragged him into politics. And Woodrow Wilson has just dragged him to the war department.

The circumstances of the Foran case are unusual enough to partake of the romantic. In 1897, when the young and still younger looking attorney was returning from his first visit to Europe, he was table mate of the late W. T. Stead and a mid-mannered, retiring English barrister. One day Baker came on deck to find the barrister in a peck of trouble. A stalwart, lawyerish, six-foot Irishman, full of Gaelic fire, had waylaid him and was charging him, in his own person, with all the wrongs England had ever perpetrated on the distressful country. "I happened to be rather familiar with the Irish land laws," so Mr. Baker tells it, "and contrived to substitute myself for the barrister in the argument. The upshot of it was that my opponent and I became good friends and spent the rest of the voyage playing chess together. We parted in New York. I went back to Martinsburg, and no word passed between us for two years. Then the man—Martin Foran—wrote me the firm's business had so increased that another partner was required and that he wanted me. I had long felt I should be in a larger community than Martinsburg, and I liked Cleveland, but I knew they wanted a trial lawyer, which I was not. So I went on full of excuses, prepared to thank him and be dismissed in friendliness. Before I could get my first excuse out Mr. Foran had ushered me into an office and said, 'Here's yours,' and before I caught my breath he had sent some clients in for me to talk with. I stayed in Cleveland and learned to be a trial lawyer."

His enlistment as an active fighter in the Johnson camp was equally casual. "Tom" was sick one night, and the young lawyer was pressed into service to fill his place at a rally. "Tom's sick," said the man who introduced him. "This is Newton D. Baker, who's going to speak in his place."

He's a lawyer. That's all I know about him. Go ahead, boy, and tell them what you know." Baker told them, and so began the activities which led to four terms as solicitor and legal leader of the antitraction combine forces and two terms as mayor.

I asked Mr. Baker how the mayor of Cleveland's job compared with that of the secretary of war. "I love personal relationships. One of the pleasantest things about being mayor of a city the size of Cleveland is the great number of people with whom it puts one into touch. At the war department I find a large part of my duties is taken up with seeing people. I am very glad that is so. I like to see people constantly. Of course," he explained, "I don't mean that flocks of casual visitors drop in to see me here. But the business of the department brings many people to me daily."

I had meant to ask him how the two positions compared in size and difficulty. He was non-committal on that point, and I suggested that at least he did not seem appalled by the size of his new task, even though the Mexican situation had given him a baptism of fire for a greeting. He said:

"I am not appalled. No man can hope to escape mistakes. Mistakes are inevitable. I know I shall make some. But the only things one need be really afraid of are insincerities and indirectness. Also, it is well to remember that unfamiliar tasks have a way of looking mountainous. Familiarity reduces their proportions. At present I am working here from half past eight in the morning till midnight to become familiar with mine. That slow mind of mine," he said smilingly, "compels me to put in those long hours."

"What is your idea of the functions of the secretary of war?"

"The duties," he said, "are largely legal. Almost all the secretaries have been lawyers. (He cited the names of many, from Stanton down to his predecessor, Garrison.) Strictly military affairs are not my province. Experts must care for those things. Legal questions—touching the conflicting rights of state and federal governments, the navigability of streams, the proceedings of courts martial—such things comprise the problems I have to settle. I am an executive. Congress has made laws governing my department. It is my duty to see that they are carried out conscientiously."

About "preparedness" he felt obliged to decline to say a word, and I reminded him of an interview in which he was recently quoted as saying that he was "for peace at almost any price."

"So I am," he answered stoutly, "because peace seems to be the reasonable thing. I do not say that war is always avoidable. It seems to come sometimes as earthquakes come—a natural cataclysm. The French revolution, I think, was such a war. But war is always regrettable. Peace is what spells progress. We have to advance step by step. I do not think we can hope to force advancement by violence. And I believe that sometimes we shall have a court of nations, and no more wars. Was it Lowell said: 'As our world gets better co-ordinated by intercommunication, we shall have fewer of the misunderstandings which cause wars.'"

Constantly, as we talked, alike in his domicile and in his office, the new secretary's unpretentious pipe was in his mouth. Constantly his knees crooked and his feet curled up to comfortable positions on radiator top and desk top. Though there was always dignity about him, we might have been two undergraduates chatting together. His attitude was not suggestive of lounging or of affected carelessness. It was, I thought, the bodily ease which is apt to reflect outwardly the mental states of self-unconsciousness and serene self-confidence. As city solicitor of Cleveland, in the traction matters, he fought the mobilized legal big guns of Ohio to a standstill. As mayor he forced the people to retain him until he had done what he set out to do.

To be secretary of war just now, to be lifted at one step from local into national prominence at a critical moment like the present, is a far more searching test of his capacities than any he has yet undergone.

HIGH FLYERS.
Lots of men go up in the air with the aid of airships.

Death has evidently traded his pale horse for an aeroplane.

The man with a boll on the back of his neck derives no pleasure from scanning the heavens for aircraft.

IN THE SAME BOAT.
The Overbearing Lawyer—Ignorance of the law excuses no one!

The Culprit—I'll be sorry for you, then, if you ever get in trouble.—Browning's Magazine.

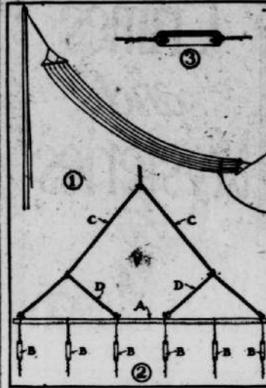
HANDICRAFT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

A. NEELY HALL and DOROTHY PERKINS
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A WIRELESS TELEGRAPH RECEIVING SET—PART 2.

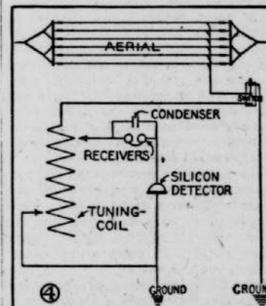
The first thing to consider when setting up a "wireless" receiving set is the aerial. This should be supported at least 30 feet above the ground, at one end, and should be 50 feet or more in length.

Fig. 1 shows an arrangement for an aerial of six strands, and Fig. 2 shows how the end connections are made.



Any wire but steel or iron, not smaller than No. 16, either bare or insulated, may be used for the strands, and the end spreaders (A, Fig. 2) may be any light, strong poles 5 1/2 ft long. Insulators must be set in between the strands (B, Fig. 2), and the strands must be fastened 12 inches apart. Ordinary porcelain cleats (Fig. 3) make good insulators. Tie the supporting ropes C of the aerial (Fig. 2) to screw eyes placed at the ends of the spreaders, and then fasten the rope stays D to them, and to the spreaders, so the spreaders will not become bowed.

Fig. 5 shows a good pair of telephone receivers, with head-band. If you cannot afford a pair, you can get along



with a single receiver. Fig. 6 shows the kind of switch to buy—a single-pole-double-throw switch. This switch must be placed outside of the window, to provide for disconnecting the aerial when the receiving set is not in operation, as a precaution against lightning. Fig. 4 shows the wiring diagram. One wire from the switch must be grounded, also, as shown, outdoors. The receiving set must be grounded, and this grounding can be taken care of by connecting a wire to a radiator or plumbing pipe.

With the receiving instruments properly prepared and set up, and a good aerial with its lead-in wire perfectly insulated, you should be able to receive from commercial stations at a distance of at least a hundred miles, and from all amateur stations in your vicinity.

The two telegraph codes—Morse and Continental—must be learned, because both are employed, though the Morse



code is the one in general use. The two are shown in the diagram of Fig. 7. You will notice that in the case of many characters the arrangements are similar. The dots of the codes will be heard through the receivers as short buzzes, the dashes as long buzzes. As there is great difference in the equipment of "wireless" stations, your instruments must be "tuned" before you can receive a message, by slowly sliding the sliders of the tuning-coil back and forth, and occasionally adjusting the wire resting upon the piece of silicon of the detector, until the buzzes are heard.

His Gain.
"My friend," said the aged moralist, "I hope you don't waste your substance in riotous living."

"No, sir," answered the flashily dressed man. "I profited by it."

"What do you mean?"
"I'm the proprietor of a popular cabaret."

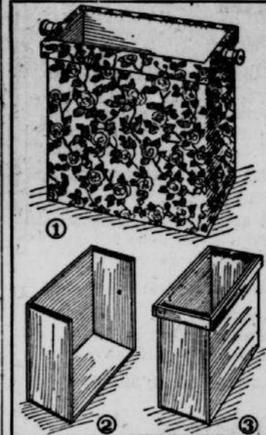
Like Breeds Like.
"Your soldier son's letter-writing style is trenchant."

"I suppose that comes from his being so much in the trenches, ma'am."

A WASTE-BASKET, SHIRTAUST BOX, AND SHOE BLACKING CASE, IN CRETONNE.

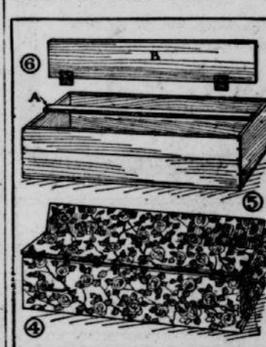
On account of the simplicity of the construction of cretonne covered furniture, there are all sorts of things which a girl can make for her own room, and for mother's.

The waste-basket in Fig. 1 is made out of a soap box. Remove one end of the box, as shown in Fig. 2, for



the open top of the basket, and nail the cover board in place to enclose the side (Fig. 3). The next step is to cut several strips about an inch and one-half wide, and nail them around the top edges as a finishing band. Tack the outside cretonne on first, then the inside lining. Lap the cretonne over the top edge, and cut it so that about an inch will turn down all around. Then conceal the edge of the cretonne by lapping the lining over it. The lining may be of a plain colored fabric.

The shirtauast box shown in Fig. 4 is made of a box of the right height to slide underneath a bed, and a pair of handles are screwed to each of the two long sides, so it may be pulled out from either side of the bed.



Because the shirtauast box must be shallow, it is well to make it long. Having procured the box, it is only necessary to fasten a strip two inches wide along the center of the open top, from end to end, for the hinge-strip A (Fig. 5), and hinge a board each side of it for the covers (B, Fig. 6). That completes the carpentry. It will be easiest to cover the box before the hinge-strip and covers have been put on, and to tack the cretonne on the hinge-strip and covers before fastening them in place. The handles and the castors go on last.

Have you a shoe blacking case in your room? Very few girls do own one, yet it is an article of great im-



portance to the girl who is particular about keeping her shoes tidy. Fig. 7 shows a practical little blacking case. By making the top removable, the inside of the case may be used as a receptacle for cans and bottles of polish, brushes, and rags; and by padding the under side and covering it with cretonne, the top may be inverted after use, and the blacking case thus converted into the attractive footstool shown in Fig. 8.

Fig. 9 shows how four short legs should be nailed to the corners of a square soap box, with the tops projecting just enough to allow for the thickness of the cover, and Fig. 10 shows how the cover boards should be fastened together with the cross strips A, and how a triangular block B should be nailed to it for a rest to push the shoe against.

In covering the blacking case, it is best to omit the inside lining.

Helps Digestion.
If you find it difficult to drink milk alone, take some bread or crackers with it. Either prevents the formation of large clots and the milk is therefore more readily digested. Lime water or barley water added to milk has the same effect.

The Usual Way.
First Humorist—Is that an old joke?
Second Humorist—Well, it is old enough to be printed in an almanac, but scarcely aged enough for a congressman to tell as his own.

BEGIN HOT WATER DRINKING IF YOU DON'T FEEL RIGHT

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

If you wake up with a bad taste, bad breath and tongue is coated; if your head is dull or aching; if what you eat sours and forms gas and acid in stomach, or you are bilious, constipated, nervous, sallow and can't get feeling just right, begin drinking phosphated hot water. Drink before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will flush the poisons and toxins from stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels and cleanse, sweeten and purify the entire alimentary tract. Do your inside bathing immediately upon arising in the morning to wash out of the system all the previous day's poisonous waste, gases and sour bile before putting more food into the stomach.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became loaded with body impurities, get from your druggist or storekeeper a quarter pound of limestone phosphate which is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except for a sourish tinge which is not unpleasant. Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Men and women who are usually constipated, bilious, headchy or have any stomach disorder should begin this inside bathing before breakfast. They are assured they will become real cranks on the subject shortly.—Adv.

Happy Thought.
"Money talks, old man."
"Happy thought! I'll get mine to talk into a phonograph and save the record."

Hope is all right when it forms a partnership with hustle.

AFTER SIX YEARS OF SUFFERING

Woman Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Columbus, Ohio.—"I had almost given up. I had been sick for six years with female troubles and nervousness. I had a pain in my right side and could not eat anything without hurting my stomach. I could not drink cold water at all nor eat any kind of raw fruit, nor fresh meat nor chicken. From 175 pounds I went to 118 and would get so weak at times that I fell over. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and ten days later I could eat and it did not hurt my stomach. I have taken the medicine ever since and I feel like a new woman. I now weigh 127 pounds so you can see what it has done for me already. My husband says he knows your medicine has saved my life."—Mrs. J. S. BARLOW, 1624 South 4th St., Columbus, Ohio.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound contains just the virtues of roots and herbs needed to restore health and strength to the weakened organs of the body. That is why Mrs. Barlow, a chronic invalid, recovered so completely. It pays for women suffering from any female ailments to insist upon having Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

PIMPLES Are Dangerous

They are a sign of poisoned blood, inactive liver, biliousness, indigestion, constipation or even more serious conditions which if not relieved in time make you a miserable invalid for life.

Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup

is a remedy that goes back of the the mere symptoms and RELIEVES THE CAUSE. It is purely vegetable, a gentle laxative and tonic combined. It can be taken by all, young and old, male and female. 50c and \$1 bottles at your dealer's.

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WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic.

GALLSTONES

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